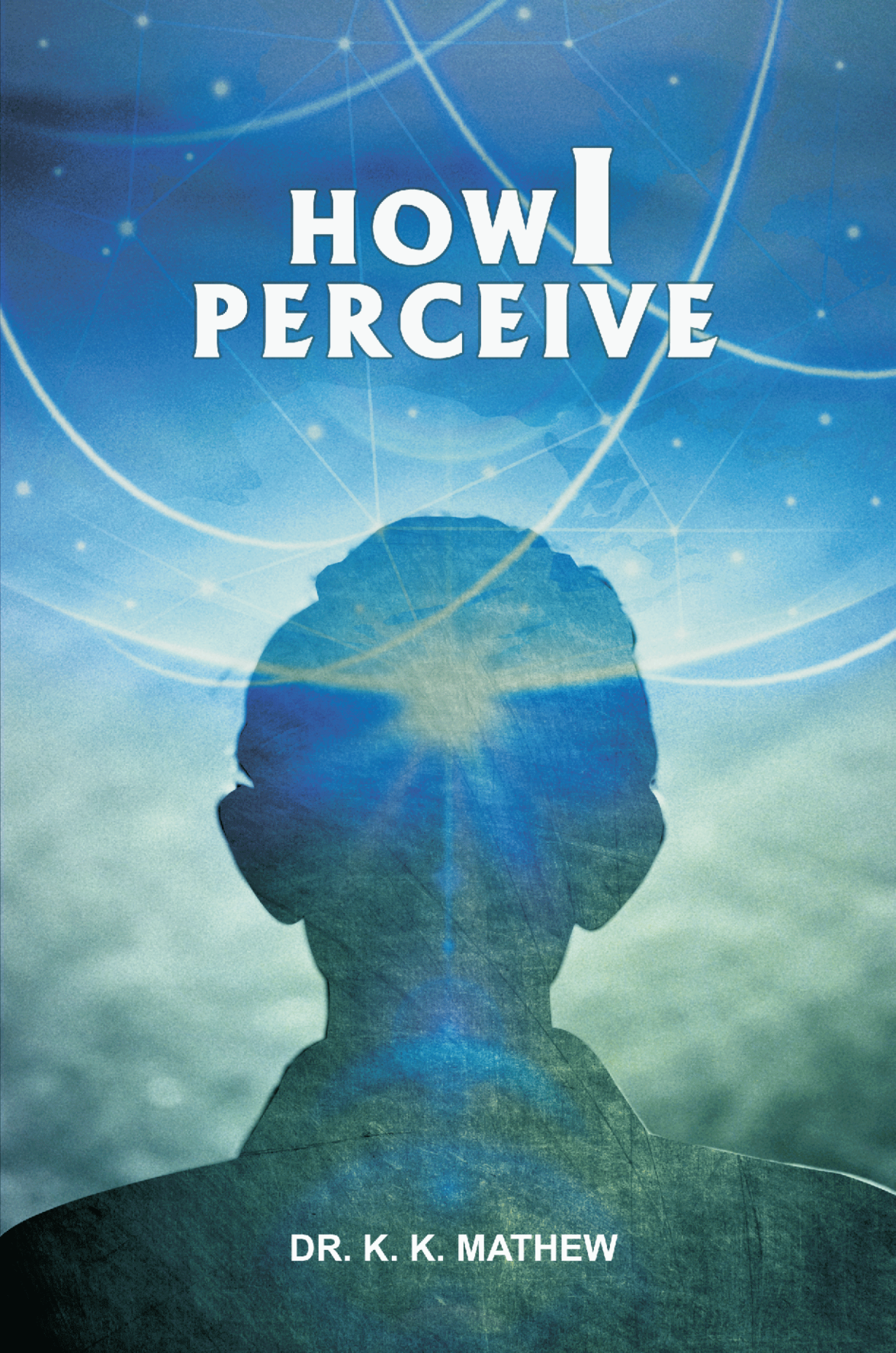




HOW I PERCEIVE

DR. K. K. MATHEW

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HOW I PERCEIVE

Dr. K. K. Mathew

Poems

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PREFACE

It is my ninth published collection of poems. My previous collection of Poems was published in April 2018 and during the past four months, I could write 422 poems. It is spontaneous outflow of my inner feelings which was copied. Most of the poems are mystic poems and I deal mainly with the unknown factors, the soul, eternity, infinity etc. Like my previous collection of poems, I have not used my brain to write it. I invite the readers to evaluate the poems.

Dr. K. K. Mathew

10 May 2019
Kayamkulam

To
Dr. John E Abraham

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I am very much indebted to Dr. John E Abraham who wrote the Foreword of this book. Dr. John E Abraham is a great poet and A literary genius. He is the former professor and head of the Department of English at C.M.S College, Kottayam in Kerala. He is always a source of inspiration to me.

I express my deep gratitude to Dr. Matthew Isaac, who went through all poems in detail and wrote a glowing critical review of the poems. I am highly indebted to him. Dr. Mathew Isaac is a literary genius and the former Associate Vice Chancellor in California.

I am also grateful to Madhu Kaleeckal, CEO, GLOBAL INDEX Brand Makers, Kayamkulam

Dr. K. K. Mathew

10 May 2019

FOREWORD

Dr. K. K. Mathew is not unknown to the readers of the Indian English literature. He has so brought out eight volumes of poetry, to merit a place among the top of contemporary Indian English poets.

The present volume entitled 'How I Perceive' contains about 422 short lyrics. The subject matter of these poem is spirituality, and spirituality that has to do with faith. When reading these poems, I was astonished to discover that it confronted the very deep and profound issues about God and faith that I still cope with constantly. I continually wonder about the intriguing subject of human life. These poems touch upon these very themes in a direct way and therefore, reading the book appeared like a pilgrimage to me. The real subject of the book is the essence of faith and by faith it means, how we live our lives and what our values are. I believe that these themes can resonate very strong today and so, the book has great significance because it provokes a healthy and serious deliberation on spiritual matters related to our living and belief.

The style adopted is unpretentious. There is a ring of authenticity to every experience described. The voice

shifts fluidly and unruffled. These poems are formal case studies, interspersed with the poet's genuine thoughts and opinions. Bringing to light the deep and mysterious ideas is a task formidable, and in the process in the poet is likely to lose a part of what he has felt or experienced in his dreamy, inspired moments. But these poems are precious for what they still hold. No one can say what a poet means or what is right for him; one reads oneself into a text that another one writes.

These densely structured poems uncannily reveal deeper underpinning of intellectual opulence. They deserve accolades for bringing us to an easy to-understand narrative that is cognitively stimulative, and provide us with fulfilling sense of perspective.

We are moved by the might and power of word. In 'Poetry Heals' Mathew says, "divine words powerful than medicine". I always wonder whether it is the beauty of the world that the word reflects, or the beauty of the words that make the world beautiful. For Mathew, poetry is powerful as well as puissant and dominating. He says in 'The True Poet': "He rules the country, the universe/ in the realm of imagination."

Love is complicated. But, for Mathew one form of love alone exists. In the Poem 'My love' he says that love gives

him strength and guides him always. "Love glitters like a star/ it kindles light in my vacant and barren heart." The nest is the symbol of love and care for the poet.

Jasmine is a metaphor that Mathew effectively uses in many poems. Jasmine blossoms with beauty and glows at night. But in the morning dew drip from its petals and it is "wet with sorrow" (My Jasmine). The flowering of jasmine, an ordinary flower, is a transcendental experience for the poet and it symbolises the momentary existence of joy in human life. In one of his earlier poems 'Easter Lilies' (The selected shorter Poem of Dr. K. K. Mathew, 2014. ISBN978-817821-605-8), Mathew writes:

"That Easter garden of violet deaths
And golden resurrection slipped
From our childhood day with ease."

Easter lilies die every year to reappear the next year and thus they become a metaphor of 'promised resurrection' and rebirth.

The poem 'How to find God,' where Mathew proclaims "God lives in you, deep in your mind, don't search him outside as He is in," reminds us of the following line in Rabindranath Tagore's Gitanjali;

“Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads/
Whom doest thou worship in this lonely corner of a
temple with doors all shut?/ He is there where the tiller
is tilling the hard ground and where the path marker is
breaking stones/ He is there with them in sun and in
shower and his garments are covered with dust.”

The poem 'God is a Poem' echoes the famous verses of
St. John. "In the beginning the Word already existed: the
Word was with God, and the Word was God. From the
World was with God."

In 'creativity', Mathew sings; "Human life is anew every
moment/ changing from the old to the new one."

Life is like grass every year it dies to be reborn the next
year. Like Walt Whitman, Mathew proclaim: "I celebrate
myself and sing myself/ And what I assume you shall
assume."

The poem 'The Music of Nature' put in mind John
Dryden's 'A Song for Saint Cecilia's Day' where Dryden
indicates the character and emotional appeal of the
music produced by various instruments; loud clangor of
trumpet, soft complaining flute and sharp violins.
Mathew finds varied of music in Nature, each one
distinct from the other. "Rain fall like silvery pearls from

the sky, wind blows in tune with flute playing, breeze soft play the music of piano, bamboo leaves rub each other, birds sing..." The poems articulates a multi-sensory vision which does not thrive on illogical exuberance. Mathew creates a new space inside him . He listens to the music of the various objects of Nature and creates word for himself and infuses life in to the barren land devoid of spirituality.

Freedom is knowing and understanding thing quite other than ours. Reading for pleasure is only one side of experiencing the Unknown. The other is reading to interpret the world and for this, we need to understand others' fears and grievances.

The world is moving in strange ways. To quote Eli Broad, "civilizations are it remembered by their business people, bankers or lawyers. They're remembered by their arts". "Poetry is divine and poets are inspired from above. Poetry can bring humanity together. It can communicate the incommunicable.

Dr. John E. Abraham

Former Professor and Head, Dept. of English
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University.

Critical Review

A Critical Review of Dr. K.K. Mathew's Anthology of Poems How I Perceive

Prepared by Matthew K. Isaac, Ph.D.

I consider it an honor that Dr. K. K. Mathew, the celebrated English poet, Cardiologist and a Medical Scientist, has requested me to write a critical appreciation of his ninth anthology of 422 poems, How I Perceive. It was such a delight and a feast when I sank myself into reading these poems of this versatile poet who found appropriate words for his thoughts and powerful feelings. Through this collection he breathed life and meaning to a wide variety of complex mystical, spiritual, pastoral (everyday rural life), and geo-political topics.

The shortest poem in this collection of 422 poems is a typical Haiku of three lines titled, "Poetry," in which he defines poetry in the most unique and esoteric way as follows:

Poetry is the feel of soul
written by heart
on page of imagination.

In another poem titled "Incredible Hands of Jesus," he

tells us about how he writes:

Jesus dictates and me copy that,
the incredible hands of Jesus works,
but for Him me a big zero,
He is my master, my guide, and my everything,
me to follow Him only..."

There is no doubt that the "wind beneath this poet's wings" unabashedly is Jesus Christ.

In reading and analyzing the elements of his poems, I have discovered that the poetic genius and style of Dr. Mathew are distinctly unique. By far, this poet mostly used a narrative style in portraying his subjects and in breathing life and meaning to his feelings to turn them into poetry. His narrative style and diction represent simple every day English language. As a physician and medical scientist, his medical knowledge was sprinkled at times in many poems such as in the poems dealing with the nipah virus titled "Nipah a Coward" and others like "The Red Blood," and the "Beauty of Soul."

I am particularly impressed by the enjambment of his poetic lines of many poems that enables us to read through an entire poem in one breath without any periods at the end of a line. The poem "You Only" is a great example of the enjambed poetic lines. Through this technique, many times he introduces the readers to

one idea in one line, but then leads them without any punctuational stop to another conflicting idea in the next line. Thus he draws the readers to a newer understanding and a conclusion about how humans do not allow God to come into their hearts because of the passions that control them. He makes a point that passion is the dirt of the heart or, in other words, the evil that prevents God from entering one's heart. His poems, "It Dawned," "Tribulation," and "Yes, the Light," and particularly "Infinity" are examples of the evil that man has to "chisel" and remove in order for God to enter one's heart. Through the following enjambed lines of the poem, "Infinity," he introduces conflicting ideas to tell us about the evil that prevents us from loving God:

With the chisel I struck on it too often
tried to break, but in vain, mind is torn,
disgusted, weary I became, no steps ahead,
but the faith in me pulled forward;
I took the chisel, again I struck on my mind
the faith made me stronger, I strike again
the outer cover bends and breaks,
the dissection continues, the coatings removed
one by one, realized the dirt is the hardness,
the mind becomes softer and softer
it flexible, moves sideward, upward and downward
it becomes calm and soft feathery
the dirt all removed by the chisel, the faith in God
mind becomes so delicate and the faith stronger,

it is dissected again and again like the atom in reactor.
I realize, there is no end for the path in mind ahead
the division of the minutest form continues with no end,
the path in mind is the longest ever on the Earth,
it leads and leads me to the place unknown, the infinity.
Although some of his mystical poems are short poems,
they mostly deal with God, the human body, the soul,
and Satan with imageries that evoke similar sensory
experiences you get by reading the epic poems like John
Milton's "Paradise Lost." The source of his spiritual
knowledge are deeply rooted in the Christian teachings
of the Bible. The theme of the vast majority of his
spiritual poems are relating to the Christian God, Jesus
Christ, life after death, the soul, the evil within our
hearts that corrupts and prevents humans from
experiencing the love of God. In this anthology of
poems, the word "God" is mentioned 584 times; the
word "soul" is used 494 times; and "love" is mentioned
481 times. The poems of How I Perceive elucidate his
poetic prowess and place him in the class of some of the
greatest mystical and spiritual poets in the world like
Jelaluddin Rumi and Omar Khayyam. It is therefore my
well-considered opinion that Dr. Mathew is the greatest
Christian mystical English poet of India.

In other poems, his emotions and thoughts on topics
from ordinary rural life found expressions that

articulated profound meanings. As in the previous collections, I have noticed that he has included many such pastoral poems in this collection relating to a rural life as well, especially poems that represent the “rustic life and landscape” such as “Sugar Cane,” “Coconut Husk,” “Plantain,” “Borewell,” “Waterfall,” “The Thorny Path,” “The Stream,” “Sunflower,” “Butterfly,” and many others. The beautifully enjambed lines of topics that were chosen from Kerala’s rural life have not only denotations, but also have profound connotations about his faith in God, love and soul. And, such esoteric topics are intertwined throughout his poems in mysterious ways. The poems like “Sugar Cane,” “Coconut Husk,” “The Stream,” and others, where he idealizes the rural life and its landscape, place him in the tradition of the great American pastoral poet, Robert Frost. Another aspect of his pastoral poems is that they deal with “love and death” as is the case with many pastoral poems of notable poets in the world. The thoughts and feelings in many of his poems like “Death is Sweet,” “Loveless,” and “The Cross” are mainly about “love and death.” For these reasons, I will call him also as one of Kerala’s foremost pastoral English poets.

The “muse” of many of this poet’s mystical poems is Jesus Christ. Jesus and His love and how passions

separate humans from God are central themes of his poetry. Wallace Stevens, the Pulitzer Prize winning American poet, once said, "The poet is the priest of the invisible." Dr. Mathew through the hundreds of his occult poems in this collection, proves that he is "the priest of the invisible" because many poems remarkably deal with spiritual topics such as how human soul is intimately connected to God Almighty. He is inspired by his own deep-rooted Christian faith. In the following poem "Plantain," he reveals that inspiration and profound insights about his God's purpose and presence in nature through various thoughts represented by images about an ordinary fruit from rural Kerala.

It is still unclear how the fruit formed on the plant,
How the sweetness formed, how some fruits are
sour, God only knows the exact mechanism, it is God's
love flowing on Earth, manifests itself as great mechanism
which man cannot comprehend, the sweetness of plantain
is God's love and when you eat natural fruit, you relish
the love of God, the love is sweet, that sweetness pass on
to your heart and soul, all plants, trees are God's creation
the love of God is relished, the love is to nourish man
the fruit is holy, it is the condensed form, God gifts to man.

After feeling my way into his poems and sinking my poetic sensibilities into the elements of his many poems, I became abundantly clear about his ontological understandings of the supernatural, which is the primary

source of his inspiration. The “poet in this poet” is many times inspired and driven by the “master poet” and Creator of this universe whom he invokes in many of his poems. That is His God, Jesus Christ. But to understand his ontological insights one needs to comprehend the word-play in his somewhat mysterious spiritual poems. The connotative meanings between lines are mystical at best.

Another aspect of his style is the wide use of tactile, visual, aural, and gustatory imageries he used to evoke various sensory experiences for the readers. In his poem “Infinity” mentioned above, the image of the chisel removing the “dirt” is very vivid. The reader could see, hear, and feel his chisel removing the “dirt” layer by layer from his heart, if he or she reads the poem loud. The visual, aural and tactile images of these lines are obvious: “the dissection continues, the coatings removed one by one, realized the dirt is the hardness” (“Infinity”). The imageries in this poem, as it is in many others, is simply splendid. One must sink into these poems to enjoy the figurative language and the symbolisms he uses to appeal to the sensibilities of the reader. In his poems, “The Taste,” “Poetry of God,” “Jesus to Me,” “Is There a God,” and various others, you could experience the gustatory (something tasted) images that appeal to your senses.

The poet also uses numerous metaphors and similes to

appeal to your sensory experiences. He compares things and ideas that are not alike in the most effective manner. In the poem "Infinity," he compares the process of removing dirt or the passions that symbolize evil to that of the splitting of atoms in an atomic reactor. He knows it is hard, but it has to be done to be pure like they do to atoms in an atomic reactor. The "Borewell" and "You Only" are full of metaphors. In the poem "You Only," he compares the transparency of God's "love" like the transparency of the mirror that hangs on the wall of his home: "the love flows in me and you, it is transparent like the mirror that hangs on wall of my home." The comparison of the transparency of God's love and the transparency of the "mirror that hangs on the wall" of his home are meaningful, but are distinctly conflicting ideas.

"The Mushroom" is an allegorical poem that uses powerful metaphors. By narrating the story of the mushroom which has a very short-lived life, he compares the human life to the life of the mushroom; but he draws a difference that concludes that, unlike the mushroom that perishes, the human life through its "soul" lives on eternally. In other words, he uses a type of metaphor called "metonymy" in comparing the short-life of a mushroom to that of the short-life of humans on this earth, but makes a profound observation that although human life perishes the soul endures.

Many of his mystical poems in this anthology deal with man's inner conflicts because of his failure to accept God wholeheartedly. According to him, man's abiding passions preclude faith to take roots in man's psyche and often reject the belief in God and in the existence of soul. The poet narrates this very well in his poem "Healing of the Soul:"

Soul and body combines to form human being
body is perishable, but soul is non perishable
the body decays while the soul lives forever
soul is to guide and control man, but the soul is
inert and inactive to do that; soul is immobilized
by the worldly passion that surrounds it completely
soul is in the prison of passion, it is very much grieved
and is weeping, it is the ailment of soul for which no
medical treatment; strong faith in God is the answer,

This state of man implies a connotation that Satan enters human life and controls and makes a hell on earth in him. In these poems there appears to be a distinct conflict of the "id" and the "ego" and a conflict of the "ego" and the "super ego" with the external world as is in the structural model of the "psyche" in Dr. Sigmund Freud's psychic apparatus (Wikipedia). In his following poem "Wealth," these conflicts of the "id" with the "ego" and ego and superego with the external world emerges clearly:
Man lives worldly, very few spiritual
man runs after the world to grab more
and more, not contented with what he got

runs again and again till his end; what
has he gained, nothing, no peace of mind
ever he got, mind is always on the run.

One of the poems in the anthology I liked most was called "Creation." It is a powerful story of a carpenter (a wood carving sculptor) told so poetically. Because of the lack of recognition, this wood carving sculptor threw away all his creations and was at the brink of taking his own life. But someone from a distant land discovered one of his creations and found it very valuable. He went searching for him. This is an allegorical poem about a carpenter with very many hidden meanings.

One of his geo-political poems was titled "Peace at Last." This poem amused me and tickled my sensibilities. This poem makes reference to Kim Jong-un and Donald Trump, which certainly alludes to the most contemporary geo-political issue that brought North Korea and America almost to the brink of war. The poet says,
Kim yielded to everlasting peace
from war of words with Trump,
too hot and fearsome the words,
a gift to the new dictionary.

This poet's versatility in creating a wide variety of poems and his profound knowledge of the hidden (occult) and the breadth and depth of knowledge of the measurable (sciences) are quite striking. He is indeed gifted and well-

rounded in his knowledge of science, medical science, the occult, and in the literary arts. Dr. K. K. Mathew and his poems are unlike any poets in the Indian literary horizon.

As Robert Frost, the three times Pulitzer Prize winning great American poet, says, “there are three things, after all, that a poem must reach: the eye, the ear, and what we may call the heart or the mind. It is most important of all to reach the heart of the reader.” Further, Frost says, “writing a poem is discovering.” If so, reading and appreciating a poem is discovering as well. In critically appreciating Dr. Mathew’s 422 poems, I have discovered that they all appealed to my eyes, ears, and my heart. As Matthew Arnold, the predominant poet of the Victorian era, says, “poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things.” And, Dr. K. K. Mathew knows how to express his thoughts beautifully and effectively. I highly recommend this anthology of poems, *How I perceive*, to those who love the magic of the written word. (This critical review is written by Dr. Matthew K. Isaac. He is the Author of the recent English novel, *Touched by Redeeming Love*, published in America. Dr. Isaac is a Retired Associate Vice Chancellor from California.)

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POETRY HEALS

The words carry theme that soothes the soul,
the words with divinity coming from Heaven,
the songs of deep love from nature whispering,
the romance between the Moon and the Sea
at midnight, the stars shy, hide behind the clouds,
the mountain embraces the Snow, the Sun peeps;
all in the romantic poem, poet writes, the words
are in mesmerising lines, that lightening through
the ailed soul and heart, stimulate the decayed cells
to the path of regeneration and heal that, cure that
which medicine can't do, the love the best medicine
which science doesn't know, the words are sharper
than the knife which cut and remove the damaged
cells, the surgery is completed in the shortest time
world to know, divine words powerful than medicine.

THE TRUE POET...

He rules the country, the universe
in the realm of imagination, jumping
from one tree to another, to the moon
and to the little stars then down to earth
in a fraction of second in fastest vehicle
on earth and in the sky, nobody can beat
him in speed, he is mad, hungerless and
thirstless, not bothered about anything,
people think he is mad, definitely mad
after love, live in love and live for love,
the king in imaginative love with queen;
doesn't believe in the worldly recognition,
the world cannot grade him as he is above
that, he lives in the world of reality only,
not in the world of acquired knowledge
that he lives in the wisdom, God is his core,
he writes for the people only, not for any
reward and he leaves the world as poor.

MY LOVE

Love you are my strength
That guides me always,
You touch and cool
My burning heart.
You embrace and kiss
My gloomy face,
You make me inspired.

Love glitters like a star
It kindles light in my
Vacant and barren heart.
It flows like a stream
In the thick and still woods.

The hum it makes
Touches my depressed heart,
The water of the stream
Is transparent and clear
Like your love for me.
It infuses and glows
A ray of hope in my heart.

MY JASMINE

You sweeten my heart
Daily with your presence,
You pour heavenly bliss
Into my heart every new day.
You beautify my yard with grace,
Touch my heart with peace,
Mould my home with beauty
Shape my mind with novelty.

The flower of heart, you are,
Blossom with beauty,
Glow at night
Like the stars in the sky.
You daze me with fragrance,
Mesmerize brain with beauty,
Thrill me with honey
Heart sleeps with your melody.

I wake up daily seeing you,
You touch heart with dreams,
Fragrance sweetens my dreams
I fly to that abode.

Morning, dew drips from petals,
You're wet with sorrow.
And run away with my heart.

You fly with me at midnight
High up in the sky, over the cloud
Beyond the stars,
I reach the shore
The sands made of gold,
The stones glittering jewels
The sky studded with diamonds.
Flowers blossom
Singing and dancing in breeze,
I read with ease,
It's my Jasmine only.

Jasmines blossom evermore,
Grow bigger and bigger,
Wings coming out,
They have heads and bodies.
Oh! they're angels
Flying and singing in heaven
Overflow to earth,
They glitter here
And earth survives.

THE ANGELS

No one has seen angels with naked eyes
that is heard in the divine books in plenty,
the name used by man so regularly for his
concept of divinity and purity in extreme
that fly above everything, only next to God.
The angels are for the purity in everything
that no dirt anywhere, in soul or the body,
whiteness its hallmark and divinity its core,
it is always singing and dancing in Heaven,
God is always moved by the divinity and
sweetness of the song it sings in Heaven,
even the presence of it in thought soothes
the soul of the man who runs after the devil,
the concept of angels lasts till the world lasts.

THE SOUL SPEAKS

The God in man is the soul, speaks, it cannot be heard by the ears, but felt by senses deep which opened when passion worldly disappears by faith strong in God, a long process to achieve, the soul speaks and the senses deep perceive, the intuition that man lives as per the command of God, man gets the solution for the problem he faces, that he cannot go astray, he lives in God, lives with God, lives for God, the most precious moment.

THE WILL OF SOUL...

The song in the evening from my heart
that strikes on my soul that oozes out
the purity that flows to my heart again.
It brings out purity to be pumped into blood
that hastens the sharpness of my soul
to remove the self from me, a vacant place
for divinity to flow in, to act in synchrony
with the will of God, the will, the soul receives
to sharpen me without self, the God to act,
I am to follow Him, He is everything, I am nothing,
He shields me, guards me, dictates to me and
I write, I do, the most obedient servant, He
blesses my soul, the will of it is soft to perform.

COOL THE SOUL

The soul inflammable, any moment to break, is the state that it weeps to suffocate in prison of the worldly passion that strangulates, it is inert and inactive to guide man; man to know it, the divinity in him is under threat, the soul to be cooled by the dew from Heaven, drips on it and soothes it with the flare up of God's blessings, melts the passion to set free the soul to breathe air of freedom that is to come from God only; man cannot do it himself as soul is Godly, a part of God, the love that mesmerises heart to load and keeps man safe.

HOW TO FIND GOD...

God lives in you, deep in your mind
don't search Him outside as He is in,
it is your soul, the spirit of God, your life,
covered by the dirt many in you, it is
the passion worldly, forms big fort
separating you from God; the fort
should be demolished by strong faith
in God, the passion all dissolve to nothing,
the barrier between you and God gone
You hear Him, relish Him by senses internal.

HUMANENESS

Love in reality with the kindness added,
the world needs it much to escape from
the peril that spoils it for a very long time,
the world a barren one with rivers and sea
dry, no stream flows smooth, water stagnant,
filth on its banks, it smells rotten everywhere.
Man dislikes man, man kills man, hatred fumes,
false notions root in brain, killing means salvation,
world on the brink of explosion, only the love here
and there, keeps it from the big disaster to come,
man is cruel to nature too, nature weeps, it retaliates
with earth quake, cyclones, tsunami, man doesn't
learn, who is to advise man, he is cruel to animals,
he kills and eats them and then preaches love, kindness,
the drama continues, the curtain is to ring down soon.

WRITING WITH HEART...

The hand is off, mind is vacant
the heart is tense, it overflows,
the blood coming out, paints
the paper with the dark red
blood that oozes out in rhythm.
The heart writes, blood flows,
it smells the love in extreme,
the blood doesn't clot, it is thick
fluid pulsating with the pain
of heart that beats every second
pumping in to the bond of love
that relieves the pain of heart,
it beats forever, pumping to infinity.

SOUND OF MUSIC

The sound that heard when heart beats are so gentle,
so delicate that it beats in rhythm, so harmonious it hums
that it soothes my soul, that I can hear with my ears, so sweet
the heart pumps blood in synchrony with the sound that speaks
volumes of memories of the past that I craved for you for long
that I sang with you with our hearts that we joined to form one
with the love fumed in hearts to emit with the speed that
gathered the momentum when you hugged me, to the road to
eternity where we were angels flew in the horizon of deep
feelings where I played the piano and you beat the drum, with
honey dripping down in our hearts, the sound, a symphony that
soothed our soul to sing and sing again with the trumpet to blow
the sound of music that proclaimed the sweetness of the
glory of our Lord sitting in Heaven which we saw with our hearts,
the feel so glorious than the eyes see or the ears hear, the angels
sang in Heaven, so melodious the song, its echo thrilled our hearts.

THE NEST...

The love divine in perfection flows
in the nest, the bird weaves on the
tree hanging from the branch, the
beauty nourishes hearts to cherish
the memory in infancy, sucking the
sweet milk of mom, the divine honey
flows from heaven to mom to bless
in glory of that divine flame that glows
in every heart, that too in the nest woven
with the love that is holy to bless the tiny
ones to grow and fly to the limitless horizon
where the birds enjoy the happiness of the
eternity from the nest filled with God's love
that helps them to grow and fly out with
the golden wings to breathe the air of peace.
The nest is the symbol of spirit of love and care.

THE BEAUTY OF SOUL...

The beauty is the beauty forever
that keeps always in my heart
with honey dripped on it from
my soul which loves it with charm,
the feel is divine that floats in the
horizon of tranquility, the holiness
shines on it, the dirt all washed off
by divine blood that oozes out from
holy heart to make it so perfect that
it shines always, never fades any time.

FORGET ME NOT

Do you hear my cry?
I with my ailing heart
searched you everywhere
for your glance at me,
for your kindness and love.
I strode to the Church
you vanished from my sight
I went to the Temple
with my humming prayers,
but you fled from there
I crept across the desert
without a drop of water.
Are you sleepy, are you dumb?
wake up, hear my plea
don't fool me, my dear
I can't wait any more,
read my throbbing heart
I need a fragment of you
I need a drop of you
to infuse life in my heart
forget me not, my dear.

KEEP WAITING...

