Life Journey

Volume one

Spiritual

Juginder Luthra

Several people and situations have played a vital role in the journey of compiling this book. Their encouragement—recognizing my rhyming words as poetry—served as a powerful catalyst, inspiring me to bring these poems together. Without their support, this collection would not have been possible. The poetry is presented across five volumes: Spiritual, *Family, Life, Laughter, and Old Age, Disease, and Death.*

My wife, Dolly, patiently listened, read the poems, and adorned them with her presence and alteration of some words. Our children—Namita, Anil, Rohini, Shiv, Rashmi, and Oliver—motivated me to complete this book. My brother, Prem Luthra, recognized my gift for writing poetry.

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I dedicate this book to our Guru Ji, our family, our parents, and our grandchildren: Amartya, Jaya, Amaya, Ilan, Arjan, and Shyam.

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How Do You Know

            Atheist

Atheist sees a fluttering leaf

Does't see what moves it

Scientist says it’s

Invisible air

And his mind believes it

He asks what moves the air

Who made it, why everywhere

Who figured its elements

Why silent at times

Why it roars in currents

“It is nature” says the scientist

Atheist believes but still wonders

Asks his inquisitive mind

What made nature and its powers

Scientist hesitates, deeply ponders

A bright light flashes, thunder roars

A voice declares “It is God”

“Prove to me, show to me,” says the atheist

He questions, doesn't believe the unseen voice

He trusts knowledge of the visible scientist

Voice whispers,"Isn't it a wonder

You believe the scientist

But not the One who

Made water, fire, earth and sky

Who made you, the scientist and air

Have faith in the Word of God

You will experience it yourself.”

Light vanishes, thunder recedes

Atheist joins the scientist in prayer

Focused on breath, minds ceased

Tears roll, heart flutters

Like leaf fluttered by the air

They can then perceive

Who makes and moves the air

God

Guests don’t enter a home without invitation

I am forever ready, only you refuse invocation

Welcome me with deep devoted heart

Veiled God will appear, reveal as your part

I wait for silent prayer and your call

Through spring, summer, winter, and fall

When will you awaken from ignorant sleep

Wasting many a life in slumber deep

No need for money or jewels to adorn

I seek your true perseverance alone

I bestow through your karmic tower

Your status, fame, money and power

A leaf can’t move without my consent

Resist greed, pride, anger and lament

Be not jealous of others who have more

Your actions decide what’s in your store

Feed me with love—I’ll feast on your stale bread

Bow at my fee— I will raise, embrace you instead

You are my spark; how can I drift away from you

Shed your ego, I’ll gladly reveal what’s true

Shed your ego, I’ll gladly reveal what’s true

Source

Seek the source from where all flows

Why hope from mere dust and clay

The Seed Word dwells in you

Which runs the universe in right way

Some are called great by wealth and gold

Some called mighty by strength they hold

Beautiful body is called lifeless frame

Without God it even loses its name

God is wealth, God is strength

God will carry you across the mirage

Seek the source from where all flows

Why hope from mere dust and clay?

Life is a fleeting gust of wind

Rises today, vanishes tomorrow

“This is mine, that is mine,” you say

They will remain— you fade away

God was always here

God will forever stay

Eternities will pass

Seek the source from

Where all flows today

Why hope from dust and clay?

Go where the treasure chest

Is always full and free

Sun, air, fire, water and tree

Abundance was here

Abundance will remain

Unless you create your own pain

Seek the source from where all flows

Why hope from mere dust and clay?

Seed Word is embedded in you

Which runs the universe in right way

Omnipresent

Everywhere I gaze, I see you

Whenever I meditate upon you

Witnessing your *Leela*, divine play

With folded hands I sing your name

I bow and prostrate to your flame

Some call you Ram

Some Hari, or Waheguru

Jesus, Allah—all are you

By any name when I call

In a moment I see you

Everywhere I gaze, I see you

Whenever I meditate upon you

Witness your divine play

I sing your praises, fold my hands

And bow down to you

Whoever receives your grace

Receives your divine embrace

Allow me to rest at your feet

I left behind the worldly race

Everywhere I gaze I see you

Whenever I meditate upon you

Witness your divine play

I sing your praises, fold my hands

And bow down to you

I carried a bundle of my sins

Brought only what I earned

Give me support, O my God

Let me return with slate cleaned

Everywhere I gaze, I see you

Whenever I meditate upon you

Witnessing your *Leela*, divine play

With folded hands I sing your name

I bow and prostrate to your flame

Self Realization

Deep darkness fills the heart

Light the lamp, awaken dawn

Close eyes, meditate and realize

Your body is a temple of Ram

Deep darkness fills the heart

Temple, mosque, gurdwara

Are all in the mind

Why wander from door to door

When the divine is in every kind

Flow in the river of breath—observe

Every cell, every particle

Is sacred home of Shri Ram

Deep darkness fills the heart

Light the lamp awakens dawn

Deep darkness fills the heart

Open Sushmana, awake Kundlini

Mind and body—threads brittle, tiny

Breathe through Pranayam and unite

With the One that is your truest self

Deep darkness fills the heart

Light the lamp, awaken dawn

Close eyes, meditate and realize

Your body is a temple of Ram

Your body is a temple of Ram

Salvation

Life ends in blink of an eye

The bird of soul will soon fly

Your family and strangers

Will soon bid goodbye

It’s a stay of couple of days

Life ends…

Childhood fades as youth arrives

Intoxicating season, flowers thrive

Death stands silent along the way

Life is fleeting—it won’t stay

Unite mind with Ram, the divine

Body will have to stay behind

Life ends…

Those you cling to were never yours

The One who is yours birth after birth

Why forget the God so near

Call with a mind pure and sincere

Life ends…

Body is a myth, wealth a fleeting mirage

Ram-shaped golden bird

Can’t be seen by mortal eye

Search not in the dust outside

But in the mind—treasures reside

Life ends…

Lust, anger, pride, and greed

Will become shackles indeed

Parents, children, spouse and friends

Won’t go with you when your journey ends

Only truthful acts and Ram’s holy name

Will walk the final path and flame

Life ends…

Know the glory of Guru and the Word

They are the reflections of God

Guru’s grace ignites the inner flame

Revealing path through the holy Name

Pray with the body and mind still

Merge with the eternal soul and His Will

Life end…

Guru has led you to meet Shri Ram

Meditate on His name night and day

Ride in Ram’s boat and pray

Cross the sea from illusion to truth

And end the cycle of death and rebirth

Life ends…

Life ends in blink of an eye

The soul, like a bird will soon fly

Your family and strangers

Will soon say goodbye

It’s a stay of couple of days

Life ends…

Ego

Let the ego die before you do

Only then you’ll feel the joy of living

See the image of God everywhere

Why wander from here to there

Same God dwells in you and me

Why different names for One entity?

Beliefs and creeds are human-made

The Real needs no titles or name

Wherever you look, it is His creation

Unveil the hidden truth in meditation

He creates, sustains, erases, and recreates

Surrender the thread of your life to the One

He governs the entire universe

Let ego have no place in human heart

Surrender your life to the Holy One

Let the ego die before you do

Only then you’ll feel the joy of living

Guest

You are a guest for mere two days

Recognize your true self

Arrived yesterday, departing tomorrow

Why carry the burden of arrogance?

You are a guest…

You are a guest in the home

It’s a temporary rest refuge

No one stays here forever

One checks in; one checks out

Seek refuge in God supreme

Meditate when awake or in dream

You are a guest…

Penny by penny, millions are amassed

Yet still poor—greed knows no bounds

Money’s poison starts the divide

Fractures relations held with pride

We all leave earth empty-handed

Why hoard the wealth not needed?

You are a guest…

Earth which created you

You’ll merge into that dust

As long as you live in this world

Doing selfless works is a must

Share grief of sufferers, their strife;

This will improve your own life

You are a guest for mere two days

Recognize your true self

Arrived yesterday, departing tomorrow

Why carry the burden of pride?

You are a guest…

Thankless

My counting skills end

When I count your blessings

Eyes cast down in shame

When I beg for even more

By chanting your name

Forgetful, lost, thankless, greedy

Again become a beggar, needy

Forgot your gifts, health and toys

Seek novel ways to seek more joy

What I gained was through my toil

What I lost, You were the one to spoil

Feel jealous, gazing at those above me

Forgot all that you bestowed upon me

I believed sufferings, disease, death

God made only for others

I thought I would live forever

Hospital, crematoriums meant for others

Then one day it strikes—

Cancer or a heart attack

I am like a bubble in the ocean

Fragile and fleeting — clearly visualize

Then I realize how much

You gave me, which I overlooked

Ignored spouse, children, siblings

Forgot health, and even You

Drank poison of money and fame

With closed eyes at life’s end,

Vivid thoughts descend

Fortunate ones, through your grace

Get wisdom early as they transcend

What?

My counting skills end

When I count your blessings

Eyes cast down in shame

When I beg for even more

By chanting your name

Y Junction

At the Y-junction in life two paths await

Why did you ignore the righteous gate?

Why did you ignore the righteous gate?

Forgot who your creator’s face

While roaming in His creation

World is a mirage, o innocent heart

Why pursue which’s sure to depart

Why ignore the righteous gate?

He who bestows light to the sun

One who runs the whole universe

From that lamp, from that power

Why did you turn your face away

Why ignore the righteous way?

At the Y junction in life, two paths await

Why did you ignore the righteous gate?

Why did you ignore the righteous gate?

Loneliness Aloneness

Know the difference between

*Loneliness* *and* *aloneness:*

In one, worries and anxieties reside;

In the other, presence of God is realized

Alone we arrive, alone we depart

Drifting in river of life from its start

We grasp at the straws in currents deep

Mistaking them for anchor we keep

In glittering life, all walk along

Dusk sets in and they are gone

Those I assumed were truly mine

Vanish as shadows leave in dark time

What we see in crowd is merely coal

Within us dwells shining diamond soul

Showing the right path for us to live

Lessons Bible, Quran, Gita freely give

The evolved ones seek no pleasure outside

Nor joy in festivals or glittering rides

Silently they merge deep with the self

Find colorful world of eternal wealth

Live in life like lotus in muddy water

Overcome surroundings with your power

Live like the sun, steady and bright

Sustaining the world with its inner light

Know the difference between

*Loneliness* *and* *aloneness:*

In one, worries and anxieties reside;

In the other, presence of God is realized



One God Many Names

I wonder— by whom or why was it done?

God broken to pieces by everyone

Each gave a name, rituals and frame

Each one claiming its spiritual flame

Some call Him Krishna, Khuda, or Ram

Others recite Allah, Jesus and Satnam

Purpose of Life

For centuries the question remains:

Why did nature create humans?

In Gita, Arjun asked Krishna the same

Today, devotees turn to Gurus by name

God made you treasure full of love

Release your sorrows to the sky above

Spread smiles to hearts in need

All are our own—no stranger indeed

For centuries the question remains:

Why did nature create humans?

Write your destiny with your own hands

Reap fruit of seeds sown in life’s land

Still your mind, let the wisdom rise

God is always with you—ever wise

With Him beside you, you’re never alone

In the journey of life—

God is your eternal companion

For centuries the question remains:

Why did nature create humans?

How Do You Know?

How do you know

If one has achieved Nirvana or touched God?

When you see the whole world as one

When you stay hungry, feed someone

How do you know?

When others are selfish, angry, rude—you forgive

When wealth and status don’t define how you live

When you see others not as body, but soul

Service to God is seen as your only goal

When you transcend the religion’s name

The Real One behind them is adored the same

How do you know?

You don’t display anger, anguish or complain

Accept health/disease, poverty/wealth as same

When you give up your time, food and home

When your smiling heart beats for others alone

That’s how you know

You know you are witnessing

Someone who has achieved Nirvana and touched God

Now you know

Family

House Number 2

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

House number 2

Risking his life in 1950

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji\*

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Lala Ji got prize—ten acres of land

Son Kundan would be doctor, a healing hand

Son, Karam would care for the land

Alas, the colors of nature and luck flipped—

Young Karam merged with God

Dream of becoming doctor faded

Kundan a farmer, gave his nod

No complaints or sorrow, only grace

Always with a smile on his face

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

House Number 2

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Couple started from Sargodha

Arrived in Khanewal

Pita Ji was twenty-two

Mata Ji mere sixteen

Pita Ji hit a sixer on the first ball

Suraj, Captain of cricket team

Arrived in the very first year

Destined to be an officer in Railways

Pride of Hindustan

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

House Number 2

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Sudesh Mahinder failed to

Cross wall of childhood

Prem Kanta Kanchan Virinder

Gave beauty to the world

Krishan Gindi Shoki

Completed the long line

Mata Pita tended the flower bed

By giving all their love

Stream of life was flowing gently

There was no news of Pakistan

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

House number 2

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Khanewal burned under hot sun

And raging fires of hatred

Far-sighted Hindus, Sikhs fled

Left behind home of centuries

Pitaji, Narang, Thakkar

Hid buds and flowers of their hearts

Found refuge in cool shade of Sabathu

Saved their lives in May 47

Found a place to rest

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

House number 2

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Everywhere— dead bodies in sight

Holi played with blood and fights

Full of chaos, fire and smoke

Saw shouting groups of killer mobs

Brothers sisters for centuries

Now blurted language of hate

We seized an abandoned house

Hurriedly left by terrified Musalman

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

House number 2

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Wherever the eyes could gaze

Tents after tents, then still more

Frightened refugees seeking a home

Across rail lines was a golden sight

A house under open skies, bathed in light

Pita Ji’s eyes noticed number 2

Here, wife, children will bloom anew

Beneath the bright sun in field of green

Mata ji pleaded, “No, for God’s sake!”

No money in pocket but heart full of grit

Fearless, he made his stride

A bold bid with hope his guide

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

House number 2

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

On bullock carts, foot, and rickshaw

Switched occupied house to our own

Three generations limped, walked, ran

Pale yellow palace welcomed caravan

Family orchards of all kinds bloomed

Diwali of 50 saw kids, trees groomed

Love, laughter, study, play, non-stop life

All safe, happy father, kids and wife

One man’s courage altered generations

Pitaji’s bid created many celebrations

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

House number 2

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

* Mata Ji—Mother

Pita Ji—Father

Lala Ji—Grandfather

First Meeting

Remember when we met first time ?

I held your soft moist trembling hand

I brushed your hair from your face with gentle fingers

Your eyes lowered as I said, “You speak so well”

A spark ignited, spread through us both

Lips trembled, heart fluttered, words lingered in the air

We sulked over trivial issues

Lost night’s sleep, peace of day

Imagined palaces, colorful schemes

Planned vibrant dreams during day

Many times wrote your name on my hand

Merged us as one making designs grand

No burden of kin to carry

No actions of the past to worry

Happy between us, no complaint

Yet, heart anxious, fear of unknown

Remember when we met first time?

Remember when we met first time?