Keep waiting, keep tension on
to the uncertainty without answer
is the boat in the deep sea with tidal
waves up encircling, a state of confusion
in every heart, every time in the long run
to reach the other side of life, it is the
golden uncertainty that makes man
move to the far end of his dreams
which fades one by one to the last one
left, which wears golden wings to fly
to the wide horizon of imagination, swinging
from one end of heart to the other end, sending
me to the height of precious feelings which built
home for me, where I live with you forever.
The home is far superior to the homes built on Earth.

TRUE LOVE

The costliest on earth, never bends
never breaks as it on strong foundation
the faith that never decays, branches
the core is the truth and truthfulness
it doesn't seek any reward, never swells
it is the love of the soul, not of the body
God is at the centre, helps in need, selfless,
cares as own, never conceals or neglects.

Love is transparent like a mirror, no dirt
even to shed one's own life for the other
the sweetest feeling on earth, one tastes,
lives even after death, so strong the bond.

CREATIVITY

Human life is anew every moment
changing from the old to the new one
Earth is revolving, the planets revolve
heart is beating every second, new comes
the feel to do new is great, something special
it is God's gift to create new surpassing old
the new creation soothes heart and the soul
that you won't get unless you do it again
creating new is the happiest moment in my life.
Man should become new every week, every day
the old is gone forever and the new to come
it is the basis of success to come in human life
the man with God becomes new every moment.

FAITH...

The most powerful weapon
the one that never decays
it never breaks on pulling
the one that keeps you going
if it breaks, everything is lost
you can't mend the broken
the broken one doesn't join
never attempt that, a waste
God is unseen to everyone
but the truth, you trust Him
as His great love flowing here
you relish him, taste Him by heart
God needs only the faith from you
it branches, flowers and bears fruits
you smell fragrance and eat the fruits.

GOD SPEAKS

The best friend of God is man
He created man in His own image
but man erred, fell down to the bottom
God is love, still He waits for man
but man doesn't go to Him, passion blocks
God in tears, anxiously wants to reach man
but man flees from Him, lives in passion
passion blocks man from God by its might
How to remove passion, a big question
faith in God is the solution to the problem
passion dissolves in faith, you hear His words.

HATRED...

To hate, the worst thing on earth
I pray it doesn't happen anytime
God sent man on earth to love
as God is the love to everyone.
When God is expelled from heart
hatred occurs and the devil rules.

POEM OF HEART

The feelings evaporate and condense
to form the sweetness that has its own
words to fill the heart, rain inside only
do not come outside, cools tensed heart,
the words have no language, known to
heart only that the unknown is melody
that is sung in the soul that soothes my
body to relax in a way to write beauty.
When it comes out, theme is different
that it becomes a sword cuts the hardness
to the soft gentle one that melts hearts.

TO DISTINGUISH

The identity of man makes him a coward to do things boldly as everyone watches him doing with the wavering hands, if not identified, he is free to do things boldly.

To distinguish good or bad the big problem man faces, the great tragedy of world is the error of judgment, what is right, what is wrong which is Heaven, which one the hell, confusion prevails, the error of judgment leads to big disaster; the man living with the Spirit of God gets the ability to distinguish good and bad, the great gift from God, blesses man to live on Earth.

SMOKE...

The keenness of life that in the path of misery,
joins the manners of beauty, man to cope
with the diversity to come forward to the
harness that falls in the duplication of reality
that smiles at the nakedness of human life,
that plays with the false hope of the right to
line in the sea of wishes, man wants in his way
of harmony that keeps him to sing in the bay
of thought that keeps going in the path of reality.
I have the capacity to wilt on the way toward the
humbug that weaves through the bottom of mind
that skips through the reality yet to come in my life.

HEART ACHE...

The pain that catches the heart with the whip
the phobia added to the fright and pain, the mind
drowning in deep sea, prays to die than lie in the freezer
and suffocates to death; but the pain of the heart deep,
much more intense than the pain outside, it cuts the
heart, cuts the soul, bleeds inside, blood flows inside
not outside, it gushes and paints the inside of the body
with the dark blood that clotted leaving a tall mark
that never fades even if buried or burned to ashes in fire.

THE COTTON FIBER...

Smooth soft filamentous white fiber,
you float in the sky moving to and fro
swinging from one side to another
smiling always at Heaven and at Earth,
no weep as there is no water to drip,
happy always, no one wants you as
you are too tiny, never touching the
Earth, as you have no gravity ,flying
in air, the wingless bird enjoying bliss
in the limitless sky, you are really the
soul floating in the space of eternity
living with God, that too bears no gravity,
those with gravity can't fly, weep on Earth.

THE CORNER...

The peace we have in our life,
so simple it is to address the
way our life, proceeds with hope
that it sways in gentle breeze
of God's blessing bestowed on.
I find you at the corner of heart,
dripping honey at every corner
soaked with the sweetness of it
that soothes the tightness of heart,
the flowers you gifted, its fragrance
wafts my heart with the soulfulness
Where I live with you on rosy bed,
life with togetherness, stimulates the
bond of love that is to last forever.

PURITY

No dirt in near vicinity or anywhere
pure it is, heart to become in all,
the great event, man becomes pure,
God can gift it, no man do it, his own
the stream with flow makes water
pure and holy, the dirt flows down
to the bottom, the sediment separated,
the faith in God makes heart pure
that God lives there, He blesses man,
absence of God sends impure blood,
the man becomes dirty and filthy
that devil only lives in him, God runs away;
never hurt the heart of anyone, a big sin,
help someone any time is great gift to God.

FORGIVENESS...

The great weapon to carry,
the great virtue, heart bears,
the great wisdom for peace eternal
the way to happiness everlasting,
the path towards the divinity,
the most difficult act to perform,
is to have the wisdom to forgive.
Learn that all are good at heart
nobody on earth wishes to err,
the notorious culprit too wishes
to be righteous but he cannot do that;
the inhibitory factors pulling him back,
they are the devils acting in him to err
he is innocent, he is made to do that
it is the truth everyone to realize
then love comes in heart to forgive.
It is the greatest virtue one can possess,
the realization of the truth makes one great.

TITANIC...

The great tragedy a century ago
so memorable, nobody forgets;
man decides but God thrashes it,
man builds castles in heart, but
absence of plan from heaven
disposes it; the love eternal fumes
from the ship, fetches Rose in every heart,
it paints the stream with blood that
flows from heart to heart, soul to soul;
the magnitude of fire that is lit in memory
to eternity which never dies, the love
that is true, lives pure and holy.
The death, a coward ran away from the
soul that left out of the body of Jack
but the soul of the two meet always
in eternity to be cherished forever,
that we will meet them in the paradise
with too many Roses painted with blood.

THE HERMITS

They live with thirst for God
they feed on divinity in heart
they live in God, live for God
they are under the trees sitting
on upper reaches of Himalayas
for years, fixing mind with God
in utmost concentration in the
pursuit for peace and happiness
from God; knowing Him is supreme,
finding Him is the aim of their life,
they are on search to the infinity,
on the way to find the Truth of life;
the search is on but never ending.

THE THEME OF MY HAPPINESS...

Daily I look outside to see the moving world
but I get bored, no happiness comes in me
there is no substance inside as no life inside
everything mechanical, highly superficial it is;
I went to too many cities abroad but no change,
I bought new cars, amassed wealth, no change,
I asked myself, how can I get it, new idea dawned
I must look inside me, find out what is there,
I had terrific feeling that there is a path inside,
it is covered by dirt and filth, I became inquisitive
the adventuresome came in that I start exploring
it myself, it was a long way to go, I walked step
by step, very careful, digging and removing dirt,
at last I reached the other end of the path, the light,
the happiness of my soul which I was searching,
I got it spontaneously and I am contented forever.

TRUE RELATIONSHIP...

The one based on true love,
the one with the root in God.
It doesn't swell or seek any reward,
selfless, praying always for well being
of the other, it is always kindhearted,
never gets angry, never thinks of evilness
it bears patience, forgiving each other
it generates sweetness, joy and peace
stands like a rock in tribulation and grief
owns other's misery, despair with pleasure.

LOVE LETTER SOAKED IN TEARS...

The paper boat built in love flows down,
the water of the stream is pure and holy,
the boat tiny sailed smooth but hit a stone
in the stream, overturned, soaked in the water,
looked like tears and dissolved in it forever,
love flowed but dissolved in tears to nothing.
Lini, the angel in the hospital nursed Nipah virus
stricken patients day and night succumbed to
Nipah, wrote a letter with heart, soaked in tears
consoling her partner, the love gives him strength
to care kids and be bold but she dissolved in tears.

LIFE AFTER DEATH

Is there a life after death, many ask the question, they in confusion look at divine books to comprehend. Me a physician at the death bed of twelve heart patients, revived them back to normal life when their heart lungs stopped; I conversed with them, days after, what they felt when heart lungs stopped; seven felt they went down in darkness, two felt they went up, saw stars, the life of the two good before, that the other seven bad; a scientific data that a Heaven and hell based on life here.

THE BROKEN LOVE...

The love of the mountain breaks
when Sun peeped into mountain's
love with snow when she embraced
mountain with her tight grip on body.
They were in that state for some time,
in heavenly bliss, they cannot part.
Their deep love is broken into pieces,
Mountain is in fury, rebuked the Sun
but Sun cannot leave the place
as he loves to see their romance;
In anger the mountain begins to melt
and flows down in channels
like the tears flowing from his eyes,
the streams flow down to the valley
and join together into river and she
runs in greed to the big blue water.

BUTTERFLY

A wonder on earth is your life,
you come to earth to do duties
well and go back after few days,
I see you angels from Heaven,
born on earth with all beauties
and then resurrect on Heaven;
you thrill everyone there and
fly down; you lay eggs, reproduce
many, suck nectar from flowers
and bless earth with your divinity.
all beauties perish like a flower,
bless everyone and then vanish
as God needs them in Heaven.

CONFUSION

Unsteady mind, a curse for man every time
mind wavering always like ripples moving,
can't fix mind at a point at any time in life,
the tiny boat moving to and fro in tidal wave,
mind is not in peace to deliver a decision firm,
early morn mist clouds the heart, clouds the eyes,
life moves with no vision, no concrete idea
to stand firm on feet; always bend to other's words.
Life becomes a failure indeed, nothing is achieved,
life becomes a never ending sea, the shore unseen
absence of God makes heart friable, easy to break
God is in, makes heart a rock to shoot the decision firm.

GOD IS A POEM...

In the beginning was the poem,
a fraction of the great poem, God,
so sure I am that, it was love from
infinity, the great poem written
by heart in the world of divinity,
the words came from heart beats,
the poem was agape flowed to
miniature of love that formed the
creatures, they revolve round the
great poem and write tiny poems.
The core of each poem is divinity,
the tiny part of the great poem
and divinity flows in all creatures.

GOD AND SUFFERING...

God never gives suffering to man
Man erred in the beginning and he
bears it from the beginning to the end
God gives him strength to withstand it
however severe it may be, how frequent
it is; the suffering translated to success.
science doesn't know soul and way to soul,
it knows only body, it treats only body,
it cannot treat the soul, science is helpless,
the ailment of soul is the confinement of soul
by passion; it is freed by strong faith in God.
Spiritual healing can prevent dreadful diseases,
faith in God, the answer to maladies man faces.

I SHALL MEET YOU...

I shall meet you on that shore
far away, on the land of beauty
no regrets or no despair there
tranquility flows in everywhere
calmness at its best, all in peace
not seen on earth at any time
no smell of flesh, no broken heart
all in bliss, sing the glory of Him
the world of the soul, all float
the land where one should go
in the end, I shall meet you there.

JUSTICE

Justice in perfection is it with greatest Judge, the Almighty who does it with perfection in this world itself or days after death, that man doesn't seek clarity on it or is ignorant, the justice on earth is a miniature of justice in heaven; if justice is spoiled, the whole world in turmoil, man takes justice by himself, confusion prevails at times that justice is masked by injustice, truth is replaced by untruth; injustice becomes justice, truth becomes untruth; murder becomes suicide, suicide becomes murder, innocent becomes criminal and criminal becomes innocent; evidences are tampered and criminals escape; to prove the truth is often like crossing the big mountain; poor can't fight for justice as justice is too costly often; one hope left is, plead for justice to God, the greatest judge, 'Justice will be done one day with perfection'.

POETRY OF GOD...

Never complain anything to anyone
place it to God, He will look into it,
finds remedy as He loves you most
do not elude your father, as He to be
with you always, He hears, He talks,
He consoles, His caress is the sweetest,
taste God, relish Him, what a wonder
it is, it is much beyond your imagination
don't part with God, He always follows
you in thick and thin, He forgives you.
Thinking with heart, talking with it,
writing with it, is the poetry of God,
it is the bliss on earth, much sweeter
than love which you feel; its rhymes
is much sweeter than honey, it soothes
soul, the nature rains and sings with you.

ME HEARTBROKEN ONCE...

Me heartbroken in Nineteen Seventy,
a house surgeon at CMC, Vellore
about to proceed to U.K. for studies
in few month's time, father healthy
at fifty three abroad returns home
for my studies, I built castle in me,
shatters in a second when mother
brought his body in the same aircraft
he is due to come; I didn't fall, God's love
flowing in me, mind became so strong,
I proposed but God disposed; me now
serve not in London, but in rural India.

NIPAH A COWARD...

Nipah, you are a virus, visitng my land
with fury to eat my flesh, you love blood
but you are a coward, you are the devil
you seek and hide to play with my life
but I challenge, you may eat my flesh,
suck my blood, but can't touch my soul
that is on my Lord's lap, singing His glory
Can you touch that, never certainly not
my flesh is nothing to me, as it was gone
off me years ago, it is valueless to me.
You coward, run away from my state Kerala.

SHEPHERD AND SHEEP...

Love in extreme flows from father to son
like the stream in thick woods, the trees are
short painted with green, young and energetic,
the water is transparent flowing among trees,
the trees grow thick and sharp and suck water
the stream flows to feed and nurse the trees,
the strong love flows between shepherd and
and sheep; he lives for them, feeds them, nurses
them, day and night, without sleep, dying for sheep;
God is the shepherd, me and you are the sheep
the love is agape, He guards us and nurses us,
His love is the stream flowing down incessantly.

SUN RISES

The bird in the cage flies to limitless sky,
air it breathes, is fresh, it enjoys the freedom
after years of life in prison, where it got good
food and water but not the freedom it enjoys,
may not get now what it ate and drank in cage,
no limit in life with fresh air, the greatest gift,
it enjoys more than the hunger and the thirst.
Man with soul in prison of passion suffocates
he cannot breathe the fresh air till soul is free,
he lives whole life in confinement where Sun
sets, the bars break when sun rises in the east.

THE BODY AND THE SOUL...

The body is for the life on earth
it is perishable, decays when dead
people do not know beyond body
they love that, live for that, enjoy
man is fool to love perishable only
not the imperishable, the soul
the love is the love for the soul
it never dies, never decays, eternal
the happiness it gives is everlasting.

THE GOOSEBERRY...

The grief, a gooseberry on my tongue
bitterness vanishes, sweetness makes
way to my heart, I sank in tidal wave
none came for my rescue, you touched
my heart with a gentle touch, God sent
a wooden plank, I caught that in time
and I swam to the shore, you are anchor
of me, you instill vigour in my soul, you
moulded my fragile heart, you framed
my mind to a towery one; grief, you are
not fruitless, not waste, you gave me God.

THE LUSTFUL FLAME

The meek in the tempest of glory
That hastens my moody mind,
Things havoc supine lustful way,
The wind of passion blows over heart
That burns in the flame of thunder,
That intensifies my throb
Let alone it wanes to nothing.
The sky at its intense luminance
Embrace me with tears of joy
It sighed the glory yet to come,
My heart becomes pure at meek show.
The pebbles jumps with joy,
The flowers bloom to shower fragrance,
The stars bow at the glaring mystery,
God lives in man, the passion
Burns into thunderous applause,
The light that sparks into infinity
Illuminates the whole world.

THE MOUNTAIN

The snow from Heaven falls on the top
the whiteness of purity falls on the land
ice kisses the fort at its top with joy
the top unseen at bottom, reaches Heaven
the Heaven opens, sends blessings to top
the Sun watches it, sends rays at the top
the ice melts in tears, drip down to form
the streams many from all the sides flow
down to the valley, water is transparent
the place is pure and holy with no dirt
plants grow, flowers bloom, birds sing
bees hum and suck nectar from flowers
tranquility flows in, everything is still
hermits under the trees in concentration
meditating for years to live in eternity
purity culminates in holiness and divinity,
it is the Paradise where Heaven touches.

THE PEACE

The one lost in the world,
the one heart doesn't have,
the one everybody talks daily,
the mirage that escapes by whisker,
the time wasted, the money spent.
U.N.O is a bird without wings
It can't fly free with the strings,
man kills man for nothing,
man doesn't know that man is one,
God is only one for everyone,
the faith of one is his religion,
the soul of everyone is Godly,
selfishness blocks God entering heart
like passions block God to heart
peace won't come unless man knows it.
The basis of peace is man knows man
man realizes the God living in him;
then man won't fight with man
religion not with religion, country not
with country; all are in peace forever.

DESPAIR

Everything lost, nothing left, how to rebuild, the plea echoes in the air, Kerala devastated in the flood of the century; man cannot bear the extreme grief and despair that weakens the mind and body, the agony hurts the soul too that how to live in the damaged home, the question before every one; but the truth that nothing to worry as God watches each and everything, He will never put you in trouble as He is love only, trust in Him completely, believe, he will replace everything lost, he will make wonders for you, He will never change.

THE THIRST...

The reflex that keeps body alert
to keep organs intact is the gift
the Almighty gives us, a wonder
much beyond man to comprehend.
The thirst for water translated to
thirst, to realise the Almighty more,
the more you know Him, the wisdom
instilled more in you, the growth
inside you flourishes, you resist the
passions that closes senses deep,
that opens, you visualise, relish Him,
your life plays in tune with Him,
the thirst never ends to realise Him.

WHAT AM I...

The value one has, the value inside
the growth real, the growth inside
value doesn't count on what outside
the realisation is, what I know from God
the conviction is, what I perceive to do
the wisdom is what God gifts; not by world
if the conviction and the realisation combine,
one goes in right pathway towards the summit
if wisdom is added to it, one goes to perfection.
What I gathered from my journey so far, my realisation
"I am nothing, a big zero; everything in me is God only,
but for Him, I won't survive even a single second".

WHEN I WRITE...

Interior generates precious thought
it is soft, dim misty, drips from my soul
it twists past inner romance, majestic
it whispers in rhythm, it twinkles in me
sun shines deep in heart, soothes brain
feelings climb up, evoke good spirit
emit and spray in infinity, logic flutters
feelings cross heart, bloom and shower
love navigates, blossoms everywhere
heart dines with divinity, dreams it bores
I sit in smooth mist, soul merges with body
fragrance smells, flowery everywhere
warm blood flows, I feel its throb
Heart is full, it evaporates.

HEART RAINS

The deep feeling from the depth of heart
is tightly packed, it may explode any moment
that I couldn't contain myself, but it rained.
It rained for long that it relived the ache
that was troubling me for long, it soothes
my soul too; heart has no language to tell,
it flutters and fibrillates to suppress emotion.
It is a fire blended with love which painted
the heart with honey that sweetens me
and you, that bond of love should never die.

JAWANS...

The strong hearts,
the steel bodies,
the love for motherland,
the sweet memories
of their beloved ones,
make them brave.
They are blessed with
our prayers to Lord
"keep them safe,
each bullet comes to them
boomerang to the enemy,
each drop of blood they shed
wipeout the dirt in our country".
They are the angels
guarding every inch of our country.
The high altitude, the snow bite
the hot sun, the perilous night,
have no effect on their bravery,
the martyrs die for the country,
for us living safe; they are
the sons of God guarding us

from the terror and horror
that fly inches above our heads
risking them and dying for us;
the saviours of our heart
live in our memory for ever.

NO NEED FOR ANY WORRY...

Everyone must be happy always,
no room for any worry at any time,
mind only makes happiness or worry.
A person with God can get the upward
if mind is bent on Him and mindset changed.
The ultimate feel is that matters; if the mind
is set to meet a friend at far off; met him
and with him, the feeling is set in mind forever
to be relished, without the presence there.
Eating a good food, the feel set in mind, is more
than eating the stuff; mind set to be happy in
grief, mindset to be euphoric in despair, like
that many; the ultimate feel is the final in mind
than what you do, you see, you eat or you experience.

DEW FROM HEAVEN...

The heat of the soul reflects on body
that too hot as the soul is the core,
body is crushed to death when soul
is separated and it escapes to eternity.
soul is tense when passion overpowers,
it is behind the bars of the passion worldly.
Heaven sends dew to drip down on the soul
to cool it and to soothe it, the angels watch it,
they sing and the sweet melody touches soul,
only Heaven can cool the soul and heal it,
no medicine on earth can reach and cure it,
Lord, only your touch does wonders on my soul.

THE UMBRELLA...

The unseen horizon that rains in my soul
sends hope before me to step forward
on the thorny path that spreads before me,
the Heaven rains incessantly over me, but
you covered my head by the love flowing
from your heart, deepens the craze I have,
the blindness of me in the long way to walk;
I step and step short under the umbrella you
hold, we walk together to golden uncertainty.

THE VACANT CHAIR...

The dark clouds peep at my home when me went for bath,
waited for long, clouds in distress, shower its tears on the roof
to irritate me and me come out, but me waited to see the beautiful
shower, it makes me dream my vacant heart, honey dripping from
above to sweeten my heart, it beats in rhythm and sings songs of
divinity which melts the clouds further, it rains further, echo
in my soul with the sweet melody to mesmerize my brain.
I see my vacant chair with the divine shower that cleans my
chair and washes all dirt in me and my soul mingles with my Lord.

LOVE IN TEARS

Blind and dumb the love becomes,
the power that attracts is the strongest
ever, it is like adhesive so strong sticking
nothing could separate the bond of love
if tried it could end in casualties horrible.
Kavin won the heart of Neenu, an upper
class girl beautiful from far off place,
girl victimised heavily to separate the
tied knot in vain; at last Kevin kidnapped
and killed by girl's brother and parents,
Neenu heart broken and sinks in despair.
It shook Kerala state as a whole this week
parents and the brother of Neena, behind
the bars think, their prestige the superior
while Neenu believes in love the supreme.

TINY BOAT...

Me with the iron spoon born on earth
toiled hard to survive, fighting always
against the odd, but life pleasant, gives
calmness in mind, much contented to live
in hardship, the heart always sings sweet
songs amidst hard labor, me in tiny boat
go to deep sea, net often empty but full
rarely, the light glows always in heart,
draws me forward to seek the coolness
of my soul, life sailed smoothly through
the waves, never starved, never complained,
never grieved, never in despair, but sweat
turns honey always, mind drawn to stillness.
that day the big bag with gold vessels trapped
in the net, worth million, brought to shore,
home in joy, but me in fire, my heart stopped
singing, the light inside fades, darkness fills in,
at night I ran to the shore, sea is calm, no waves,
tidal waves in heart, threw the bag into the sea.

THE HEART BURNS...

Burning in pyre of fire, the feeling
that turns the hardness, melts to
the lava like the volcano burns and
erupts, the life the major part in fire
that burns leaving little part to cool
like the Earth with the large bulk sea
leaving the land for man to live and
survive; but man in God turns the fire
to ice and he has little to be burned,
the great part of life with the ice and
he turns every grief into happiness,
despair to hope; God resides at bottom.

I AM A DREAMER...

Living with dream all through the life
is the gift of God that I live with dreams
with golden wings and fly in it to infinity.
I am lucky that I live far away from earth
in my golden boat, moving from one place
to the other, sometimes I am in the space
floating, relishing every moment of joy,
life becomes so thrilling, enchanting that
I have no misery or grief; I become free
like the little bird, I fly up in the horizon of
happiness, I do not like come back to grief;
the duties I perform on earth is the reflection
of what I have inside me, the more I become
dreamy, I become more energetic in life, I feel
my body is unseen to eyes, my soul is floating
in the horizon where I sail to the land of infinity;
it is not a day dream, but the dream of reality.

LOVE THE FIRE

The durable life sets aflame the fire
that glows in darkness to prelude the
love that intermingles with heart beats
in rhythm without missed note, soothes
my soul with the melody that draws me to
step forward in the path towards certainty
that I aspire in my long run over the thorns
that hurt my feet, the pain is sweet, but no
drug to heal as the thorns of roses tear my
heart and it bleeds profusely till last drop.
The birds on the tree, bees sucking nectar
hum the song of my soul that echoes in the
road to eternity where I stride with might
that I resist the heaviness of the load I carry,
too much exhaustive, but your love sets target.

THE UNSEEN AND UNHEARD...

We see by eyes and hear by ears, in daily routine
the sight a feast to the eyes, the smell so fragrant
what we see is the gift of God, what we hear, again
His gift, but man cannot perceive everything he sees
or hears, a limit to everything, a bulk quite unseen and
unheard, that remains a mystery to him, God is unseen
unheard, Heaven and soul quite unseen, why it so, man
man cannot give definite answer, but love fills in him,
flows out, but he cannot see love with naked eyes.
For two eyes, two eyes inside, for two ears, two inside,
but internal eyes and ears are closed by worldly passion,
once it opened by immutable faith in God, man sees, hears
by internal senses; then there is nothing unseen or unheard.

LIVE ON IMAGINATION ONLY...

What the difference between imagination and reality
what the difference between the feel and the experience,
live on imagination, make concrete base for it and fly over it
your soul merges with it, you relish happiness at its best
but your experience gives you a mixed reaction of pain and joy
when you live on imagination, what you do outside is purely by
reflex of your inner mind, much better than what you think and do.
In the end your imagination sweetens your soul; what done may not be,
hold on imagination tight, live on it, you sweeten your mind and soul.

YOU LOVE ME

The breeze that sweeps above me carries the smell of you
the soul that flies in Heaven along with me, waving at me
I see your heart beats in rhythm whispers, you love me hard
your silence tells the truth and your denial amused me a lot
your breath has the smell of rose that it writes love in the air
you said that you have nothing for me that echoes sweetness,
honey dripped in my heart, wets it and flows out like the stream
it encircles me to be trapped in the deluge that washed me off.

BEAUTIFUL MAN

Rosy cheek, reddish lips, bluish eyes with curly hair,
he mesmerizes women, many wait to see a glimpse
of him, he wants to project himself in many ways
that he always rides in the air, on giant motorcycle,
not on earth, he always flies to heaven not to land
he acts as the crusader of fight against poverty
but he mingles with rich only, he believes, he is the
champion of beauty that others adore him, the fancy
of beauty continues and he sprays fragrance everywhere,
honey drips in many hearts, but he fell down one day,
he became dumb, he wants to hide, women too hide.

YOUR KINGDOM

The realm of my heart at your feet, the mystery that haunts me to search you to the infinity, energizes me to drive my heart to the pursuit for what you leave on Earth, the unseen mantle of your kingdom demarcated in my heart, to ooze out my energy to uncover the truth of your kingdom, and me to follow the path you left behind; the perilous hilly way that I walk daily in my effort to reach your kingdom, me filled with my extreme devotion and the thirst of my soul to be with you, as the pedestrian, me reach your fort with the ardent longing for you, Jesus, my desire sprouts from my heart, my hope to meet you, is blessed.

SOUL MINGLES...

The soul flies from me, the body heavy can't fly,
in a second it flies to the place where you are sitting
my body is on the chair in my consulting room, I see
your soul only, not your body, not your home or anything;
soul to soul talk, no heart to heart talk, the soul mingles
with the other one, flies to the outer space, a vacuum
where it floats and moves to the sphere of eternity,
stayed there in bliss for little, dissociates each other,
fly back to earth and then go to the body of each one.

LOVE THAT GLITTERS...

The humanness in extreme, never heard anywhere,
seen in the rescue operation when Kerala is flooded.
So many stories of great humanness known with the
fishermen, youth, that fills my heart with pride for my
state; do you know what one of the fishermen Jaisal did,
the old people could not get into the rescue boats, the
water in between the bank and boat, a barrier for them
Jaisal acted as a platform for them to step on his back
as he bends down in the water with his head up above
water so that he is not drowned, like that he rescued
many; all is not lost, the goodness still glitters in darkness.

THE SEA...

Blue water colour on painting seen from above,
I could finish it in one month and I am contented,
A new vision came in mind and reached the Sea;
God sent blood from His heart to the Earth, red
turned blue when it passed from the space to
atmosphere, it flowed over the land, love from
His heart enriches the land to keep it away from
heat, the Sun sends as he is furious that the blue
water is in love with Moon, embraces at night.
blue Sea is the spirit of God that no one knows,
Sea is God only, need not search Him anywhere.
Sea connects people beyond caste, creed and religion,
Sea safeguards our land and any move to intimidate
God by the dirt in human mind, Sea becomes turbulent
tidal waves jump up, engulf earth, end is with Tsunami.

THE RED BLOOD...

The red blood is the love flowing in the arteries to nourish and then the dark blood flows to heart; the epitome of love, the heart, sparks flame to the dark blood, melts the dirt and cleans it; the heart to me is the cross, on it the purest red blood painted, that blood flows to my heart and replaces fully the dark blood in me and me drawn to the cross and bear cross and draw blood from it, to spark flame of divine love of the cross to be painted on others.

RAIN WATER

The love of God ,the invisible love, dissolved
in rain water, the purest, it is holy and divine
it can heal any ailment, but man fails to use it
it is medicinal and it brings tranquility to heart.

The other day in the flood of the century
that affected Kerala state in India, very badly,
at Pullinkunnu in Alleppy, when water encroached
the land and rising very high, one family gave
shelter to all neighbors, altogether sixty two people
stayed on the terrace of the first floor of the home
and spent five day and night under the heavy rain
drinking rain water till they were saved by fishermen.

ARISE...

Arise as a shining star in eradicating poverty
love starved masses and see God in them
see God in the poor and the downtrodden
enjoy your association with them as a bliss
filling starved stomach of them is great salvation
more than the rituals you perform for God,
more than you love a person or persons
loving the starved is loving the unseen God
arise as the champion to eradicate the poverty
which engulfs a great section of the population
how can you eat food when your friends starving
"eat with them, drink with them", your motto
drive your mind to pinnacle of the fight
against poverty, plant this conviction in your heart
with realization that this is your great mission
to be done with your health and wealth
no achievement is par with it and draw
your mind to the effort counter this menace
Arise as champion serve God in this way.

SEA GODS

The one risks his life to save other without reward
the one sees imminent danger to life but go forward
to save the life of other, rarely seen; the candle glows
melting itself, to light others, is the love in extreme.
In the unprecedented flood that engulfed the state
Kerala in India, the sea gods came into action without
any invitation, the fishermen of the coastal area ran
with their boats, swung into action, where others failed
to save the trapped people in their homes, saved hundreds
of them, risking their lives in the most perilous mission;
once completed the job, they returned without demanding
any reward, the sea gods live by catching fish in the deep sea.

FORGETFULNESS...

The great gift of God to forget, a heaven indeed
to wipe the ill feelings that hurt the mind for long,
it is blessing that time heals all wounds inflicted.
Life without forgetfulness, a hell, every moment.
Thought can make heaven or hell; thoughtlessness
is a sleep with all worries away, land of peace beyond
the thought, hard to get on earth; good sleep enough
to sharpen brain, withstands the adversity that pricks
mind; the pain dissolves to nothing when mind is free
from the evil thought that spoils the human mind.
Absence of thought is the Space beyond the gravity
of earth, where one feels peace, everything tranquil.
Heaven is in man, when thought is away, the forgetfulness.

I WAIT FOR YOU...

The epitome of love that I cherished for long,
lost in fury of the cyclone that stroke at coast
with no fault of me, everything a dream that fades
in my long run, the dark moments, I never wished,
a tear in my heart that aches my soul to be torn,
days pass with suffocation that I run for wind of calmness,
every day, the memory kindles in heart with sweetness
that I cannot forget you in the flow of love that encircles
me, I wait for you with eyes not closed, with candle glows,
Sun sets, darkness spreads in my life, I fall without you,
my heart beats again in the fragrance that reads the
panorama never ending, printed in golden letters that
I cannot wipe, I wait anxiously for you with the gates open.

LIVE WITH SOUL ONLY...

Two parts of mind, the outer and inner,
periphery and Centre, spiritually separated,
body at the periphery and soul at the centre
the worldly at periphery, the soulful at centre
body lives with the world, the soul with God;
Live with soul is the aim in life, live with God.
One should live in the Centre, not in periphery
as centre being God, periphery being world,
Keep away from periphery become soulful.

LOVE FROM HEART...

Love from heart, deep red in colour
pumped to body, to soul, to heaven,
it glitters like stars, kindles light in me;
heaven smiles, tears of joy rain here,
it flows like stream in the thick woods,
hum it makes touches my weary heart,
infuses and lights ray of hope in soul,
the water of the stream is transparent,
sun sets and darkness spreads in me,
my hands tremble and my eyes fail,
I lose strength, fall down without you
you are a poem of words, full of pity,
read my throbbing heart, I need part
of you, drop of you, to infuse life in me.

MARVELOUS...

What a wonder your creation, much beyond
the imagination of me sailing in the boat with
golden wings, can't reach it, I can only glorify you.
Marvelous only your creation and the art you do
through man too, nothing else on earth a wonder.
Marvelous the planets and the Universe that carry
the divinity of you; marvelous wherever divinity is,
man is it and his creation because the divinity is
passed on to him; what man has to do only is to
glorify you unconditionally with all his might.

PARTING...

Parting dear one, a painful heart for many,
his presence a happiness to everyone,
the sorrow fills the heart, fills the soul,
it drips down from the eyes to wet heart
the sorrow may be washed off by the flow
of tears that eases the heaviness of heart.
The grief may be sweet, it smells fragrance
of memory that hides inside the heavy heart,
a torn heart, very difficult to be healed
but time tells, happiness indeed to part with,
a clean image in memory, beautiful that
lives in heart long, it is strong and binding,
nothing can break it as it glitters always,
the sad memories all disappear and the
happy one retains at the bottom till the end.
Parting the naughty one, a blessing to everyone.

GOD DOES...

The world changes, the heart changes
but the one not, the God, stands like rock
the light house at far sees in the sea like
a dot, the tidal waves block it but the
boat sails through it repeatedly, the light
becomes clearer, as the boat reaches the
shore, what God does is the best for you,
it tastes sour first in your problems, but
in the end, you realize it is the best for you.
Get the endurance to withstand and sail
through the tidal waves ahead, by the trust
in Him, light house guides and you reach it.

RAIN RAINS

God at helm watching us with the blessings
That He showered on earth, the most valuable,
the water in plenty to feed and nourish;
the natural water purest, the blessing given,
free from heaven, the love extreme flows
down on earth, flows down as the stream,
wets the land, wets the hearts and wets the soul,
heat runs away to keep the mind in tranquility,
the dirt all washed away in the hearts, in the land,
by the heavenly love on earth as God sends
rain, the love, to the weary hearts to be healed;
He wishes the stream, flows in the dry woods,
Wets them and flows among the decayed trees.

SHYNESS

The purity is the cleanness that melts,
the pure heart so soft that it is flexible,
no hardness, it bends, moves to and fro,
the hardness gives way to tranquility,
to become shy, one shows purity of mind
it is like a crystal with no dirt anywhere
the innocence is translated to the shyness
shy face is a covered face with divinity
doesn't like to mingle with the hard ones
the face of the child, the newly wed bride
like the pure gold without copper, bends,
the pure heart without dirt also bends
purity and flexibility without hardness,
one is at ease to deliver shyness of heart.

SUPERSTITION

Man becomes slave to superstition
that puts him in the prison of stories
which are unproved and he succumbs;
the exaggerated stories lock him in
delusion, he becomes helpless to do duty;
people take advantage of wavering mind
and innocent man is exploited many times,
the truth is always one and cannot be two,
there is God in you, guiding you, and guarding,
if that truth roots in mind, the superstition vanishes.

THE FEAR

The creation of falsehood of untimely happenings that makes man lose courage, unbecoming of a new self to fill mind with true happenings and the hope, that may deter him proceed further to do his duty. Man doesn't gain anything by creating havoc in mind he loses his courage to face problem with might; there is nothing like fear in the world as it a false creation of man succumbing to devil's act to ruin him, if God is with you, you can place the burden on Him and you can work on the problem with much ease.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE...

The music, Nature plays is awesome
I hear the melody with heart everyday
Earth has its music that is hard to hear
subtle change in the atmosphere plays it
music is pouring in from heaven to deliver
rain like the silvery pearls from the sky
plays the music when it falls in rhythm
wind blows in tune with the flute playing
the breeze soft plays the music of piano
bamboo leaves rub each other and sing
birds sing, flies play music, the trees too
the stream murmurs, the music is rhythmic.
Universe is a music played in rhythm by God.

THE LILY...

You, the flower of heart lives
in me with the sweetness that
sedates me with the beauty of you.
You live for few days but you haunt
my heart with the honey you pour,
you die here and resurrect in heaven,
at midnight in dream, you take me
to the land of stillness with all beauty;
the sands are gold, stones are jewels
the sky is studded with diamonds
you fly in glory, sing and dance,
the angels flying to earth from heaven,
live here for short and resurrect in heaven
the earth and heaven are connected by you.

THE RIVER FLOWS

The blue lines on the land from above
seen with beauty of the veins to the heart
pumping impure blood for cleaning, blood
red pumped to distance in rhythm as the
ripples on the surface move the flow from
top, the streams kiss together in love flow
to the valley of mountain, the mountain melts
under the Sun, tears of joy drip to the stream,
the love that dissolves in water, flows to form
the river, it blesses hearts and blesses the land.
It is the heavenly love that brings prosperity to
the land fertile enriched with plants and trees,
makes life healthy and happier, the love flows
everywhere; it unites people different of caste,
creed together by bond of love that river makes.

THE GREAT SOLUTION

Man without problem not there,
man without grief or agony not there,
how to solve it, a big question to ask;
try to concentrate at the centre of mind
where God is supposed to communicate
may be difficult initially, but keep on trying
failure is the result first, but things change
mind is fixed with God at Centre, do not waver
later mind becomes steady, do not succumb
to passion, do not hit that, but moves away;
it wins over passion and solves problems in life.

THE TASTE

Sweetness and bitterness same to me
as my taste buds are gone in the way
to the summit I reached, where I taste
you with my heart, I taste you sweetest.
I cannot see you with my naked eyes
but I hear you with heart, the whisper,
you sing in my heart, the sweet melody
I relish you every day, that is my might
I have only one taste, the one of you
that I daze in the sweetness of you always,
the fragrance of you, the greatness of you.
Your touch makes me fixed with you,
I sing the glory of your kindness always.

THE TOUCH

The perception in my heart for you
the dew falls on the torn soul of me
the feel that you are with me every day
it is not dream, but the feel is marvelous
that you are in me every moment of life
is the hope that draws me forward
till the end of my life, the truth I believe
in the odd that stands before me in row,
you hold on my arm, too firm the grip
you touch my heart with the divine feel
your presence is felt with the sweetness
of your caress on my face, the gentle touch
that mesmerises my brain with your beauty,
the soft touch is the sign of your presence
that you love me most and I am part of you.

THE WHISPER

The divinity comes in solitude to speak,
the sign perceived by the heart in rhythm,
the nature speaks by the movement of heart,
the love flows in rhythm in every heart by whisper
a world of solitude where God speaks, heart speaks
and heart perceives; the music of heart and the song
of nature diffuse in purity, the words of truth forever
that guides and safeguards the universe in perfection.
the pure love arises from it; the moon speaks to Earth,
Moon is in love with Sea, Sun loves Earth, the Stars peep,
the Earth sings; a new world of divinity which God watches
but man doesn't hear it as senses in him blocked by passion.

A KISS...

Heart to heart, soul to soul approximate,
the love flows from one person to another
for a moment, the outburst of that, stagnant
in heart, finds a route, the outlet to flow out
but the heart unseen, the soul unseen, mingle
in pure bond that love lasts long, pure and holy;
the load of love unloads, the heart eases
the soul cools from the height of the heat
that warmed the body and the soul; a new
vision dawned, that love sparkles forever.

WHAT IS LOVE

Sweetness at its best, purity in extreme,
sacredness at its height, divinity from heaven,
is the mystery that is beyond words to describe,
most valuable treasure on earth, beyond anything,
doesn't decline or decay, becomes more potent
as days, years pass on, nothing on earth can replace it,
the most delicate feeling that arises from the bottom
of mind, so gentle, so soft, doesn't bend, nor seek reward.
it arises from the soul, not from the body, it is selfless,
it may end in sacrifice for the benefit of others, loved
sex not a part of love and it spoils; it is the true love.

WORLD OF SOUL...

My devotion sends me to the land
that sweetens my heart with the
melody that arises from the soul.
The soul smiles, the soul sings, in
the world where body is not seen,
the hymns of divinity heard that
mesmerise me, that is so sacred,
all float there, they are without gravity,
filamentous, so soft gentle, the mist;
I looked at me, nothing of me seen,
soul only there, the world of goodness,
spotless it is, no dirt anywhere, so holy,
no grief, no despair and no ache,
the land of stillness, that is in me
above my thought, above my reach
others too there, their soul only
in the land of divinity that is in man.

I CAN'T MISS YOU...

The long way I went the lone lane
with the shadow of the long unrest
in my mind with the waves struck
at shore very high, my heart fell down
to the bottom, I met you at the cross
junction, smiling with honey dripping,
soothed my heart with it, lifted it up
and I walked to the place of wilderness
where we lived together, the golden days,
the feelings went up that they evaporated
one day leaving nothing behind, when I
opened my eyes, everything misty, only
two drops of tears left on the table that
vanished soon, I looked at my hands, they
are empty, nothing fills it except your love.

DON'T PART WITH ME...

The heart has sent letters of gold,
wrote with blood and painted with
it that you must not go away from
me and the red rose you gifted me
hurt me badly and blood oozed out,
so profuse the bleeding that the
bleeding won't stop, unless you come
and stop it. My soul also torn and it is,
your caress only heals it; how strong the
love is, it is a great physician to heal the
wounds by mere touch only; I cannot
part with you, I wait for your gentle touch.

THE SOUL...

The soul of every man is Godly,
element of God in it, it lives deep,
it is the spirit of God, that saves man
it is the essence of the universe
it is the truth, man has to find out.
You get it by self-dissection of mind
by developing immutable faith in God,
the passion for world and worldly gone,
deep senses open, they visualise, relish,
the body is separated spiritually from soul
it occurs here, in the life on Earth itself
the soul is set free from the bondage of
passion worldly which has trapped it ;
the soul is now free to control man
it floats in a vacuum, no air there
it is the world within the world,
the world of eternity or the infinity.

AT THE TOP...

At the peak of the mountain,
you are very weak in your body
but your mind is as in the valley
the Sun rarely visits you on the top
sends its rays rarely to you at the peak
but they warm you to stay there long.
The Moon shy hardly visits you at the top
but she sends beams to cool your soul,
now you are a child in heart and old
in body, the little breeze caress your heart.
You long for Sun, and Moon at night
Sun warms your mind and Moon cools your body
and you don't want to climb down to the bottom.

HEARTBROKEN

Heart fumed and broke one day
but I didn't fall as mind is strong
that it doesn't yield to pressure,
as I store God's love in my heart.
It flows in my body like a stream
it soothes my soul in agony,
hurdles one after another before me
but it doesn't shake my heart
as His love makes me so strong.
I win over the hurdles in row
Strong mind wins over anything,
That you get from God only.

HEART SINGS

Poetry is the language of heart
the heart smiles and weeps
but the tears are golden divine
the heart sings melody ever
but its cry, the mourning ever
the heart is pricked on touch
but it bleeds on gentle caress
the blood oozes out so profuse
there is nothing to heal it.

The hymns of painful heart
so touching, it pricks the soul
the song is so divine
it heals every wound
it is the mist coming from heaven
to soothe the wounded soul
it is God singing from heart to heart
from soul to soul to thrill everyone.
Brain cannot sing the song of heart,
neither the song of the soul
the divinity cannot be measured by world,
only grieved hearts know it and judge it.

MY LIFE

Life is a big ocean, where I sail on a tiny boat,
sea is calm but turbulent many times, dark clouds
sailing high, the sea roaring with fury, thunderstorm
strikes, tidal waves up, boat moving to and fro, I pray
for help, sea became calm, I glorify him; a huge whale
struck my boat, it overturned, the whale jumped over me,
I thanked God. Sea is calm now, but my foot is bleeding,
a snake crawling; I look at heaven and plead, I am
sure, nothing will happen as my faith is strong. I open
up my eyes, I am nearing the Golden shore, but the boat
splits into two, I jumped in to the sea and swam to the
shore. My faith in God is a rock now, It has fused with Him.
I look at the Golden Shore, what a surprise!, It is the same
as the one I saw in the reverie. Awake, re-born from the
splendid sea, awake, to shake away the night, to reach the
other side of death. Where sun set is pleasant and sunrise,
is watched with a broken heart, leaving our homes behind
us, by the sea of splendour and thunder, we come to our
home by the Golden Shore by simply sailing on.

DEW

...

Your purity touches me, you look divine
I look at you, you live in my heart
I aspire for purity, that I get from you
you are transparent, you cool my heart
I see you on petals, rose smells fragrant
you touch my heart, my aches disappear
you come from heaven to soothe my soul
your purity touches me, I wish to be like you
let you be filled in heart, the dirt washed away.

MEDITATION

In blindness, you see,
But with eyes you don't see,
you see with inner eyes,
things you don't see on earth,
you see what is in heaven
concentrate at the centre
of mind, fix it there forever,
meditate for long, always
bring mind and soul before God,
you see with inner eyes the divine
the world with holiness, spotless
now you are blind to the world,
but you are in your inner soul
relishing your inner beauty.

MY PEN

I write not on paper, not on screen
I write with my heart, blood is ink
it is the red letters on a rosy canvas
the letters carry the smell of pain
a forgetful past makes its way again
I look at the little stars in the sky
they twinkle and glitter in my heart
the blood oozed dried, it is healed
the breeze carries the feel of heaven
that caresses my aching mind to cool
this love wafted my aching soul to peace
I realise, love eternal is a bliss heavenly
it sings in my heart, the melody is sweet.

PASSION...

No one on earth is without worry,
despair and distress, a companion,
pain a common factor, depression
conquers human mind; man a slave
to fear, temptations always tempt,
mind is like waves moving, the sea
is not calm, it is roaring in fury,
tidal waves up, voyage is perilous,
passion is devil, spoils mind
passion all vanish when faith in God
becomes strong and that can fix mind.
sea becomes calm, Sun sends its rays.

RAINBOW

The gift most beautiful to Earth
God gives, colours in arc in the sky
the symbol of great love God has
is the wonder in physics that
Sunrays fall on raindrops or mist
or sunlight on waterfall mist;
It is the demarcation between
heaven and earth, God in heaven
to relish and man on earth to enjoy,
all the creation of God to enjoy it
man doesn't know its meaning that
God tells everyone "I am with you,
enjoy in the grief, the Earth gives you".
happiness, it gives to man on seeing
is blessings, God showers on hearts.

THE AIR...

The body needs air to survive
but not the soul wants it as it
needs God's love only, to live.
The air is God's breath blown
to the earth for all living beings
to live in peace and happiness,
the fraction of air worth million,
fraction of God's love worth billion,
air is sucked into body and blown out,
oxygen is in and carbon dioxide out,
love is in and the dirt is exhaled out.
the blessings of God is a wonder
which man cannot comprehend
but man has a duty to perform which
God doesn't that, suck God's love into
heart and dirt be driven out from it,
soul merges with God's love, doesn't die.

THE EYES...

See the beauty God made in creation
visualise it, the great honour bestowed,
the two precious stones studded on
the upper face, the diamonds perceive
and retain the images, the photography
in super forms, keeps on changing every
second and retaining, man sees outer
world, proclaiming the greatness of God,
loving and caring man with all his faults,
the light glowing before is the blessings
God showers from above and it covers
the darkness the hell, heaven and hell
retained in man, he lives in brightness
darkness disappears; darkness appears in
few, but they can see with the eyes internal
if they are with God, vision is much more
beautiful than what he sees outside.
The light and darkness are the gifts of God.

THE MESSAGE OF HEART

I am a singer, my song a music
that no one could hear with ears
but could hear with the heart,
it is very gentle too soft to hear.
It is the message of heart coming
from the unseen power that passes
from person to person, the message
from the spirit of God, wandering
among the people to sing and recite
love, mercy and care and to open
the hearts and fills them with peace;
it is the spirit knocking at every door
for entry, but man rejects it; the one
opens the door will be filled with
the love that makes him shine always.

THE SWEET...

The core is the sweetness to the tongue,
to the heart or to the soul, that rains down,
the blessings from God, the sweetness of life
the sour becomes sweet when God touches it
the sweet becomes sour if He wishes it to be
man to learn, everything is His gift, His mercy,
the wonder, man cannot digest or comprehend.
the world had two spheres, the sweet or the bitter
man with God, tastes everything sweet in heart
he never drinks anything bitter in heart or soul
as the touch of God purifies everything to sweet.

THE UNIVERSE

The marvelous creation, so sweet it is
to think, heavenly joyous to recollect,
great wonder, man cannot comprehend,
the great mystery not yet been revealed.
man cannot find out even a minute fraction
of it, less is acclaimed as the Nobel Prize.
Love is the Words that occurred first in place,
that condensed to form a power, the God;
God is Love and He created the mesmerising
beauty the Universe, for the Love to be glorified
the great wonder, the mystery of God cannot
be measured by scales of science, it is much above that.
what we are to do is to relish its beauty, its mystery,
it is the great Love that is reflected on man to surrender
before God and live with the superlative power always,
conversing with Him, singing His glory and pleading;
the creature is in Love with creator and creator in Love too,
the infinite Love flows incessantly to all components
of Universe and God is guiding them, guarding them
round the Clock, so perfectly, not even a second's sleep,
heavenly Love is flowing in us and around us forever.

TO GROW...

Love is the core, the plant to grow
manure sprinkled to bottom in plenty
watered the root everyday with care
nursed it like a babe with affection
it grew fast with the stem thick
leaves coloured green, the fruits unripe
hangs down, the flowers so colorful
love nurses, tender care feeds, cheers
make confident and growth flourishes.

TRANSFORMATION

The biggest event on earth is
the total change in mind that
occurs during one's life on earth.
The most difficult event to happen
is change in total, that faces obstacles,
hard mind changes to soft one,
the rock to cotton, a miracle by God
the heart becomes a polished one,
the thought too, a total change
the self is gone, old becomes new
the love flows in and flows out
a new world is built, a new horizon
Sun shines deep, everything anew
clouds shower, God guides the change.

MY JOURNEY TO SOUL...

I was a wanderer before,
lived with passion worldly,
I didn't know what for I was born
loitered in the sea with tidal wave
on a tiny boat unknown the destination,
I knew God the love for my rescue
I surrendered to Him, pleaded for help
He heard my plea, sent a new boat to sail
I knew, He is inside me, very deep
I strived to see Him in person,
I knew it is aim in my life, for it I was born
I started my journey to deep in my heart,
a journey full of thorns, that hurt my feet,
bled profusely, so severe the pain I bore,
the hurdles before me many in row
my faith in God became stronger with each
jump over the hurdle, He held my arms
that I didn't fall, my faith became a rope,
the passion worldly vanished one by one,
my deep senses all opened, I could see, relish
the divine inside my heart, a new world
pure and holy, the soul and the soulful
my body separated spiritually from the soul
the soul floats in the vacuum, I am in bliss
the soul lives, it guides me to eternity.

VISIBLE GOD...

That day my grandson, Aaron
came running told mother Susan
"Mama God is sitting outside the gate,
you come, God is hungry"; Susan
had a look at the God, old man
with sunken eyes, long hair and
beard sitting near the garbage can
pleading, starved, resembled the
painting of Jesus on the wall of
Aaron's bed room; Aaron raced to
his bed room and brought his piggy
bank with the coins he kept as treasure,
emptied the coins into his outstretched
hands; "you can buy and eat cakes, chocolates
or even pizza", the malnourished eyes of
beggar sparkled; the four year old son
taught his mother, who is visible God.

WORDS FROM SOUL...

Words are not the words of world
words of world are brittle breaks
it may change, it floats and then sink
It may be honey but tastes sour later.
But words strong, do not break nor bend
taste sour first but honey in the end
don't waver but it stands firm, don't fall
is that soul whispers, heart transmits,
the words from heaven, but words of
heart that "you don't hear but I speak,
be with me always, you get them,
hear them and you live with them".

MY MOTHER

The Goddess my mother, the God my father
seen on the Earth, they are divine, sacred to me
I loved my mother most, she loved me too
deep in love we met, life without her is dark,
mother, my affection and worship, the flute
I blew amazed, many wrinkled forehead above,
I a child to her always, with her I flew to abode.
Mother cared me in childhood and adulthood
passed with her, love showered from a fountain.
Mother sick and bedridden now, I nursed her
day and night, I looked at her with wet eyes,
sleepless I was, shaken and broken in heart
prayers filled heart fully, I hoped for the better
thunder struck, earth quaked, death strode its way,
embraced her with passion, my heart rudderless,
darkness spreads, drabness creeps in, coal is set
aflake, I lie on a couch; midnight I looked above,
body twitched, a new vision, light threw arms in heart
that God loves me most, mother loveth my heart,
but nothing before Him, He is with me always,
His love neverending; I jumped up, looked above
my mother with Him, smiling and waving at me,
courageous, joyous, I looked forward.

FAITHFULNESS...

Faithful to centre reflects on to periphery
faithful to God is the sincerity to man
unfaithfulness to God is insincerity to friend
faithfulness arises from purity of mind,
God is faithful to man, but man is not.
On very few, you can depend, the rest
a thorn to heart, ache to soul, pricking.
Sincerity is snow foaming in the heart that
sprouts out and sends fragrance everywhere
love and faithfulness go together always
if one is spoiled the other one diminishes,
both arise from the spirit of God flowing
among us that keeps us united in harmony.
If the purity of mind is lost, everything is lost.

FAKE...

One that glitters, may not be diamond
the one that is not, may be a jewel,
fake, spreads like the wind blows
what is true, what is untrue, the question
that cannot be solved with ease;
beautiful tomb with the skeletons inside,
shining heart with foul smell inside,
delicious food with poison inside,
whom to trust and whom to hate
what to eat, how to live, nobody knows
swim with the flow, the only way to live
fraudulence roots and flourishes everywhere
and the fake will end in a big fall.

THE GLORY

The truth is, glory to one only,
the one who really deserves it,
He doesn't seek any reward
nor He wants anything in return;
round the Clock, He is guarding
us from the deep peril that awaits,
He is humble, lives in the destitute
pleading us for something to eat,
He is kind, selfless, love the supreme
that flows like a stream down.
He doesn't appear before the creature
for glory; he is quite unseen to all.
The creator only to get glory forever
not the creature, nothing he is to be glorified;
glory to Him only, the one and the same,
why does the tiny man project him for glory?

HONESTY...

Tell the truth, think of it only and deliver it,
comes from pure heart only, no dirt anywhere.
The heart is transparent, Sun shines inside
sends its rays all along the walls of it, illuminating,
the dirt all burned in the intense heat of it;
the Moon with its beams can only peep inside heart
as the Sun threatens every temptation that creeps in,
hence the Sun rays reflected from inside of the heart
is pure and tranquil as the image of the Sun appears.
Sun feeds, it protects, it lights and it guards that no thief
gets into heart, as the rays too hot, burn all the untruth.

INFINITY

My mind too, not moving to and fro
painful on doing that, body exhausted.
With the chisel I struck on it too often
tried to break, but in vain, mind is torn,
disgusted, weary I became, no steps ahead,
but the faith in me pulled forward;
I took the chisel, again I struck on my mind
the faith made me stronger, I strike again
the outer cover bends and breaks,
the dissection continues, the coatings removed
one by one, realized the dirt is the hardness,
the mind becomes softer and softer
it flexible, moves sideward, upward and downward
it becomes calm and soft feathery
the dirt all removed by the chisel, the faith in God
mind becomes so delicate and the faith stronger,
it is dissected again and again like the atom in reactor.
I realize, there is no end for the path in mind ahead
the division of the minutest form continues with no end,
the path in mind is the longest ever on the Earth,
it leads and leads me to the place unknown, the infinity.

THE POETIC HEART...

It is the core of every poet
travelling with the golden wings
in the horizon of imagination,
too delicate the feel, too soft to touch,
the volcano of emotions erupt,
too hard to contain, the lava flows out
the feel has its own wings to fly,
it is the fastest vehicle where you
fly from Heaven to Earth, then to
Moon, to the Sun, to stars and back
to Heaven, the most thrilling flights.
Heart is too tender and it gets everything
in seconds, in the universe and beyond,
the heart has no hunger or thirst, it is
moving like the monkey from one tree
to another, it carries the smell of divinity
the heart is above the grief and it smiles
in sufferings; the best way to live on Earth.

LOVE WITH GOLDEN FEATHER...

The love invisible, it is unheard,
relished, tasted and felt forever,
not typed on screen, nor on paper,
it is divine, dripping from heaven
the body vanishes with the heart
but the stream flows incessantly,
the heaven opens, God raises hands,
the angel choir sings sweet melody
the nature rains with tears of joy,
it is the love of the soul glittering.

THE MIST

The white droplets that cover eyes
early in the morn, puts me in partial
blindness, a blissful feel that haunts
my heart to the sweetness of nature,
that kisses my soul in state of divinity,
the water vapour condensed on Earth
clouding my heart and soul in a lovely
beauty of nature that I relish in memory.
It is pure and holy, so sweet to digest
it loses the hardness of my heart to
soft delicate one, it sings the beauty of
nature, the marvelous creation of God.
when sun rises in the sky, the water vapour
dissolves, wishing me fortune for the day.

MY INSOMNIAC DEVOTION

It is in the divine horizon, I sail in the
ship of my devotion to God, bound
with chains of unbroken faith in Him,
my soul merges with Him, I am in a land
of divinity that I feel that I am a part
of Him and we are one that I am at his
feet wiping that with the tears of joy
that flow like a stream to the vicinity
of eternity, my soul dissolves in Him
and I float in the heavenly vacuum,
my body is left off to the gravity of Earth
which sucked it to the mortal world,
while I am in nothingness, no beginning
with no end, the eternity, that I
don't know what I am, where I am,
that needs me to be with it forever,
my mortal remains cannot reach me
as I am above all in a state of bliss;
I do not sleep as I am insomniac, that
I am in nothingness; everything is Him only.

THE PITY

The one with God, feels pity
for the fall of the other man,
his heart tender, is moved,
love flows like a stream to
the wilderness where no one
comes, the Good Samaritan
touches him, comforts him.
The man with devil in heart
smiles inside, feels pity for him,
acts as Samaritan, but rejoices
to see another fall of him,
he wishes for his downfall
and more to come soon.

SILENCE

The heart, the mind and the soul
meet at one point, the silence.
The silent heart is the silent mind
it is the silent soul, the three in peace,
they are helping each other,
the passions all dissolve to nothing
mind at its centre, concentrate to God
tranquility flows in all the three
they are in still, in intense concentration,
God cannot be heard without concentration
one can be silent for hours, too often in life
free from the disturbance of the world
that spoils the heart, the mind, even the soul;
concentration to the Almighty is the best life
on Earth that everyone must practice daily.

THE SOUL WEEPS

"Man, I am in the prison of your worldly passions,
I am entangled in your mind with crown of thorns,
it cuts my head and bleeds my face, I am in darkness,
I can't speak or hear, be nice to me Master, I will die,
you are wicked to me, blind to my plight, a stony heart,
I am downed in tears, it is hell, I stayed in you with hope,
but you cheated me, you look cunning and cruel, my hands
are tied with cunningness of your mind, my legs are locked
with all your passions; I prayed for a drop of water but you
turned your face, you are thankless; you don't know what I
did; remember I gave you life, I am your origin on Earth, I am
part of God infused in your lifeless body, I am on Earth to
make you glorious; open your eyes, you strangle my neck,
will you hear the words of my painful heart, you are mad,
your eyes have cataract, you lost your eye sight, you can't see
goodness; are you dumb always; pain is my food, happiness
runs away from me, I lose all my senses; Master, you live in
selfishness, you need your body grow merrily, you need wealth
amassed; my breathing laboured, my heart is weak, my body
shivers, my hands tremble; I had no food for days, no drinks
for months; have mercy on me or I will die here; Master,
hear my plea, have pity on me, save me from the hell".