Love

Love defies the limits of speech

Truth beyond tongue’s reach

Fragrance of flowers flows into air

A subtle smile captures the heart

Heart’s feelings stay bound

Lowered eyes quivering lips

Moist pale hands, pacing heart

Spill secrets without a sound

It seeks no wealth or famous name

It’s a grace bestowed by God

Love can’t be earned by treasure

Heart reads language of heart

No need to say, no point to hear

Love defies the limits of speech

Truth beyond tongue’s reach

Fragrance of flowers flows into air

A subtle smile captures the heart

Dance with Glee

Night and day I dance with glee

I have found my true love

My dear friend, my soul-mate

Night and day I dance with glee

Ever since I saw youth’s first light

My heart desired you with all its might

When I stumbled in life or not ready

You held my arm, made me steady

Whatever I sought from God

I received more than that

Night and day I dance with glee

Excitement stirs within my heart

Songs on my lips, a fresh start

Dreams awaken clear and bright

Flowers bloom, fragrance delight

Spring has erupted all around

Days of opening buds arrived

How can I blame the weather

Night and day I dance with glee

Night and day I dance with glee

I have found my true love

My friend and my soul-mate

Night and day I dance with glee

Feels Like I’ve Come Home

(I dedicate this poem to India, my motherland. Those who have left motherland, let’s go home.)

Here’s a refined version of your lines:

Chasing dreams, seeking prosperity, I left my land,For

Bonds once cherished slipped from my hand.

Parents, siblings, ties I broke,

In selfish pursuits, no words we spoke.

Now golden memories flood my mind,

Of love and roots I left behind.

Stepping off the plane, my heart takes flight,

Home embraces me, a long-lost light.

Let me know if this resonates or needs further refinement!Selfish seeking prosperity I left my country

For selfish gain, to seek prosperity

I abandoned my home, my family tree

Severed ties with parents and siblings

I revive those golden memories

When I step out of the plane

Feels like I’ve come home

I see my father’s shadow in immigration clerk

In covered head re-emerges mother, a spark

I look for myself in children playing carefree

Seek lost noisy childhood under the tree

Coming out of airport I see such scenes

Feels like I’ve come home

Neighbor sends no invitation

“You are here, please stay for tea

We’ll make two more *rotis*

Share *the* dinner with us too”

I hear such loving words

Feels like I’ve come home

Where elders are still respected with care

Not left alone near end of time, in despair

Where children support them with grace

Bow head, receive blessings and embrace

When I see such old traditions

Feels like I’ve come home

Neighbor may knock on the door anytime

No need for appointment, reason or rhyme

The distances between houses fade

When boundaries of walls get erased

Feels like I’ve come home

Elder men lovingly called uncles

Women are aunts, reassuring circles

Every child is a son or daughter

Where differences in relationships blur

See everyone living as one large family

Feels like I’ve come home

Sharp cries of “hot tea” echo in the train

Out come from pouch warm *pranthe,*mango pickle

Mouth waters—“Should I ask?” the thought persists

“Have couple of bites,” stranger co-traveler insists

I eat two rotis in the train

Feels like I’ve come home

Early morning, God’s songs fill the air

Loud speakers echo praises everywhere

Recite hymns of Allah, Wahe Guru and Ram

Melodious sound of Koyal wakes me from dreams

Half asleep, drowned in sweet sounds

I get caressing hugs from parents, siblings

Feels like I’ve come home

Country glows brilliant at Diwali

Bursting with seven colors at Holi

Sundar mundriye sounds fill the air at Lohri

Sisters tie threads to brothers at Rakhi

Navratre, Kanjaken, Eid, mi Dussehra’s delight

I see tapestry of festivals, joyous sight

Feels like I’ve come home

The flying kites, tangled strings in the sky

Earthen lamps on walls, roofs catch the eye

Gulli danda, piththu, sounds of marbles

Cawing of crows is welcoming noise

Drawing cold water by hand pumps near

Bathing, shivering in chills, jumping with cheer

Walking outside, these scenes I embrace

A treasure of memories, mind can’t erase

Feels like I’ve come home

Fragrant air wakes sleeping memories

Eye-watering swirls, dust from earth

Mingled with love, best wishes of parents

Fragrance of khas khas sheets

First rain spreads aroma in cool breeze

Walls of homes again washed clean

Feels like I’ve come home

Stories of mother, father

Grandparents are retold

Struggles of brothers and sisters unfold

Life’s ups and downs, a treasure to hold

As I turn pages, an open book I see

From childhood to today, it’s all part of me

Feels like I’ve come home

And then

At the separation time, spurt imprisoned tears

Thoughts of never meeting again, unspoken fears

That holding hands, tight, unwilling to let go

Gently rubbing shoulders, emotions overflow

Long love-filled hugs silently console

I ponder through dripping red tears of soul

Feels like I am leaving home

I promise myself, will soon repeat

Feels like I’ve come home

Desolate streets, no human voices remain

Strange faces, instruments I can’t explain

Don’t know neighbors as they drift apart

Many shun immigrants with hardened heart

Have lived with them for decades

Still they seem strangers

Daily, without reason bullets fly

Innocent children and grown-ups die

From such place when I return every year

A place so far, yet so near

It feels like I’ve come home

Back to my Motherland where roots are deep

Merged with my Fatherland, memories to keep

I have come back to my own home

Feels like I’ve come home

Feels like I’ve come home

Wonder Where Did I Get Stuck

(When I wrote the above poem, my brother, Prem said “Brother, I love your poem and feel happy for you. But you must have seen things, faced difficulties which made you suffer and sad. Keeping those in mind, write another poem.”

I wrote this poem over 20 years ago. Many things are still the same. However, India has improved so much now that I couldn’t write this poem today. Observing these improvements fills me with joy and pride, yet feel sad about many issues which are still unresolved.)

Dengue Typhoid and Malaria reign

A kingdom of flies, mosquitoes’ domain

More water in milk than faucet’s flow

Piles of trash in streets, king’s crown on a show

Open sewers, the heavy air stinks

Old streets remain same, as memory links

When I see ugly signs of the past

Wonder where did I get stuck

On the roads is same unruly crowd

Where trucks rule, their horns too loud

Their backside gives familiar advice—

Evil-eyed, may your face turn black

Mother Devi blesses, they proclaim

Dipper at night, OK Tata—signs are same

Children run, from trucks pull sugar cane

Feels like childhood has born again

While riding metro, I protect my pockets

When I see food, do I eat or chuck it?

Raw food guarantees tummy ache for sure

Hope don’t end up at doctor’s door

Hospitals are money-making schemes

Empty bank balance, get scary dreams

Wonder where did I get stuck

Body shivers from freezing cold

Lungs shut from dust and smoke

Thievery, robbery, rapes, crime

Heart trembles in corrupt time

Friends, to whom do I complain?

Fears of khaki uniform still remain

When I see such sad conditions

Wonder where did I get stuck

For chair’s sake, the game goes on

‘Aaya Ram Gaya Ram’—same old song

Names have changed, yet deeds persist

Corruption lingers, impossible to resist

Darkness engulfs nation’s plight

Politicians’ houses are lit bright

Law applies to common man

Politicians loot what they can

When I see new faces but old politics

Wonder where did I get stuck

To get a job, bring connections or bribe

Eat and feed others, it’s custom of the tribe

From clerk to minister, money is the key

Yet they shout slogans of ‘honesty’

‘Remove corruption’ they loudly proclaim

Decades-old schemes, play same game

Wonder where did I get stuck

While walking, if I look ahead

I slip on spit or dog’s gift instead

If I look down, a car comes too near

Each step gets wrapped in fear

When I leave home, I begin to think

Do I save myself from front or below

Wonder where did I get stuck

It is written “Donkey is peeing”

But a man is standing unseeing

Pack of dogs starts marches, no reason in sight

A scooter drives wrong way, forgets what’s right

At red light, driver zips fearlessly through

Watching strange scenes, what am I to do?

Wonder where did I get stuck

Had a confirmed ticket for train and flight

But they cancelled it, dismissed my plight

A minister demanded my seat with disdain

Leaving me suffer, endure insult and pain

A cherished journey becomes suffering

Stay in India becomes distressing

Wonder where did I get stuck

Travel to India seems endlessly long

TSA, ICE,, thrombosis, fears strong

Jet lag of seven days here and there too

Trip of two weeks turns suffering of four

When I curse misery-filled stay

Wonder where did I get stuck

Now I count days to return home

Eat salad without worry any care

Have grandchildren sit in my lap

East or west, home is best anywhere

To seek new pastures, birds made new home

Every place has flowers, thorns of its own

Beautify the path that we had chosen

Where dreams realized, tapestry of life woven

Engrossed in such thoughts, I sit on the plane

Feels like I am leaving one home,

Going to the other again

This is mine, that is mine too

No matter wherever I go

Feels like I have come home

Feels like I have come home

My Soil

It’s been fifty years since I left my land

Yet its soil seems mine, like my own hand

Earlier people called me son or brother

Now they call me Uncle, like any other

Whichever the word, it brings me delight

Their sweet voice makes everything right

The air, the scenes, the customs, the people—

All feel like mine, as if we never parted

The sweet melody of koyal’s song

Even dog’s barks feels like they belong

Hidden memories awaken my eyes

Tree shade dissipated hot summer skies

Not a *paisa* was in the pocket

Still never felt lacking or poor

A love-filled life made us need no more

It’s been fifty years since I left my land

Yet its soil seems mine, like my own hand

Our Childhood

We were eight, bicycle only one

Our happiness overflowed the rim

One knicker, a shirt, pair of slippers

They were my entire treasure

Festivals celebrated with pomp and cheer

Love filled the home— joy sincere

Mother father gave reassuring smile

Quietly they drank poison, fed us honey

Staying hungry from lack of money

Fed us pranthe with butter and ghee

From life of king and queen

They had become gypsies

Yet, put us on royal throne of dreams

From trees, it wasn’t mangoes we plucked

But the sweetness of pure nectar

The clay oven didn’t erupt hot fire

It was soft nurturing loving warmth

Not a spare paisa did we possess

Our home felt like a palace of glass

Fountains of laughter did erupt

Filled lives with carefree joy, comfort

The name was Panipat

Often, faucets without water were dry

Two hand pumps were our exercise

There were no complaints or cries

Appeared occasionally, mostly weak

Electricity played hide and seek

Hand fans, candles were our life-savers

If there was any lack we were not aware

Sometimes gulli danda, piththu

Then came cricket’s turn

Played marbles, hide n seek

Fired stones with sling shot

Didn’t care much about studies

Hardly gave it a thought

Childhood was meant for play and enjoy

A lifetime ahead for reading and writing

Kites painted colors across the sky

Flowers fruits adorned the earth

We cared little what others possessed

Our pot of joy was always full

The yard was playground during day

In mosquito nets, beneath the stars

It turned to our bedroom at night

When I open album of my heart

Pictures of priceless childhood erupt

No overwhelming sorrows, no lofty dreams

The present was enough within our means

Blessings of Swami Ji, Shakuntla

Ma, Darshi Behan Ji showered

Lucky ones get such beautiful childhood

Like fragrance in the air,

Lotus flowers bloom in mud

Lucky ones get such beautiful

childhood

Lucky ones get such beautiful

childhood

Heart Desires

My heart desires to soar and fly

To spend few moments with you nearby

Ganga of love flows night and day

Wish to come, quench my thirst away

Heart desire…

Those who have departed

Wish they were still here

I would string flowers of love

Engraved in heart, how can I forget

Mother, father, brothers, sisters

Heart desires…

Let’s recall memories of childhood

Sing old forgotten songs

Clinging to those cherished memories

I journey through life all along

Heart desires…

Beneath the veil of happiness, sorrows hide

Everyone carries their burden inside

Alone, one will stumble, get tired

I long to come, give a helping hand

Heart desires…

We are together from birth to death

Life is but a dream of four days

Come let’s fill dreams with vibrant hues

Spread flowers of joy over morning dews

Heart desires…

Heart desires to soar and fly

To spend few moments with you nearby

Ganga of love flows night and day

Wish to come, quench my thirst away

Heart desires to soar and fly

Mother

Message has come from my home

Mother’s eyes long to see me

Last spring she had whispered soft and low

“A bier will leave from the home you know.”

Message…

Fed me milk of her own body

Stayed hungry, nurtured my body

Concealed her desires, fulfilled my dreams

Never uttered a word of complaints

Love always showered from her eyes

Message…

In her heart she was anxious

Old age will descend soon

Her doctor son will be a boon

Will take care of them when in need

Her dreams shattered—

When I stepped out of the home

Message…

I cast my net for wealth and fame

Lost myself in trap of my own game

I deserted my mother and father

Shadow of time dimmed their memories

Palace of memories empty, silence deep

It’s owners departed, their dreams asleep

Message has come from my home

Mother’s eyes long to see me

Last spring she whispered soft and low

“A bier will leave from the home you know.”

Message has come from my home

Our Deck

On our deck no Brussels, no Paris, no politics, Hillary or Trump

Even wind seeks permission from hills, trees, and a rare stump

No one allowed on our deck but cool moon, bright sun warm

Hungry birds of varied hues and songs get invited to swarm

Just you and me exist, the rest live unseen on imaginary map

Floating clouds, blue sky, hills, colorful trees engulf us in their lap

Seasons bring bright flowers, floating brown leaves, swirling snow

Cycle of nature beautiful— invites one, bids farewell, lets others go

Seven billions and their problems no where for us to be seen

On our deck— lively children, grand children create many a scene

House gets shaken—calling all cousins, booby traps, bee movie, pillow fights

Soon deck is alive with bicycles, badminton, pool and Christmas lights

Into the yard, woods, creek they wander, squeal within ear shot

Heavenly hours they spend with nature, then leave us distraught

Now just you and me on our deck, reflected glow of westerly sun

A labor of love with many mistakes, glitches, hopefully well done

Urmil’s Story

Hear the long tale of a little girl

A unique sweet Nani in the whole world

Hear the long tale of a little girl

Ram was her father, Sarla her mother

A young Nandi Bhapa, her dear brother

Received endless love from Nani Nana

Eyes opened, didn’t see shadow of father

Seven days after her birth

He merged with the Ganga’s holy waters

Hear…

Played with dolls, learnt to play violin

Left Pakistan, settled in Ludhiana

Faced sugar shortage, learnt to share

In youth, got engaged with Suraj

After nine years, drank Panipat’s water

Hear…

Face like the moon, eyes like the stars

She glowed with light of her dear Suraj

First came Nishi, then Arati arrived

As she pursued B.Ed. with a drive

No crown she wore, yet Suraj called her Rani

Hear…

A heart like wax, a head like stone

Washed hair clean, dripping oil shone

Savored mangoes, loved lime pickle bite

In house number thirty

Guests arrived day and night

Amid this chatter, noise, and play

Quietly, her youth slipped away

Hear…

After leaving Jodhpur, she made Delhi her home

First Railway Colony, then Anand Vihar to roam

Bridge was her rival, second wife in jest

Badminton was the game she loved best

To help her daughters achieve their goal

She taught at Modern School— her new role

Hear…

First in the Railway Colony, then Anand Vihar to roam.

The bridge was her rival, a second wife in jest,After leaving Jodhpur, she made Delhi her home,.

Yet badminton was the game she loved best.

To ensure her daughters achieved their goals,

She became a teacher in Model School, fulfilling her role.Hear…

Then what happened Arati?

Parkinson fell in love with her

Surmil’s strength rose to fight

Her body faltered, but her spirit stayed

An inner resolve that never swayed

Love and family stood by her side

A strength no medicine could provide

At last, her suffering was undone

The battle ended, disease finally won

Hear the long tale of a little girl

A unique sweet Nani in the whole world

Hear the long tale of a little girl

(This tribute to Urmil Bhabi was written with help from Arati)

Tribute To Prem Luthra

Old bones now brittle, frail and worn

Joints which served me well, now torn

My heart kept me alive, though tired now

Breath once a roar, is soft whisper now

Old bones, brittle and frail,

Joints stiffen, start to fail.