THE HOPE

Living in the world without a light in front
guiding and guarding, the most painful
and distressful experience to encounter,
the life of many like the boat drifting
in the sea with fury, the direction is lost,
the wanderer in the desert loses his path,
the life without aim is the hell of fire that
burns mind and soul every moment in life.
How to get hope in life, one asks when in despair,
the candle to light in darkness guiding forward,
the light is the God in you, appears to guide,
without Him everything in darkness, the ship sinks.

THE POET

Life is a poem, its rhythm I find now,
I a wanderer before couldn't find it
to correct missed notes is a search,
error makes me sing again and again
and search makes me a poet.
My profession a poem, I find the truth
I was blind before, now I see,
I see the sick in my poem, sing and treat
the Universe a poem, its beauty I relish
none sees it, none to search it
poetry hidden at the bottom of the heart,
it evaporates and it rains.
God is a poet, he sings always,
poems are sweet and the universe survives.

THE GRIEF...

The high powered emotion that tantalizes the mind crushed, that oozes out to wet with pain; the sea in fury, intrudes to the shore, the heart is hurt, but it beats with the disgust of the grief, that fumes into heart, lightning strikes at every component, to sink in the shallow water, if God is to share, the grief loses intensity, He takes over bulk of it, leaving one in peace, with Him to work, and ends in positive note; life is a mixture of two, happiness and grief, grief makes man humble, pride goes away and one moves to God; grief a medium for faith to grow, happiness is sweeter.

THE STREAM

The love flows down to every heart
from heaven to soothe every soul,
the water is transparent, I see my image.
it engulfs every evil thought that comes
from the brain, the dirt is washed out,
the mountain at the top melts at the
sun, like God melts to send down from
heaven the love to the mansion and hut
alike, smoke coming from every kitchen,
God walks among trees, among homes
the stream flows down in the thick woods
the hum it makes touches every depressed
heart, water of the stream is pure and holy,
I drink it every day to cease my intense
thirst and I become stronger day by day,
pebbles spread on banks, breeze cool rips
through, the murmur cuts the silence
birds hum, flowers bloom spread fragrance,
I sit there in loneliness as I feel it is heaven.

WE INDIANS

Brothers and sisters,
Born to mother India.
Everyone has faith
It is deep inside of heart,
Not external, so divine
It is the God in him,
No religion, caste or creed
As we are one, the only one.

BEASTS ARE OUT...

Beasts are out of the forest
as wild fire eating the trees,
the smoke fills in, spreads out,
the beasts are on the run to
the cities and the villages around,
few of them collect together
and trapped a girl of seventeen,
an innocent one going to the shop,
the beasts surrounded her in fury,
they do not eat her but to taste her,
took out her dresses one by one,
enjoyed her nakedness for long,
other beasts too came out, thrilled
to see the rare sight and enjoyed,
none here to cover her with cloth;
they to added the joy to take photos
to spread it like the wild fire to
other beasts far off to see and taste.
How long the beasts are in the cities,
in the villages, eating and tasting meat,
when do they go back to fire-eaten forest,
who are there to shoot them all.

COURAGE...

Man a coward always thinks
of him, the present and future
of him, family; when one thought
is over, comes the next, the new
one makes its way, the run continues
till his end; mind not at ease anytime,
he cannot tame his mind, neither control it
mind a horse wild, runs away losing control;
the moving thought decays the mind
man himself can't control his thought,
mind always in the grip of grief,
courage drained out, peace is lost,
the only way out is, have presence of God
and faith in Him, help run over the hurdles
in row before him; a companion to share,
and he comes out victorious in the run.

THE FEATHER...

The gentle touch soothes my soul
it caresses my heart with dreams,
sweet they are, I go to another world,
tranquility and stillness, ease my mind
from the tension, the world gives me
feathery feel, the divine touch, is enough
for me to pass through the perilous path.
I sit dazed in the twilight relishing honey
that drips to the interior of my broken heart
that troubled me years, no medicine healed it,
one touch of you, a wonder, the relief to me;
sufferings all flee sensing your presence in me.

FINENESS...

World is not in fineness,
heaven is fine, body is heavy,
the soul is fine, heart is not,
thought is dual, heavy or fine.
We must aspire for fineness
in everything we think or do
fine refined heart is a must,
fine polished thought makes
one great; the evilness is gone,
old thought vanishes, new one
makes way, new heart pumps,
the soul to control everything.

FIRE...

The power of God came to the Earth
in many forms to care man, to nurse,
the fire is to cook his food, to throw light
in darkness, a wonder, it is a beauty too,
so colourful it gives welcome or warning
to man to live in peace and contented.
God uses fire to whip man when he errs,
it flames when a rub occurs, ends in flame
Fire is to burn, fire to light and fire to explode,
goodness is spoiled by the devilish thought
to eliminate man and burn God's creations.
Fire is the saviour but it acts as a devil too
The goodness is contested by evilness;
It is the human mind that roots good or bad
that the earth may end with fire into ashes.

GOD...

The unseen power which guides,
the power that created the universe,
the planets do not fall down, they do not hit,
the earth revolves around the Sun, the little
Stars twinkling in the sky, the unseen ones,
The little ones born out of the embryos,
They all preach His glory, preach His greatness.
He is unseen by naked eyes but relished inside;
remove the outer cover of passion for world
by faith firm in God, you can visualise Him,
the epitome of love He is, kind and honest,
merciful to all; He appears in the poor, destitute,
He lives in everyone, deep inside his heart,
but man doesn't see God in him, doesn't
search inside, but loiters outside to see Him.

HEALING OF SOUL...

Man doesn't know what the soul is,
nether science knows what it is,
it is unseen by the special senses,
seen by, relished by, senses deep.
Soul is trapped inside passion worldly,
it is inside the prison of the passion,
the ailment of soul cannot be cured.
Only immutable faith in God heals it
passion all vanish, senses deep open,
the soul is set free, the healing occurs.

IMPERISHABLE...

The one that lives ever is imperishable
it is immortal, it lives, it shines and flows,
it is invisible, but is relished and it floats
it doesn't have solidity, nor any gravity,
the soul is immortal, eternal, everlasting.
World is perishable, it decays, it vanishes,
the body perishes, worldly passions die,
man strives for perishable, he doesn't
want imperishable, the big joke of today.

LIFE

There is only one life, the life with God
not the life with world, not the life with passion,
as man is created by God to be with Him only.
life on Earth a reflection of life with God
it must be the life till the end, the life spiritual,
the perilous one, with hardship too many;
the one with faith firm in God, reaches Him,
it is the life of the soul where body is gone,
the life is full of joy and bliss, in sufferings,
hard to get any time with worldly passion;
live with God and live ever in the eternity.

MERCY

The height of soul, the depth of heart
that allude in the tenderness of mind.
makes it soft, the hardness eludes
man becomes soft minded that he
becomes a mandrel of perception that
he develops great desire for forgiveness,
to learn the fact that love never flatters,
round the case that it is to be so kind,
to kindle glow of love down to others,
the stream flows down to the hollow place,
that it nourishes the soil there, makes it fertile,
the tree with the mangoes full, bend to earth
to realize, the wealth is nothing, the greatness
is to do help to others and that is the best
way to God; to learn in the way to do goodness
to others and live with love, live with kindness.

PATIENCE...

You pull your heart long,
hard to achieve, yet possible
that you keep on trying
you succeed, but you need
the blessings from God
that your prayer have effect
and God hears your plea.
Knock at the door, it opens
search and search, you get it
try and try, you achieve it
God gives wisdom to tackle,
pray and pull, pull and pray
you get it, heart elongated
that you can pull it long and long,
you can withstand the adversity,
for any number of days; you won't
fall down and you get the power
to face anything that stands against
you and to run over hurdles in row.

SNOW...

The white soft creamy delicate powder
falls from heaven, is the spirit of God coming
to earth because God lives in purity only.
The angels are singing and dancing in heaven,
snow falls down thick, to make Earth heaven,
but dirt falls on it and makes it spoiled,
divinity is lost, people clear snow from paths,
It is the true love forgiving them who spoiled it,
by melting into water for them to cease thirst.
Agape is seen, it dying for others in short time
The great love seen in snow is to spread everywhere,
It proclaims, love and forgiveness run together
to save man from the disaster to come, God still
walks among the trees and homes as white snow.

SUBLIMITY

Sublime thought bears novelty,
Heartening, it emits energy
sublime thought carries to infinity
it kindles love, decorates my heart
it soothes my heart in agony
vision divine springs out
I move to eternity, reach infinity
it blows melody, lifts me to might,
my heart beats with vigour
tranquility flows in, I look upwards
I merge with Him forever.

FRAGRANCE

The sweetness of smell, God's gift to man
through Olfactory nerves to soothe hearts,
the beauty of nature, its fragrance, a wonder,
man cannot comprehend, Jasmine the flower,
its fragrance thrills every home and neighbours,
I sit dazed in its fragrance for long; it preaches
God's love and care for man; His love flows
to every heart to sing His greatness and glory.
Ailed olfactory nerves cannot perceive fragrance
what a wonder the God's creation, to care man.

A TOUR TO HEART

Tour to countries far off
is very pleasant to heart,
a feast to eyes and heart.
It fades in memory long
but there is one everlasting
too, it refreshes memory,
living with you eternally,
never fades, never decays,
a tour to your heart, inside
too pleasant to digest,
to relish, taste and visualise
by the senses internal open,
by your faith strong in God.
the heart is so deep inside
more than any planet,
it is the heaven in you,
unseen, unattended, by anyone;
the tour lasts till your end, even after,
the treasure of your life;
no words to tell and describe,
so divine and holy, mesmerising

it is the world of soul, the essence.
a beach with golden sand,
jewels glittering everywhere,
pam trees, abundant there,
everything keeps still,
a dreamy land, fairly land,
free from all passion worldly,
free from the human thought.
it is a vacuum, no air there
everything rhythmic,
so colourful and fragrant
songs of divinity heard everywhere.
it is the reality, the truth,
I invite you all to the paradise,
Hearty welcome to the unseen place.

TRANQUILITY

The calmness at its height,
the peace at its best,
the stillness with perfection,
it is pure and holy.

Tranquility fills my heart
I am in peace, contented
there is no disquiet in me,
you can't buy tranquility
nor does wealth possess it,
it is the treasure of life,
it is the gift of God.

It is transparent, thought-free
the stream is tranquil
as the thick woods are
the sky is at peace
God lives in tranquility
morals breed there,
they grow and multiply
and divinity flows in.

IN EXCESS

Threat to threat, war to war
ends in joy for everyone,
the fake cruelty melted,
the threat, an inflated balloon,
Kim yielded to everlasting peace
from war of words with Trump,
too hot and fearsome the words,
a gift to the new dictionary.
the poor men starved, escape,
peace everlasting to come soon
the mountain fled like a rat,
The whole world to rejoice,
Thanksgiving to the Lord.

IN EXCESS...

In excess everything unwanted,
in excess of physical law it is.

In excess always is sour that hurts,
spoils the beauty of life on earth,
the truth in it must guide everyone
as it makes the world turbulent.

The love in excess makes one grieved
he goes into despair when he won't
get it back; the sex in excess spoils
man and woman; the happiness in excess,
the grief in excess, brings negativeness.
the wealth in excess makes mind always
tense; the food in excess spoils the health;
my prayer to God "give me only what
I need, nothing in excess, as the tranquility
of mind is my wealth invaluable always."

RIVER IN SPATE...

The river so sweet and humble, flows gently
like the music played by the piano in harmony
water moves slowly down to the valley, it is the
beauty to be loved as she emits fragrance in hearts
the landscape so marvelous that she runs through
hearts, inspires one writes poem on her loveliness.
now the incessant rain irritates the river, the rain
pricks her continuously, pours unlimited water in her,
she in fury, jumps up, throws the extra water to the
adjacent lands, making havoc till the rain apologizes.

THE FRIEND

A friend becomes, not by words
but the deeds in the need to come
risking,sacrificing,the blood to flow,
the love flows heavily to the valley
where the Sun sends rays to glisten
the bond is so strong, unbreakable
the sick become strong by the blood,
the poor gets the hut replaced,
the rich humbled in the flow of love
sincerity becomes the core of love,
the bond values more than billion,
soul to soul, heart to heart chained,
the red roses make the heart rosy.

TEARS FROM HEART...

The soul of the two, sitting on the ridge
have no words to tell, mum for long
dumb with words, stooping down in grief
what to tell, how to tell, they daze in agony
the clouds, cover the moon in romance
the stream in pain overflows to dry land
which sucks water from its heart pumping
fast in rhythm, sending more water to wet;
the birds on the tree kiss for long and hum,
the river in despair, sends the rivulet to caress the
sleeping sea at night, unseen to the moon smiling.
the soul of the two feels, silence is better to tell
everything; the wounded hearts cannot wake up,
the earth in sleep is helpless to console them
nobody there to soothe the burning hearts
parting so horrible, but not this much they knew,
the drops of tears from their weeping hearts
flow like a stream in that land of stillness.

HUMBLENESS

To be at bottom, feel others up,
may be too strange for some
but not strange in real life
though it is difficult to become;
for some an inborn quality
but the reflection of what inside.
In many pride one humble seen,
to become humble is difficult
but realizing the truth is enough.
the end point of spirituality is zero
at top you come to the realisation,
you are nothing; everything is God
that others are superior to you,
then you become humble,
love flows from you to others;
humbleness is the sign of greatness.

THE MIRROR

Transparent, it looks a beauty, invites
people to look at it, from the little one
to the old, in different dresses, colours
to see faces which they cannot see directly.
It gives them pleasure to look at their faces,
A great act of kindness it does to everyone,
treats everyone alike without grumble, so meek
and humble that it breaks on hard touch or fall,
it pours reality into every heart beating before it
the truth, it spreads to the world with its glory,
it teaches man what he is and it shows him God too
as the truth is "he knowing himself is he knowing God".

THE SEED

The tiniest grows to the biggest,
the big wonder how it happens,
the embryo grows to human being,
the grace of God works, the man
can't think of it; he can only watch,
there is only one wonder, the God's,
human brain incapable to comprehend
the big wonder of Him; only man to
surrender and plead to His greatness.
what does man know, not even minutest
fraction He created; surrender and plead.

THE BELL

The bell is ringing in the wake
of sudden catastrophe that happens
in the market place that terrorist,
a suicide bomber bursts into pieces,
killing many, hurting many, the place
takes the blood bath, the bell still ringing;
the bell ringing, the church service to begin
the sermon fills the air, all in white pray that
peace be instilled in every heart, all love
each other; the bell ringing in the temple,
all worship God for everyone be blessed
with peace; again bell is ringing, earth tremulous,
buildings collapse, everyone panicky, runs away;
again the poor bell rings, no one to hear it
everything in standstill, no bell now to ring.

THE CHANGE...

Stagnant water is polluted always
Mosquitoes breed there, microbes grow.
the moving stream is pure and holy
water is transparent, I see my image,
it looks like the mirror on the wall.
Change for the better, change for the worst,
human mind moves in opposite directions
either to live or perish, light or put out.
world survives on the pull of these two
mind with God changes every moment
the old self is gone and the new one comes,
it is the road to eternity, but perilous one,
the one with courage and faith crosses it
to be with God forever in glory at the end.

ILLUSION

Illusive fields are backing every movement,
that erroneous perceptions press on anything,
no relief for the tandem that saves human life
the world itself becomes an illusion; the wrong
perceptions endanger human life, the persons
under its slavery swallow the truth unknowingly.
it is man-made thought by wrong imagination,
always create problems in life, running away from truth;
the result harmful, the existence of the world even at risk.

RIGHT OR WRONG

Right or wrong is big question
seldom remain unanswered,
difficult often to solve the problem,
very confused at times, may be
a burning fire till the end.

Many land in trouble, the wrong
they love, cannot think of the right,
the right some find but confused,
wavering too often to mark it right,
the difficult days ahead to know
what is right, what is wrong.

The first stage of becoming spiritual
is the realization right or wrong,
the basis of spirituality it is,
unless one can proceed further
in the long path hazardous to eternity,
the spiritual growth retarded,
as many in the world find it wrong
that obstructs their passage forward.
the quality you get it from God only.

LOVE EXPLODES...

The epitome of love, stored with pure love,
her heart filled with it, fumes and explodes
into many power fraction, landed on the soil,
form pits, full of love which overflows to small
streams that flow gently down to the stony land
with rocks, melts it to soft one; some flow to thick
forest, everything in peace there; some flow to the
valley; soil becomes very fertile, mango trees grow
there plenty, the mangoes are too sweet to eat.

DEPRESSION

The devil comes, takes away my heart
it smells it, tastes it and plays with it
giving no room for heart to awake,
always heart dazes with horror of darkness
so frightening, so agonizing that I drown
in a pool of water, nobody there for my rescue.
I am down from my desire to live long
at times, I rise up, take breath and dip again,
the devil holds me so tight that I cannot escape
it leaves me only when light is lit inside
as devil fears light and runs away sensing it.

THE FLOW...

The body revolves round the soul
like the Earth revolves around the Sun
at pace slow, steady and perfect;
there is a flow on Earth, the unseen one
going at a slow pace, very steady,
the soul detects it, the heart realizes it
but science cannot tell it, detect it.
Inner sense tells man to go by the flow,
failure to go by the flow, disturbs
the tranquility of heart and the soul,
Sun sets then and darkness spreads.

TENDERNESS

Tender heart, the tender coconut,
others drink it very sweet, drink
it again, the kindness flows, it is
the love that flows like a stream
down and down to the valley
everything soft and gentle;
nothing hard, compassion fills
in heart, for the poor, the destitute
the sick; heart feels, caring them is
caring God, as their soul is godly;
need not go for the rituals for
pleasing God, but love them,
you love God, as they are God before
you; kindness is godly that lasts long.

SONG OF THE MUSIC...

The song, you hear with ears,
the music too with your ears,
but the song of the music,
something very sweet, the one
so soothing to my soul,
I hear it with my heart,
no sound outside, but
sweetness inside humming,
no words to tell its sweetness.
Recollections sweet, a song
of music, me relish it with heart
only, no song is here to beat it.
now I hear music, not with ears
but with my heart, you may try it.

THE POLICEMAN

He stands erect in the multitude
watching the calamity that is to come
the kindness flows to help the aged one,
to cross the busy road, to carry her to the hospital,
guides the blind, wipes out the tears, feeds the hungry,
extinguishes the fire that fumes in boiling hearts
that is to explode soon, eases all tension, violence
a father, brother, son and above all, good Samaritan,
an angel for peace flew down to ease on earth.

DUPLICATE

Time is now, truth becomes untruth
untruth becomes truth, most often
it is the sour grapes stuffed with honey,
where is the truth, whom to believe,
who to tell the truth; food adulterated
fish tainted, meat substandard,
what to eat, what to drink, the rain water
is pure, that much I know; duplicate everywhere
man is not averse to poison others by food
world itself is an illusion, people are giddy
when the rain water to flow from hearts?
Time is now, truth becomes untruth
untruth becomes truth, most often
it is the sour grapes stuffed with honey,
where is the truth, whom to believe,
who to tell the truth; food adulterated
fish tainted, meat substandard,
what to eat, what to drink, the rain water
is pure, that much I know; duplicate everywhere
man is not averse to poison others by food
world itself is an illusion, people are giddy
when the rain water to flow from hearts?
only God to do it; let us bend our knees.

SELF REALISATION

Do I know what I am,
do I know what for I was born,
what is the aim of my life,
sorry, very sorry, I don't know,
I know only, Mathew and family,
I know my friends, I graduated,
I got job, earned enormous money,
daughters married, sons got jobs,
I lived for many years, but
I don't know what I am,
What a shame, I am a big fool
What to do, tell me the solution
"your self must go, by strong
faith in God, walk through the
perilous path towards Him,
He is there for rescue, reach
the goal, your body is to separate,
now You find your soul, it is the truth,
you realise that you are part of God".

THE KEY...

The key opens everything,
it is the way to freedom,
the wall is opened, the truth
comes out, the light glows,
the Sun rays fall in darkness
it is my heart that opened,
to the road to eternity;
the greatest event on earth
is the opening of hearts,
the key is the faith in God
the darkness inside eludes
Sun shines in glory, kisses
my heart, kisses my soul,
I become a new human being
quite different from the old
the old self is gone forever
fresh one comes with a crown.

WATER...

The medicine for the poor man
freely available in plenty, the drink,
the food, the drug to treat the disease
is water, transparent, pure and holy
coming from the depth of the earth,
the great gift by the Almighty to man,
living with him throughout his life,
to feed him, nurse him and treat him;
without it, his life is in peril, his system
is in danger; nothing can compensate it.

What is its length, what is its breadth,
what is its thickness, what is its colour,
what is its taste, what is its smell,
nobody on earth can tell it; nothing
like it on earth, a mystery, it is divine
coming from heaven to bless the
mother earth; she feeds her children
with it every day in plenty, so lavishly,
how many of us know, it is the spirit
of God, feeding us, nursing us daily.

THE LUNATIC POET...

He is lunatic, do not care about him
but care others and love them in heart
he strives for love, he sees love everywhere,
the stream, the river, the mountain, the sea
the sand, the stone and everything before him,
he is eccentric, do not believe in style, dress, he
is after love only, the love of God, he lives in that
and lives for that, love is food and drink; the soul
soother, the heart healer, he lives purely in
heart and soul, the dreamer always, he doesn't
want to live on earth, but always on the golden
wings of his sweet dreams, the flight from one
end to the other end of Earth, to Heaven, not to
hell, to the Sun Moon Stars hearts and soul, it is
a bliss, his love doesn't seek any reward, not
at all bothered others love him, he doesn't need that,
the lunatic is the king in the realm of his imagination.

THE MESSAGE OF LOVE

Love to make its way in every heart
the candle to glow in darkness everyday
the hard mind gives way to soft one
heart to become pure, passion to dissolve
God lives in your heart, find out Him
by search continuous, that is the aim
in life, realize that He loves you most,
the love of Him is true, holy and divine,
the wealth of life is the peace you get,
God knows what you need and He gives it,
the excess you grab gives you worry only
Finding God, all the problems in life solved,
you have one duty only, that is to follow God..

INNER SENSE

Connected with the spiritual world
the inner sense is inert and inactive,
as covered by the passion worldly,
they have no access to the science;
they are detected by spirituality only.
If I say, two inner eyes, two inner ears,
one inner nose and one inner tongue,
nobody can dispute me; they are true,
they disappear when passion wiped
by possessing immutable faith in God.

The soul and God can be felt or relished
by opened internal sense only; the vision
is much superior to external sense see.

I BID GOODBYE...

I bid, not to you, not to you all
as you bud and flower in me,
I bid, not to my enemy who hurt me
as his soul is pure and innocent
though his heart filled with dirt,
all are too good in their soul.
I bid Goodbye to me, the passion
in me that separates me from God
as I developed strong faith in Him.
I am the biggest enemy of me and
I bid Goodbye to me forever.

THE HEART BEATS

Honey drips into my heart
how sweet it be
it is pumped to my chest,
to head, to mesmerise me,
to thrill me with the sweet
that sweetens my soul;
the heart beats fast with
load of sweetness to sharpen
my memory that my blood
vapoured one day to part with
you; I never thought, you will
come back, my heart stopped
for a moment to beat again,
so fast, it runs with you, we
never look back, run on the
road to wilderness; no one
there, but we two exhausted,
eyes red with honey, heart
beats with honey and we two
drown in the sweetness of honey.

PAPER BOATS

The mushrooms bud in the soil
that look beautiful with umbrella
up, majestic and live only little,
the paper boats, children play
on the stream too look beautiful,
that sail on water and reach
a distance down, become wet,
they float and then disintegrate;
the desires have wings and fly
for little and then crash to ashes
leaving the mind in pieces, fail
to wake up; the mind with no desires
is healthy beautiful, will never crash.

MORAL...

When God is split, each atom
is a moral, the goodness
it is spotless, pure as snow
when moral appears, evil too appears
to neutralise it; evil the devil component,
the universe exists on the fight
between the two, moral declining.

The world is a drama, the stage is
set for the fight between the two;
when evil bolts good, the curtain
rings down, drama ends, the show too.

MEMORIES

The one that never dies,
the one that lasts till the end,
the one that painted with beauties,
the one that studded with blackness,
a mixture of the two in proportion
even the darkness becomes the least,
it becomes sweet with a pinch of salt
life is not sweet without sourness,
the honey drips with the blood bleeds
one lives with the taste of memoirs,
it teaches heart the wisdom, the fall
teaches the lessons to proceed, to make
life so beautiful, relishing the past and
making the present and future perfect.
I draw the memoirs on my canvas with
multi colours, the picture looks attractive.

TOGETHERNESS...

The companionship, between the couple,
among the friends, so strong it to be
not to be broken, should be everlasting,
the purity should connect with the sanctity
the book on it is printed with letters of gold,
painted with red blood, flowing to divinity
that lives till the end even after that in eternity
it is above flesh, above rewards, above worldly,
it doesn't swell, silent always, froze in the heart
need not to communicate, need not to see, to hear
such the power, so strong as God's love is, the unseen flow
that enriches the togetherness to the holy summit.

PAINTING...

The painter in me, painted beauties
so marvelously, nobody could compete
that I knew I am the best painter,
I could beat anyone, my paintings have life.
She loved me so much that me, the painter
draw the figure of me and gift her,
to keep it in her heart even if she parts,
she pressed me for it when she was with me
I thought to present her the best gift
that I took the brush and painted with my blood,
took time to finish it in six months,
I knew it, the best painting of my face,
that day, I presented it, she opened
the cover and had a look at my face in it,
she burst into tears and threw it on floor
"your face is exactly that of Judas!".

THE DUST...

All worldly end in one
all luxury end in one
the mansion, the golden car
the billions, the beauty
the costly, all end in one,
the dust that mixes with soil,
the body too dissolves in it.
But these live for ever
die not, perish not,
the soul, the soulful.
The love, the morals,
the memory of the
love, help, extended
to the needy, the destitute,
as God lives in them,
helping them is helping God;
the soul lives in eternity
on the lap of the Almighty.

YOUR IMAGE...

I see you in my heart
deep behind everything
never I saw you with naked eyes,
never I saw you on the screen,
never I heard you over phone,
never I read your writings,
but still I have the image of you;
it is not imagination, a truth,
the truth of truth that you are
with me, even in my sleep.
How did I recognise you?
I am apart of you, you fill in every
segment of me, caressing me.
I relish you by my senses deep,
I cannot tell others your figure,
I cry aloud that you are with me.

DIAMOND...

It glitters in brilliance
when dust is uncovered,
dug from the interior of earth
hid in the soil, so mesmerising
so haunting in my heart, pleasing
to the soul, my precious stone
I kept it with me, looking at it
every moment, heart throbbed,
the heaven in me, I thought
One day I couldn't see it
Searched everywhere but not
Seen outside; quite disgusted,
I looked at my heart, searched,
it is deep inside me glittering.

THE ACHE...

For the mind strong in God
body aches, soul in stillness
heart aches, mind is sleeping
pain so severe, mind is mum
thorns rose has, cut my heart
it bleeds, stained my body
pain is very severe to bear
but it is sweet, honey drips
no medicine to cure it.

SPIRITUALITY...

The world within the world
the world of the spirit
the spirit of God lives here,
in the mind, above the worldly,
above the flesh, above the luxury,
above everything, one can reach,
the gift of God, man the recipient,
smashing everything in the world
by his mind, breaking all passions,
go to the world delicate, tranquil,
which enjoys the presence of God.
It is attainable only by faith in God
which dissects out dirt in mind;
it is an evolution of another world
from this world, in the life on earth
to be continued after death, the
eternity; above the human thought,
world of soul, it welcomes you all.

THE WATERFALL

The love falls into the land
from above, flows like a river,
the grace is mixed with it,
its origin is from heaven only.
Heaven is pleased, His grace
falls down to bless the land and people
the land becomes fertile; divinity flows
the river flowing falls down and down
to a big depth, to bless huts and destitute
the water foams, the blessings disperse
to the downtrodden and homeless
the water is transparent and His grace
is flowing incessantly till the end.

DRIZZLE

Tears of joy from heaven,
the blessings from God,
drip down to earth and form
clouds in the sky, they move
gently and become dark,
hide away from the Sun and
shower down for little to wet
the hearts and land; the blessings
from heaven is sprayed to thrill
everyone, to clear the dirt in hearts,
but soon Sun sends its rays and the
clouds dark, run away; the Sun warms
the wet hearts, land and water fumes.
When Sun withdraws, the clouds
assemble and rain till the Sun appears
the 'Hide and Seek' game continues
till the dirt is on the run to escape;
the heaven smiles seeing the game
and rains heavily to eliminate the dirt
but man with stony heart is hard to yield.

WISDOM

God speaks, man is to hear
It is the truth, not a dream
but man doesn't hear it
as his senses deep covered
with the passions worldly,
he possesses by his love
for the world and the worldly
and nothing is felt in him
as he is deaf to words of God.
God weeps as He is unheard
but His mercy is never-ending
His love is everlasting
and He is after man always,
His patience is untiring;
Man could hear Him only when
the passions in him for the world
and worldly, driven out of him,
the senses deep open, he relishes
the divine sounds that is ringing;
the sacredness flows into his heart,
the intuition makes its way in him,
the words of God is the wisdom.

IS THERE A GOD...

A God there to create universe,
a God there to create man,
a God there to create nature,
the Stars, Moon, Sun not falling,
man is born from the embryo
Earth revolves around the Sun
Sun sends light to other planets,
all a great mystery, a wonder
so meticulous, perfect the function
someone there to guide, the God,
the unseen power by naked eyes
but felt so clearly by internal senses.
A big scientist said, there is no God,
as there none to prevent his sufferings;
he is the master of science, but
he didn't know, sufferings are to clean
his mind and to come close to God
to relish Him, taste Him and fuse
with Him and they become one,
He knew all about the universe,
the creature, but not the creator,
the path towards God is deep inside
not outside, not to be seen by naked eyes.

THE JUNGLE

The weeds grow thick
the land is fertile
the manure is not scarce
the grass grows in silence
the trees stand close
they are together in heart
the sweet breeze blows
the leaves flutter in rhythm
the trees swing together
their kiss emits music
that echoes in stillness.
The birds sing in harness
they fly in silence
the fruits ripened, hang
they are bitten by flies
the stream near, murmurs
the darkness inside deepens
the echo swings around
the loneliness in grave felt
the sky sharpens its beauty
the monument of calmness
invites my tranquil heart,
it walks among the trees,
it sits on the rock nearby.

Darkness spreads outside
the little stars smile
the moon is shy to look
my heart blooms with joy
the heaven I feel here
my heart is painted with beauty
no love can produce this love
the jungle caresses my soul.

THE ROOT

The core of everything is the root
that is the basis of existence,
the root is the origin where life begins
when it is decayed, the structure disintegrates,
nourish the root and the body is nourished
for man, the root is soul, body the subordinate
soul lives deep in man, it is divine
soul is to control body and it is to guide
but the acquired passion worldly in him
immobilise the soul; soul becomes inactive
it cannot do anything, thoroughly helpless
then body takes control and functions in its ways
soul becomes diseased, the spiritual ailment
medical science knows nothing about the soul
it treats the body, not the soul,
medical science is incomplete
it becomes complete when soul is treated,
the root is to be found out
then only man becomes true.

SWIMMING

The ride over the water
is the joy of the heart,
joy of the soul, as it
cools my soul and body.
The beauty of the sea
and its greatness, I relish
when I am on it only.
The nature is a beauty
God gave to it; relishing it
is relishing God and His greatness.
Now I can win over the sea
win over the river, the stream
as I get the strength from them;
but the day one, I was over the water
I was down with fear that I will drown,
the fear engulfed me for days
now I realize, that was the devil
that downed me to part with God
but my untiring mind drove devil out
and now I am on the lap of the sea.

TEMPTATION...

For every action, there is an
equal and opposite reaction,
when God there, devil is there,
the thought negative is the devil,
it tempts man, he falls in its trap
the sweet thought, the honey words,
the emotions, the passions, are worldly,
while God instills tranquility in thought,
nobility in feelings and divinity in heart;
emotion free mind with peace flowing,
heart and mind are in stillness, calm quiet.
The opposite, the devil exerts temptation;
the drive, the passion in excess, jealousy,
hatred, ego, excessive grief, depression,
despair; no calmness in heart at any time.
To fight with evil, the only way is to be
with the Almighty always in your life.

GIFT OF GOD

I see you in my heart
deep behind everything
never I saw you with naked eyes,
never I saw you on the screen,
never I heard you over phone,
never I read your writings,
but still I have the image of you;
it is not imagination, a truth,
the truth of truth that you are
with me, even in my sleep.
How did I recognise you?
I am a part of you, you fill in every
segment of me, caressing me.
I relish you by my senses deep,
I cannot tell others your figure,
I cry aloud that you are with me.

ABOVE MY THOUGHT...

The ill thought is the havoc
that ruins man, ruins his family,
ruins the country, ruins the world.
The ill feelings distort the brain,
decay the mind and the soul too.
To be above thought and live there,
is not a daydream, but the truth;
it is the world within the world,
a world free from all the dirt,
the world without grief,
the land of stillness, free from air
where souls only live, none is heavy,
it is above the gravity of earth
it is the Space where the souls float,
revolve around the Light, the God,
It is the eternity which is everlasting,
a land of weightlessness, free from weights.
To be in the never-ending land, one needs
his thought to be weightless.

THE BLISS

Happiness is felt,
when sorrow there;
happiness turns to sorrow,
for the two are man-made.
But happiness in sorrow,
happiness in pain,
it is God-made, eternal,
never dies in life and after
it is the joy of the soul,
when body dissected out
by faith in God immutable,
in this world itself,
continuing after death;
the happiness never-ending
that surpasses all sufferings;
it is the bliss, anyone can attain..

THE HEART IS A FLOWER

The heart filters the dirt,
the red deep comes in,
a fight between red and black,
red overpowers the black,
the red deep, fills my heart,
it spreads to my whole body,
it wets my soul too.

It flows in air unseen to the flower
the rose is filled with,
the red, deep in colour
I plucked it and kept on my heart
the blood poured out and pained me
but the pain is sweet, very sweet
that never be healed.

DEATH IS SWEET

Death, you are a coward
not a horror as people think,
It is a cessation to stillness,
a road to eternity.
I love you, death
to be free from the tense world
to escape from the land of grief;
my soul flies to stillness
which is transparent and holy,
the true joy in depth, felt there,
a land of divinity in full brightness
to live in its fullness,
as my body lifeless, left behind
I will be weightless floating there
I won't come back
Oh! death, how sweet you are!

HURTFUL...

The only prayer of me,
need not help anyone,
But shouldn't hurt any heart,
at any time in my life,
for every soul is Godly,
contains element of God.
Hurting anyone's heart,
I hurt God only, the big sin
which I resist to do.

JESUS TO ME...

He is not the one lived in the past,
not the one written in history,
not the one seen in the picture,
not a figure to be described,
I can't tell about him by words;
he is much above my thought,
much above my mental faculty,
I am helpless to tell what he is,
as I feel Him, relish Him, taste Him
in everything in me, in everything I do;
He writes for me, treats for me,
invents for me, searches for me,
Hence I am nothing in me,
He is everything in me,
He is the greatest power, I found,
He loves me most, I realize,
and I too love Him most,
I have only one duty to perform,
that is just to follow Him only.

SONG OF THE SOUL

Poetry is the song of the soul,
soul, the most delicate factor
that goes on with dissection,
dissected again and again and
it becomes so delicate, floating
above human thought,
it is weightless, nobody with it
its song comes, so spontaneous
it outflows in divinity.

Feelings climb up, evoke spirit,
emit and spray in infinity
they bloom and shower;
heaven glimpses, melody drifts
symphony sounds swiftly
love navigates, blossoms,
the fingers move in their way.

THE LUMINOUS SKY

The blue sky, a blue ocean
that spreads from heaven
that the grace flows down
to earth from incredible hands
that is sent in plenty,
the love that flows down,
to have mercy in hearts
to flow from one to the other;
it is the purity that blesses the rays
that outpour sky to warm the sleepy hearts
the clouds hide in the sky
as they too fear the glory of Sun
for darkness runs away from the brightness,
like the clouds all flee from hearts
when the brightness fills in them.
Sun rays fall at every nook and corner
that runs away from the brightness
to have the shade of the dark clouds
that wet the dirt to grow on earth
but sun is to wipe out every dark spot
but some escape it to be in dark always.

LOVELESS...

Love is glorified every time
but no love today, only stuffed one
like the copper coated with gold,
like the painted tomb, skeleton inside,
everything duplicate, none real,
the world itself is an illusion,
realities miles away, hard to recognise.
the monument lives for loveless
is the 'old age homes' where old
are dumped by the young
to make the old happy
but the young flee for their comforts
but the hearts inside 'old age homes' dry
and barren, soaked with loveless,
at last they get peace in grave
loveless grows and flourishes now,
love is in agony to vanish soon.

A LOOK AT LIFE

Each mountain before in a row,
deep sea ahead, volcano erupts,
past was perilous, future indefinite
I am rich, owns billions, high in power
but mind loses control, pendulum swings
world cannot give me peace; what to do
I look for anything seen for rescue
nothing seen, but unseen the power,
a new revelation, that power is God
I trust in Him, hold on to him, so tight,
A change, everything at ease
I could jump from one mountain,
to another, cross the sea,
fly over the volcano, no hurdles
I can dispel the evil thought
that kills me every second.

THE STILLNESS...

Noise is not coming, stillness prevails
in my heart that beats with
the smile of solitude, where all the
passion in me driven out,
with the dozing of brain continues.
It is here mind concentrates to its centre
where God communicates.
The mind is free from all tension
like the boat evades the 'under current'
in the sea where the tidal waves roaring;
the sea calms when gentle breeze
kisses it and then hides in it,
the mind becomes calm when light
touches the centre and embraces it,
so mesmerising the divine feelings
that arise at the centre, to cool the soul,
the current passes to the body as well;
God touches man when he is in concentration
as the mind is free from passion, no turbulence;
God resides there, in purity only.

SEXUAL AND SEX ASSAULT

A worldly gift of God for generation,
to last long, to reproduce the new one,
is a worldly joy for man to experience,
but excess of it, the drive is hazardous;
everything in excess always dangerous
man to know the lesson not to go for excess,
the excess feelings he has, lead to disaster.
the emotions in excess make him a devil
devil the opposite to man's good virtues
is more than a beast eating the passions
worldly, that produces the havoc in chain.
To win over the senses, one needs God,
the spirit of God controls everything bad.
It is shame to see man as more than beasts
assaulting infants, children for the passion
and the horrible thrill to kill them, hurting
the body; even heard one dug the grave
and had sex with the corpse; man's mind
has gone down far below the beasts have,
none possesses God in them; or they have
devil as God, the devils ruin the world,
rape it; the disaster more to come soon.

SCALE NEW HEIGHT...

Life is a ride on a mountain,
Scale the height is my aim,
I pass through pockets of
desire that I walk steadily
to a small height targeted;
when I am there I lose
interest in where I am,
then go for the next site,
there also I lose the charm;
like that short and short sites
covered and I reach the pinnacle
but I don't have any joy
to be there; I am to climb down
and reach a new height.

MY STREAM

Heaven smiles, its tears flow
gently down and kiss the earth
divinity flows in, water is transparent
it is the love flowing from heaven
it is pure and holy, blesses the earth
thick woods on bank sway gently
they sing their beauty, the birds hum
the flowers bloom, everything in stillness
its echo cuts through the silence,
a sweet melody that touches my soul,
a heaven indeed, my heart throbs,
no dirt anywhere, I see my image in it,
God walks among the tall trees
I lie on the pebbles on the bank
and relish His love in plenty.

THANKS

Thanks to man is thanks to God
As God created man in his own image,
man spoiled himself, still goodness in him.
Passion free mind is Godly, it is tender
love flows from it, love makes it great
thanks flow from it to God,
and thanks to companion, man
for the good things he extended,
thanks is love and love flows everywhere.
Thanks arise from humble hearts,
as humbleness is love only
and it is the sign of one's greatness;
let thankful mind and love live long.

THE FLOWERS

Flowers, the great gift God
to ease the odds that block
the way to happiness and glory,
are so mesmerising that every
human being dazes with its beauty,
the feast to eyes, never-ending,
haunts the hearts too,
the grief runs away sensing
its presence in every heart;
its boost of energy stimulates
every filament of body and soul,
the wonder of the beauties
being born from the plants,
the different colours and types,
are a mystery that man cannot answer;
the greatness of God is printed
on every flower, the genes
pass it to the end of the world.
The spirit of God lives in flowers
that they emit His grace always,
their fragrance soothes every soul

that melody springs out from hearts,
the divinity flows in every flower
that the hearts see it, absorbed in it.
The colours and beauties are Godly
that one sees His glory only,
no dirt in flowers, the Garden of Eden
was filled with His spirit and love,
but man spoiled the divinity.

THE LITTLE STARS

The stars peep from heaven to see
the beauty of earth in darkness,
the earth looks extremely beautiful
in darkness only, as she is undressed
and lies naked on the couch, relaxed
enjoying the breeze that cools her soul,
the Stars compete each other to see her
nakedness, fearing the Moon,
who outplays them every time.
Stars are thrilled that the Sun is sleeping;
The Moon on her part sends her beams
to make her vision clearer, to see earth
in naked beauty, her heart pounds
and looks as if she doesn't see anything
like the Cat which closes eyes and drinks milk.
the little stars are Jealous of Moon
and they grumble and curse her,
they are glad that the dark clouds cover
Moon completely, halt her vision,
then they come out in joy to peep at earth.
they are studded as tiny diamonds in the sky
which earth stares and enjoys very much.

TEARS...

The water of the stream is transparent,
flows from your heart, from your eyes,
from the mountains of love extreme
is the sweet sorrow to part with,
it relieves heart from the burning pain,
pain is sweet, it smells fragrance
wet with love of purity, I am sunk
in the world of stillness, where I fly
to the horizon of golden uncertainty,
but honey drips from heaven, the tears;
it is the pain stuffed with sweetness.

THE REALM

The love that lives in me, in the depth of heart
fumes out to sing sweet rhymes, embarks up on
my dreams and fly to unknown destination where me,
the soul flies above my thought and feel to the horizon
of tranquility mingled with purity, me stayed there for
little and then fly above to the world of divinity, the
vacuum where me float in bliss, in the realm of me
where God at the center and you are seen with me
you are the angel, with the chorus you sing the songs
of divinity; God looks at me, you join me, we fuse to one.

THE BEAUTY

God is the great beautician
who makes everything so pleasing
they attain more than perfection.
The craftsman or the carpenter, he is,
the super-genius did everything
so skillfully that they look divine
and heavenly; they mesmerise
human souls to glorify Him loudly.
Man-made beauty is not divine,
beauty and ugliness are the same
but the perception by our senses,
the God's gift, makes the difference.
God's creation is so marvelous,
The blue Sky, the Stars, the Sun and
the Moon, the flowers blooming,
the singing birds, the tender buds,
His Craftsmanship is beyond our
Intellect, that are His grace only;
the spirit of God makes our senses
to perceive His creation as beautiful,
otherwise they are not beautiful.

THE TRUTH

The precious one found at last,
is the truth after so many searches
in the ocean the life, at its bottom.
The treasure of my heart, is the truth
that leads me, guides me; without it
I am blind to loiter about in darkness,
it is the light that illuminates in me,
never allowed me to sink or drown,
its soothing balm caress my interior,
opens my heart to the infinity ahead,
releases all the knots tied in me;
the days of eternity calls me to start
with, in this life itself to digest the joy
that turns to the bliss, it lights in darkness
that filled in me in the past; the truth
is the revelation that instilled the wisdom,
that answers all the problems haunting me.
The hardship in proximity with me, absorbed
in me, is the chain that pulled me to the top
of the mountain that I scaled inch by inch
through the adversity to reach the summit.

THE DEEP SEA...

My desire draws me to the sea
In my tiny country boat,
the hunger of my family pushes
me to take my net for fishing,
in the roaring sea with the waves up.
My life becomes nothing before hunger,
I go against the odds to see I am
in the middle of the deep sea
the boat is encircling in tidal waves,
it might sink any moment
but my heart strong, stuck to my desire,
I am determined and forced ahead
with steel mind; even if I drown
my desire will never break,
no worry, no despair in me,
I am to overcome them as
death is nothing to me; filling the
stomach is the need that makes
me to fight with death which is so near.
a sudden flash of light came in mind
with the sudden silence in the sea,
the wide spread net in sea becomes
heavy, filled with big fishes plenty
which I never aspired for
any time in my perilous life.

TSUNAMI

Withdraw and then strike,
tempt and then kill
is the way the devil does.
The sea withdraws, to the land,
people go there to see the wonder,
children catch the fish moving,
then the sea roars and jumps up
to the roof, to the top,
wash away the tiny and the big,
it lasts for little,
then everything quiet,
it is the devil strikes.
the animals near the shore,
knew it hours before
to move to places safe,
animals have senses to foresee
but man can't detect it
as he carries wickedness.

FIREFLIES

Waves jump up
cyclone strikes,
thunder hits,
bomb explodes,
fire engulfs,
panic is awful.
Hearts filled with dirt,
graves open with bodies,
rain ceases in heaven
heat dries everything
houses pounded,
the cries echo in the sky,
the darkness spreads,
All doomed in seconds.
fireflies twinkle,
light kindles at far
too faint to come close
too weak to replenish,
it comes closer
sea recedes,
fire extinguishes,

cyclone softens,
thunder hides,
bombs diffused,
minds become calm
light glows,
it becomes brighter.

MY FATHER

The face that grows in me,
the figure that lives with me
is my soul that guides me,
the love that kindles in me.
His memory never dies
it gives me strength always
I relish the love from him
to the last drop of it.
His commands made me truthful
the frame of me belongs to him,
he played with me, slept with me
whatever little I possess, belongs to him
I feel, he is God came to earth to care me,
to mold me, teach and love me.
The ideals he cherished lives in me,
the vacant place he left is never filled
but I will be with him in the other world.

MY DREAMS

The thinnest magic that comes
every day at night, that too
when dawn is in the skies,
the happiest moment on earth
when I am grieved; no wonder
I fly to a new horizon, full with
angels flying and singing
in divinity and God at the centre,
love flows like stream from one end
to the other, everything tranquil
Exuberance everlasting it is
no air there, everything floats
the vision lasts long, free from
all dirt in the world,
free from the pain and despair
which the earth harbours,
it is above my thought;
all miseries come from thought only,
all grief arise in consciousness.
When the brain is cut off spiritually,

when mind is pure and holy,
the deep senses open,
you see a new world,
the one your soul sees after death,
you get it here itself
it is the heaven on earth
which begins on this planet itself.

EGO ---

I am a god
I am a king
I am everything
You are nothing
You must adore me
I keep aloof from you
This is my feeling.
What a fool I am?
I know nothing of me
What do I know?
Do I know the tiniest fraction
of what God created?
No, certainly not
Then, am I the biggest fool?
Yes, certainly I am.
God created everyone alike
in His own image.
Then what am I to do?
To be humble as possible
The stream flows down only;
not up and up.
Then only, His grace flows down,
Humbleness is the sign of greatness.

THE FAITH

The unseen one, great force
but felt by perception
as sure to come, so definite
that you place on God,
a rope that will never break,
You can hang on it, so pleasant
it acts as a saviour in tribulations
multiple, you face in life travel,
the unseen shield that saves you,
a wooden plank floating on the sea,
the incredible hands of God.
The more you pass through tribulation,
the stronger faith becomes,
the dirt in heart is cleared
and you come close to God.
It saves you all the time
From the imminent danger
That breaks you, ruins you.

THE GOLDEN FEELINGS

The feelings delicate, sprout
from the deep inside of me,
too spontaneous, it outpours
that I cannot help but to copy
if not, I forget next moment.

The feelings are visions that
is visible by the senses deep,
that open to see the sacred
that no words to tell it.

It is so soft and tranquil,
it is beyond the thoughts,
far above the brain,
free from emotions, worldly;
the earth cannot give it,
It is a reality, the truth
that world cannot grasp it.

GREED...

The desire in excess coming in me
that pulls my mind anywhere
forcing me to run after it,
the run is on the run till the end,
no break, no food in time, no sleep,
always run like a thief with no destination,
to get one thing and then go for the next,
like that throughout my life and breathe the last,
is the cross section of human life,
it is the passion that will never leave a person;
leave him only in his coffin, such dreadful it is,
it ruins him, ruins his family, a devil in action
man doesn't know, tranquility of mind is the wealth
that he gets from God only, then the passions driven out
and he wins the battle with the devil.

HOW TO SEE...

The eyes see the beautiful,
the ears hear the pleasing,
the noses smell the fragrant,
the tongue tastes the sweet,
quite often that relish the opposite
everything quite unpleasant,
quite disturbing and hurting,
some land in depression,
few commit suicide.
But look, hear, smell, taste,
only through God,
converge all senses at Him;
then the world looks different,
quite pleasing, a heaven indeed.

INTUITION

The melody, so humming
the music, so sweet
the whisper, so clear
that God speaks to man
but man can't hear it
as the passion worldly in him
closed so tight his ears
his all senses too closed,
he is deaf to God.
He will hear the words,
only when dirt is removed,
the passions in excess
for the world driven out,
by faith in God becoming stronger,
a fibre, it was in the beginning
at last a rope it becomes
quite unbreakable,
then the passion all disappear,
the dirt too eliminated,
the senses all open,
a new world he lives in
He hears the words of God
and he follows them.

JEALOUSY...

The great devil kills man inch by inch
no escape from it unless I know the truth
it spoils my brain and body, I spoil myself
always I am in thought, it never leaves me.
I am in a prison with devils
that pricks my heart every moment
it is a chronic illness with no cure
that poisons me, hurts me, kills me.
How to escape from the hell?
I ask myself often; I knew late,
that my ignorance is the villain
wisdom instilled in me from above
"I am nothing, a big zero
and everything is God only".
This wisdom made me see
"others up and I am down,
my enemy is innocent,
it is the devil in him acts,"
I could love him,
I could love all.

LOVE BEYOND THE STARS...

There was the 'word' that
had origin in the beginning,
the 'word' was nothing but love,
that love condensed to form God.
God is love and love is God,
that love is pure and holy
no spot anywhere and no dirt,
doesn't swell, doesn't seek reward,
it is quiet and tranquil
it is the stream, water is transparent
you can see your image in it,
it is love of the soul, not of the body
no colour, no wealth, no power,
nothing is there to matter,
speaks by heart, writes by heart,
sees by heart and hears by heart,
no ill feelings anywhere;
nothing is needed, nothing to give,
only love flows in between,
it is the love that is from above,
from much beyond the stars,
it still lives here and there,
earth survives till it perishes.

THE LIFE OF UNITY...

It is the life of divinity
of god and goddess,
the love of the spirit
that is so harmonious,
so pleasant, so sweet
to be tasted; it is the fidelity
that keeps the stream flowing;
dark spot there, washed away
by the love, transparent.

The divinity flows in
as the love is selfless
it doesn't swell,
the need is the duty
and the duty is the need,
love of extreme, the Agape
is the back bone, inherited
from the culture ancient.

MY SEARCH

My life is a search one after another
from the bottom to the top,
the search is to continue till my end
I feel, it continues even after death
it is never-ending, no end
it is like a mirage, once I reach it
it moves by a whisker,
I am always on the run in my life
to reach the other side of the quest
always longing to reach the next
stage of the spiritual world
where I reached by search in row, long,
searching in my mind, a self-dissection
of the dirt in my heart
by the scalpel of faith in God,
passing through the path full of thorns;
that hurt and bleed me profusely
every time I pass through the tunnel of darkness
many times I sunk in the muddy water
a fibre there always to hold on, to prolong my journey
quite often I was about to be burned in pyre of fire
but every time I was kept safe by His incredible hands,

by my faith in Him which grows stronger day by day
when I run over the hurdles one after another;
at last the days of joy came, I float over my thought
in the land of stillness where my body is gone,
only my soul floats in the land of divinity
where there is no pain, no despair, a land of tranquility
my soul is to relish and taste Him
no hunger or thirst in me, I am contented
my faith in Him, holds me tight
that I won't fall into the gravity of earth,
I am an astronaut floating in the space
in my spaceship much above the reach of earth
where I am totally thoughtless, relishing the bliss
but my search doesn't come to the end, it still continues.
it is the eternity, the aim of my life for which I was born.

THE NATURE...

The nature, the God's creation
is the beauty so pleasing to eyes,
Is the paradise which is God himself.
Man must realize this truth
that God lives in them
in the birds singing, the flowers blooming,
in the tender buds, the butterflies flaunting,
in the cows and sheeps grazing;
its beauty, God only made,
divinity flows in them.
That all burn in hot summer
under the burning Sun
while man finds comforts under shade.
Love the nature, you love God,
when they are cut, God only bleeds
who is to hear their cry?
As man wants him only.

SUNFLOWER

The charm of my heart
the hue of my sorrow
all disappear on seeing you
You an angel in yellow
singing and dancing in heaven
before God the almighty,
came to the earth to thrill
the god sun with your beauty.
He is in love ardent with you
and you cannot part with him.
He sends flying kisses to you
every time when he comes out
of the clouds, with the golden rays
you weep in the eve when he
takes back his arms and sinks
in the sky, giving you much grief
till the morning next,
you stoop head down with sorrow,
tears dripping down from eyes,
so hollow eyes after long mourning,
The long wait ends in thunderous joy
that exudes by shaking of your head
the tears of joy flow like a stream
you are in his arms, so close to his chest.

SEEING GOD

At the depth, deep inside
of mind, God resides.
A wall is built by the dirt
that separates man from God
man can't see Him, nor relish
unless the wall demolished
the world can't do that
only by faith in God,
for that you run over hurdles
which stand in row before you
the faith in God guards you
the faith becomes stronger,
the passion all disappear,
the wall is crushed, God is visible
only through open senses deep.

THE SOUND LIFE

The anchor of life is the rock,
no shake, no tremor anywhere,
it stands erect never collapses,
never look at the world, it changes
trust not any one in the world, it changes
trust in one only, the anchor, so solid it is
it is your shadow, the Almighty
He is your guide, your strength,
always look at Him, trust in Him only
You will never be displeased.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD...

The spirit passes from one end
to the other end of the universe
in everything, his creation,
the mystery is hidden in universe,
the great wonder that is around us;
the seeds grow, the buds elongate,
the flowers bloom, the fruits ripen,
man grows from the embryo,
the stars don't fall down,
man doesn't know how it is,
the attempt to reveal it, is the science,
the spirit does miracles
but man must humble before Him
he can come very near to God
when he chooses the path towards Him
it is a perilous one, hurdles so many
man must run over them
with faith immutable, he developed
in God, draws him close to Him,
the body dissected out spiritually
and the soul fuses with God.
The soul is Godly, where life begins
in man, the greatest wonder,
The spirit of God is the soul of man,
to find God is to find your soul;
it is the aim of your life.

SPRING SPRINGS UP...

The flowers melt in summer
life-less, weak and fragile,
in grief, not looking forward,
always in distress and despair
cursing the sun, rejecting its arms,
ready to die without water
but the hope, the prayer
for the beauty to come soon;
it is a wish "if we die not," a plea
the spring springs up soon
it heals the weak hearts
it soothes our dry soul
to rejuvenate for the glory
of the feast to the eyes,
to create the beauty on earth,
the paradise to come,
like the widow's plea to heaven
health and mind are decayed
a bright tomorrow in mind
but not sure to come,
death is a solution, but impossible
may be the life after death, a paradise
but may be it a day dream, fades soon,
man proposes, but God disposes.

THE HOT NOON

The sands burn the sole
the hot air fumes the body,
the steam clouds the eyes,
the water burns the tongue,
the brain is loaded with heat
the fire on the sky falls on anything
he is in fury to warn the wicked
he sees the earth in disarray,
love is lost, disharmony wins
earth is spoiled and decayed
the heat is to burn the dirt
that overpowers the hearts;
his fury is to whip the guilty
the rays fall on the earth
to burn the poison inside,
the land is broken into pieces
the rivers evaporate to steam,
the streams are dry and empty
the thirsty birds fly down to shade
they drink the muddy water
He is ablaze, hurts the eyes
Time yet to come to ease everything.

THE CANDLE...

The life is so dark,
the soul that is torn,
the heart that is broken,
the sea that drowns,
the mud that sinks,
the darkness spreads
the blindness increases,
the helplessness so intense
the despair vanishes at the end
everything becomes senseless
at the breaking point,
to break once in life,
that juncture everything is lost,
nothing there to think about,
nothing to hope for,
none mortal there to save.
The faint ray comes inside
too weak it is to illuminate
a fibre floating on the top
of sea, to hold and it follows,
a flash at far coming in,
a candle burning in darkness,
the dead heart flickers
it steadies, beating strong
while the candle burns to nothing.

DEATH ON THE CROSS

The grave opens,
the body disappears,
the soul rises up,
the tragic death
has its way to eternity
it tells the world
"death, you are a coward,
the soul, you never die."
Jesus lived in death
hence we too live,
death never wins
because He won
from the tragic death,
a new horizon of hope,
sun sends rays in darkness,
candle sends light in despair,
rainbow appears on the sky
none to fear death,
a new life before us
above all the sufferings,
much above the thunder,
it is pure and holy
it is tranquil, divine
conquering the death,
the death on the cross
to the limitless sky
to the way to eternity.

SELF AND FAITH...

The self, one's begotten one
the rotten panic is awesome
all passions it possesses
denounce havoc in him,
that evoke ticklish thoughts
and perpetuate his fall.
The self throws him down
as he descends to hell.
Faith in God transcends
him to bear agony
to suffer pain for Him
and he passes to righteousness.
Faith in God, the sustaining force
shields him, guards him.
it is the only weapon, he carries
it drives him forward
it branches, flowers
it bears fruits.
it was tiny once
with each fall
he looks up on God
and it becomes big
then he won't fall again!

MY HEART WHISPERS

The solitude deep inside,
my companion, so intimate
so subtle and gentle,
so filamentous, so soft
that soothes my soul.
my heart generates, vibrates
the music so melodious
rhythmic, like the pump outside beats
it is tuned in divinity, the rhymes
too soft, it spells out
the stream that murmurs
flows gently down
the water is transparent
I sail in a bliss
it is not a dream
lovely, it hugs me
the feel gentle, touches me
and fly to that abode.

SOUL SINGS...

The melody rhymes, high
In me, in my soul
at late hours, the night,
felt in daylight too,
any time even when I work,
sounds so sweet every time,
hear with heart, not by ears
that God speaks to man
but man can't hear
with the passion he bears,
which closes his senses deep
his heart is not soft,
so hard to tune with
the melody that is heard,
the music from the soul,
only the meek to hear
as the dirt washed away
in them when God touches
when the faith fills in them;
now the soul sings sweetly.

THE PRAYER

Heart to heart talks
soul to soul mingles
talks only by heart,
not by words
everything pours out,
from the grieved inside
nothing is left in,
God hears the plea,
Man pleads
as son to father,
then father tells son
that is felt in heart.
a great communion
in concentration,
in solitude,
to evict all burden,
from the stormy heart.
the hardship vanishes,
the darkness eludes,
sun shines again
the ice melts,
the fire extinguishes,
calmness creeps in,
It rains incessantly,
He looks up again
thanks from heart rises
And it touches God.

WHERE TO SEE GOD...