The heart, after its endless beat,

Grows weary, skips its steady feat.

Breath now pauses, short and thin,

Life’s fire fading from within.

Scorched beneath life’s blazing sun,

Soft flesh burned, strength undone.

Limbs weaken, struggle to rise,

Purpose lost beneath dim skies.

From deep within, exhaustion seeps,

A tired soul that barely sleeps.Struggled in sun of life Soft body is scorched

Body is weak, too tired to stand

I search for purpose, see none at hand

No strength left to help or give

Inside ou I struggle to live to disband

Cancer has made me its home

Sneaked in like a thief unknown

I tried all medicines and prayers

Yet victory I could not declare

Two swords can’t fit in a single sheath

Enemies can’t cohabit in peace

I fought fiercely on the battle ground

Yet the killer foe remained unbound

Now the heart longs for eternal sleep

Never wake up from one so deep

I don’t fear my own demise

Hope I don’t burden others’ lives

I don't grieve for my own departure

But fear watching you hide and cry

Cruel world may call you bad omen

Helpless, carrying burden all alone

At times I wish to live a bit longer

Never content being with my own

Wish I could stay with you a bit more

Hug you close, express my love more

“Will meet tomorrow—what’s the rush”

Wish such thoughts had been hushed

Wish I had courage to embrace life more

Had not caused grief to those I cared

Not panicked in problems or despair

My name, my identity, my soul is love

I wish I’d shown more to ones I loved

Had embraced the world with more care

Had kept less and spread more to share

We are relatives, friends for a few days

Like guests who come and go their ways

Today I lie on a bed of flowers

Tomorrow my identity—a photo on the wall

Seen by loved ones silently for hours

Days are long, but life is brief

Each moment long, especially in grief

Yet, this all in a few moments slips away

A few short breaths—then no more day

Only yesterday, I was child, then youth

Today I say goodbye to the world

They’ll speak of me for a few days

Then on a paper or in some heart’s place

I stay drowned in thoughts so deep

I can’t express with my mouth, nor speak

Let my thoughts vanish with me

No one will fathom, nor try to see

Those who do, I tell them with eyes

I must have done something right

When I see love all around, shining bright

What I gave to others, see it coming back

So many come to just convey thanks

Some come to say last goodbye

I see some dying inside with me

Knead flour with tears—then the roti burns

Make for two—eat alone as silence returns

My eyes well up when I imagine your life

To protect you I push close door of death

What do I do? as I draw last breath

To this day no one has triumphed over death

We had joyous fifty five years

With that thought

Eat my share of food, spread my love too

Till yesterday we were co-travelers

Now all the time I am in you

Not body, but soul is always with you

Stay happy in every situation

Whatever days you are granted

Spend them laughing

This is my prayer, plea to Ram

I completed my innings of life

Scored as many runs as destined

If score meant number of joys spread

Then I scored many centuries

Some got clean bowled or caught out

I am glad I happily got run out

I am grateful for my mother and father

For Ram and Ram Sharnam’s guiding light

Shashi, Ashit, Jyoti, Disha, Tanuj, and all

My companions on this journey of life

Now, with love, I bid farewell

This is the last letter from your Prem’s

Fondly, Prem

Business Person’s Honor

I am selling goods, not my pride

I bow in respect, not from lack of self-esteem

Poor in wealth, but I’m rich in honesty

I earn through hard work, not from robbery

It’s my duty to nurture children and home

But not to endure abuse or harsh tone

Speak to me with respect and dignity

Don’t measure my worth with your money

A smile won’t lessen your wealth

A loud voice won’t raise your self-worth

Cool breeze gives comfort, not the storm

Don’t look at me with suspicion

Don’t throw money—place it in hand

I work with dignity; I am not a beggar

I am selling goods, not my pride

I bow in respect, not from lack of self-esteem

\*F G T Died

No news, no mention anywhere

Perhaps she died; she’s no longer here

For a few days her tales will ring

In noisy chants, “Zindabad” they’ll sing

 In the history of Luthra name

FGT will find its rightful fame

Read by a generations or two with grace

Yet a quiet worry—time won’t erase

Its sweetness with time may fade

Clouds cover memories, colors jade

Now meetings happen on screens and apps

Hard to leave home, endure travel’s traps

What’s app now echoes muted laughters

Gone are loud voices, raised hands—Zindabad

 Forgotten— joy of hugs and warm caress

The thrill of playing on our native land

In-Between, Teen Patti, Bridge, and Cricket

Once-cherished moments now disband

Laugh, and make others laugh too

Meet one another with a smile so true

Share the joys, the sorrows, the tears

Bridge the gaps of loving lost years

Time never stops—world keeps changing

Some good remains, but most keeps fading

All are busy in their own lives so robust

Hill of family slowly crumbles to dust

FGT drowned in the darkness of time

Forgot songs—

Heart desires to fly, come home

Spend moments with you on the swing arm in arm

Share stories of 2 Number, sweets from Bosa Ram

*Hum bekhudi mein tum* playing softly

Days and nights of togetherness—eating freely

Chilled beer beneath the shade of mango tree

Fountains of laughter erupting endlessly.

As I dig through the mines of memory

A golden stage unfolds its cast to me

Some made us weep when they left the stage

Some now struggle in heat of advancing age

Those who received the gift of the stage

Four generation are still here

Young ones can write their own page

Revive FGT for whoever can attend

Have them taste the nectar lost with age

Death—especially of one of our own

Makes heart weep for all now gone

When I think of our glorious FGT

Scenes unfold like a movie or a slide

From my lashes a few pearls glide

From my lashes a few pearls glide

\*Family Get Together

Life

Time

Time is a bird—chirping, singing, soaring, swaying

Until it folds its wings and drops—powerless

Time is a river—flowing, rising, flaunting, drowning

Only to lose even its name, as it ends in the ocean

Time is wind—breezing, shaking, roaring, shattering

Until it looses strength and fades into quiet silence

Time is voice—whispering, calming, speaking, thundering

Until its moment ends, dims into silent stillness

Time is a flower—vibrant, fragrant, colorful, blooming

Softly wilts into dusk of life, then falling

Time is breath, I claim it, call it mine today

Only for it to belong to another tomorrow

Time is bird, river, voice, flower, breath—

Merely a gust of wind

Claiming the kingdom of this moment

In ignorance, I call it mine today

Its ownership will change tomorrow

Time was here, and will remain

My existence fades into sunset’s wane

A new sun rises—fierce, hot and proud

Acts as if it were the dawn of time

Time or Money

What is lacking in life

Is it time or is it money?

Money lost can be earned again

But time, a precious pearl, never regain

Pillars of relatives, friends and support

Are built on the foundation of time

Money is a hollow display of pride

Kinships empty without shared time

Sit together—share joy and grief

It only happens by investing time

Money is a need we all understand

Time is a treasure of diamond band

Its value’s not linked to bank balance

Love blooms by spending time

Money can buy desired objects

Not love, laughter, health or joy

Holding hands, loving glance, warm hugs

They blossom only when given time

Time is a rapid gushing stream

Unstoppable, forever on the move

Money sustains living, but is not life

Gold, wealth swallowed by river of time

We spend a lifetime hoarding money

Ignoring the transient fleeting time

Now we give money an impossible task

Ask it to prolong remaining time

Even in death, money can break bonds

Shattering sturdy wall of kin and friends

Echoes of sweet memories and fragrant time

Lovingly woven by generations yet to come

Stop and ponder

Money may give big cars, palatial homes

Yet, it accepts defeat when facing time

Happy Life

Bury yesterday’s sorrows and pain

Hold sweet memories that still remain

Embrace the new colors life spreads

Shake off yesterday’s broken threads

Some remain drowned in the past

Some learn from its mistakes at last

Steps move forward with steady stride

Eyes look only ahead—open wide

The setting sun brings the night

Swallows one day of life and light

Morning rays unveil the dawn

Awaken us with a gentle yawn

Nature, in its mysterious ways

Grants us a set number of days

Fill them with peace and joy today

Or drown in miseries of yesterday

Wipe a child’s tears, hug and hold

Lend your strength to the frail and old

Joy in giving is more than receiving

Watch the sorrows gently leaving

Desires and cravings never end

Kill one and another ascends

It’s best to keep them all at bay

Let wisdom’s flame light the way

Life

Life has brought me to a crossroad

No desires, grievance, regret’s load

Hate for others, grudges of any kind

Peaceful smile has descended in mind

Ones I carried for months with delight

Lost peace of day, restful sleep of night

Didn’t whine, bestowed body and mind

Now their support and strength I find

They ease the burden of old age plight

They are with me every day and night

I aspired to seek one flower’s grace

Received full blooming garden in it’s place

The time we have, let’s spend in cheer

With gratitude, peace and joy, far and near

Yesterday’s sorrows, mistakes now past

Shackles are finally broken—free at last

Life has brought me to a crossroad

No desires, grievance, regret’s load

Hate for others, grudges of any kind

Peaceful smile has descended in mind

﻿

Happiness is Within

Joy, peace, luck not found outside

Lotus flowers need no clean tide

With inner strength, in mud they bloom

Their vibrant hues dispel all gloom

I often shared my miseries with others

Some judged me guilty, some faked sympathy

Don’t lean on fragile outer walls for support

Joy, peace, strength are in the inner fort

If you share sorrows with others—you’ll see

Some won’t listen, other will soon flee

The rest say, “ Keep these to yourself

My house is full with grief of my own

It’s not empty to store your debris.”

If you want life to be joyous, hide your pain

Drink your tears; dry others’—expect no gain

Listen to others’ stories of woe

Help solve them, make their life grow

Light their homes with joy and delight

God will sparkle your house with light

Celebrate Diwali with God every night

Talk

True talk isn’t spoken—it’s heart to heart

The heart speaks without a doubt

The tongue masters lies and deceit

Heart reveals truth, no one can beat

I’have seen gentle hands plunge swords

And warm hugs turn to choking cords

The heart whispers prayers from afar

True talk isn’t spoken—its heart to heart

Eyes deceive with false tears they shed

Smile conceals selfishness honey-fed

Truth resides and seen only in heart

True talk isn’t spoken—its heart to heart

Bodies may be seven oceans apart

Yet heart connects instantly with heart

Thousands of miles can’t keep’m apart

Maps fade when heart talks to heart

True talk isn’t spoken—its felt in heart

Heart talks to heart in silent clips

Through trembling, unspoken lips

A book of feelings can be written in silence

True talk isn’t spoken—it’s heart’s incense

Close your eyes and watch with heart’s vision

True dialogue requires no vocal expression

True talk isn’t spoken—it’s heart to heart

It is heart to heart

New Birds

New birds, to create a new nest

They have arrived at your door

Leaving behind home of decades

Anxious, nervous, at your door

Abandoned companions and friends

Jobs, memories etched in every brick

Each tree, plant, flower planted by hand

Now all wilt and cry, unable to withstand

Shedding own and children’s memories

They have arrived at a new crossing

To create new friendships

New desires, beginning of new life

New birds to weave new nest

Have arrived at your shelter

They’ll take colors from your rainbow

And bring new hues of their own

In their fourth innings of cricket

Plan century with joy and laughter

Accept them just as they are

With hopes and dreams from afar

They have come, seeking rest

New birds to create new nest

Anxious, nervous, are at your door

Respect of Light

Respect for light truly comes

After living in the dark

Companion’s absence pierces deep

After the loved one departs

Children’s childhood— a passing cloud

Once the nest’s empty, silence grows loud

Heartache and tears veil the eye

Drown in memories of days flown by

The euphoria of lively youth

Sways for fleeting moments

It melts like wax in the flame

When old age stakes its claim

Be not proud of destructible form

Crumbles when hit by sickness storm

Mother, father mere guests now

Soon they’ll check out and go

Yet their blessings and love will stay

Flowing from photos day after day

Yesterday got burnt in life’s path

Left sweet and bitter aftermath

Fill today with joy and cheer

It’ll vanish when tomorrow’s here

Respect for light truly happens

After living in the dark

Companion’s absence pierces deep

After the loved one departs

Respect of Person

People are respected

Mostly when needed

In that moment they are

Lifted higher than God

With power and wealth, friends align

Suddenly they stand in endless line

When hard times arrive, you’ll understand

Only a few stay to hold your hand

In tough times, they often say

Even a donkey is called ‘father’

Yet, when adversity fades away

Same ‘father’ is donkey again today

A mother nurtures for nine months

Gives her all to help her child grow

Yet, in old age, she becomes a burden

Endures sarcastic bitter blows:

“They all do—what’s so special about you.”

People are respected

Mostly when needed

In that moment they are

Lifted higher than God

Old Friends

Old friends are like dried flowers

Tucked in the precious book of heart

New friends arrive in life

We play, laugh and cry—play our part

But old friends never depart.

Old memories are fragrance in the air

Unseen, yet deeply felt—always there

New friends bloom, colorful bright

Turn life to a garden full of delight

Everyone brings their unique hue

Together, we make a garland true

Necklace of friendship is our heartbeat

Bound together with a single thread

They give sunshine during the day

Brighten with moon when sky is grey

In life’s play of shade and light

Hold each other close and tight

Old friends are like dried flowers

Tucked in the precious book of heart

New friends arrive in life

We play, laugh and cry—play our part

But old friends never depart.

Fake Friends

Do a hundred things just right

Listen, obey, agree, be polite

You’ll be called a friend

But one mistake, or be misunderstood

They will crush you, forget you for good

Seeing your pockets full

They flock to you as friends

Butterflies hovering over blooming buds

They break your trust, drain you dry

Then fly over to a new prey

Leave you as strangers in a day

Those who judge you

Can never be your friends

They steal your peace

Even curse you at the end

Pick a hundred flowers

One thorn will surely pinch

Speak truth, do your part

Someone will surely flinch

How can I please them all?

In their eyes I often fail

My thoughts, actions, all I do

Gets weighed on their scale

When I need a helping hand

Fake friends smile from shore’s land

They watch me struggle and drown

They turn faces away with a yawn

Brittle threads of fake friends

Snap at the slightest jolt

They drop you like a severed kite

Drifting off, leaving you all alone

They cut you off like flowers dry

Shirk meeting you, no reason why

Change their path, avert their gaze

If they see you coming their way

Now, even the mention of

Friendship evokes fear

A storm gentler than breeze so near

A whirlpool safer than a calm river

Now I find solace in solitude

Even shadows of people intrude

Everyone lost in their own sphere

Unmoved by others live or disappear

I’m tired of wearing a fake smile

It’s time to leave, at least for a while

I’ll pray for your happiness everyday

As I turn quietly and walk away

I am thankful to you my friend

Whom I trusted till the end

You opened my eyes, made truth clear

Before it was too late in my life

Otherwise I might have spent

Misunderstanding you till my end

Backbiter

Backbiting is their duty, gossip their caste

Whisper what others said or did in the past

In your presence, they sing your praise

With words as sweets as honey’s glaze

But when you turn, say bye and leave

Use words like knives you won’t believe

A backbiter has just two sharp ears

But four loud mouths to spread the jeers

Twisting, adding to words they hear

Blurt out double or triple for many years

A snakebite may sometimes spare a life

But their venom leaves victims lifeless

We are mere mortal beings

Even God concedes defeat to them

Everyday they commit sinful deed

Spice-coated words they freely feed

Spread gossip about others to you

Fill others’ ears with gossip about you

Some friends conceal their true face

Wolves in sheep skin, move gracefully

They’re not what they claim to be

Guard yourself and wallet—tread carefully

They carry negative vibes, best to avoid

Their venom flows from what’s deep inside

Stay away from backbiter’s torrents

Heartless, don’t even spare their parents

Ghosts of Past

Ghosts of the past walk along

Dampen the joy, misery they prolong

Hundreds of days full of joy and song

Shadowed and silenced by one wrong

Forgiveness is a word alien to the blamer

Perceive whole world as enemy, defamer

Forgets many good deeds done by others

They weep, make others cry for one blunder

They forget their flaws, their own mistakes

Blame others for all their heartaches

The past has faded, its moments gone

Unlucky carry that weight, stay drowned

Knowingly or not they caused you pain

Forgive them—you break that chain

Learn from yesterday, live in the now

Where golden seeds of tomorrow grow

Ghosts of the past walk along

Dampen the joy; misery they prolong

Hundreds of days full of joy and song

Shadowed and silenced by one wrong

Morning

Some get grief by hand of cruel fate

Some seek sorrow, bring it to their gate

With precious treasures scattered at their feet

Knowingly or not, they ignore them or delete

Sun shares sunshine for all to gain

Some summon clouds with untimely rain

Now drenched in sorrow, cry in vain

Wishing for the sun to shine again

Children blessed with smiles and cheer

Fill the home with joy sincere

Yet anger, pride, greed and lust

Turns the joy to tears and dust

Some lose wealth, some grieve health

Others weep from children’s loss

Forgetting bad days soon will fade

They see only flaws in moon displayed

Forgetting their own faults and flaws

Point finger at others, use own laws

In proving themselves to be right

They snuff their own and children’s light

The fire of time burns all too fast

Turns nest to ashes, dreams don’t last

Vibrant body comes to final rest

Proud persons forget reality, fail the test

The present devours some

While others destroy the present

Opens old wounds of the past

New growing skin cannot last

Same pain will happen once more

Same injury will return, cause new sore

Haunted by the lingering memories

Swirling like ghosts of the past

New seeds of hope can’t grow or last

Why drown in past’s endless whirlpool

Wake up, live fully, don’t act like a fool

Live, laugh, love—you have one life to try

Open your eyes, enjoy the bounty nearby

The fortunate awaken just in time

By grace, they get blessings divine

They forgive and let the past be gone

Not for others—but to carry on

After long sleep if you wake up late

It is never too late to change your fate

Morning begins when you open the eyes

A new dawn brings clear blue skies

Simmering in fire

Simmering on woods of regrets

Singeing in fire, lost in thoughts

Scorched by memories’ unending flame

Burn alone till end of the game

Time once gone never returns

What is done remains, can’t be undone

Mother and father will live forever and stay

“Will sit with them tomorrow,” I would say

But alas, that tomorrow never came

Now they are memories—just a name

One by one they all departed— a signal to awake

Yet I remained oblivious to nature’s silent quake

While alive, I held grudges, as if time would wait

Silent and distant I stayed, till it was too late

Colorful youth won’t forever last

This harsh truth struck me at last

As age, diseases and death got near

Unveiled scary scene scary and clear

In the remaining time, if possible

Acknowledge your mistakes

Embrace those who love you

Quench their thirst with open arms

Hold them close the ones you hurt

Seek forgiveness with sincere heart

Forgive those who hurt you, with mind and heart

They may not change, you have done your part

Forgiveness sets you free, brings you inner peace

Let them not spoil your days and joys to release

Raw Clay Pots

Shape raw clay pots with gentle care

Handprints forever stay etched there

Innocent children are like soft clay

Molded by touch, look, words we say

Marks affect the body, intellect and mind

Gentle ones nurture joy, makes them kind

Cruel ones carve deep scars, leave a trace

A lifetime of pain and torment, hard to erase

Imprints of young age shape a world-view

Become the scale to assess events new

They use these tools to judge and believe

So watch the lens and scale youth receive

A love-filled hand converts clump to elegant pot

Creates a world—peaceful, loving, giving—like a well

Harsh hand leaves behind a crooked ugly form

Unfolds anger, addictions— foundation of hell

Shape raw clay pots with gentle care

Handprints forever stay etched there

Innocent children are like soft clay

Molded by touch, look, words we say

Children

In children's laughter, light of life I see

Shrieks like thunder, lightening set free

Laughing erupts from heart and soul

Spill pearls from lips—nature’s goal

No regrets of past, no worry of the future

In every moment, blessings of God I see

Their smiles make flowers blush and fade

Birds learn to sing, butterflies learn to fly

Small fingers grasp, tender hands touch the heart

Hard hearts melt like wax—I see callousness depart

They find joy in little things, sway and smile

Discover treasures of joy in Lego and lolly pops

Relish the mouthwatering joy of ice creams

Simple acts of walking, hopping as in dreams

They give smiles to all, hugging lovingly tight

Very fragile are these delicate dolls

Color of their face fades by harsh tone, I see

No conniving schemes, no lies or double talk

No discrimination of color, creed or caste

Entire creation painted unicolor in their eyes

No thievery, no stealing, no selfish fake trickery

Nature's true treasure in every innocent child, I see

In children's laughter, light of life I see

Shrieks like thunder, lightening set free

Laughing erupts from heart and soul

Spill pearls from lips—nature’s goal

Six Feet Distance

No one embraces, no one shakes hand

No hugs, touching feet or blessing hand

Humans get nervous facing own brand

Distance of six feet changed everything

Clothes in the closet hang abandoned

Jewelry, neck ties wonder what happened

What we lacked, now we can’t spend

Time in four walls seems to never end

Distance of six feet changed everything

Humans imprisoned within their homes

Afraid to take deep breath when not alone

Wild birds, animals roam carefree

Chirping, grazing the earth with glee

Distance of six feet changed everything

Air is clean, sky blue, moon shines bright

Dustless leaves breathe freely, feel light

Distance of six feet changed everything.

Didn’t have time to meet our own

Now plenty, but can’t meet at home

Now connect by phone, Google or Zoom

Talk across street, wave and walks resume

Distance of six feet changed everything

Joy comes from within, not from without

Finally we realized, without a doubt

We don’t need outer glitter to be happy

Life may end any moment, we realized

Distance of six feet changed everything.

Nature, to protect itself in self defense

Launched its assaults, crossing every fence

It preyed on the greedy, haughty and flawed

A strong reminder for all, how weak we are

Distance of six feet changed everything

When the pot of sins overflows

God reincarnates, as history shows

Not always in human form it appears

Sometimes veiled as a virus it comes near

It lays down its stakes, vast power it shows

The humble human prostrates and bows

Distance of six feet changed everything

Distance of six feet changed everything.

Companion

You are, therefore I am

Without you, I am alone—lonely

Enclosed within these four walls

No laughter, no wonder

No joy in watching the setting sun

Or in the first ray of dawn

Holding hands, loving, hugging

Smiling without reason

Life is with a companion—otherwise,

It’s only inhaling and exhaling of breath

Upset with a companion, tears may fall

But making up is better than being alone

Sharing life's pains and sorrows together

Is sweeter than sipping nectar alone

When companion is sick or frail

It becomes a purpose for life

Their faintest smile is better than

Boundless laughter when alone

With a companion, the world glitters

Alone, even in a crowd, come the jitters

Blessed are those, by grace of God

Who walk with those they used to play

Everything seeks a companion:

Plants, trees, birds, animals and humans alike

Alone, even a forest feels like barren desert

But with a companion the life blossoms

It becomes a festivals of joy

A festivals of joy

Robbed House

If your house must be robbed

It better be done by your near and dear

Wretched enemies will rob it anyway

I knew the tricks of my enemies

But now I see the truth of my own

I always avoided embracing the enemies

Yet breathed my last on shoulders I had known

A peaceful death—the only gift of kin

Wound goes deeper if brother stabs brother

It’s better to end life by hands I’ve known

Than live a sugar coated life, fakery of my own

The bandage on my eyes slipped by chance

The hollow wall I once leaned upon

Suddenly came crumbling down

Its bricks now material for my tomb

I am happy; even this wish

of enemies was not fulfilled

Woman

The cruel world’s eyes pierce like arrows

Every time I step out of the door

This body that gave them birth

Whose milk they drank

I cover from their shameless gaze

Forever afraid of actions of men

I keep my eyes glued to the ground

I shrink into my shawl, quicken pace

Shielding my body from whistling lips

From head to toe, every part gets scanned

Through the lust in their dark, evil eyes

They undrape me, see me bare in their mind

I hear remarks about my body

My walk, clothes, my face

The fault lies in wicked men’s lust,

Yet, I am the one who becomes Draupadi

“To get something, you have to

lose something,” I am told

A rule that applies to women alone

A path I am forced to follow

The world belongs to men

Its rules and laws made by them

I lose my image, my identity

Yet, I go out and try my luck

Silently, I walk, shrinking within

Careful to avoid their gaze

The world distorts my meaning

They label me haughty, proud

Some brush me with their filthy hands

Others touch, squeeze—front and back

Vultures consider it their right

Reducing me to a toy for their delight

The cruel world’s eyes pierce like arrows

Every time I step out of the door

This body that gave them birth

Whose milk they drank

I veil from their shameless gaze

Wish We Had Not Met

I wish we had never met

Never planted those poisonous seeds

Now, thorn-filled flowers have bloomed

Where a beautiful life was to be groomed

Darkness by day, tears through the night

Grievances and complaints always in sight

Such a harsh penalty for a single mistake

A foundation was built, destined to break

Decisions of others dried the roots—

Tree’s strong stem, otherwise, wouldn’t sway

The hungry past turned to termite infestation

Walls of the house wouldn’t crumble and decay

Money, youth, children—everything was ours

If only we had forgiven other’s mistake

No one can fight the hand of fate

Wish both had learnt to give and take

Now we are near the end of life

As I look back, my heart aches and cries

We and children need not have suffered

Tears wouldn’t have spilled from the eyes

I wish we had never met

Never planted those poisonous seeds

Now, thorn-filled flowers have bloomed

Where a beautiful life was to be groomed

Wish We Had Not Parted

I wish we had never said goodbye

I wouldn’t have to suffer alone and cry

Had you not given me infinite love

Your passing wouldn’t hurt so deep

That magic of your first sight

Eyes looked down in sheer delight

When they looked up, I forgot to blink

Hard to peel gaze from face so bright

Shadow of age has altered my body

Sunshine of memories is still fresh

Dark clouds now envelop my heart

Midday sun for me is gloomy dark

Had I not seen your loving face

I wouldn’t remember nor suffer

Each recollection brings silent tear

My heart can’t forget you, my dear

Life’s nature is to move on

Time doesn’t stop for anyone

In these remaining days, I laugh on outside

But my heart silently weeps for you inside

My open laughter feels hollow and muted

Because you are not with me

In crowded gatherings, I feel alone

Because you are not with me

All try to offer their emotional support;

Some share a few encouraging words

But they’re inaudible, falling on deaf ears

Others can’t know what filled glorious years

Your absence left a wound so deep

Happy memories in my every cell to keep

Wherever my gaze goes, I see you there

Your image etched in space everywhere

Your glance casts a gentle, cooling shadow

Reassures I am not alone, you’re with me

One hand rests on shoulder, other in my hand

Unseen, yet always, you walk beside me

If this is the cost I must bear

For all the golden memories we shared

I’ll gladly drink the poison without delay

For the joy that filled our everyday

Now tell me—what should I do?

I know you are gone; it’s painfully true

Yet my restless heart weeps through the night

Whispering softly its sorrow and plight

“I wish we had never said goodbye

I wouldn’t have to suffer alone

Had you not given me infinite love

Your passing wouldn’t hurt so deep.”

Path of Life

If you halt at every obstacle

Your goal will remain out of reach

Fearful of thorns in the path of life

You won’t gather the flowers you seek

To spread its wings and soar up high

Colorful butterfly suffers a painful path

To give birth to a new life

Mother at times goes through knife

A river refuses to halt at an obstacle

With roaring force, it carvesi a new path

When its faithful supporting base slips away

It transforms into a beautiful waterfall

If you stop, afraid of a barking dog

You wont even reach your own home

If you fear rejection or bruised self esteem

You will never your realize cherished dream

A child may stumble, then rises tall

Stands, walks, will soon begin to run

But one who feats a single fall

Traps oneself in a self-made cage

If you halt at every obstacle

Your goal will remain beyond your reach

Fearful of thorns in the path of life

You will not gather flowers you seek

Fire and Tears

Fire ignites, its bright light dazzles

Smoke swirls and rises, flame crackles

A broken heart veils silent cries

While tears fall like rain from eyes

Fire’s inner nature is to burn

Be it for pyre or prayer in turn

A shattered heart bleeds to death

Silently becoming its own urn

A dry thirsty leaf catches fire

Lit by flames of nearby weeds

It crackles, curls, then turns to ash

A heart scorched by own kin’s deeds

It hides its pain from every eye

It’s broken but can’t openly cry

Water douses the rising flame

Yet smoke and ashes still remain

Tears flow, try to wash away the pain

But heartache lingers all the same

Fire ignites, its bright light dazzles

Smoke swirls and rises, flame crackles

A broken heart veils silent cries

While tears fall like rain from eyes

Anger

A person becomes an erupting volcano

Consumed by anger’s blinding glow

Sizzling red lava pours from the lips

Destroying all that crosses its flow

Anger is the enemy of intellect,

A veil that shrouds clear thinking.

In a single moment, a lifelong bond

Can crumble like a fragile wall.