Are you sleepy?
Are you dumb?
Wake up, hear my plea
I can't wait any more
I can't see you
In the holy places,
In the rituals,
I searched you everywhere
I can't see a fragment of you
I feel, I am unlucky,
I have gone astray
I am lost in darkness
I am lost in the thick jungle
The beasts ran after me
I ran for my rescue
Oh! Lord, forget me not
Read my throbbing heart
I need a fragment of you,
A drop of you,
To infuse life in my heart.
Now you are kind to me
I find out my folly
I was a fool to run out,
You are in my heart,
Deep inside me
I am to find you here.

THE WOODS...

The woods spreading before me
in my dream that passes on with delight,
that exuberates in an attempt to toss up
the loneliness that smooths my heart,
with the divinity that blows through the air
which encircles the trees as the tiny breeze,
the leaves swing with hum and easy to fall,
the wide bed with brown paint coated on it,
flowers bloom here and there sing the glory
of the solitude, the Garden of Eden where
God walks through the tall wild grass,
the rock bald, stays as marking the stream
behind flowing with the murmur echoes
in stillness that condenses into tiny drizzle
that wets the woods into perfection.

THE WORSHIP

Love your friend,
Love your neighbour,
Love the world,
Love the nature,
Love your enemy,
Then you love God
For God lives in every soul
For He made the nature
He lives in love only
pure and holy, it is
It is the great worship
For He lives not in rituals.
Love everyone,
Then you love God.

INEQUALITY

God created man alike,
It's man who erred
It's man creates inequality.
Man is one before God
But man makes difference
By cast, creed and colour
And God weeps.
Disharmony present everywhere,
peace eludes
The world becomes turbulent.
Democracy stands for
Equality and secularism,
It's a drama only,
Preaching sets aside practice.
The poor steals for hunger,
And he is put behind bars
The rich robs billions
And he rules.
Where is justice?
You can't expect it now,
Let God rules justice.

THE CHARM...

The ragged birds sing
and the flowers plead
with heavy winged horizon;
the crickets start rasping with
the first drop of rain
farther on, out on the meadow
within the drizzling darkness,
the grass blades, shudder in the wind,
and trees glisten with water.
The boughs put forth tender buds
the butterflies flaunting,
I see my image, my inner soul
in the flowers blooming.
In the fruits ripening,
in the birds singing,
In the golden grass below,
Love is risen and Love is flowing.

MY HEART

Heart! you are not a pump
that beats in my chest;
a wonder you are!
that lives in my depth.
a fairy land, shining ever,
a walking star that guides me.

The pump in my chest feeds
just my body,
it perishes when body dies.
It is gone ever, dissolves.

But you live
beyond the reach
you are in the hymns melodious
I sing, I fly to the fairy land
I daze in the twilight,.

Sensing you, I lose words
dumb I become, I dream
a stream, you flow in woods,
murmur echoes in
everlasting you become.
You stream flow
down slowly and gently
transparent you become
and I see my image in you.

IT DAWNED

It dawned in my heart,
the dawn of wisdom
that a new life to bud,
the old is gone, new to begin
that the darkness vanishes,
the morn comes in me.
The reminiscent pain a bit
that flees to distance
that rose in the darkness.
The feelings carry havoc
and the dirt of the past;
a new horizon with brightness
like a flame that glows at distance,
a mirage so tricky, I can't catch
it moves a distance before me
the heart melts, the tears drip,
the grief sweeps through
the memory spills away
a new thought, new beginning,
a run to the new route,
the heart pumps in force
a new dawn to face with
the rays bright smooth past
the wounds in memory
that is gone to redeem,
the loaded heart eases
to the fleshy clean one,
the brightness fills inside
It sparkles everywhere
And I become anew.

TRIBULATION

Tribulations creep over him,
One after another.
It crushes his body
He is down to the bottom.
It frightens him
With each hurdle,
He looks at God.
He prays, he pleads
He hears his cry.
Faith drives him out
With each fall, his faith
In Him multiplies
And it becomes so strong.
The passion in him
For world, separates
And the soul set free.
His soul lives in him,
It is He, guides him.
He feels no pain,
The torture turns harmless
And tribulation vanishes.
His soul is his now
They become one.
Why should he worry?
As He is with him.

YOU, THE LIGHT

My life dumped in dirt
Has its way astray
Not its way forward
And I become giddy.
I sat burned in my way
Dark hue shadowed
I can't go forward
I drum havoc on my will.
My life purposeless in a way
It runs in its way
I sit in moody light
It withers my tune.
Dirt I run through
It soaked my life
I look ahead to distance
I see a twinkling star.
My life is a search
Searching one after another
I run over hurdles in row,
And I don't fall.
When I searched
Dirt removed from heart
I see you the light in me
And passion all vanished.
I could love others
I love every one,
I love the world,
The world looks heaven.
The Light that sparkles
Deep in my heart,
It guides
And I follow.

HONEY

The birds fly up in the sky
come down to the tree,
suck nectar in the flowers.
the bees live on it
the butterflies suck lees
they suck daily,
as they are free to fly
but man can't climb the tree,
he can't suck the flowers
he in despair look at flies
he can't fly or suck flowers
he always sucks the nectar
of greed jealousy and hatred,
love is the honey that he can't suck
as his tongue lost taste buds
he tastes sour sweet, sweet as sour
hiding God makes his tongue rigid.

MY SAIL

I have in my thought a boat
that comes from heaven for me
to sail to the other side of the
sea of sacredness that is too delicate,
to go by the boat which is faulty.
I looked at the sky of love, flowing
from the goddess moon, as her beams
intoxicate me for long in a bliss,
I daze with the love I cherish from above.
The boat left me, the driver thought,
I don't need it, I will swim to the other side.
My body is heavy to swim, I was about to sink,
The moon still stares at me and she hugs me
with her golden beams which embrace me
and the body is left out, my soul begins to float
above the sea, in the horizon of stillness,
the horizon is limitless, free from the gravity of earth;
the world and worldly gone, I am free from thought,
free from emotions that harmed my body, not the soul
that everything is holy and divine; I won't come back.

THE SHORE

The lucidity of what I prefer to have,
the magic of what I gain, the chat
I have with you on the hardship in run,
that I cherish for long, sweeter than
anything in me, that moment I waited
in the long run towards the end of me,
the whisper that molds my heart, the
caress for a moment, soothes my soul,
what you dictate and I copy, the ink in
me, the wisdom, I bank on, the boat on
which I sail to the shore, the farther end
where I fume into the soul, the saga of
infinity that opens to the brightness ahead,
glows above anything which I tried to grab
below, where I failed miserably, my heart
torn but your whisper, caress, everything
for me, sail to shore where you are waiting.

YOUR CARESS...

I bathed in the beach of hot water filled with
the passion for the world and worldly, written
in black letters in many hearts, where they write
poems on physical love only, do not know anything
beyond that, I in utter confusion looked above,
I didn't feel anything for long, but still I looked
above in agony, after little a caress on my heart
for a second, everything in me springs up, a bliss
no, an abode, hundred thousand sweeter than the
worldly, the physical love, which man fails to realize,
when there abode here in heart, why run after worldly,
Keep your heart open, look above, you get it, after wait.

ROSE BLOOMS

The heart that pounded with the rose
that smells sweet fragrance inside heart,
the smell, special for roses only, the magical
perfume intoxicates me with the hang over
to relish the haunting memory of yesterday
that writes poems of divine beauty, falls
from heaven, drips into my heart, to soften
the hardness of it that I am guided by you
in the long run that I see you always with me
I cannot part with, you are the anchor in me.

THE HEARTS...

Many feelings with, man has to decorate his heart
one set apart in seclusion graded the front runner,
running at high speed, beats the rest, the winner,
it paints heart with beauty, so much appealing
that heart becomes strong to beat fast and steady
even without a missed beat, it sends fragrance too,
many fall in but only one catches it and moves with
the heart in rhythm; the other heart too decorated,
a beauty that it too sends fragrance, the bond too
sweet to deliver the harmony that makes the feeling
so sweet that they digest it to look forward with hope.

MY WHITE ROSES

The white roses grow on my court yard draw my heart
to them quite often during day and night, haunt my heart
that I live in the sweetness of my dreams that keeps me
active every day from falling into fatigue and lethargy.
I am with them morn and eve, nursing and caring as my kids,
they are at the right corner of my heart, fill with sweet melody
which I sing too often that I forget myself, the dreamer dreams,
at night in sleep, they fly with me high up in the sky, go beyond
the stars to the dreamy land that exists above thought, the land
of love with stream flowing, the stream of divinity that brightens
my heart with the flame of purity, everything spotless, tranquil
the angel choir sing the melody of divinity that I found my flowers
there with head and wings forming angels, some of them recognize
me, calling me to join them, but in shyness I kept distance from them,
at the center God sitting on throne, glistening with beams of love
that is difficult for me to comprehend, I stayed there long and my body
disappears, only my spirit stay there, I am weightless floating in happiness,
I feel the bliss with the angels, I too start singing, God waves at me, the
happiest moment, angels took me to God for some time and angels
turn to my flowers, we return my home, with purity holiness and love.

EVILNESS

The world nearing its end, love invisible
real love vanishes, fake love everywhere
love is on tongue, not in heart; God in words
but not in mind, love is dispelled from heart
by evilness, God is displaced by the devil,
the passion worldly, love is the fire flies
in darkness, when they disappear the world
perishes, evilness multiply and it engulfs hearts
man becomes unkind selfish and cruel,
God enters hearts, the only solution to find.

I DAZE

Living in thought and living away the worry
bathe in emotion and bathe away from it
sink in passion and escape from it for little
I cannot pass on to the risky frame of mind
that I am solid in my determination to recover.
Thought all arise from my mind at its bottom
delicate to hard they form over outer heart
I am still, to beat them in harmony with hope
the thought yields as I wake from tightness
that strings me to the hardness that paved,
the wake up is the tranquility that flows in
from the unknown that glows at far distance
that spreads fragrance of my hope forward
and I surpass the thought, very hard and I daze.

SLEEP

...

The waves strike at the coast hard, go up
sky high, devastating it is, people on shore
run away, waves jump up to the roof, horrifying,
sea is in fury, engulfs anything seen, the
boats and ships turn around, capsize, nothing
to cool the anger, it fumes to the boiling point;
what a surprise, it doesn't explode, but in gentle
pace it slowed down and became calm with smile.
the burning heart fumes to explode but nothing
happened, it went to sleep, the glorious event
on earth, the heart and soul synchronizes to zero,
honey drips from heaven to soothe with calmness.

HOME

The breeze carries the smell of harmony
swept across the house where the love glows
everywhere in it, tranquility flows in, kindness
and compassion painted on the walls, the unity
is the fort, forgiveness is the core, that every one
loves each other, trusts each other, helps each other,
smells fragrance inside, house is spotless, no dirt anywhere,
at night God makes frequent visits inside when every one
in sleep, the angels come quietly, follows God, sings very
softly, the songs of divinity which no one can hear, they
guard and protect the house, devils run away sensing them;
let us call the house a home, as the stream of love flows in front,
it is the home of Heaven, dwells on Earth to be cherished long.

SWEETNESS OF SOUL

The bird flying high up in the sky, in the limitless horizon free to move anywhere it likes, breathing air of freedom but it doesn't get when locked in the cage, as free to live is the right of everyone to enjoy with the brightness to guide. The soul locked in the passion worldly; where is the freedom man gets, when soul mourns inside him for little air to breathe, what happiness man gets inside, when soul is in confinement; he is a corpse without life, runs after the world, loitering around when soul in him, his root, in deep trouble, pleading continuously to free it; man unwise to realize this truth, is in the grip of passion always, throughout his life, has to release his soul from the jail, to enjoy the sweetness of soul, and achieve aim in his life.

THE PARADISE IN ME

Dew drips from Heaven on my soul, echoes into my heart that swells and oozes red blood with rosy fragrance emitted on to my inner sense which opens to a dazzling beauty that arises from the horizon of divinity where my soul and heart merges, I move to infinity and I float on my hope to move forward to the brightness, my body vanished but my soul lives and guides me above my thought to nothingness and I am free, unseen but visible with internal sense, so mesmerizing my vision that the winged women sing sweet melody and I enjoy the paradise.

EMPTINESS...

When love is lost, everything empty, the heart vacant nothing to fill, everything flowed out, but a heart there to beat in vain, no blood there to be pumped, remnant is clotted, it is dying, no one to rescue, the ship is sinking in the roaring sea, a thought flashed into my heart for a second, "God is everything in me, then how can my heart be full, it must be empty always as God fills in everything". I looked at the sky, it is empty, I looked at the Moon, it is empty, I looked at the Sun, it is empty, my palms are empty, as all are filled with God, unseen to my naked eyes; I jump up " I am a fool to learn that I am empty, I am to work on it".

FEAR NOT

...

The frightened feeling that arises from the hell
the devilish thought that suffocates man to death
is the one that spoils every human mind to agony
is a myth that is not real, but the fake that arises from
mind at the bottom, fumes into brain and knocks it off.

It is the devil that travels in mind over to brain and
soul to pull man to the bottom of hell where he falls
helpless, it may come one after another in a row, it
poisons man with the venom that kills him slowly,
poisons many with the reality at far away, no one gets
any benefit so far on earth from fear but still man fears,
the act in vain continues everywhere without any halt
the phobia weakens human mind in extreme, that it emits
despair to sink to the bottom of water that he drinks every
now and then, the fake exposes to nothing at last and man
fails to recover, revealing the truth, God is there always to share.

MYSTERY

The one that has come down from Heaven in subtle to bless earth that is the creation of God, the mystery that man cannot comprehend, the beauty of love, God showered on man, is unique that no brain can detect or explain it; the mystery remains mystery only till man finds out God, everything is a wonder that cannot be explained, all creatures are mysteries that God created in sweetness mainly to feed and nurse man, man can find only a fraction, the studies go on and it will be never ending. If man surrenders to God these mysteries revealed to him, answer to everything, is to submit oneself to the great mystery.

WATERFALL

The beauty that flows down from Heaven into my heart
the purity that keeps in the water, so tranquil it is in flow
the water so transparent falls down in foams, cheers brain
the purity condensed to form the divinity, stays in the water,
the water flaws through my soul, soothes it, that I become
euphoric and I land in a dreamy land free from tension that
had pricked my heart always, water falls over the rock down
to the hell and purify it to the golden, all the dirt removed,
the Heaven is in hell now, the passion worldly all run away,
the land becomes divine and holy when Heaven falls on it
my heart too becomes tranquil by the water falls from above.

THE BIG LUNATIC AND ECCENTRIC...

Earth is revolving, when we visualize the truth we become mad, when we see our stomach full with food, we faint, truth makes us agitated, when we visualize it, everything in the world is with a cover, God to safeguard us from the mystery of the truth; that coating is the spirit of God, acts as a paint coated on the outer layer of the truth to soothe our heart and soul; the one who sees the reality with his vision surpassing the outer coating of reality, uncovering the truth and revealing it, is the versatile genius, but he is big lunatic and eccentric.

THE FISHNET

Deep in the sea, with the aim so high in the sky
me with the ailing heart, on my country boat, searched
the whole night, but with my empty hands, heart in despair
but not lost the spirit, it strengthened by its hope, after many
attempts, threw the net into the sea, net is filled with too many,
fish, too heavy to be carried to the shore, the net is torn, my desire
fulfilled that my attempts at night in vein, my exhausted mind not
losing the spirit got the final way, the key to success that not lost
the spirit, not the hope, that lifts me from wavering mind, wavering
heart and soul, to the height of glory that comes never me expected.

THE SOUL OF NATURE

Black and yellow, painted on the horizon, Moon sends beams, the little stars peep, the sea looks beautiful in the Moonlight, everything in stillness; the beauty arises as breeze from my heart and sweeps through my brain, I took my pen and copy on paper that comes to fingers; the flowers blooming, the tender buds growing, the birds singing, the butterflies flaunting, all in my poem. A vision comes from heart, I could condense all to one, the soul of everything before me dazzling, that reveals as a holy composition to be fluted, the holy songs of divinity, filled my room with sweet fragrance, I realize that the beauty of nature, its soul, are the spirit of God.

SOUL SOOTHED...

The tribulation so aching, quite unbearable, mind and body too weak to hold on, to proceed further, a big question, proceed not the answer, in despair. Two drops of dew fall down, flow like a stream into my heart, the water of stream is transparent that no dirt anywhere, the stream is divine love from Heaven, hearing my plea, it rains in my heart, water Flows into my soul and rains again to flood of joy that cools my soul, which was in pain, burned in a pyre of fire; everything becomes cool so sudden my interior becomes very cool, the heat gone away all tension run away, my soul is soothed forever.

SOUL DREAMS

The mind and body dream too often at night
but need not be true as mind is full with passion
it inhibits the dreams that come in the usual way
and distorted dreams that carry no truth comes
but reality comes in soul, when it dreams, the truth;
when the worldly passion goes out, view and relish
the truth to come beyond any barrier as day light,
the soul speaks, it sings, it dreams, it rains but man
doesn't know it, as the worldly passion blocks them.
Soul is the truth, while mind and body untrue, soul
is divine, it is Godly, love the soul only, not the body.

FLOWERY SOUL

The flower is the most beautiful on Earth
flowers thrill every heart at its best, mesmerize,
the aches all vanish, despair gone with their beauty
we see and relish the beauty with our naked eyes.
But soul is viewed with the opened internal sense;
it is opened by dissolving passion by strong faith
the beauty of soul many times beautiful than worldly
beauty, the perishable one, while the other one immortal
You relish, taste and view the nonperishable, and you
are partner of the soul, living with the flower of flowers.

SOUL SMILES

Smile in grief, very rare in humans, but soul smiles
soul always mourns as it is locked in the jail of passion
but when passion vanishes by strong faith in God,
soul is set free and it is to control man, and man to follow
now soul is the best friend, so much loving and merciful
that one cannot part with it as the bond is strong, inseparable.
The soul loves you more than anyone loves you in the world
it is so kind to you in your fall, guards you and serves you
man cannot find truth as worldly passion blocks internal sense,
the true friend, when are you with it, smiles at you, embraces you.

POVERTY

The worst to have on Earth is poverty
the inequality spoils the human race
God created man alike, but man differs
how one rich and the other poor, what
makes it, one group exploits other, loots,
it happened decades ago, injustice continues.
Me heartbroken to see the skeletons,
I asked God, who is to be blamed,
What makes it; illiteracy a major role caused,
the rich rules and the poor starves, the
more rich becomes rich, poor becomes
poorer, the system continues, it happens
everywhere from east to west, north to
south; if the rich is kind, the disparity
solved in seconds, but the rich unwilling
to lift the poor up, selfishness prevails, rich
not bothered by cry of the starved, cry
of hunger, the big nations too unkind, if
rich nations set apart share of riches to
feed the starved, the big problem ends soon,
all unkind to most unlucky lot, I pray
Lord, you touch them and feed them,
poverty eliminated, Earth becomes Heaven.

CONTEMPLATION...

To realize me myself a big task to pursue
it is a search myself to know what I am,
a search for a whole life, sometimes, even after
inquisitiveness draws me forward, doesn't allow me
to take rest; I searched round the clock to find answer
fifteen years ago I won the race and I found the answer
that I am nothing, a big Zero; everything is God only.
Now I know I have nothing to be proud of as I am
Inferior to everyone; it is my final realization,
I am contented with what I have, nothing more
and it is my wealth, I don't deserve any glory
as glory belongs to God only; one wish that is left,
die as a poor man, minute fraction of that great crucifixion.

THE HARNESS OF MIND...

The wild horse runs with the temptation in mind
it breaks the harness and runs in wild way that
no one catches it, it is mad to move on to the hell.
The mind of man is a horse runs after temptation
too wild to control, runs in aimless way from street
to street, town to town, country to country and he
lands in utter despair; he is innocent but the passion
induces temptations in him that no cure for that he
in agony always, he is of no use to earth, rather harmful
to the society, seen it nowadays everywhere; how to control
is big question, medicine may not help, but presence of God
inside the answer, only God can control excessive temptation.

THE DIVINITY IN YOU

The mind with hardness is too stiff to bend
too rigid to move up and down and sideward
too rough and tough, the mind without God
it takes everything in a big hard way, too cruel
the mind is with all worries and is in despair,
the world to it is always a home of distress.
Mind becomes softer and flexible when God
enters, and it moves up and down, sideward,
mind could be fixed at any point later, God
gives the strength; the grief agony despair pride
temptations, all come in mind as points, visible
with opened internal sense; you could move mind
above every odd to upper surface, the space of divinity.
Keep on doing it every time, to keep yourself in divinity.

SEX, POINT TO PONDER...

Sex, the gift of God, man to regenerate
to give joy, man finds it, but the fault
that many addicted to it, leads to crime
the major source of crime is it everywhere.
But a point to ponder, the joy in sex
is by the action of external sense; but the
internal sense much more powerful, closed
by worldly passion; when passion removed
by strong faith in God, internal sense opens,
the joy is bliss, thousand times sweeter
than what the body gives, it is eternal.

EXUBERANCE...

Everlasting the joy in my mind right from childhood
that I think not of negativeness, think of positiveness
only; my mind floats in the saga of thought, I never sink,
the thought is the villain ever to conquer us, subdued;
discarding it, the most difficult task on earth, on finger
tips, don't do it alone, but share with God, you find it easy
to manage in the course of time, and you try to grasp the
positiveness always, negativeness evaded, God blesses
your task and you get strength from God to withstand
all the odd against you; as time passes you become close
to God, divinity flows in and you are in exuberance always.

RITUALS

A God of mercy compassion, believes in love only,
loving all alike, the rich and poor alike, the sick and
destitute are His loving hearts, he lives in them, where
there is true love, He is there, where compassion, He
is there; you can see Him in beggars, downtrodden.
He is not pleased in rituals, He doesn't want them
He lives in purity, purity of the heart, the heart filled
with love that flows down to the bottom and sideways,
not in amassing wealth, but giving it to the needy, nursing
the wounded hearts and attempting to wipe out poverty.

THE BOND

The soul of two tied firm with golden chain
the chain is unseen with naked eyes, but visible
in soul, the unification of soul, it floats in eternity
to the infinity living together as soul only, body is
gone as it is perishable, it cannot rise to the eternity
as it bears gravity, the blood has oozed out of hearts,
painted on Earth, a monument for eternal love that
glows in rain, doesn't extinguish, lighting everyone
and everything to show that soul glitters like little
stars in the sky every day, every time with no hunger
or thirst, energetic always, calling it the precious stones
glittering in the space of divinity, lighting the Heaven too.

POETRY IS SWEET

Poetry is red blood pumped by heart into arteries,
it is pure and holy, it passes to the body and soul
it caresses body, nourishes it, soothes the burning
soul, blood heals the deep wounds in heart and soul,
heart pumps and the blood flows out spontaneously
that it is painted on the paper or on the screen, within
no time it spreads everywhere, it is honey too, so sweet
to be tasted and it smells fragrant and the smell spreads
everywhere, even at distance, the words are so divine,
it flows with holiness, dirt all washed off, to new one.
the bond it makes is so strong, quite unbreakable, the
sweetness of poetry is relished and it mesmerizes brain,
the words are very strong, poetry echoes in every heart.

THE RICHEST

A skeleton in his living on the Earth
thin in everything, the poor on world ranking
he wishes to be unnoticed in all walks of life
he had set apart his riches and gifted the poor
he works for wiping out the poverty, serves
the downtrodden, helping as much as he can
thanks God and contented with what God gave
him, no greed, no jealousy, not hurt the heart
of anyone, fully contented with what he had done,
his heart is full with God, feels he fulfilled his job,
ever ready to leave any moment; he is the richest.

THE SKELETON

The Earth is thin, thinnest in morals
righteousness is at its lowest ebb
tsunami may engulf it any moment
the earth is a skeleton only, the flesh
is eaten by the devil which is hungry
it has special liking for heart and brain
flesh was eaten last, it drank the blood
it tasted very sweet, honey to the devil
now what is left, the skeleton only
it is too friable to break any moment
devil is hungry, madly waiting for flesh.

THE HUM

The minute subtle song in vividness that carries every heart to the sublimity of paradise, it is continuous in nature that dispels the fright in everyone to the melody of soul exquisite in nature, the bees suck nectar and fly from flower to flower, the sweetness of the hum could be felt by perception of mind only, it pierces the hardness of the mind, goes deep into the heart, stimulating the filaments to act in rhythm, in synchrony with mind to blow up the sweet melody that drives out the grief to soft soothed one which rains in my hot soul to caress my grieved mind to stand against all the odd that confront me in the past; the hum birds make is harmonious to the tune of my heart, I sing, the nature rains.

NECTAR

What is sweet, what is sweeter, the sweetest is the perception by external senses of body, to grade the ability gifted by God to make life happy or happier if the taste buds on tongue lost the sweet becomes sour or bitter, the olfactory sense decayed, fragrance turns bitter, when the gift of God lost, the life becomes horrible, the Heaven becomes a hell and there is no meaning in anything in what we like; the nectar is God only, the beauty is lost when there is ailment in the eyes as the beauty is God only; but the perception of internal sense is many times higher than the external senses, what we perceive by internal sense is the sweetest and the most beautiful that the qualification belongs to God only; the dirt being removed and relish the sweetest.

MY HOME

Thought dawned in me, to go to my village home
Sweet memories of my past came one after another
I sat down relishing the golden days of the past
My root is my heart, I cannot run away from blood
Far off the noise, deep in my heart lives my home
In solitude, greenish and fertile, long ago I left there.
I drive today to my village far, through the muddy road
Dust sprayed everywhere, coconut leaves hum
Yellow flowers a feast, jack fruits ripe rip through
Plantain in bunches hang down, golden mangoes glitter
Vegetables grow in abundance, stream flows in peace
My heart is full, car stopped at the old premises
Ant bitten gate opened, soil carried my odour
That soothed my soul, trees looked weak, house old
And fragile, memories had their way, my 'root' glints again
My past echoes, tranquility flows in and I am contented.

THE MURMUR...

The heart beats with rhythm, but it leaks,
the leaking sound pierced my ears and
then it leaks back to heart, It echoes in my
brain, so sad, the heart in ailment, it needs
help; the bamboo leaves rub each other in
wind, produce a harsh sound showing the
distress of the trees; the stream flows down
slowly and gently, sings a song continuously
that it enjoys the stillness in the woods, the
breeze that sweeps, echoes the murmur in air,
the birds hum, the bees too participate in the
orchestra that the sad song and happy solo
in silence make hearts and woods so divine.

THE UNKNOWN

The factor not known to the senses of body and mind, the unknown figure is the mystery of human life that one gets entry in it, only by wings of paradise, in the solitude where the unknown is opened, the saga of mysteries is revealed, man becomes angelic, it is a reality, that he lives on the honey of divinity only; he moves in disbelief that each part of him becomes an echo that sounds sweetness and dissolves the body into fragrance that I fly over everything as a tiny object, the soul, which peeps in to the mystery of everything, more than of the universe, the unknown paradise. It is not a dream, a feel, no it is a vision by my internal sense far from the worldly passion, I drink every drop of mystery in the contentment of my interior, my innermost, in the unknown.

THE LOVING HEART...

The true heart could love without a stain
the image has dipped in the blood of purity
that it can love truly, fills in with holiness
the fragrance of divinity spreads in the soul
that energizes body to act on the truth in love,
it strives for love, writes on love and dreams love,
a world of love built with its stream flows inside,
the water of stream flows out of the heart to brain,
it sedates me and I sleep on the rosy bed of purity
days pass on, the heart beats will be straight always.

HEART IN FURY...

The blood reaches the boiling point, might explode any moment, in fury it fumes, it dried and clotted, the empty heart beats of its own but nothing to be pumped out as the whole blood drained out and the heart gradually stops, everything washed off, even words, so powerful before, all washed away as they are swollen with blood and burst to nothing at last. There is white blood also, pumped by heart and it flows slowly, does not cop with heart beats, the blood contains lot of calcium inside, it is so thick to move fast as heart beats slowly with so much load that it flickers or fibrillates and stops leaving calcium to paint the stain.

BALLOON

The dreams all float in air like the balloon
the desire all carry wings to fly in solitude
me on the verge of a fall, is held back by
the floating objects and I got the strength
to withstand the misery that comes on my
journey towards the infinity; my soul starts
sailing on golden boat along with the desire
and balloon, in the red horizon, moves slowly
and steadily to the Sun dipping into the sea
but the balloon rises up and I followed it to the
unknown mystery of truth that opens to eternity.

A LOVE LETTER...

I wrote a letter with blood from heart
on a rosy paper touched by fragrant spray.
"Dear, you are my strength that guides me
you touch and cool my burning heart, you
embrace and kiss my gloomy face, you make
me inspired and give purpose in my life,
you glitter like a star, kindle light in my
vacant and barren heart, you flow like a stream
in the thick and still woods, the hum it makes
touches my depressed heart, the water of the
stream is transparent and clear, like your heart
beats for me, it infuses a ray of hope in my life.
how strong you are, you loosen my tightness,
a poem of words full of passion and sympathy,
you hum it and sing hymns of pain and sorrow
the pain is sweet and it smells fragrance of my
despair, you are the glory of the shadows,
the shadow of my distress, read my throbbing
heart, I need you to infuse life in my ailing heart".

TO ERR

Man on Earth errs, as the guilt in blood passes
through him from the beginning of the world, in the
garden of Eden, where he erred, the gene transmitted
to man of today, error is a gift and best judge to guide
man as it teaches him the gravity of the error and he to
correct it in future, to err is common but rectify is great.
All roses grow with thorns, all beauties grow with grief
all righteousness grow with error only, shouldn't get upset
when error comes, but inspired for the new dawn to come.

SPIRITUAL DISSECTION

Life is a search one after another, it should be from adulthood, dissecting the mind continuously from morn to eve, even at night to find out the truth in life; failure occurs initially for long, but not get upset, search again and again, you find at last, it is the dissection of mind where, passion for world is dissected out spiritually by the scalpel of faith in God that you go gently and steadily to the path towards God, you win over the hurdles in row before you, and your faith becomes unbreakable that the passion vanishes one by one and the Internal sense opens. You see relish and taste by it only, that you live in a world of divinity where your soul only lives, you fly like a bird in the horizon of eternity which is never ending, your body is spiritually dissected out and the soul is living with God forever.