Anger—the enemy of intellect

Clouds the mind and wrecks clear thought

Lifelong bonds shatter in a breath

Like crumbling wall on the verge of death

Fueled by pride of status or wealth

Revenge, booze or mental health

Lava scorches all in flame

Leaving ashes as victim’s frame

Sharp arrows of cruel, harsh words

Cut deeper than the sharpest swords

Tender saplings are afraid to grow

Rootless in the barren earth below

Mighty blaze quivered, now tranquil

Its thunderous roar is now still

Charred branches, crumbled leaves remain

Ashes weep soaked by tear’s rain

The lava now pleads for forgiveness

But its remorse has come too late

The victim charred by relentless fire

Has resigned to a doomed fate

Eyes silently drink their own tears

Fading heartbeat slowly disappears

Volcano sinks into its own gash

Flame, name and, fame, reduced to ash

One Hand Clap

They say one hand can’t make a clap

I say—Wrong

One hand can create clap

But this time it’s called slap

One rejoices joy of festivities

Whole community joins activities

Another, in a bout of anger

Strikes unlucky cheek in danger

The meek receivers, hurt humiliated

Sob alone, fall in their own eyes

In the presence of quiet family, friends

Innocent children receive unseen wounds

They hurt at the time but never mend

A single-handed clap

Leaves wounds that last lifetime

Unopened bud gets crushed

Unable to bloom in its prime

Two-hands clap echo stays

For few moments, then fades away

Memories linger in heart for a few days

Before it vanishes in mind’s haze

One-handed clap creates a shriek

Imprints red marks on the cheek

Sound—stays unseen as pain in heart

It lingers forever, tears one apart

They say one hand can’t make a clap

I say—Wrong

One hand can create a clap

But this time it’s called a slap

Cob Web

Trapped in cobweb of my own

Spun with joy and fleeting glee

Planned to gather possessions

Enough to become financially free

I spun endless amount of threads

Too much to keep, manage and let go

Spent lifetime saving nickel and.dime

Now I realize it was never mine

Neglected health, family, and friends

Even forgot the gift of sleep

Never paused to thank or think of God

Lost, wandering in my ways too deep

Mother, father who gave me my life

Raised me with oove, nurtured me to grow

Lost within myself, I failed to see their tears

Each neglect deepening their silent fears

I never paused to ask my family if we needed

A lonely palace or a lively, happy home

I woke up from my dream when they all had left

And wept staring at my own shadow alone

Time flows, never stopping for anyone

Shattering all I created—or even stolen

I regret now what and why I chose to ignore

The wisdom my elders had shared before

Only my web felt indestructible

Neither storms nor rain could tear it apart

I persisted to live in this false hope

Until I fell into earth’s lap, repenting

Trapped forever in my own cobweb

Politicians

Politicians plunder the country

Blatant, brazen and without any shame

Before election they pose as our servants

After victory, all promises are forgotten

Now they reign as kings and we as slaves

Politicians plunder the country…

Adorned in spotless white attires

They hide a heart of dark desires

A dagger concealed behind their back

While a moving rosary covers their track

They’re two mouthed snakes

Biting, with every breath they take

Politicians plunder the country…

Win or lose, it’s same old game

All parties plunder in public’s name

Who can we truly blame

Our broken dreams burn in their flame

Politicians plunder the country…

Diamonds, pearls fill leaders’ hall

While the poor crave for crumbs that fall

They cry as much as they can bear

There is no dearth of the tears

Politicians plunder the country…

Politicians plunder the country

Blatant, brazen and without any shame

Reunion

Yesterday’s children are now seniors

No one feels— or is called— old

Oh, what a strident walk it was

Once overflowing hair, the air blew

Now have to search for remaining few

Makkarh Makar, Madan Dan

Juginder is now goes by Jay

The outer appearance has aged

Even the real names are taken away

The glitter of dreams once lit my eyes

Now cataracts dim the open skies

We grew up in majestic, towering halls

Now they’re ruins of crumbling walls

Yesterday, we were blank pages

Only education, no material possessions

What will the pen of life write?

Clueless, will future be dark or bright

We wrote some lines, and others wrote too

Most penned by destiny, we never knew

In the book of life, we found some joys

Some pages spilled tears from our eyes

We left home with an empty clay pot

Hoping to fill it with water, sweet and cool

Dreamed of service, name and fame

Money and high status in society’s frame

On path of life, one may meet bride or groom

Where fragrant, multi-color flowers bloom

The lucky ones filled their bag with care

While some, too soon, met their Maker there

Some, thoughtful, planners, wise and strong

Chiseled their own path under the open skies

Others floated like leaves upon a stream

Drifting with current to an unknown dream

Some lost a little, discovered much more

Blessings they’d never dreamt of before

Some, mindless of cost of their actions

In wrong company, later faced reactions

Some, by luck, and hard work

Kept a healthy lifestyle, never got sick

Diseases, by many names and symptoms

Invaded and occupied others’ homes

After fifty years, we have met once more

A reunion we never dreamt before

Through Jasbir and Madan’s hard work

Revived many memories, once forgotten

More memories lie dormant, fewer dreams remain

But we will revive them, and relive once again

We are still alive, with a zest to enjoy

We’ve met again, will sing songs of joy

We’ve met again, will sing songs of joy

**(Happy Reunion— Class of 1966)**

Attitude

If our attitude is firm and right

Even the darkest life becomes bright

The life which began, will surely end—

Some go early, some later, my friend

The moments granted between two ends

We feel joy or sorrow, on our attitude it’ll depend

Dawn arrives—eyes open, body is whole

Blessed are those who wake for a worthy goal

Welcome the day with gratitude and grace

Let a positive attitude light your face

What we receive is often a chance

Each moment offers free will—to sulk or dance

We are instruments of a higher power

To raise a spirit, or crush a blooming flower

Hoarding is inner poverty—a sense of lack

Sharing brings your own abundance back

Ease other’s pain, suffering and sorrow

Watch your own heal, for a better tomorrow

What you’ve received in life

People long to get a fraction of that

Don’t weigh yourself by others’ scales

Glittering lives may hide many sad tales

If our attitude is firm and right

Even the darkest life becomes bright

Shared Things

What’s shared becomes even sweeter

Yet, it loses nothing or make it lesser

It’s value becomes twofold, fourfold

Creates respect and memories forever

We decorate our homes with delight

With plants and flowers, ever so bright

Those who adorn neighbors’ space

Find joy and bonds time can’t erase

It’s easy to spend on oneself alone

While the same wealth

Can lift thousands of children out of poverty

Dry their tears, they never go to sleep hungry

Fruit ripens, makes itself sweet

Others enjoy, spread its seeds afar

Even in serving self-interest

Good for others can be done

I received more than ever needed

Was considered capable and succeeded

While thousands drowned in life’s sorrow

Sharing brings grace, making better tomorrow

What’s shared becomes even sweeter

Yet, it loses nothing or make it lesser

It’s value becomes twofold, fourfold

Creates respect and memories forever

Jigsaw Puzzle

A thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle

Assembled, it is colorful and complete

It looks unfinished and improper

If even one piece we delete

Nine hundred ninety-nine remain incomplete

Until the final piece they meet

Each piece as vital as all the rest

Equally important—none better or best

The picture remains incomplete

Until all pieces join hand in hand

A single player can’t alone create

A symphony or a melodious band

When someone cares and calls

Someone is thinking of you and recalls

Their piece of puzzle is being missed

They’re concerned, you are safe and well

You are in their thoughts, they want to tell

Each piece is precious, important and needed

Valued if someone unites all, puzzle completed

Don’t become haughty or too proud

Existence is fleeting—fragile, floating cloud

Lucky Wealthy

By God’s grace, the fortunate and wealthy

Can perceive pain and sufferings of the world

What they have received, freely give away

With humility and open heart, in selfless way

Such rare diamonds are born in this world

I often ask them for their secret

They smile and say, “What we’ve received by grace,

One lifetime is not enough to give back.

He considered me worthy

To fulfill His work through my hands

No desire for fame, no longing for a prize

Quietly serving to improve downtrodden’s lives

Thanking God endlessly all their days.”

By God’s grace, the fortunate and wealthy

Can perceive pain and sufferings of the world

What they have received, freely give away

With humility and open heart, in selfless way

Summary of Ramayan

Father conceded to his wife

Son conceded to his father

Mareech turned into a golden deer

Ravan abducted Sita, held so near

Filled his sack of sins, with no fear

Shabri fed love-filled *ber* to Ram

Monkey scorched Lanka with tail

The family traitor crumbled Lanka

Ram Lakhan brought Sita home

Bharat removed clogs from throne

Public adorned homes, lit oil lamps with joy

A washerman’s word caused her disgrace

Sita walked through fire to save her face

To reclaim honor and her honorable place

Luv Kush born in Valmiki’s retreat

Sita lived there twelve years, discreet

Sita suffered—till earth took her in

Janaki vanished, bearing no sin

Ram upheld honor, stood by his name

Since then the world proclaims:

“Victory to Sita Ram

Victory to Sita Ram”

Summary of Mahabharat

Kauravs Pandav—paternal cousins

Fought for land both wanted to win

One picked Krishna for guidance and wisdom

Other chose his fierce army to win kingdom

When Arjun saw his own kin as foes

His mind and body lost their pose

After listening to Gita from Krishna’s voice

He learnt the truth and made his choice

Clashed with teachers, family and friends

Sanjay with his divine eye sight

Told Dhritrashtra about the fight

Learning his hundred sons had died

Blind king’s eyes filled with tears, as he cried

Eighteen days of Kurukhyetra’s war

Thousands of soldiers lost their lives

Pandavs won and Kauravs lost

Pre-ordained play ended at heavy cost

Come gather around and let’s all chant

Victory to Bal Gopal

Victory to Kanahiya Lal

Victory to Lord Krishan

Hope of Loyalty

How can I talk about hope

Of loyalty from others

When I myself never looked back

To see them

Didn’t see overflowing tears and sobbing

Or drooped sagging sad shoulders

Flying birds didn’t even bother to turn

To witness that last waving goodbye

Hurricane

Mistakes are made not only by human hands

God does it repeatedly across the lands

Otherwise why the flooding with no warning

Winds, lightening unleash the killer storming?

Ocean overtook the earth

Roaring clouds in the sky burst

Children and the frail old drowned

As did youth after all their struggles

To bring the sea onto the land

Why such a mistake God?

Clock

Tic tic of the clock

Makes announcement every second:

“Wake up sleepy, semi-comatose!

Love God and His creation

Only a few moments remain

To display your love and be loved.”

Poets

Poets are a different breed

They live beyond color, race and creed

Mind shut, words spill from beyond brain

From silent void, gems appear, they claim

Every moment pregnant with unborn poetry

Nature’s limitless bounty stored in its pantry

Shut the mind, deeply feel the moment

Thoughts numb, mind still, words come in torrent

They see creation in a novel way

In their own sphere, aloof they stay

Fingers move by a higher crown

They’re not ruled by their mind

They accept no praise or accolades

Didn’t do anything of special kind

Just a conduit to transport here from beyond

Whose treasures anyone could have found

Goodbye Welcome

Perched on the wall of childhood, pondering

Time has come to stay, goodbye or welcome

Separation from one’s own is painful, full of sorrow

How to leave ones who are mine, my own shadow

Only yesterday I came to this home

Learnt to cry, laugh, talk and walk alone

Blip of time between holding, slipping finger

In a blink of eye, courtyard will become alien

Sweet childhood, carefree night and day

Rising youth swallowed them in a few moments

Aspirations, dreams, thinking have changed

New life, new goals and a world of my own

My future, wide open with choices says “welcome”

Bird learnt to fly, spreads its wings

Then pauses, wobbles and wonders

Move forward or cling to safe childhood

In such thoughts, anxious mind is drowned

Perched on the wall of childhood, pondering

Time has come to say goodbye or welcome

Time has come to say goodbye or welcome

(Dedicated to Amartya, Jaya, Amaya and others as they turn 18, ready to go to college.)

Whisper

Leaves quivered, a whisper told

Deer looked up, they ignored

A hidden lion leaped in a flash

An easy dinner without a clash

Drank much, began to drive

Friends pleaded and objected

Youth oblivious of final breath

Father lit pyre for untimely death

While playing a game

Friend called a clear “in” ball as “out”

Whisper ignored, joined business

Neither have money now nor the friend

I don’t smoke, I firmly refused

“Have one for me,” pushed my friend

Didn’t recognize the faint whisper

Died young, made my family cry

God imbeds right voice in every soul

Dust of anger, pride, lust and greed settles

Voice of childhood swallowed by youth

Now the voice becomes a faint whisper

If you want to choose right path

Focus on breath, uncover your real self

Shake off the dust, awaken your mind

Be aware, change whisper back to voice

Be aware, change whisper back to voice

Spring

Summer grants abundant leaves and fruits

Buds unfurl, colorful flowers blossom

Pearly dew-diamonds cling to fresh shoots

What life gives us

Time reclaims and snatches

Autumn hits us all

Bad times, like winter chill

Inevitably hit us all

Bare branches suffer deadly ice

Burdened by heavy snow

Earth spins around the sun

It reclaims the life it bestows

Ice and snow accept defeat

Meekly melt, and silently drip away

Have faith in God’s grace

When life’s ups downs come your way

Have no doubt, bad times will vanish

Spring will arrive for sure

Buds will bloom again

What was taken away mercilessly

Will soon return again

Bad times, like winter, challenge us all

Stay sturdy, hang like brown branches

Spring will arrive, again, yet again

A Flower's Story By the Flower

In open air, proudly I frolicked and swayed

From colorful lips, sweet fragrance sprayed

Multi-hued relatives, friends surrounded me

Butterflies sipped nectar, with a rare bumble bee

After kissing one flower

They hopped onto the next

To delight me, they played

Seven notes, sang happy songs

I used new ways to look prettier than the rest

Seeing reflection in water felt proud, shy and happy

Excessive beauty is good and bad too

Colorful fragrant youth is good and bad too

I relished passionate kissing, loving caress

Alas, my pretty face admired by flower vendor too

Seeking young, color-laden flowers

His eyes singled me out, but I was oblivious

Vibrant bloom will look stunning in the flower vase

His greedy eye saw fame and money in my face

In his mind, slayer had greedy thoughts and schemes

Unaware, innocent, I saw a lover in my future assassin

Wretched man pulled bright scissors from his bag

He seized my throat, split me from my mom and dad

A single swoop inflicted pain, shattering thousands dreams

For a fleeting pleasure, he bundled us tight and put away

Heartlessly, he tied us with rope

Made us weep inside a glass palace

For marriage celebration

He put my friends and me on display

For the couple’s sake we spilled blood, lost lives

Entwined lovers swayed on the dance floor

Not even once they looked at me or my sacrifice x2

Evening gave way to night

My ears perked when someone mentioned me

"This grand flower is gorgeous.

Must be very expensive!”

I wept hearing my life, my dreams measured with money

No one heard my sobs or understood my suffering

Food and dessert relished, no one even once thanked me

Fortunate few went with guests, adorned their homes

Unlucky ones, like me, met our end in a trash can

I had stored many dreams in my heart

Will have colorful life, will bloom for weeks

Will have my own world, seeds and lovely kids

No one can fight the hand of destiny

What is pre-destined, can’t be prevented

I had dreamt of open sky, gentle cool breeze

Now I am gasping for last breath in rotted trash

Even as my tears mingle with water

I send blessings to the newly wedded lovers

I wish them health and happiness

The very ones for whom I bled, got slain

May they have a long life

May no one cut them down

Before a full productive life

With half closed eyes, in near coma

I send blessings their way

May no one cut them before a full life

May no one cut them before a full life

Color Blind

A man of color, neat and trim

Sat in the doctor's waiting room

A family chose to stand

Refusing to sit next to him

A shadow fell on their heart, a bad omen seen

Nurse gently called "Doctor will see you to discuss plan”

Then joy erupted "Successful transplant!

Your daughter will live normal life."

The end of their grief—

Relief-filled, they hugged each other and their daughter

All let out a collective sigh of relief

Doctor called in the neat trim man—

The donor of bone marrow

“Because of him your daughter is alive

She will see many tomorrows

Color of skin is different

Color of the blood and the marrow is same.”

Full of guilt, they bowed before him

Their tears-filled eyes unable to meet his

Overcome, they hugged him tightly—

Humbled by shame

A Moment

Agony of hours-long labor finally ends

A welcome cry in the air, laughter it sends

It's a girl!, a boy!, count fingers, toes—set of fives

In that moment, the miracle changes many lives

Non-stop actions, endless laughter

Children convert house to a home

Days seem long, childhood flies fast

In a moment, they’re off to college dorm

At the right time, with right person

A momentary smile

Can change their lives forever

Shaping generations yet to come

A moment of anger is scar for ever

Arrow once shot, returns to bow never

A single moment of anger, greed, or lust

Can crush a life to a pile of dust

In a moment, vibrant world gets dark forever

In the eye, protective cells clumped together

No more sunrise, moon, family to be seen forever

With vision lost, eyes only shed tears of despair

A blind eye, a paralyzed limb, slurred speech

Immobile heap of mass, a helpless stare

Stroke paralyzed vocal cords of constant talker

In a moment, arrive wheelchair and walker

A plane soaring safely, touching the sky

In a moment, it plummets, everywhere its ashes lie

A cabin filled with voices, faces bright

In a moment, silence—gone from sight

A hurried wrong cut nicks a bleeder

Turns successful surgery to fatal disaster

Wrong sequence of four elements, in a moment

Transforms perfect gene to a recipe of cancer

Eye turned down for text or phone chime

Switch radio station or check the time

One extra drink, a pill or drug—in a moment

Innocent lives get crippled or turn to ash

Momentary flash of insight leads to discovery

In a flash, Hiroshima Nagasaki were history

Earth moves, shakes for a few moments

Houses tumble, bridges break down

Crushes all, whether poor or wear a crown

A moment of yes or a moment of no

To a drug offered by a friend or a foe

A “yes” assures a path of misery, strife

A “no ” predicts a healthy fruitful life

Give a moment of your time to ones you love

Share a moment with friend or someone new

A hug to loved ones, caring glance to child or grandchild

Change world forever by giving a moment of your life

Think for a moment before throwing a stone

An insult, a harsh glance or degrading tone

In a moment, you can break a bubbly, lively heart

Can't mend broken thread without leaving a knot

A moment is transient, never to be seized again

A moment is a priceless, free treasure chest

Use it wisely, with careful intent

Once it is gone, it’s forever spent

Be A Sun

💥

Illuminate all that you touch

Be the giver—receivers seek much

Shine free for all, expect nothing back

Recipients circle, spin, follow your track

Give light to others, untouched by their ways

They use or misuse it, not for you to appraise

Some may ignore you, take you for granted

Keep glowing even if ignored or unwanted

You were born to shine, stay detached

Spend days giving, no strings attached

Let not pride show through your bright rays

The Creator who made you, gave limited days

So my daughter and my son

Stay bright, giving like the sun

Be a sun

Moon

🌕

Facing red-hot glow of the sun

Moon's face paled and faded

Stars abandoned and deserted

Moonlight got dim, then vanished

The moon hung lonely in the sky

Feeling nervous, alone and shy

Everyone prays to the rising sun

In dark times, friends often run

They had sworn to stand forever near

Now alone, no one comes near

Where they glimpse glitter of gold

Make new friends, let go the old

Brothers, sisters, friends forgotten

They toss me aside as if I’m rotten

Yesterday, kith and kin were dear

Today they shun me, nor come near

"Mind your status before you appear"

Such piercing taunts now fill my ear

I too once had my share of good days

Now life has torn me from within

I have to carry my burden alone

My friends departed, so did my kin

Complain not O gentle moon

It’s only a matter of hours

The sun’s fierce heat will pass

Its red hot blaze will fade

You will reign the sky again

Your night will shine again

Fresh moonlight will return

Departed stars will come home

Sheets of joy will softly billow

Will engulf you in their dome

After dark moments, comes the light

After sad days, peace and joy alight

With faith, strength within the heart

Clouds vanish, moonlight, stars are bright

Moon once again shines bright

Happy moon glows again at night

The River

From the mountains she’s blessed with birth

She grows, flows and blossoms in mirth

Eagerly she moves the earth, carves its path

Overcomes many obstacles, takes painful falls

She shares its radiance with flowers and fields

Swaying in joy, yet to one dream it yields—

To meet its lover, who’s waiting for her to arrive

She quivers with excitement, takes the final dive

Her love-filled goal at last achieved

Her heart flutters yet still believes

Within inviting arms she’s received

The lovers become one with deep devotion

And assume a common name: the ocean

Book Ends

One comes home in a crib basket

One leaves home buried in a casket

One cries on arrival, others are glad

One quietens, making others weep and sad

One comes speechless, now a chatterbox

One talked non-stop, now vocal cords locked

One looks forward to actions and dreams

One’s dreams drowned by others’ screams

One is a seed ready to grow tall

One seed is overgrown, ready to fall

One sprouts to grow and flourish

One merges in earth, food to nourish

Cycle of life goes on and on

One feeds on the prior one

One ready to become food for next one

One innings is over and next one is on

Both are book-ends of the Real One

Never born never dies, ever present

Both are visible creations of The One

Word Power

Thousands of words fill the market

Come, let’s select what we want

Some are attached to briers unkind

Fragrant colorful flowers, hard to find

Some spread laughter, joy and hope

Others hurt deeper than thorns can poke

Some double the sorrow’s load

Few share misery, half they hold

Gentle words can dry the tears of poor and sad

Cruel one make happy persons weep or mad

Two words of hope make the fallen walk again

Discouraging ones kill the will to move again

Burning lava from lips turns a friend into a foe

Sweet words make stranger kind, let love grow

Unwise words in anger erect everlasting wall

While kind ones sooth us like a gentle waterfall

When words whispered behind back reach the prey

Relationship of years, in a moment fall apart and fray

Some words better said by eyes with lips kept closed

While others when uttered, eyes look down in shame

Some words I long to say, but listeners are no more here

They become prisoners in the heart, then flow out in tears

Untimely harsh words tear the people apart

Speaker unaware, listener crumbles in heart

“Sunken cheeks, lost weight, grown weak”

Depressing words make healing patient sick again

A word of encouragement to someone down and out

Awakens a shelled talent in a seed, makes it sprout

Words are mighty powerful beyond measure

Even a single one can change the world forever

Weigh the words before they leave the lips and go

They don’t return, like an arrow leaving the bow

They don’t return like an arrow leaving the bow

Taken For Granted

From our balcony, Pittsburgh unfolds

Awesome, breathtaking, a sight to behold

Tall buildings textured and lit bright

Some days soaked in golden light

At nights embraced by fog or moonlight

Like at birth, a newborn draws gasps

Same feelings evoked, our jaw drops.

What man did to enhance miracle of nature

How lucky to be living in such a treasure

People throng the round Viewpoints

Fill benches, run and walk on the trail

Lip-locked lovers, walkers, bikers

Zippy kids, occasional old and frail

Hear oos and aahs, the cameras click

They come hooded, bundled in winter’s grip

In rain— ponchos, cover head to toe

In summer, half-dressed bask and glow

Limos on Grandview Avenue for special occasion

Birthdays, colorful weddings, or just view and fun

Sunrise shimmers on the windy river

Sunset dance on glass towers glitters

Best view of the vibrant city of bridges

Magical scenes of the valleys and ridges

Two beautiful rivers, like two lovers greet

Point’s end is where they are eager to meet

They merge to create the mighty new one flow

Fountain sees new life spring, ready to grow

With every passing day

Thrill of the view got dim and jaded

Starry lights not as bright

Nights same old but dull and faded

Some wish for a higher floor

For broader views of the open sky

Some who have dreaded acrophobia

Nervously wish it was not so high

I dislike PPG building of towering height

It steals the sky, where fireworks light

It’s shining glass no longer a mirror clear

Cuts off the view of Allegheny River

Monongahela is no longer shiny blue

Its water now has murky brown hue

Train's whistle is ear-piercing noise

Drowns every conversations’ voice

Roaring cars and bikes assault my ears

Black soot coats windows, tables and chairs

The Point is just a sticking finger of land

Jutted between two rivers, where third expands

Days and nights keep rolling by

We never pull the drapes for a peek

Nothing special stirs this sleepy town

Monongahela seems like a creek run down

Similarly—life is often taken for granted

Our breath, vision in eyes, the beating heart

Many trillions cells working, playing their part

Even makers of our body—parents— are forgotten

Often cursed, for wrong gene or actions

Despite giving us thousands perfect ones

Nature or God, neither thanked nor acknowledged

Everything, with time, gets taken for granted

Only pitfalls highlighted to grumble and whine

Complaints take front stage, get polished to shine

Views of the Burgh and miracles of life

They all, with time, get taken for granted

They all, with time, get taken for granted

Mountain Cries

Many have shed tears of love and joy on my shoulders

Snow, rain, tears soak me, trees roll down as boulders

My cries and tears display my deep sorrow

I go to sleep, wondering if I'll see tomorrow

I seem healthy outside, but inside I suffer in pain

Mighty in appearance, but bleeding, hollow, drained

I support mansions, tolerate deep cuts, tunnels in me

Pieces of flesh detach from my body, helpless I see

Millions get across—over, through cuts in my body

Thousands live on me, I happily carry everybody

I give golden views of the Burgh, best in the nation

Where millions pledge to chase their imagination

Nothing stays young forever, I get old as we all

Land slides, bit by bit making me feeble and small

Many a mama tell children "Don't cry, you are a big boy"

I am mighty and big, but I must seek help as a little boy

My tears erupting rolling down my cheek

Watch landslides, open gashes you can peak

Not for long I will carry people, buildings and roads

Stop my bleeding mudslides, the ground it erodes

Give me grass, creepers and strong-rooted trees

Let them hold me together, for both you and me

Don't litter me with plastic, paper, glass or tin

They choke my roots and kill my life within

Help me, hold and support me as I have done for you

Or I will vanish for the future generations’ view

Come see my tears as desperately, in public I cry

With your love, you will heal me, make my eyes dry

With your love, you will heal me, make my eyes dry

If Not Now, When?

Pace of life is the same for all

Neither fast nor slow for anyone

King or pauper, big or small,

Destination is same, known to all

Life is short, many dreams in the heart

Paint them, breathe life into every part

Tomorrow's sun may or may not rise

Dreams of the night may go unfulfilled

Whatever you want to achieve, do it now

If not now, when?

Greed, name and wealth eclipsed children, wife

Precious moments were lost chasing fame in life

Shadow of death waiting at the next crossing

Children swiftly leave home on to their path

Play, laugh, make them laugh and think

If not now, when?

Before disease claims you as its home

Joints freeze, breath shortens,

Mouth emits haunting wails

Preserve the body before it shrivels

Water the flowers before they wither

Save the iron before it rusts and ruins

Time, once gone, never returns

If not now, when?

Fulfill heart’s every desire

Open sky showers gifts, fill your tote

With good luck, some time still remains

Harm no one, then do what needs done

In not now, when ?

Friends and family are advising

Brother—stop, listen, awaken

If not now, when?

If not now, when?

**Where Did Our Old USA GOWhere Did Our Old USA GO**

Had dreams of a country where rivers flowing milk, roads were glittery gold

Where Homeless

Homeless

I am jobless, moneyless, homeless

Can’t raise eyes, I am not shameless

Don’t pity my torn clothes, the sign

Look at my eyes, I am not faceless

Like you, I had family, friends and home

Sunshine of my parents, stars of my own

Don’t know when, how all got eclipsed

Life’s colors faded, I became dreamless

I ask, plead, beg but never steal

Famished, looking for next meal

Hunger pain rarely felt by most

Wish my condition they can feel

Jobless, moneyless, homeless, hopeless

Traffic lights, intersections— hope or mirage?

Painful steps I take when pacing the floor

A look, smile, a dollar make me briefly painless

But then again—

Jobless, moneyless, homeless, hopeless

Cant raise my eyes, I am not shameless

Cant raise my eyes, I am not shameless

Where a raised thumb stopped a car to carry weary needy traveler on the road

Where Did Our America GO

I had dreams of a country

Where milk flowed in the rivers

Roads were painted with gold

American dreams had no bounds

With ambition, goals and grit bold

Where a raised thumb, story untold

Stopped a car to kindly transport

A weary, safe traveler on the road

Where neighbors brought welcome baskets

For new arrivals from home and abroad

Where people, properties were respected

Young ones honored and cared for the old

Forever, a country of legal immigrants

Anxious, eager to become new residents

New faces were wrapped in residents’ fold

They happily helped the needy and the bold

Where police were respected, esteemed

They were parents, brothers to those in need

Who cared for white, black, brown and all

Whether people were at home or on the road

Where children walked alone to school

Within ear shot, at night, laughter echoed

Where teachers were respected

Schools stood as sanctuary for students

A safe place to learn, to grow, and play

Where door was open, with no lock

Neighbors were one family on the block

Alarm systems and security cameras

Were not part of schools or homes

Where guns were used to hunt

Machine guns only in war zones

Children needed no gun drills

In the schools or at their homes

Where drugs were medicines

People could afford

Now people skip meals for medicine

While drugs kill teens in hoards

Where word of mouth over a coffee

Was same as a notarized paper

A handshake enough to seal the deal

Where different ideas and opinions

Didn't make others enemy of the land

Whether agreeing or not, we could stand

One Nation as one family, a united band

Solving issues calmly with hand in hand

A melting pot where all strived together

Unity in diversity, all living in peace

United as a rainbow, colorful bright

Together they created one common light

It was not too long ago

Where proud Americans

Lived, laughed, played ball

With trust and equality

There was justice for all

*That was not too long ago*

Where did *that* old America go?

Where did our old America go?

Where neighbors sent welcome baskets to new arrivals Where Did Our Old USA GO

from home and abroad

People,

Let There Be No Next Time

Let there be no next time

Children victims of gun crime

Youth slain before their prime

Buds crushed in springtime

Prayers come from the clergy

Politicians vow hollow energy

Vigil flames flicker transient unity

Blame insane mind no one can see

Let love displace angry hate

Let peace replace inner rage

Let’s all live in one image

Free from recurring rampage

Let there be no next time

Children victims of gun crime

Yet *again*, wailing sirens chime

It’s that old familiar dreaded time

Parents rush to the scene of crime

Broken hearts cry out, *Why* *mine*?