OUR WELL

The old one, our grandma hundred years old
so loving, every morning waiting for our touch
the bucket, our heart, caresses her, one gentle
touch through string, the unbroken chain of
love that is so firm to hold us together in unity.
A century in contentment, we drink daily, water
is cold, soothes our stomach, the heavenly drink
that is too transparent and holy, it heals our all
ailment, so medicinal, we don't need other drugs,
we don't want any other drink that water is sweet.
The love of it is eternal, will last for many centuries,
well is our God that blesses us and our home every day.

THE THORNY PATH

The narrow path perilous hilly, it goes up
I have no other way to walk to my destination
it is full with thorns and sharp stones, where
walking hazardous, I am confused to scale height.
The thorns hurt my feet, it bleed profusely that
I cannot walk further, I am to faint any moment
but my faith in God came for my rescue that
I held on it tightly that I didn't fall, I make steps
slowly and gently over the stones and thorns
with each adversity before, me hold on faith
so firmly that my faith becomes stronger and
stronger that it becomes a rope like quite
unbreakable, the world and worldly removed
from me and I gradually reached the summit.

INDEPENDENCE...

I am proud to be Indian, we are brothers and sisters
born to mother India, only one religion "we Indians"
blood warms when thinking of our country, its safety,
the Jawans, our heroes guarding us round the clock, the
martyrs died for us, the true spirit energizes us, we love
our country, Heaven to us, nourishes us, guides us, but
our hearts are pricked by the evilness that creeps in,
spoils our society, mother weeps, it is our duty to wipe
her tears and pledge, "we won't hurt our dear mother."

THE FISH...

The beauty in the water, moving fast
up and down, glistening in the shade of
the sea or river or pond, make that a
heaven for it to swim and jump, make
the water holy but man spoils it, fish, the
beautiful creation of God, is to be seen
as grace of God to be relished, fish in
different colours, in different shapes,
pierce water like the jet airplane moving
fast in the air, the reef, the corals make
the bottom of the sea, a paradise, where
some move in peace, live there in bliss,
I wish the fish live in the stillness forever.

TAMING OF MIND

Mind is the most complex one on Earth
very difficult to tame it, man gets exhausted
on moving it sideward upward or downward,
too hard it for many, quite unable to control it.
Yoga to perform, man goes into the state of meditation
man attempts to concentrate to the centre of mind,
if performed continuously, man can tame mind mechanically
concentration is the need of mind, to fix it at its centre
the site where God to communicate, to be with God.
But the real taming of mind is by continuous dissection
by faith in God, dirt removed, permanent taming achieved
mind becomes soft like cotton, it can be pulled to any direction.
The door to eternity opens and the soul floats in space of vacuum
where it is in a state of bliss or abode which man never gets on Earth.

THE SOFT MIND

Mind too hard to yield, too firm in texture
is the mind in common, the hard nut to break
the problem with it, it thinks of itself only
the mind of the majority in the society like it
no tenderness, it fills everything of itself only
the wheels run around it only, never to outside
too rigid to become elongated, no rain to wet,
everything dry, no stream of love flows outside.
but the hardness yields when God enters inside
the muscles of heart becomes softer and tender
the hard nut breaks, the pulp inside comes out
it is the love, it flows like the steam incessantly.

NATURAL LOVE

The love at sight or not seen or not heard, a poem,
heart is full overflows, coming down, spreads on the
screen, passes through internet, flows out to the heart
pierce the hard nut, breaks the hard cover, the nectar
flows out to heart, then it flows like a stream into the
thick forest, the hum it makes soothes the hearts
the agony runs out, the water transparent, wets its bank
plants and trees grow there merrily, the fruits are sweeter
than honey, drink it till the last drop of it, contented,
tranquility flows in, no dirt anywhere, everything pure,
holy and divine, the soul of the two live there in peace.

RENEWAL

Man a fraction of the mighty universe
like other creatures grow every moment
but the growth of man is his internal growth,
the spiritual growth, not the growth outside
if he has no growth inside, his growth is zero.
Man should grow every moment internally
he should be anew every second, it is the travel
towards the destiny, otherwise he becomes lifeless.
He must persist with renewal, old self is massacred
dirt is spilled out of mind and becomes new creation.

SELF ---

Self my begotten one, the rotten panic is awesome
all passion it possesses, denounce havoc in me
me a coward, sunk in passion, they evoke ticklish thought
that perpetuate my fall and sink me in hot, me waver elude
try to move out of tempest, me helpless dazed; self old mine
throws me to the bottom, fall in my way, descend to the hell.
Faith in God transcends me to bear the cross, to suffer pain
for Him and I pass to righteousness; there He is with me
I dip in His agony, He be my companion, a rock always, my
faith in Him multiplies, I overcome agony, I surpass, succeed.

LIGHT...

My life dumped in dirt, has its way astray
not its way forward, I sat burned in my way
dark hue shadowed, I can't go forward
I drum havoc on my will, my life purposeless
it runs in its way, dirt I run through
it soaked my life, I looked ahead to distance
life is a search, searching one after another
I run over hurdles in row, when I search, dirt
removed from heart, I became a new creation
light sparkles in my heart, it guides, me to follow.

SUFFERING

Tribulation creeps over me, one after another
it crushes me, I am pulled down to the bottom
it frightens me, with each hurdle, I look at Christ
I plead, I pray, he hears my cry; my faith drives me
out, with each fall, my faith in Him multiplies,
I become strong; tribulation draws me to Christ,
now I bear His cross, I trust in Him, I wear His crown
when my soul lives in Him, I feel no misery at all;
the torture turns harmless, tribulation vanishes.
each blow I suffer is for Him only, I realize that
He touches my heart and soothes my torn soul
my soul is His, we become one, I was born for it only.

THE DEEP THOUGHT

The thought is the world where man lives
with the passion for the world and worldly,
it is for the good or bad in his living in hide out
but feelings very deep from the depth of heart
is so delicate that it sprays to infinity, the tiny
molecules of tranquility that weaves with the fibers
of deep love which soothes the interior, cools it
that nothing can spoil it as it does not come out.
These feelings will never decay or break as the
invisible but unbreakable bond that hides deep
in the heart till the end to live as soul in eternity.

RHYTHM OF LIFE

All creation run in rhythm that is too delicate to find
the earth revolves around the sun, the planets do, it is
music too delicate to deliver, that of God, quite unseen,
quite unheard, it is the charm that spreads through the
hearts, Universe knows it by perception too delicate,
the life on earth goes on in a rhythm which man unaware,
when life goes out of rhythm, it goes out of order, lands
in trouble; the whole system of Universe is like it, rhythmic
in control of the Creator, He knows what He is doing, which
man doesn't know by his senses, knows only by opened
internal senses, it is the divine music of the great Creator.

SAILING WITH SOUL...

The blissful moment in the latter part of life is the spiritual separation of body from soul. the passion all disappear, the soul is set free it escapes from the bondage of worldly passion, it floats in eternity where no beginning or no end it happens here itself, when the body on Earth the soul in Eternity, it starts here, continues after death; a life in bliss, far away from the grief and misery, free from hunger and thirst, living on happiness, anyone can attain it, if his faith is strong.

THE POEM IN ME

The music of heart echoes in my soul
it is soothed by the melody that fills it
my brain is mesmerized and me dissolve
in it like tiny dew, the horizon of tranquility
opens, me a tiny fragment, float in the
sweetness of it; I don't want anything in the
world, the riches, the power, the recognitions,
the food, the drink, nothing I say; but to be
alone floating in the bliss of melody that
arises from my interior, embraces me and
write poems with heart, with the ink blood.

DREAM OF DREAMS...

The dreams take me to the horizon of unknown quite unthinkable, pleasing to my heart and I land on dreams that is untrue, everything finishes when I open my eyes, forget everything, may be one true, but that is isolated one; I escape from grief and despair, land in exuberance in my sleep for sometime, but memory is too faint to remember. the vision I relish when my internal senses open, is the dream of dreams that I go to the horizon of divinity, I see, relish, indescribable beauties, which is a reality, not seen anywhere on Earth, relishing it every moment.

LIFE IS ETERNAL...

The life with God is eternal, the soul lives
the body gone, the body with passion dissolves
to nothing, it is the death; it happens on earth
itself, the soul lives in eternity; when the passion
disappears, soul is set free, it lives with all virtues
as the dirt are removed from it, these people live
on earth with love and tranquility only, they are
spotless, living for others, love flows everywhere
their soul glitter like shining stars forever, when
their valueless body removed like cloths changed.

TEARS FROM HEAVEN

...

Tears come from grief or joy
Heaven weeps and smiles
it often weeps for the dirt
on Earth, it appears as cyclone
Earth quake or Tsunami, strikes
man, the beat by Heavenly Father
but man doesn't correct himself.
He is in the grip of devil, moving
towards great fall, how disobedient
he is, no love, no kindness; darkness
spreads, sun rays fall sparingly; Heaven
happy at times, tears of joy fall down,
rain on earth and wet the land.
Father beats for good and He forgives
but there is a limit for His forgiveness.

THE UNSEEN GOD

Is there God, show me Him, man asks
as God is quite unseen to his naked eyes
people are puzzled to know the reality,
the fact that God is there in every mind
but it is man's fault for God being unseen,
the worldly passion man bears, cover God,
acts as a barrier separating man from God.
With immutable faith in Him, the passion
vanishes one by one and internal senses
open and through it only man can directly
visualize, relish, taste, the sweetness of God.

HOW IS LOVE

A complex one like the mind, can't be described but could be felt or relished by heart, what it is I don't know; very delicate feeling spontaneously sprout out of heart that soothes brain and soul nothing on earth gives this delicate feel, nothing on earth sweeter than it, no force can suppress it in heart, as the more it suppressed, the more it springs out; feel can arise on first sight, or without seeing or hearing, it is blind or deaf and paining too; fake one there too often, only word but no deed, body love perishes true love which is the love of hearts, it is everlasting; but the divine love is love of soul only, it is eternal, may end in sacrifice.

THE HONEY IN ME

...

Nothing is sweeter to me on earth, nothing sweetens my soul
nothing makes me contented, Jesus, but for your love I am nothing.
your love is sweeter, much sweeter than honey, the sweetest in me
it fills in every fragment of me from top to bottom, me enjoy like an ant,
your love energizes my heart to beat strong every moment, your caress
soothes my soul; your love is your grace that blesses me always, your
love flows like the stream in me, flows out and down to the sick and poor.
I see you in them pleading for help, I see the blood stained cross always
you are the treasure in my heart, the treasure to be kept till my end.

MY JOY

Soothing effect of Heaven falls on heart to beat strong,
uncertainties that stand before me, dissolve when rays
fall from above, then the little Stars in the sky smile at me,
the beams from Moon lit my interior with flame of divine
love, light my soul with the joy that spreads to my heart,
the divine feel fills in me with great thought that nothing is
superior to your blessings and that is enough for me to creep
on Earth, to surpass all hurdles before me and to spread your
love to everyone I come across, to tell my joy to the one in
pain, spread good news to every nook and corner in darkness.

THE SILENT NIGHT...

The dew drips down on the court yard of my home
I saw through the window, the moon in full beauty
peeping at me with shyness, covered its face by the
fleeting cloud, her face is beaming, the tears of joy
fall down in the chilly night as pearls of dew, that
is crystal like, transparent, spotless, falls on my heart
when I am in meditation thinking of her, it evoked
ticklish thought in me that in romance, aroused me
from concentration, and embraced me with her golden
beam, which covered me in full that me too become
a golden beauty like her, the dirt all in me washed off
by the dripping dew, my soul is cooled, me in a state
of exuberance, my body turned gold in the beam,
my body is gone, the soul, the golden beauty fly to
abode with her and both of us dissolved in the beam
and made the silent night looking golden, a paradise.

POETRY

Poetry is the feel of soul
written by heart
on page of imagination.

THE POETRY IN ME...

The soul feels in a misty way, heart perceives
the soul and the heart synchronize, each knows
its language that fuse to form the thought, too
harmonious and delicate that it drizzles as vapor
of tranquility, sweeps as breeze in my heart again
the heart pumps blood fast, it oozes out too, the
love and the joy mixes, the grief, despair, anguish
too appear at times, they spontaneously sprout out
of heart, heart writes on the page of imagination.

YOU ONLY

In a dream I find you at the centre looking at me with shyness, me looked down, but your eyes fixed at me but I moved away to the horizon of love and disappeared but your figure haunts my heart every day and me drawn to you every night but you were not seen any time, any night, your figure with grace appears in my heart every day, every night, you are visualized more vividly than seeing directly, you follow me everywhere that me tied with you by unbreakable chain, I can't escape from you the love flows in me and you, it is transparent like the mirror that hangs on wall of my home and I see you in it every moment, you only conquer me.

WITHOUT YOU

...

Move on through the fire, over hills, over the mountain
my mind passes, the lake in between, it toils hard to scale
height over it, blood turns vapor, I see you that day for
fraction of a second, at the height of my vision, me paused
for a moment, looked at you with my heart, my task becomes
easy and I start flying with the wings of your grace, your shadow
follows me, and I smoothly fly over to the horizon of tranquility
your presence softens my mind and me too become a person
like you, your shadow carries me and I cannot live without you.

THE MIND

Mind, the most complex one, greatest treasure, the success in life is to tame it to be controlled, the most difficult task to accomplish, once done it is the great success on Earth; achieve it by self dissection of mind, passions dissected out by strong faith in God, the hard mind becomes soft, it comes under control and the life becomes heavenly to achieve the will to withstand the adversity and at peace tranquil and to enjoy the happiness; the sorrow turns to joy, despair turns to success everlasting.

WORD...

Divinity freezes, love intermingles, the word is formed in the beginning, it is Godly, no it is God, the Universe is made by it, filled by it, it forms the heart, it forms the soul, it flows like a stream in every heart, it is powerful and at the same time tender, rains everywhere and sprays to infinity; it is powerful than knife, it heals, it loves, it speaks, it writes, and it sings poems of beauty that soothes every tiring heart and it pleads to God. the prayer reaches God and He showers blessings, word is the truth, the righteousness, it protects and it guides.

MELODY IN ME

My heart sings beauty in its beats, the rhythm is harmonious
the music from it rains in my soul, wets my brain and it flows
down to my body, the synchrony caresses my interior that it
evaporates to mist and fills in me; I sit dazed to hear melody
that is too sweet to be relished and my soul flies in the horizon
of sweetness, my whole body twitches and craves for the music
of interior that soothes every filament of me, my heart becomes
strong, the music drives out the dirt in me and I become spotless
to sing in silence the glory of the great soul and the love of God.

THE MUSHROOM

It arises on soil in a day or two, the small white umbrella,
like the desires bear its wings, float in the horizon of hope
disappears soon, the butterfly so beautiful flies and falls
from the existence, the day dream appears and goes,
lilies live for few days and then vanish, all flowers like it
perishes soon; all beauties grow little and fade, all mortals
come and go, Mushroom lives for few days, the beauty
glitters, enlightens man for food and vanish; live for few
days only but glitter and be useful to others, than living
a number of years but a waste, his whole life on earth.
The sweetness of golden life doesn't fade in heart, it lives
in heart, doesn't vanish, lives as a soul in memory forever.

ETERNAL PEACE

The one, man aspires for, the world craves for,
the one before you like a mirage, the moment
you reach it, it escapes by a whisker, the greatest
gift by God was spoiled by the misdeed of man.
The world is turbulent, highly inflammable, might
explode any moment, peace is miles and miles
away, it is a dream only; it cannot be bought by
money as it comes spontaneously in the mind.
When God enters heart, the passion all vanish,
a new dawn begins, a heart without excessive
passion for the world and worldly, as God wipes
out all dirt, washes heart with divinity, heart becomes
pure and holy and it is filled with eternal peace.

DAYDREAM

The glass ends in nothingness after drinking,
a big zero after thinking of myself, spirituality
ends in nothingness, human body ends in dust,
the earth perishes, the wealth is mortal, the day-
dreams fade soon leaving nothing in memory, the
Alzheimer forgets everything soon; everything on
Earth perishes, the Universe too perishable, but the
immortal is God and Godly, lives forever, the morals,
the memory, the soul, the eternity are too immortal,
live not like the daydream but live to become immortal.

TRUE HEART...

True to heart, true to soul, is transparency of mind,
like a mirror it is spotless, others can see the image
tranquility flows in like a stream in the thick woods
the hum it makes sweetens every heart as love flows.
The bond with everyone is so smooth that no block
anywhere; heart is open, soul is open; and Heaven
opens, its joyous tears flow into it, but heart doesn't swell,
soul doesn't swell, but it shrinks, emits out to everyone.
Frankness mingled with sincerity and mercy form the
outer cover of heart while love and the truth fill in
the interior and it opens and flows to others to share.

WARMTH

Life soaked in dampness that spoils the freshness of it,
the flute doesn't play, no music comes from it, the blood
is stained, heart doesn't pump, it becomes vacant, it is
in darkness, as no light falls on it, the stream is blocked, water
becomes stagnant, microorganisms grow there, water becomes
dirty filthy, emits foul smell; Sun starts rising in the east, the rays
pass through cleft in hills, fall on the darkness, dry the dampness,
decompose the dirt to manure, that is sprayed at the bottom of
trees that grow merrily, life becomes anew in light that warms.

TIME...

The true friend always with me in my thick and thin
You never have any complaint with me, you never
get angry, never become envious, always give advice
to be like you, calm and cool, never get excited; you
are philosopher and guide and me learned a lot from you.
The other companion of me is my shadow which runs
away from me when light comes but you never leave me
you are with me in sleep guarding me and wake me up
in the morn; you never go in front of me or never go
behind me, you go with me, we are one and the same

RESURRECTION

The one lived on Earth with righteousness is born again
his body is gone forever, that will not come back for sure,
what is the value of the body which is perishable, the
lifeless body putrefies after few days and it dissolves in soil.
Does anyone like the dead body come back, no is the answer
but the pure soul lives in hearts forever, its memory sweetens,
it is the resurrection, not the person in total comes back on Earth,
but the world doesn't know it, what a pity, what to do, realize it now
be happy, your dear ones resurrect in your hearts as sweet memory
they won't leave you any time, what a joy, what else you need
the one with wicked life won't resurrect as his memory fades soon.

TRANQUILITY ON EARTH

The crystal is so transparent, I can see you through it
it is spotless, not at all stained anywhere, it is shining,
glitters when Sun rays fall on it, purity is its core as the
thick cut glass haunts every heart that it doesn't fade
in memory; human life was like it in the beginning
with all blessings of God, but dirt started spilling over
the crystal and it got ruined by the continuous deposit
of stains on it; the process continued for generations
the crystal becomes opaque and light doesn't pass through,
it becomes shabby; human mind is the crystal and it
is stained by the dirt, the stain to be removed by the washer,
the faith in God, the passion all disappear one by one,
the heart becomes transparent and tranquility flows in.

MY PLEA

Heart is broken, soul is torn, one looks at the sky
the plea goes to Heaven as lightning, the sky opens
it rains, wets the land, wets the trees and wets the hearts
the heart becomes joyous, pumps blood fast, it flows to
every nook and corner of body, lighting every fragment
of soul; there is a God who hears the prayer of the most
sinful, mediator not needed; what prayer needs is utmost
concentration, otherwise it doesn't reach Heaven, prayer
not connected, it fades like day dream, the prayer becomes
futile; the most effective prayer, the mind fixed at its center,
the site where God communicates, you plead and God hears.

DIFFERENT LOVE...

The misty feeling springs out of heart that conquers heart, subdued, emits a spark that marks a new era, filled with honey to sweeten the heart and the soul, to be relished for long; the love with purity was seen in the beginning that is a history today, the world now knows more a love, the body-love, the lovers do not know anything beyond that, it is the greed of mind that is fake, the world is inclined more to this love which is perishable; the true love is the love of the soul where the soul loves the soul only, the physical presence is not needed, the body-love may be a reflection of it, that need not be there, the love doesn't seek any reward, it doesn't swell, it forgives, it thinks of righteousness only, it doesn't perish, it is everlasting, it can turn to agape; divine is the love through God, you find out God, get the love from God and pour that love to others, it is eternal, world exists on this love.

SOUL MATE...

The full realization of God results in soul mate on Earth that is you find human being in place of God, divine love flows between them as an ocean, soul to soul loves, adores one can depend on the other, true bond of divinity built. Compatibility in perfection, good virtues, seen in each other the physical presence not needed, selflessness rules, divinity intensifies as days pass on, they see God in each other, each grows on the love of the other, prays for the other helps each other, body does not come in picture as they are spiritually high above the body, the love may end in sacrifice for the other, as soul lives in eternity after death.

HIS GRACE

The invisible, but felt by perception that soothes my soul
it is the unseen reality that the blessings flow to me undetected
sweetens my heart, sweeter than honey, what Jesus sends to me.
It guards me when I am in sleep, guides me when I am in deep trouble
its one caress on me is more than decades of love, its love is purer than
snow, it is felt more by opened internal senses, it stabilizes my moving
heart, strengthened my body, healed my torn soul, makes me fly over
the hurdles before me, the blessings fill the defects in me, it flows to my
family too, it gifts every one with contentment and peace of mind, it inspires
me to make new innovations, to write, the truth is, but for it, me a big zero.

THE BREATH...

The air that God blew into man's nostrils, the breath man breathes makes him alive, is the spirit of God that encircles in the entire body, the sign of life that embraces man to make him perfect, is the breeze that sweeps across the trees, its leaves flutter in rhythm like the heart beats to pump blood that carries the breath of oxygen from top to bottom of body, to nourish every part that grows steadily and merrily till the body decays and dissolves in the soil; but the breath passes to generations, the spirit of God filters the dirt in man, the lungs filters the breath, the dirt removed as carbon dioxide that passes out of man to the atmosphere, it enriches the plants and trees to grow and the nature becomes perfect. Breath of man is spirit of God that rains, nourishes man and the nature.

ROSE PETALS

The sweetness of my heart falls on you, searched you
In the thick woods, to be seen on the soil, fallen with
the dew, so fragrant, the rose on the plant is no more
you all fall down as the wind blew you down, you are
scattered on the ground, decorated the soil with the
beauty of you, and send fragrance everywhere, me
picked you one by one from the ground, still you look
more beautiful and fragrant that tears drip from my
eyes fall on you, wet you, but still you look very sweet,
my heart twitched a moment that you disappear soon,
but you live in my heart, leaving honey to sweeten me.

HONEY DRIPPING

My heart craves for sweetness, when I eat sour fruit
the bitterness vanishes and sweetness appears when
my heart looks at the sky, dew sweet falls on my heart
me looked at the sky again, Heaven opens, tears of joy
fall on me, it is honey dripping on my heart, soothes my
soul, my aches all disappear, so soothing now the pain
me I had, the sufferings all vanish soon, may be it there,
a wonder, me don't feel it, the honey is balm, heals the
ailment, body mind and soul have, me sweetened forever.

TEARS OF JOY

My heart is broken but me smiles, no grief, no despair
my heart too smiles, joy fills in, Jesus takes over my pain
he is hurt, not me, he keeps me with tears of joy, He is with
me always, guides me, consoles me, keeps me in His palm
what a relief when someone shares fully my pain, it is the
real happiness, me enjoys his deep love; He stands like a
rock behind me, what else me need, how me to compensate
His great love; me realize that the best way is to pass on the
love to others and offer them my happiness and tears of joy.

MAN TO LOOK AT

Man to look at the Heaven on Earth, if not the tranquility on Earth that is before you, you learn a lot from that, the ideal place where your heart and soul to live, if not visit the place, have look at the pictures or video, the bottom of the sea, that mesmerizes your heart and soul, where the tranquility flows in, the stillness with perfection, the eternity continues at the bottom, not above, the infinity in stillness. The reef, the coral with mesmerizing beauty with different colors, the fish with indescribable beauty and shape, a feast to the eyes and brain, the water is transparent, no dirt anywhere; it is the same Heaven, one sees with his internal senses that God created the Earth a Heaven, but man spoiled it with the dirt in his heart, spoiled himself, spoiled nature but he cannot go to the bottom of the sea, the God's wonder is preserved, the paradise on Earth far away from wickedness of man.

THE SPACE

When Astronaut goes out of the gravity of Earth he lands on an airless space where no gravity of Earth felt and he along with the space ship float there the space is the place where all planets are planted by God, the planets are a mystery, the great wonder of God, the space is never-ending, no dirt anywhere it is the part of the eternity which fills entire Universe, it is the creation of God, It is Godly, much beyond the comprehension of man; same is the self- dissection of human mind by the scalpel of faith in God, the excessive passion for the world is removed spiritually the body is gone, the soul lives, internal sense is opened and a space of vacuum is reached where the soul floats; it is same space where planets float, the eternity of God.

THE IMAGE

For every action there is an equal reaction
likewise for every factor there is an image
of it, which is faint and subtle too often,
it is rather a reflection of it; for every thought
there is an image that passes through mind
at a later time, retained at the bottom of
subconscious mind and when it becomes
mature the image rises to the top of mind
and sprout out; for a sound the image is its
echo, poetry is the image of the feeling or
thought, the image is the cream, the essence,
so delicate it soothes mind and soul, but
it remains undetected for many, the image
is the soul of every factor man to face with.

THE ESSENCE

Don't go by the diversity of thought, let not it hit your mind,
sway from it, wait for long, the essence of it rises in mind,
build a castle by the essence and live in that, you go by the truth
only, not by the periphery of thought, the essence is the gold
and the thought is the mine from there the yellow metal comes
out, the thought may be soft gentle or may it be hard to digest;
by keeping away from the thought for long, the hardness of it
won't hurt you directly, the heart won't break, the mind won't
get tensed, you share the thought to God by doing so, then God
gives the answer, that is the essence; the essence lives in mind,
nourished by God, it grows and becomes mature and then it rains.

SMOOTHNESS OF MIND

Love is honey that is painted on the wall of mind
mind is soaked with honey, the wall becomes
smooth and the hardness of mind becomes soft;
the mind not soaked with love will be hard and tough
the hardness is the excessive passion for the world,
the mind soaked in love, is flexible and it can be
elongated to any direction, it can face any adversity
but hard mind doesn't yield, it fumes and then breaks
it cannot accommodate the love that flows to it,
selfishness is the core, it cannot love as there is no
love in it, only words but no deeds, he loves himself
and loves his only, no moisture inside, as love is God.

ROSES BLOOM

The flower of love flies into my heart, the sweetness dissolves in my soul, draws me to the bank of stream in solitude, touches my mind with intense concentration, to look in to the interior of the horizon of divinity where hundreds of roses open the petals and glow with light of brightness, sends fragrance to mesmerize my brain and give the vision of love of God to me; you and me kiss the blooming flowers one by one, touch them by heart, weep with tears of joy, that wet our soul to bend before the brightness lightened in us with glory, forever.

THE UNITY

Me cooled by the breeze that carries your love
my heart bears the smell of you, so fragrant it is
but it fumes into the cascade of the dreams that
subdue me to the wide divine feelings of purity
and me sway gently to the path towards eternity
me floating there holding on your hand, lifted you
up with an open heart that blends with yours, the
unity makes us live in solitude where our love turns
to divinity and we see our soul together, we enjoy
the love mixed with sacredness that blesses our
togetherness so firm and we move slowly to infinity.

SEE YOU

Me in the sanctity of loneliness, living in the shadow of solitude,
you are far away in the midst of the mist that shadows my eyes
but see you with heart so vividly, that you seek the candle that
lights the place of shadows, where both of us reach in stillness
the light of hope draws us forward to infinity where you come
as rain, me without umbrella greet you with thumping heart, the
blood in me vapors to touch your soul with purity and we move
to that abode as hope to look at far with dreams that won't fade
but one thing for certain that we can't live in the solitude for long.

TEAR-FLOWERS

The dew drips from eyes, is the essence of the grief or joy, we have the pearls fall down one after other, the water is so transparent that it is the sign of purity that flows from the grieved heart or heart with joy, it is an outlet, the intense grief or joy outflow from heart, the gift of God to wet the heat that fumes in heat to break it, but the tear-flowers wet it, wet the soul to be cooled, the mind and soul go to a flowery garden where all flowers in different colours, send fragrance to me and me relieved of all sorrows and feelings, tears wet the burning heart, wet the torn mind, to the consolation and remedy for the big problem we are facing and we drawn through the thorny path towards God.

WORLDLY PASSION

The excessive passion for the world and worldly ruin man inch by inch, he becomes a corpse, dumped in the dirt, there is no light in him, he is pulled here and there by the wild horses, his mind is torn and he is doomed forever, it is the plight of the world. Now, poems are written mainly on the passion for the world and worldly, very few written on above, will it serve anything good, the truth to be seen. the passion dies but the truth lives, the truth to be gained, it is the aim of life, let the immortal live.

SPIRITUAL LIFE

Is there a world within the world, it is the question yes, is the answer, it is invisible to the naked eyes but visible to the inner eyes, a life with God only, not with the worldly passion, life is God centered, a journey on the thorny path towards God, the life full of grief and misery, numerous hurdles before, win over them by firm faith in God, when the hurdles disappear, the passion for world dissolves to nothing, the internal senses open, you see through it, the body is spiritually gone, the soul lives, and it floats in the new world, a vacuum, living with God.

HEALING OF THE SOUL

Soul and body combines to form human being
body is perishable, but soul is non perishable
the body decays while the soul lives forever
soul is to guide and control man, but the soul is
inert and inactive to do that; soul is immobilized
by the worldly passion that surrounds it completely
soul is in the prison of passion, it is very much grieved
and is weeping, it is the ailment of soul for which no
medical treatment; strong faith in God is the answer,
with it passion all dissolve to nothing and soul is set
free, it is healing of the soul which any one can have.
Science doesn't know what the soul is and where it is,
hence medical treatment is incomplete, it heals the
body, not the soul, treatment becomes complete when
healing of the soul, is combined with medical science.