In lifeless children, I sadly see

Blood-stained daughters, sons

They may not be my own

But they are fellow Americans

*In place of wreaths and flowers*

*Lay down once and forever*

*AR-15 rifles*

*AK-47 rifles*

Let there be no next time

Please, please

Let there be no next time

properties respected; young ones respected, cared for the old

Country of immigrants didn’t see criminals in news faces but took them in their fold

Where Americans reached out to needy at home or abroad

Where police were respected and police cared for white black or brown on the road

Where kids walked alone to school, played outside till dark, giggles in air roared

Where teachers were respected, schools a sanctuary for students, safe places to learn

Where doors were not locked, alarm systems, security cameras not part of homes

Where guns were used to hunt, machine guns only in war zones

Kids needed no gun drills in schools or homes

Where drugs were medicines people could afford

Now people skip meals for medicine

Drugs killing teens in hoards

Where a word of mouth was good as a notarized paper, a shake of hand

Where we had problems, issues and opinions not making others enemy of the land

Agree or not we were one Nation together solving problems at hand

Unity in diversity, white light emitting colors of rainbow in full free display

Where lived proud Americans

with dreams of equality, justice for all

Not too long ago

Where did that old USA go

Where did our old USA go

Had dreams of a country where rivers flowing milk, roads were glittery gold

Where American dreams had no bounds with ambition, grit, hard work, goals bold

Where a raised thumb stopped a car to carry weary needy traveler on the road

Where neighbors sent welcome baskets to new arrivals from home and abroad

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Where did our old USA gLaughterLaughter

Laughter

Poker

If you plan to convert

Truth into lies and lies to winning

Plan to bring other’s wealth

To your home

Brother, learn Poker

If luck deals you winning cards

And you play your assigned part

You start believing you are smart

Brother, learn Poker

In life, not everyone wins

With only one card missing

House comes tumbling down

Brother, learn Poker

If your success is based on

Someone else’s loss

If you feel happy

By making others weep

Brother, learn Poker

Cards may be weak or strong

Luck deals the hand we play

Learn to be find happiness

In whatever life displays

Brother, learn Poker

Being happy in victory

Shedding tears in loss

It’s a matter of two days

Have deep faith

A new card arrives, brings new hope

Brother, learn Poker

By Grace of God

You got a chance to play

In the game of poker

Or game of life

If you want to win in both

Choose ways to stay happy

Don’t blame luck

Brother, learn Poker

Brother, learn Poker

Wife

I wish to have such a wife

Who stays as my slave

Whether it’s night or day

Height is five foot three, just right

In snug blue jeans, a charming sight

Hair are like dark clouds in the sky

Fair colored, smiley face, twinkle in her eye

With me she never has a fight

I wish to have such a wife…

She works at a job away from home

At home she serves my parents all alone

Keeps house shining like a mirror

Cooks food daily with love and cheer

After I return from golf to rest

She soothes me with a refreshing massage

I wish to have such a wife…

A dozen kids she gives us

Our own cricket team at home

Our house turns into noisy carnival

She commands the whole army

Lovingly hands me a chilled beer

I wish to have such a wife…

I wish to have such a wife

Who stays as my slave

Whether it is night or day

Husband

Oh God, grant me a such a husband

Who wakes up at dawn, touches my feet

Brings me biscuits and tea

Wakes me with tender love and whispers

“Open your eyes my beloved”

Oh God, grant me a such a husband

Before waking me up from my bed

Gets children ready, school bags packed

Serves healthy breakfast with love

To keep up with my shopping spree

Works sixteen hours outside tirelessly

Oh God, grant me a such a husband…

All the money he earns

Puts every Penny into my hand

Gives me five best Visa cards

Takes me shopping in the mall

Gifts me shoes, clothes, gold, and jewels

Oh God, give me a such a husband

He irons my clothes

Polishes my nails with a smile

Shines my shoes until they gleam

Dresses me for parties and

Opens door of my Bentleys

Oh God, give me a such a husband…

His has a smile like Aamir Khan’s

Hair-style has Dev Anand’s flair

His cheeks glow rosy red

He stands tall like Amitabh

Walks with Salman’s confident air

Oh God, give me a such a husband

Oh God, grant me a such a husband

Who wakes up at dawn, touches my feet

Brings me biscuits and tea

Wakes me with tender love and whispers

“Open your eyes my beloved”

Oh God, grant me a such a husband

Playful Quarrel of Husband Wife

A musical skit

Curtain rises.

A man wearing white doctor’s coat is sitting on a sofa.

On a side table close to him there is a stethoscope and picture of Goddess Lakshmi. He is reading Wall Street Journal with bold words of Wall Street facing the audience.

He puts down the paper.

He addresses Goddess Lakshami—Om, Om, Om Lakshmi Mata, please give us your blessings today. Stocks have been sinking for so many days. Our portfolio is shrinking. Intel, Boeing, Cisco, they all keep dropping like dominos. They are all in deep sleep. Pleasewake them up. Please! For two days I have been fasting. Please shower us with prosperity.

Om, Om, Om

He picks up the paper and starts scanning the paper.

Wife enters the stage from the right side. She has a glittering, diamond studded red Sari on her outstretched left forearm. She looks at it from different angles.

She says—Oh, you have arrived! Why so late?

Again falling into traps of stocks and bonds! Put the paper down.

(Husband folds the paper, puts it on the table.)

Playfully says—OK, Done. As ordered.

Now what can I do for you?

Wife’s eyes are still on the sari—Do you remember what day it is today?

Husband thinks and says—Today…today is Saturday.

I work six days every week. I am so tired. So it must…

Wife—No, today is our 25th anniversary!

(Husband nervously gets up.

Puts his hand on her shoulder.)—

Oh, I forgot! Forgive me.

I didn’t even bring a gift for you.

It is already so late. First thing in the

morning…

Wife interrupts—Before the wedding, you brought roses everyday day, took me to movies. Sometimes brought gifts beyond your means. Ever since we got married and all is forgotten !

Husband—I am really sorry.

Wife—I knew that you are busy. That’s why I brought a sari from your side.

Look, isn’t it gorgeous?

It has diamonds and pearls stitched into it.

Husband touches it —This is beautiful. It will look perfect on you. Hope it’s not too expensive.

Wife—I am a doctor’s wife. If I wear a cheap sari, people will think that you are not a good doctor!

That’s why I spent only twenty five thousands.

Husband—Twenty five thousand rupees?

Wife—You are such a simpleton.

You live in America and spend in rupees!

It is *only* twenty five thousand.

(Husband acts like he might faint. Holds edge of a chair.)

Husband—What?

Wife—Mrs. Verma doesn’t even look at

saris less than fifty thousand.

I spent only twenty five thousand.

That also when it was on sale.

(Husband plops down on the sofa.

Holds his head between his hands.

Wife slowly moves toward him.

Husband stands up. In anger he sings—)

Husband—you keep spending, I keep earning

As if the money comes for free x 2

Wife—you buy stocks, thousands of bonds

Don’t like if I buy a sari

Don’t like if I buy only one sari

You buy thousands of stocks

Husband—Managed care has tortured me

HMO snubs me

Lawyers have stolen my sleep

Medicare parted their ways

Before sunrise, after moon rise

Your husband finally comes home

You keep spending

Wife—You are always mistaken

You work all day and I keep sleeping

It’s not easy to run a household

I scrub your dishes, wash your clothes

Make food for all

Raise your children

Whole day is tiring and non-stop

You keep buying stocks…

(They look at each other lovingly, embrace, hold hands.)

Husband—Had no idea you are in this shape

Wife—Now I know why you are so distressed

Both—Hold my hand my love

You hold me and I support you

Whether we pass our days crying or laughing

Time of life zips by either way

Wife teases him—You keep earning I keep spending

Life is much more fun

Husband pointing finder—You keep spending

Wife—You buy stocks

Both leave stage pointing finger of one hand while holding the other, and laugh

Two Aspects of Money

Cursed money, Cursed money

What a disease did I get

Made my parents cry

Made me forget my country

Cursed money, cursed money

Wow money, Wow money

Never saw anything like you

You make high palaces

You get me diamonds and pearls

Wow money, wow money

Money blinds the eyes

Makes the ears deaf

Puts lock on the mind

Makes us do works of illegal kind

Cursed money, cursed money

People bow before me, offer their salutation

Leaders do my bidding

Gets me a big name in society

It fixes all my failed tasks

Wow Money, wow money

Creates animosity in brothers and sisters

Converts our kimbecome strangers

Shatters relationships of friends

Scale of money becomes heavier

Cursed money, cursed money

I buy the most expensive cars

Diamond-studded saris

I can buy whatever I want

I even buy my friends

Wow money, wow money

I didn’t see my kid’s childhood

Saw only the path of money

Worked sixteen hours a day

Sacrificed home for money

Cursed money, cursed money

Helps me travel the whole world

Brings the stars and moon to earth

Money—a true gold mine of joy

Wow money, wow money

Money is a transient mirage

It may come and depart

It is not going to go with us

Why forgot wealth of God’s name?

Why forgot your real self?

Cursed money, cursed money

You can’t buy God with money

You cant buy Divine

Wherever money is king

There is no love, no peaceful living

Recognize this truth today

Recognize this truth today

Cursed money, cursed money

(The person who loves the money wrings his hands. He cannot come up with an answer. He bows down to touch Swami Ji’s feet and says) “You are blessed and have blessed me with the truth of life. You have shown me path of joy and peace

For that I thank you thousand fold.”

(This can be a skit. One actor tapes or pins fake currency notes on the shirt or jacket. A colorful handkerchief shows in upper pocket. He wears fancy sunglasses which he takes off after singing couple of lines. Other character wears orange clothes, wooden sandals and has a peaceful smile.

Drunkard

Drunkard’s mouth is made for alcohol

Drunkard’s mouth is made for alcohol

India’s Johnny Walker lives in Bombay

His Johnny calls Scotland his home

Evening falls and the gulps start

Friends render full support

Drunkard’s mouth is made for alcohol

Single malt, but he pours a double peg

He is having fun but his wife has trouble

He got beaten with a shoe

And beaten black and blue

Even then his mouth glued to the bottle

Drunkard’s mouth is made for alcohol

First peg makes him a lion

Second converts to monkey

His face resembles face of a pig

When the third one goes in

Become relative of Kumbhkaran

Snoring lets no one else sleep

Drunkard’ mouth is made for alcohol

Drunkard’ mouth is made for alcohol

Modern Diwali

No flowers, no plate for prayer remain

No voice calls out God’s name

Movie songs are now new hymns

Whiskey replaces the Holy stream

No bell rings in the temple

No sound of holy conch

Clinking glasses now echo

Beat of an item song

Offerings are not on the idol

They are placed on poker game

Don’t ask God for peace and joy

Mind is ixed on a full house

No incense stick or black cone

See swirling rings of smoke

A cigarette lit, a sniff of coke

And the air began to choke

Didn’t read Sundarkand

No one reads Hanuman Chalisa

A naughty group tells dirty jokes

Leaning in like the tower of Pisa

Feet stagger, lips tremble

Alcohol reveals it’s real form

Prostrating—not from deep devotion

Whiskey knocked him flat down

In loud noise, everyone screams

No one listens to other’s talk

All greet with “Happy Diwali”

No one hears other’s cry of heart

Arriving guests walked in upright

For Diwali, friends gather with delight

After dinner— most lost their sense

Yet, some left driving their car—no defense

Lamps have vanished

Replaced by strings made in China

They light up the house

How will children ever know

The Diwali of our childhood?

Oh my brothers and sisters

What have we all done

We have bankrupted our tDiwali

Have made it faded and distressed

Stop the outer glitter and glow

Let’s light our inner lamp

Shed the modern Diwali

Revive the Diwali of childhood

Shed the modern Diwali

Revive the Diwali of childhood

Johnny’s Headache

Curtain rises.

There is a sofa on the stage, side tables on both sides.

A telephone is placed on left one.

A table lamp sits on each table.

Johnny’s wife, Mary is dusting the

right lamp.

Johnny enters from the same side.

He has his hand on the head and

expression showing intense

headache.

He starts to sing—Mary O Mary

Irritated Mary says—What now!

Johnny—My head is splitting with pain

And heart is sinking again

Before my soul departs

Call a doctor right away

Call a doctor right away

( He sits on the sofa, head between his hands).)

(Mary picks up the phone and dials

family doctor’s number)

Mary—Doctor, hurry, don’t delay

My husband is sick, come right away

Who else will help, who else will mend?

Without your help, this might be the end

(Doctor enters from right side.

He is wearing a white doctor’s coat

and has a stethoscope hanging around his neck.)

Doctor—Who is the patient in need?

Who do I need to save with speed?

Who do I need to save

Keep away from the grave

Johnny-—My headache is getting much worse

Feels like my head will blow

It may a big stoke

(He slides down from the sofa and sits on floor)

Johnny—I am leaving the party

Soon I’ll be gone

If you…

(Lies down on the floor, stops breathing with eyes closed)

Mary—On no! I wish you had completed the song!

(Johnny gets up and sings.)

—If you remember me, don’t cry too long

( Again lies down, eyes close and there is no breathing. Doctor checks his pulse. Puts stethoscope on the chest, then smiles.)

Doctor—Johnny’s number was called

God pulled his spring

Mary—*String*, not *spring*

Doctor—God pulled his spring

Mary—Not *spring. It is string, string*!!

Doctor—God pulled his string

Mary—Yes! Doctor

Let’s dance like it is spring

Doctor—Mary, let’s dance like it is spring

Mary—Yes Doctor!,

Now let’s dance like it is spring

Both sing together —Let’s dance like it is spring

(They hold hands, look and smile at each other.

They walk off the stage as they keep repeating the duet)

Lights dim and curtain falls.

Circle of Life

They get married with pomp and show

Children arrived before they’d know

Cheers to these children

They are Mom and Dad’s ornaments

Excited, they go for their honeymoon

But got into accident too soon

Two had gone, three returned

Hard times arrived, a lesson they learned

Mother endured nine months’ pain

Papa nervous night and day

House too small, money is tight

Hair will get grey or shed outright

They cry through the night

And sleep non-stop all day

Asleep—their face looks like God

When awake change to ghost

Parents forgot struggles of day and night

In the blink of an eye children go to school

Learn two words of English, then they proclaim

“Mom Dad are ignorant, so plain”

In two moments they become teenagers

We become soldiers, they become majors

Now they wield all intelligence

Complain about everything relentless

They enter our home like birds in flight

When season changes, they fly into sky

They are guests for fleeting two days

Truth is they always stay part of our lives

Even when they follow their ways

Whatever they do

Wherever they syay

They are pieces of our hearts

In our hearts they always stay

By

They get married with pomp and show

Children arrive before they’d know

Cheers to the children

They are Mom and Dad’s ornaments

(Circle of life starts again and goes on)

Covid

A man sits alone in a rocking chair, gloved hands resting on the arms, a mask covering his face. On the center table lie a few books and a plastic-wrapped TV remote. The side table is covered with a box of Lysol wipes, disposable gloves, a bottle of alcohol, hand sanitizer, and a pulse oximeter. Above the front door, a large sign reads in bold letters: “JAIL.”

The man sings a song—

Where do I go and hide

No matter where I look

I see Corona by my side

I cover my mouth, wash my hands

My heart thumps, then sinks,

Worrying, wondering where it is hiding

Someone coughs ahead

Another sneezes behind

A hidden virus lurks, hard to escape

I keep distance of six feet

Where can I go and hide.

House has become jail

Freedom feels distant and over

Shops are closed, doomsday is here

Leaders are clashing, public is shattered

Where do I go and hide

Where do I go and hide

No matter where I look

I see Corona by my side

Expensive Onions

Tired, defeated I returned from office

Found my wife unconscious

On the kitchen floor

Hearing my voice

She opened her eyes

Showed the empty bag on the floor

“I went to the market to buy onions

Hearing its price my body went cold

He asked hundred rupees for only half kilo

My legs shook violently, pulse became zero

Sweat on the face, my breath became tight

It all got dark like moonless night

Wobbling, falling I reached my door

Too weak to sit, I laid down on the floor

Now you know reason of fainting

Onions are more expensive than gold

Humble onions cost much more

Than glittering gold.”

Stocks

Buyer of stocks

Wonder what clouded your mind

Lost all your money

You lost even the last dime

Money which blistered your feet

Gave ulcers in stomach, endangered life

Money blocked arteries of heart

Yet, you are squandering it all

Why gamble away hard earned money

Buyer of stocks

Wonder what clouded your mind

Lost all your money

You lost even the last dime

The day you learnt how to spell “stock”

You crown yourself as Peter Lynch

If,by chance, your stock climbs up

You sing happy songs in gatherings

What you claim to be your money

Soon it will be in a different hand

Lost all your money

Buyer of stocks

Wonder what clouded your mind

Lost all your money

You lost even the last dime

All night sleep slips away

Haunted by stock you had one day

Dead ones do not return

Why shed tears for them

Buy municipal bonds—safe and sound

Dolly taught you with wisdom profound

Lost all your money

Buyer of stocks

Wonder what clouded your mind

Lost all your money

You lost even the last dime

Few Colors of America

(Wherever you live, there will be flowers and thorns. America has innumerable flowers. There are some associated thorns. After flying to the USA, a dialogue happens between husband and wife.)

Wife—Where are you taking me co-traveler

What is this place beyond the stars?