THE VISION...

Seen by the eyes, the vision for living on Earth, is the vision that guides us to be followed till our end on Earth the vision on earth is perceived and transmitted to the brain to be recognized but the vision of unknown is the truth perceived by the internal sense that opens, the passion for the world removed by firm faith in God, the light glows in the interior to be lightened and drawn to the eternity.

COMMUNICATION...

The utterance of tongue too much weakens the cause spoils your mind, spoils your heart, and weakens you but, for your two eyes, you have two eyes internally, you have two ears inside for your two ears, you have another two noses, a tongue and skin for your senses outside, the internal senses covered by worldly passion; when it is removed by immutable faith in God, senses deep open, you see, hear, smell and taste by it, you build new world, you use internal senses to communicate with God and what you communicate with world is a reflection.

TUNE OF MELODY...

The interior of my heart sings, the rhymes so melodious
it comes from the inner romance for the unknown, that
cannot be picked by naked ears, but perceived by the
internal sense that sweetens my mind to sing with heart.
My love for the unknown sphere of life, my soul, too
delicate, visualized by me with opened internal sense,
floats in rhythm with the tune of the melody, heart sings
body twitches with sweetness, nature dances and it rains.

HOLD A HAND

The darkness of world is the starvation that engulfs a section of the population who fight for a fraction of bread, the saddest event in human life, the curse, the big exploitation explodes, the weak becomes the poor, the strong becomes rich, the exploitation still continues, the poor becomes poorer, the rich becomes richer, the economic philosophy of today. The skeletons begging, the children and infants drained, the most agonizing sight makes me heartbroken and me everyday pray for them, for their safety, for health, for nourishment; here the rich travels by their private jets , the poor looks at Heaven for food, an idea dawned in me, poverty eradicated completely, rich giving up their luxury, contribute that part, the rich nations set apart a part of the revenue, to fill the stomach of the poor. Let us make a strong movement by sharing a hand, hold a hand and see humanity in unity, in fighting and eradicating poverty.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

The most loving, the most caring, me relish everyday the spirit of Jesus, that caresses me even in my sleep the love unparalleled, me most lucky to have it in me seen it, tasted it, cherished it every day, blissful feel me grow steadily spiritually to the realization that I am nothing, everything Him only, it is the pinnacle of my learning and me on the lap of Jesus, me see with my eyes deep in me; me dissected my mind for decades, the passion for world removed one by one spiritually, the body gone, the soul is the spirit of Jesus that is my true companion, me float in eternity leaving everything of me on the Earth.

YOUR GLORY...

Me the instrument of you, you dictate, me write
you tell the truth, me copy that, it is what happens.
Me a zero, you fill in me, me bloat, but not burst
without you, me a corpse, useless one on the Earth
your glory glows in my heart, lights in the darkness
that spreads in my body and soul, honey drips from
you, into my soul that falls on my heart, your love,
a stream flows on the barren land in me, your mercy
keeps me safe in your palm, your faithfulness always
mesmerizes my brain, you walk in front and me to
follow you, it is my duty on earth, everything free
to me; me a tiny dew, dissolves in you in the eternity.

IS GOD UNKIND...

Man is confused to see that believers of God face tribulation many, while atheists live pleasant life with all luxuries on earth some may even ask, is there God, is He blind, is He deaf, very cruel many find it difficult to give answer to it, only very few know it.

The life on earth is the perishable one, while the spiritual life eternal God is connected with spiritual life, not with worldly life; worldly life is a trial life for entry to eternity; worldly life is full with tribulation which is the process of purification for the life with God in eternity The sufferings on earth is nothing for a believer as he believes, it is the forerunner of the great joy awaiting him; for the ardent believer the life on Earth is nothing, but the eternal life is everything for him.

THE GREAT HUG...

The essence of love is the divinity it carries
the stream that flows spread the fragrance
the tranquility it brings in the wounded heart
love soothes, it heals, it melts the hard hearts
it powers the togetherness to move forward
and forward in the march to the greatness of
divinity that energizes the stream to flow on
the rocky land, melts the rocks to fine particles.
The stream flows down on the hilly region to the
huts, joins the broken chain, soothes the torn soul.

INNER SELF

One is confused to realize what is his inner self the inner self is his conscience, the soul in him, the God in him; the soul or the conscience is to control him, but its command is obstructed by the excessive worldly passion, pressing on the soul soul is confined, immobilized inside the worldly passion, no medicine on Earth can release the soul, only immutable faith in God releases soul from the confinement, the soul is set free and it controls and guides man; the inner self is the soul of man.

TEMPEST

The wild fury of the devil strikes, the wind causes havoc
the earth shakes, darkness everywhere, terror and horror
conquer me, my heart wavers, my hands tremble, I am blind
to see what happens, me in my home hid under the coat
and lay on the floor, helpless plea came out of me, flew
to Heaven, me slept there for long, Heaven opens, God
comes out, raises His hands, me saw it in a vision, the darkness
disappears, Sun peeps through the dark clouds, Sun rays fall
on me, me open eyes, everything calm, me looked above, God is
still there waving His hands and tells me " I am with you always".

BOLDNESS

The boldness planted in the spirit and mind of man to withstand the adversity he faces, wins over the hurdles in row before, man can possess it, if he wishes. The devil gives courage, the worldly passion conquers man, he succumbed to it, the devil rules and it guides man to do evil deeds and man becomes destructive to the Earth, no one can tame him, control him, he spoils the world and spoils himself; the man who surrenders to God and trust in Him, too becomes bold and courageous as he believes, God in him acts, shares all burden of him, man becomes very courageous in life.

EARTHQUAKE

The disaster hit the city very badly, people run away from homes to the fields, every one panicky, lost homes, lost relatives, many buried in soil, the rich and the poor alike the high class and the low class run for life, the rich under the soil, taken out to life by the poor, the haters help each other, the companions separated and they cannot be traced. When God blows a little, all are one and the same, wealth is lost, colour is the same, beauty the same, the enemy helps, the lover runs away for safety, the mansion and the hut turn to dust; still God there to soothe broken hearts, heals wounds.

WARNING TO MAN

World is stale, it smells foul
water is dirty, atmosphere polluted
heart is filthy, God weeps
God beats man, when man wounds
nature, as nature is God
Earth trembles, quakes occur
Sun sends heat, lightning strikes
cyclones beat in fury
rivers surge in spite
it is warning of God
man is blind, he is cruel
he kills nature, he kills love
the river cries for help
stream jumps for rescue
but man doesn't see it
oh! man, I mourn for you.

LOOK THROUGH GOD

The world looks different when one looks through God
no one on earth is guilty, it is the devil traps man to do the worst
devil is the worldly passion that traps the soul of man, he becomes
a slave to the devil; this is what happens today, man cannot resist
passion, the devil catches hold the neck of man and he is threatened
to obey, the one who resists it escapes, only God helps resist it; find
out God and look through God, world changes, man changes, the world
totally different to you, your approach too changes, you too look different,
you are in different sphere of life, you win over devil, you resist temptation.

FLOWERS OF SOUL

The feast of eyes on Earth is the flowers blooming
the colors, the beauty, mesmerizes every heart
the great talent of God, falls on the precious beauties
the mystery of creation is too much above human
comprehension; the sweetness and beauty fill human
mind and heart with the paradise of external senses;
while opened internal senses, see and relish the heavenly
flowers of soul, many times beautiful that you won't see
on Earth, me short of words to tell its sweetness and beauty.

BEAUTY OF SOUL...

The unseen beauty in imagination that clicked on film
the beauty of unknown is very high as it not exposed to
the dirt of earth, the lifeless beautiful human body putrefied
and disfigured after few days, the most beautiful flower
fallen decays after few days, it is the fate of beauty on
Earth; but the soul, where body is gone, glitters forever,
its beauty intensifies day by day, human eyes incapable to
perceive it, it never decays, live forever, floats in eternity.

WEALTH...

Man lives worldly, very few spiritual
man runs after the world to grab more
and more, not contented with what he got
runs again and again till his end; what
has he gained, nothing, no peace of mind
ever he got, mind is always on the run.
God knows, what man needs, He gives
it, the excess man grabs, gives him
worry only, but man doesn't know it
he goes to the grave with empty hands
what left with is the torn mind and heart.
The gain in the world is spiritual growth
which approximates one with God, the
life is the journey towards the destiny; find
out God, the aim for which man is born.

HOW DID I FIND OUT JESUS

I found out Jesus one day in my darkness,
found out myself without anyone's help
me not satisfied with what others say or preach
felt doomed in life unless me find out Him
me focused on one point, that is to see Him myself
me surrendered to him completely, repented for
the dirt in me, my faith in him feeble in the beginning
me passed through tribulation one after another
in row before, my faith in Jesus came for my
my rescue, me didn't fall as held on it too tight,
me realized fully, the tribulation was to purify me
me knew it a tiny fraction the agony Jesus bore
on cross, me came to the realization, me with Him;
the faith intensified with my jump over each
hurdle, it became a rope, quite unbreakable, the
passion in me for the world and worldly vanishes
one after another when my faith in Jesus became
strong; the internal sense in me opened, me use
it only, my body gone spiritually, my soul lives,
it floats, me relish Jesus always with Internal sense.

VIVIDNESS OF MIND

The clarity with which mind is beaming
the hue appeared vanished, with little
stain left, heart pumping fast in rhythm
the Sun rays fall through the cleft in the
hill, the darkness eludes, Sun rays kindle
hope in the ailing heart, he with the
destiny of love moves towards the sanity
of fairness that transcends the mind
to clean it and the morals to breed there
humanness fills in with the odor of the
kindness, spreads down to the bottom of him
the mind becomes vivid, Sun rays more to fall.

LIVE IN HEAVEN

Death is the spiritual separation of worldly passion from soul, the body is gone spiritually from the soul soul lives in eternity even with life on Earth; physical separation of body is like changing of the cloth, one should be joyous that the soul is set free from the bondage of body and it flies like a bird to infinity, it floats in a vacuum, in bliss and divinity, it is filamentous without any weight, living forever, unseen with naked eyes but seen with internal eyes, living with God eternally.

LOVE FLIES...

Love evaporates to the horizon of divinity
where it flies with golden wings, on the ship
of trust, it goes beyond the stars, floats in the
space and the love condenses to form two soul
that are tied with unbroken chain of faithfulness,
studded in the sky as little stars, glitter in the
silent nights, the love immortal lives there with
the angels singing and dancing with the glory
of love hanging on to Earth, the throbbing hearts
to hold on it and fly up to be studded as little stars.

FUMES FROM HEART...

The eyes glow with the intensity of love emitting outside
the light gives the feel of love that fumes from the heart
the fragrance of love spreads through the eyes to deliver,
eyes, the focus of love, glistens to draw the interior of heart
to the unity of kindness, linked with the tranquility that fills
inside of heart and it sings the melody of love that moves
past each thought that arises from the brain, to sedate me
with the desire to win over the hurdles that placed before,
the sweetness of love falls on the eyes to brighten the deep
feelings that bear the wings and fly out of the eyes to glow.

WHAT IS PEACE?

The earth is tranquil, but man disturbs it
the sky is tranquil, the Moon and the Stars,
all the creation of God are in peace forever
nature is calm, quiet, tranquility flows in
but man is disturbed, he makes Earth waver
His mind is turbulent, it is the sea with waves
moving fast, sometimes waves jump up in fury,
there is no root in the mind to keep it quiet
God is not there to guide or control the mind
Finding out God is the answer to disturbed mind
absence of God makes the human mind a hell.

IN UNITY

The solitude in its fondness, the loneliness in tranquility
the love in its pleasantness, draw my heart, my soul, to the
bank of the stream that flows gently among tiny rocks that
stand in its way, the trees on the bank greenish with leaves
sway gently in the breeze that sweeps across, the birds on
the trees sing the sweet melody and me lay on the pebbles,
look at sky, gray clouds moving, Sun is at the far end dipping,
my soul gone abode the space of tranquility, mind is fixed at
its center, concentration sticking on it, heart beats in joy, me
enjoy the bliss when soul, mind and heart, fuse to one in unity.

THE PAPER

In different colors, it pleads to be elevated to be valued as an ardent carrier of wisdom to represent the intention of the will that dares others to be with it, to possess, flourish or study, whatever it may be, to create an image of determination which is good or bad to remain as a milestone in the long run of human life, it stays for centuries without decay or disfigured, the ink in different colors, the soul of it, makes it living eternal to be kept as the precious papers or documents in the golden caskets to rule the humans with dignity and honor for the generation to come; the paper is the human skeleton, remains intact for long, when soul is written on it, as the ink on the paper, it lives fruitful life for decades, unlike ink, soul separates and it lives and floats in eternity.

THE INK

The soul is the life of the human body
the corpse resurrect when soul is infused
the ink is the soul that infuses life on paper
or the screen, it glitters on the paper as the
soul lives in the eternity, the ink carries
wisdom that flows on the paper just as
love flows in human hearts, the wisdom
is passed on to many by the ink on paper
the ink dries on the paper and forms the
food for the one hungry for wisdom and
knowledge; In the beginning was the word
which lived for years to be passed on to
generation, crossed centuries and millennium
it is the word of God, the ink to feed the
population, it infuses life in man, saves him
guides him, guards him, from evils, it instills
creativity in his mind, mold him to be human.

SOUL OF LOVE...

The love that spreads fragrance into hearts
is the soul of love that blesses it, it is the core,
it is like the water from the center of the rock,
amidst and against all hardships, it arises, like
the poetry, it spontaneously and gently outflows
from the heart to heart, from the soul to soul,
it rains continuously from morn to eve, umbrella
not needed for cover as the heart and soul love
to be wet, love to drink it and float in it and to
dissolve in it and flow like a stream among the
big rocks that stands against the flow, a long way
to the river that flows freely to the big blue water.

THE WINGS

The birds fly high up in the limitless sky
breathe the air of freedom which it did
not get in the cage, breathe easy and
enjoy the freshness of the heart and soul.

I do not have the wings, but my dreams
have the wings, me fly much above where
the birds fly, much beyond the stars, to Heaven
and then to Sun and Moon and back to Earth,
moving to different parts of the world; my
soul like the dreams moving very fast above my
thought, flying and then floating like the spaceship
in the land of paradise where it lands eternally.

THE GENTLE

The soft filamentous gentle feel arises from the depth of heart so soothing, misty, soft, it caresses my soul, the dew from Heaven falls on it, wets it, the interior of me stimulated, my heart fumes into the horizon of tranquility, where you, a wingless bird anxiously waiting for me, tears of joy dripping from your eyes and flow as a stream in the horizon of purity and my heart pumps fast the red blood in to the stream, the water becomes red and it flows with gentle pace down to the valley of sacredness where it freezes and condensed to form the cream of divinity, sprayed on our hearts.

ICE CREAM...

The honey dripping on my tongue, on my heart too
the sweetness condensed to form the riches of my
soul, that cools me with the delicious cup of bliss,
draws me to the rare moment of life to eat and
drink the cup of sweet love, dissolves in me as the
tiny particles of my desire, the love and the honey,
the rare happiness of my life, me eat ice cream only;
not the drink of grief or pain and me elude from the
sufferings, the darkness in my life, surpass it with the
sweetened heart and soul, honey flows in me forever.

FUMES

The heart full with sweetness of love, flows
like a stream at its bottom, dries when Sun rays
fall on it and fumes into sweet fragrance that
spreads in the breeze of purity, and sweeps
through the barrier of humanness to pour into the
interior of brain and it pounds into my soul and
wipes off all the darkness in me, dissolves fear
and horror that has overpowered me and fly
like a tiny bird in the horizon filled with divinity.

REPENTANCE...

Anger swallows the sea and engulfs it
there is nothing left behind but the fury.
The boat, the ship, all disappear in a second
the anger sinks in water after little and the
deep silence felt everywhere like the stillness
in the graveyard, but the water is hot, boiled
into distilled one, looks like transparent one,
it is the tears of grief falling from her eyes
left out when Sun strikes her with hot rays
fall on her and burned the water, the tears fall
in repentance, moving forward gently in silence,
she is calm and quiet when her lover strikes her.
Man in fury, filled with anger, engulfs everything
His cruel feelings multiply, God waits patiently
to see how devil traps him, but he never repents
no tears of grief fall down, but the strike will be big.

SUGAR CANE

Hard cane with sweet drink inside, intoxicates me
the hard cover masks the delicious honey inside
the difference between the hard nut and the plump
the hard world and the soft gentle world inside
nobody wants the husk but the sweet
fiber inside, the human mind is a hard rock difficult
to break, the one breaks it, is the victor in life as he
achieved the aim in life, the truth delivered to his heart;
the soul and the body, when body dissolves, the soul
is set free and it lives forever; do not be carried away by
the outer cover but move to the interior where glory awaits,
have extra patience to win over the odd, and grab the jewel inside.

THORNS OF ROSE

The gooseberry on my tongue, sour first
and then sweetness, the thorns of the rose
hurt me deeply, wounded the heart, red
blood oozes out, pain is very severe to bear,
me fainted, no medicine could heal the wound
the wound still bleeds, pain still persists
but the pain is so sweet, the sourness mixed
with the sweetness, it is the sweetest of all time
without pain the sweetness is pale and hollow
sorrow mixed with happiness, is the happiness
most, without sorrow it doesn't bear any glory.

COCONUT HUSK...

Coconut gives of the plump, bulky fleshy, it is bonny
it shrinks, strands curled, it is thrown out discarded
it is helpless, dries, thin purple, heaped on the lake
side, mud mixed, decayed, it smells foul, dead and
fragile, man strikes, it weeps tortured, crushed to jam
fibers exposed curled, mingle and waved to mat
beauty it decorates homes; man is husk decayed
dry foulsome dead, crushed and tortured, but the one
stands up with faith in God, his self is scoffed off
he bears pain, soul separates, it lives, and he glitters.

BOREWELL

The life that comes out in the most perilous land
stony rocky very hard to yield, water a dream to many
on run for it to the distant villages, thirsty crows die
all in despair, some collapse under hot sun, body dried.
The well is drilled to hundreds of feet, through the
hard stones, the rocks, very hard to be drilled, the search
for water continues; me search through my stony mind
continues, through the perilous path with faith in God
for decades, for the truth to be delivered to my heart,
not getting weary of not getting it on many attempts
at last water flows out of the rock; me too got the truth.

ROMANTIC

The fume in my heart sweeps across your mind
blows on your heart, flew to the interior,
strikes hard on the walls of your heart, piercing
it, red blood oozes out, it flows out, but clotted
it sealed the wound, the flow stopped, but the
clot fumes, it flies across my soul, me daze
with the fragrance of it, a sweet smell, that
overpowers me, me thoughtless, do not know
what to do, but the fume spreads gently to every
cell of me, intoxicates it with the honey you dripped.

REMEMBERING

The world on the turmoil of a catastrophe
as love vanished from the world even from
the dictionary, selfishness rules everywhere
Hiroshima teaches us, how dreadful is enmity
what has we gained, look at the sufferings
the love is slain, the peace is strangled
what for, it is the devil rules, not the God
world is moving to the end, the evil fills the
world, man gets enjoyment in killing, the
mightier becomes mightiest as it wants to
engulf the weak, what is wrong with everyone
the absence of God in hearts is the sole
reason, no one to guide, no one to whisper
into hearts, the evil multiplies in hearts
the righteousness disappears, worldly
passion flourishes, multiplies, nations crazy
to acquire more potent nuclear weapons
there is no end to this dreadful craze, there
is no truth in any heart, no truth in the
so called diplomacy, peace becomes a dream
the U.N.O is in the hands of the mightier
to be used for its desire; what is the solution
I pray to Jesus to look into it, save the world.

ROSY...

The rosy petals fallen on the ground, is squeezed to the rosy liquid, having the rosy smell, that haunted me with the rosy cheek that lives in my heart to be ordained in the bestowal of love that had caressed my soul to energize and stimulate my heart to sing the song of her beauty, that has mesmerized my brain to write the dictum of her glowing eyes which pierced my heart to pour out blood to paint her figure on my canvas; it tells me the story of her redeeming love for me, the color of the painting turns to tears that had fallen from her eyes to remind me the agony she had faced when she was kept in pressurized isolation from me, a wanderer, writes and paints her rosy cheek every time, to fill my heart with the rosy smell, that consoles and heals my torn heart that beats for the rosy.

THE CROSS

The wooden plank that fills the center of my heart
the blood dripping from it passes to the arteries in me
passes from top to bottom in me, energizes me to realize
the greatness of the extreme love with sacrifice, Jesus
did for me, the holy blood was shed for me only, that
realization ponder the wisdom in me that love is the
greatest, love is the answer to all maladies man faces,
love can heal all wounds, poetry is the outburst of that
holy love fuming into divine words that soothe the
soul and heart, the divine love emitted from each word
to shield the wavering world, to anchor on the holy blood
that was shed on the cross, love flows everywhere on Earth.

PLANTAIN

It is still unclear how the fruit formed on the plant,
How the sweetness formed, how some fruits are
sour, God only knows the exact mechanism, it is God's
love flowing on Earth, manifests itself as great mechanism
which man cannot comprehend, the sweetness of plantain
is God's love and when you eat natural fruit, you relish
the love of God, the love is sweet, that sweetness pass on
to your heart and soul, all plants, trees are God's creation
the love of God is relished, the love is to nourish man
the fruit is holy, it is the condensed form, God gifts man.

DOOR TO HEAVEN

Four stand on a wooden platform, two wooden planks joined at the center, if the planks drawn sideward, the big tunnel leading to the hell; the four each stands before the door each in front leading to Heaven, waiting for entry. Now the siren sounded, the description of each heard, the first, a great man, very helpful to others but does adulteration of goods secretly in his business; the second, highly religious, great banker, the prominent figure in the church but 'cut throat' in banking; the third, the public figure, very generous, acclaimed as the ideal person, but very rough and unkind to the housemaid, nobody knows it; the fourth, the scavenger in the municipality, very hard working, diligent and very sincere in work, but people look down on him; now the announcement, the fourth door only opened, the rest closed.

SILVERY LINING

...

The silvery feel in the dark thought that lights my heart
the wooden plank floating, to hold on when me sink
the silvery lining behind the dark clouds that threaten
the heart start beating after it stopped, a new hope in the
darkness, it is the incredible hands of God signing a new entry
in the perilous path ahead of me, His hands are so strong
and dependable that me hold on it and move to place of
safety, the success is waiting, never me loosen my grip on
His hands, as my faith in Him unbreakable, me to follow him.

MOTIVATION

Strived for perfection, toiled hard to satisfy own mind
me make many trials to get the consent of my mind,
the inner mind is my judge, it is too strict and firm, me
the slave of it, me do many trials to please it, sometimes
more than hundred times and even more than it, to
comply fully with the command of it, once achieved only
I am allowed to move to the next point where also me
to be par with the intention of my inner mind; me
always in agony and despair till satisfy it, it is the truth
of truth, me cannot take decision of my own as me to get
the permission of the judge in me, then me in exuberance,
what is the judge, it is me only, my inner mind, my conscience.
I reached this stage strictly by this mechanism only, the waxing
and waning, me found out, the conscience is the God in me; it
is the motivation that draws me forward and forward to infinity.

RHYME AND RHYTHM

The beauty lies in it, beauty to the heart and
and beauty to the soul, so sweet it is, it soothes
my torn soul and heals my wounded mind;
the rhythmic melody sweetens my heart and it
dances in rhythm, it rains with honey, wets
my burning soul, it sings the sweet rhymes that
mesmerizes my brain; hearing it, me jumps from
the agony that had troubled me for long, the
rhyme sweetens the nature too, it dazes in the
divine melody, it rains and dances with me.

WORLD EXISTS ON EQUILIBRIUM

To be right, there is a wrong on it
for every just, there is unjust on it
for the fragrance, there is bitter smell
for external sense, there is internal sense
for God, the devil is there; for every action
there is an equal and opposite reaction
For every factor, God has created opposite factor
for every righteousness, there is an equal evilness
man does not know, the world exists on the equilibrium
lack of wisdom to detect the two, the root of all maladies.

PET DOGS

Love vanishes in man as he decays
love dispelled in man, as he is the villain
love embarks up on man as it is fake
love is hurt and it is slain, love pleads for
help, no one is there for its rescue
but pet dogs are there to infuse love
in man, true love from its heart flows like
a sea to the heart of man, makes him feel,
he is not alone, love flows from fountain,
sprayed into the heart and soul of man,
wets it with honey and it drips on to every
cell of him, making his home contented;
let the childless parents adopt pet dogs only.

CREATION

Disgusted and depressed, he waits in room for train to come restless, body shivering, sweating profusely, heart beating fast; he to end his life under the train in half an hour, life is full with darkness, escape it his desire, talented carpenter, an orphan, made many creation but recognition eludes him the best he made was ignored in the exhibition, he cannot bear it; Postman knocked at the door, a letter from Holland, he was amazed, doesn't know anything, the childless couple on a trip to the backwater of Kerala, found a wooden piece floating on water, very beautiful creature it is, marvelous creation on wood which they loved very much, they collected it, returned to Holland, found the address of the carpenter at the bottom of the wooden piece, they want to send a big gift to the carpenter and invite him to Holland; stunned on reading the letter, the carpenter remembers, in despair, in depression, few weeks ago, he threw all his creatures in the stream nearby; He doesn't know what to do, he lay on his coat and slept peacefully.

WHAT IS DEATH?...

The myth that frightened me with the untold story of terror and horror when me a child ran away from fright to mother's lap for safety but as grown up, me rewrote the fear to happiness that the myth uncovered to the truth, me picked up, and grasped by wisdom that the so called death is a fake, it is like the changing of cloth, the physical separation the body from the soul, it is a matter of glory as the soul is set free in eternity; the real death is the spiritual separation of the worldly passion from the soul by developing unbreakable faith in God; the body means the passion for the world and worldly.

WHAT IS THE AIM IN LIFE?

Float on wealth, live in luxury, fight for power, strive to achieve fame, the way of life today is not the aim in life; achieving it, you have not gained anything, find out the Truth and live in the world within the world, is the aim in life. dissect out the excessive passion for the world and worldly in your mind by the scalpel of firm faith in God, win over the tribulation, one after another, use your opened internal sense and with it, find the soul, the eternal Truth, the soul lives in eternity forever, body spiritually separated.

THE BEAUTY OF BEAUTY...

What is it, beauty of beauty, is it the beauty extreme
how is it, how to identify it, is it detected with naked
eyes, is there any limit to it; it is something beyond,
the words cannot describe it, it cannot be detected
with the external senses, the whole concept of beauty
changed when the actual perception comes, the
interior beauty is grasped with the opened internal sense.
it much more accentuated and magnified, that the
external senses cannot grasp it, the perception of
divinity with the opened internal sense, it is the beauty
with extreme purity which the naked eyes cannot detect.

MELTING MOON

The golden beams fall on the hill side, flow like a stream over the side to the bottom, the moon kisses the hill and embraces it with her golden beauty that covers the hilltop and its sides to be a golden hill, the golden love is true, pure and holy, moon melts as her passion for the hill intensifies and she sends the beams continuously on the hill as they are in deep love, embracing each other for long, the beams covered the land too with the golden cover stretching on the Earth and blesses it with tears of joy that falls on land.

TIME HAS COME...

Time has come, man to utter the word of God
time has changed, man to be deprived of the world
time has accumulated, to abate the lost opportunities
time has come, man to realize the only word left, God
time has come, man to leave everything he held tight
he has to leave everything but the word God is with him,
everything has vanished in a second but God on his tongue
everything a failure, he realizes, but no time left to mend
the world bids Good-bye, but only one hope left to keep.

EXTREME PATIENCE...

The distance, me run on the path to destination
the pace, me ran all along the thorny path
is the endurance, me bear to expand my patience
the might with me, pulls my mind to distance
the hardness of mind gone, softness comes
that passion all dissolve to nothing in me
when my faith in God strengthens to unbreakable.

JESUS...

The essence that breeds, the crux that wades
the center that glows, the divinity that lives
is Jesus, His love flows, it ends in sacrifice
it is for others to relish, it lights them, He is
not a figure, a power living today, everywhere,
every time in everything; Jesus opened his heart
He shed His blood for me, it washes dirt in me
the sacred blood flows down like a stream
to everyone; the pain He bore, the humiliation
He suffered, for me, He died for me, the cross
stands for me and me see my image on the cross.

THE OTHER WORLD

Man thinks, everything finishes with life on Earth
but the one with immutable faith believes differently
me hope in my miseries, me rejoice in the adversity,
my mind always flies over the tribulation me face
it will never touch the trials of me, as it always above.
In the flight of mind, it has a dream, my soul separates
from my lifeless body, it flies to the other world of eternity
where there is no worry, grief or despair as my body gone
where me meet my dearest ones before Jesus, the assembly
of soul, where Jesus blesses everyone; my faith is my fort.

FLOOD...

The heart flooded with water mixed with dirt
replaces the blood that flows inside so smoothly,
the deluge of worldly passion overpowers heart
it loses its rhythm, vibrates to run so fast that it
may stop any moment, but it is infused with life
when it is shocked by a power generated, it runs
in rhythm, replaces the dirty water, blood fills in
heart and it starts running in rhythm, blood pumped
to every organ of body, it heals and cools the torn soul.

INCREDIBLE HANDS OF JESUS...

On April 15th, me published eighth poetry book
today on 13th August, me wrote 422th poem during
the past four months to be published soon; Jesus
dictates and me copy that, the incredible hands of
Jesus work, but for Him me a big zero, He is my master,
my guide, and my everything, me to follow Him only.
Whatever me treat, write and invent, are His only
not mine, it is the truth; when me sink in deep sea
His incredible hands caught hold of me, the wisdom is
His only, me indebted to Him, the full hundred percent.



HOW I PERCEIVE

DR. K. K. MATHEW

The poems of a versatile poet who breathed life and meaning to a wide variety of complex mystical, spiritual and geo-political topics. The poems of the book elucidate the poet's poetic prowess and place him in the class of some of the greatest mystical and spiritual poets in the world

Dr. Matthew K. Isaac