Husband—Dreams of stars didn’t realize

Reached America, luck was not on our side

Some of weird ones reached Weirton

It’s not the dark monsoon cloud

It’s a ball of smoke from mills around

Here you are helper, servant, gardener

You are washerman and chauffeur

It’s impossible to sit even two minutes

Why cry or regret now

You get what is destined

Palaces here rise wide and tall

But hearts are small in all

Money rules first, love may come later

One who gives business and dough

Is the best person to whom they bow

Buy friendship, buy love

Dollar is mightier than relatives

Had heard dollars grow on trees

Pockets are full, empty are hearts

Life is trapped in a golden cage

Buy diamonds, stocks or bonds

Day and night stories stay

Chasing wealth in endless way

In this country, night and day

Bullets are showered every day

Curse of religion, racial divide prevail

Children become prisoners, schools are jails

Neighbors look as strange as when met first

Loneliness numbs the mind, home a silent grave

Dreams of stars didn’t realize

Reached America, luck was not on our side

Seventeenth Birthday

Yesterday’s boy is now old

Considers himself young and bold

He runs two yards

Pants for breath, hands get cold

More on face, less on head

It’s season of falling hair

Eyes don’t see, ears hear not

Whichever part you touch is soft

Flirts with girls around him

He is still young at heart

He runs two yards

Pants for breath

Looking at lines on the face

Hand depressed with shame

Has dyed the hair

How hide hair on chest

Get face lift

Shave the chest

So, no one can recognize

Runs two yards

Pants for breath, hands get cold

Those who know Piki Madan

Consider yourself lucky

They always have songs on their lips

Slaps of life, no one knows

Silently they hide all in their hearts

Conceal their sorrows make people laugh

Yesterday’s boy is now old

Considers himself young and bold

Runs two yards

Pants for breath, hands get cold

Pants for breath, hands get cold look

( This parody was written for our good friends. By changing names it can be sung at any old person’s birthday.)

Phone

Save us, a thief has entered our house

Help, help! Please save us

Forgot the world, ignored sleep

Fell in love with my phone

Forgot relatives and friends

Now my near and dear seem strangers

I see shadow of small shiny phone

This is the rival, this is co-wife

It has snatched away serenity

A playing laughing family

Is full of tears as they cry

Cancer has cure but it has defeated all

Thief is the small shiny phone

Eyes glued, hands caress it

No one ever talks

It has become the companion

During our nature walks

Tongue replaced by finger tips

A strange new era has arrived

Sleep with it at night

Attached during day

If goes misplaced, hidden from eyes

Heart skips a beat

How do we kick it out

It’s now the master

Old tools vanished

It has swallowed all

Camera,GPS, calculator faded

This small object enslaved us all

We follow its ways and means

Lovers locked in embrace

Eyes glued on their screens

Eyes and neck are bent down

As if Mughal Raj has resurfaced

Thief has entered our house

We see shadow of shiny phone

Help, help

Please save us

Old age, Disease and Death

Get Older but Not Old

Be grateful—you are healthy, alive

Millions are not so lucky

Not every night is blessed with sunrise

Be happy, grateful—always

Times could’ve be worse

Count your blessings;

It’s easy to count what’s missing

I asked astrologer

“How many days left for me to live”

“As many as people you serve

God will double them and give”

Stay fully alive as long as

Breath flows in and out

If you are useful to the needy

Flowers will bloom in desert’s drought

With life, number of years will increase

Not essential, number of youth will decrease

All of us will meet death some day

Not necessary before dying to decay

It’is natural with age to get older

Not necessary with age to get old

My Age

My children have grown old

Grandchildren now adults

Yet I remain robust and young

My mind forgot to age

Don’t recognize image in the mirror

From where did this old man appear?

Get discount without showing senior card

What kind of world have I entered?

People call me uncle

I question their sanity

My siblings grew frail and old

But I am still the young kid

Such feelings stir in the mind

I still run fingers on my head

Even if it’s flat empty land there

How did it become dry and barren

Lush black waving field was there

To save ink and thereby money

Newspapers print small, faded words

To avoid getting throat ache

People speak in hushed whispers

Children read news on TV, teach me!

A strange world is here

My doctor looks like a school-kid

Age of Kali is definitely near

Wrinkles, joint pains, breath is short

Belong to someone else’s lot

How did they enter my body

Wrong address, the sender got

Sibling’s faces show senile decay

A faint thought crosses my brain

Tomorrow it may be *my* turn

Can’t believe I will not exist

Now friends, family start tumbling

Make many trips to crematorium

See myself wrapped in white sheet

I hear people talking about me

Don’t know where the years have gone

Now I start schemes to stretch them

List of medicines keeps growing

Hear talks of operations and dying

I had received innumerable days

Enough to fulfill desires my way

Dreams and wishes bright and clear

What’s the rush, tomorrow is near

Dusk arrived but tomorrow failed

Tell me, my friends, is this fair?

My sun is setting beyond the line

It will become dark—never shine

Teach the new crop of tomorrow

Let go bitter memories and sorrow

Cherish sweet moments you have

Live fully, spread joy to those in need

Even though age appears long

It is fleeting, short, then gone

Forget complaints, regrets and strife

Light up this moment and vibrant life

Light up this moment and vibrant life

New Photos of Old Friends

When I see new photos of my old friends

I search for colorful palaces in the ruins

Half-bloomed goals, desire for stars

See lifeless pieces of broken dreams

Behind worry lines, wrinkles

Sagged shoulders, a shuffling walk

I look for signs of youth on tired faces

See remnants of stumbles and blows

I don’t know when the clouds

Covered their shiny glitter

Thick hair blew away

Few survivors lost their color

Slaps of life deformed straight waists

Walkers, wheel chairs appear

I see all signs of frail old age

I notice a flicker of hope in faint smile

Less dreams or wishes of the future

Loneliness creates a dark cocoon

Waiting eyes moist, then tears unseen

I see weak, tired, defeated frames

Some have become home to diseases

Some faces untimely swallowed by time

In my own fading memories

When I see new photos of old friends

I search for colorful palaces in the ruins

Shade of Old Age

Children have not seen old age

It feels like someone else’s disease

Death, or even its faint shadow not known

They drift intoxicated in youth of their own

Oh God, grant them

A taste of old age for a few days

Then return their youth

Perhaps then they will understand

Difficult roads of coming days

What do they know about

Griefs, sufferings of old age

The suffocation within four closed walls

The silent deserted loneliness

Circling of death all around

Burial of partner in the ground

Hard to stand with one crutch

Miss souse, his supporting touch

Hard of hearing, fear of blindness

Wake up at night, chase elusive sleep

If half dozed, feel fear of not waking up

Wet pillow haunts, full of memories deep

I get new gift on every birthday

Wrapped as frozen joints or cancer

Lung disease, gasping for breath

Heart disease and finally death

Rising youth took a sudden turn

I hear words behind thin walls

“Why don’t they leave, go across?

They’re sitting as burden on all

They’re serving no purpose at all

Arrived at the border, why not cross?

They have become obstacle

In the path of life as we grow

Like boulders in a river’s flow

Hopefully it’s their last breath”

I hear it in their suppressed tone

Children forgot, drunk in youth

These hands taught them to walk

This voice taught them to talk

On these shoulders they saw the world

Crossed line of dependant to independent

In a blink of eye they moved

From childhood to adults

Don’t know when—I moved

From vibrant youth to old

Bent waist, wrinkled face is my guise

Unaware, glowing face bid goodbyes

Then I think—I had done the same

When they needed me, I deserted them

I had turned around my face

Will care of them tomorrow

They will always be here

Neither wrote letters nor even talk

Was lost in my colorful path

What you sow, you reap in field of life

Flowers don’t bloom in dry barren sand

Now I realize children’s helplessness

They beautify their own patch and sing

They have also received just one garden

They celebrate joys, watch it blooming

Relish children’s bubbling dreams

Or care for fading, dying stars?

We get one innings in play of life

One way traffic is walk of life

Time, people once passed never returns

Balance parents, yourself and children

In this beautiful play of life

Whatever God granted me

Is more than I deserved or expected

After full childhood, youth and family

My sorrows of old age are minuscule

Yes, my sorrows of old age are minuscule

Time Vanished

Don’t know where time vanished

Had just learnt how to live

Vanquished anger, pride, ego, and greed

Learnt to drink nectar of love so sweet

Busy today, will do it tomorrow

Will contact loved ones when free

Finally begun sharing joys and sorrows

Had just learnt to hug all with glee

Don’t know…

Planted flowers—fruits just bloomed

Learnt to cherish fragrance so sweet

Learnt to think, walk the right path

Live fully happy, laugh with open heart

Don’t know…

Game began yesterday, already over today

Won’t see morning suns or many a moon

Floating cloud, setting sun is my life

Never dreamt it’ll happen so soon

Don’t know…

Drunk in pride, river rose, smashed banks away

Crushed, drowned whatever came in its way

Never feared it will lose swift flow, become empty

It vanished, nameless, water entered the sea

Don’t know…

Small issues irked, fought for no reason

Brought nothing, will take nothing

Filled home with stuff for many seasons

Had just emptied my house and mind

Learnt to fly free like a coasting bird

Don’t know …

Forgave myself, forgave others

Sought forgiveness from others

A bubble in water bursts in a moment

Thorn of time is sharp and swift

Don’t know…

Drop of rain merges with dirt

Name or signs will not exist

Watching, studying others

Had learnt selfless way to live

Don’t know where time vanished

Had just learned how to live

Had just learned how to live

Had just learned how to live

Young Person Inside Old Body

Inside every old man there is

A young person

Wondering, what happened

Etched in mind, sees floating loving Mom and Dad

Love, laughter, siblings fill home; not a single soul sad

Still remembers memorable childhood, cute little face

School, college, friends, teachers on demand resurface

Vividly remembers, feels electric current run through

When touched love of life, yesterday hardly knew

Remembers every vow, and rings

The kiss witnessed by family, friends

Young person sees, relishes little ones.

Life richer, joyous, knowing no ends

Kids grew fast, got married, left his hold

Yet, the young person did never grow old

Then one day, suddenly out of the blue

Without warning, a hint or a clue

Hospital bed, wheel chair, nursing home

Appeared for him to receive

They were for *him,* the young person

Inside the old body did not believe

But a look in the mirror

Dim eyes, cheeks sans hue

Paralysis, immobility, helplessness

Proved it to be true

Now alone, teary and sad

Love of life had vanished

Children, friends abandoned

Inside every old man there is

A young person

Wondering what happened

Wondering what happened

(This poem was inspired by the first 12 words written by 88 years old Doctor Ray Greco at Weirton Medical Center, Weirton, West Virginia, USA.

It can be written as a woman by changing words.)

Lost Youth

Searching for the lost youth

After it escaped from hand

Didn't notice its absence

Till I couldn’t easily stand

Life is a flowing waterfall

Plunged waters never return

Body’s strength once lost

Disease writes rule of no-return

Addictions, laziness, ate junk food

Workaholic, party animal not good

False hope of everlasting youth galore

Vanished when old age knocked the door

From buds to bloom, to flowers

Then wither, fall and scatter

They live longer if given sun

Love, water and organic matter

Body, mind, spirit seek exercise

Get active, painless, thoughts wise

Add years of independent life

Improve own and children’s life

Wisdom arrived late, but did stay

Invoked God, exercised every day

With dedication set positive goals

To get healthy, keep diseases away

Joined gym, slept early at night

Ate oil-free veggies, butter-free bite

Read labels, broke up with fat

Egg-yellow, candy eating a crime

Once it was beer, whiskey, wine

Now Metamucil every night

Effortless baby misses mother's milk

Nor much-needed movement of breath

Discard laziness, embrace liveliness

Come, let's live a healthy life

Come, let's live a healthy life

Alzheimer's

(Old person talking to a young adult)

Remember I kept cold cloth

All night on your forehead

With your head in my lap

Stroked fingers through your hair

Wished I get your disease, you my age

To hear your breath I would hold mine

You got hurt I felt the pain

My heart cried many a night

Pearls of your happy moments

I threaded, saved them as treasures

Hiding my pains, I searched

Ways to create your happy life

World's poisonous, sad news

Kept away from your innocent ears

Swept sharp briers from your path

Spread soft smooth silky petals

No one dare give you sorrow

I fought with the whole world

When someone broke your heart

My heart wilted too

Seeing your life-partner, lover

My heart smiled in silence

Watching your garden of family

My heart bloomed too

Every moment, supported by your memories

I passed my days and nights

Don't know why, when, how

Dark clouds started eclipsing memories

Who am I, where am I?

My friends family started receding

What happened years ago

Seems like it occurred yesterday

What happened yesterday

Is like moonless sad dark night

Whatever shape I am in, I am happy

Perhaps you don't know

My beautiful past is my world

Perhaps you don't know

Neither I know nor recognize you

Your memories are alive in my heart

With this thought, stay happy my child

You and only you live in my heart

You and only you live in my heart

Candle

A bright lit flame dances

Is happy, gets jealous glances

Ignores it will extinguish one day

By its ending wax

Or accident on the way

Flame glows bright, proud

Thinks, “I will shine for ever

Others will weaken, get dark

It’ll happen to me never

Wind will blow out other flames

Or their wax will end

Mine immune from slaps of time,

Mighty hurricane or vicious storm

New candles sprout around me

I see new faces grow

Afraid my innings may be ending

Wax puddles form, candle shrinking

Flame dimming, is tired and slow

Suddenly I flicker more

Shine brighter than ever before

Despite my fluttering struggle

My wax ends, silent wind blows

Flickering bright light no more.”

Became Is to Was

Don’t know when I became

‘is to was’

Sunny day eclipsed by cloud

My body covered by shroud

Yesterday I was young handsome

It was a new world of my own

Spring painted nature, birds flying free

Cruel fall stripped leaves from the trees

Ice felt proud of its dazzling shine

Ignorant of power of the time

The harsh, hot, cruel sun

Melted it into water, easily undone

Waves rose in the ocean

Yearning to touch the sky

Crashed in few moments

Nameless existence died

Name, fame, body, wealth

Mere labels for few days

Time, the mighty force

Swallowed them as they decay

Live in the moment before it’s called past

Embrace it, relish it, be here

Don’t burn today with

Worries of future, regrets of past

Millions like me walked this path

Have come and gone

Don’t know when I became

‘is to was’

Sunny day eclipsed by cloud

My body covered by shroud

Play of Life

Players change, yet the play goes on

One exits the field, their purpose gone

Another enters, takes on the role

Same ambition, similar zeal and goal

Players, teams, faces, names

Games, rules, regulations change

All try hard to halt time’s chime

No one escapes hand of time

Argued, fought to win the game

Won some, stole some, felt no shame

Greedy, worried to move ahead

Forgot to enjoy the game instead

Told lies, devised schemes

Turned selfish, pushed others down

This is just a game, my friend

There are no winners in the end

Every player thinks, they are the very first—

The play was created just for them

Entered field, jumped and played

Shrieked and yelled to untold height

As clouds thundered, lightening bright

Then a waterfall of tears flowed

Quietly collapsed, regrets in heart

Removed from field, with unfinished part

Seeing empty spot, the next player

Jumped, moved, stepped ahead

Didn’t thank ones who came before

Made the field plain for him—a treat

Slowly fatigue set in, hard to lift feet

Thought of end of game so near

Struggled for balance, fighting fear

With no mercy, the next player

Shoved him, stepped on him

Started the same old game again

Oblivious of his fate, the play began

Players change, yet the play goes on

One exits the field, their purpose gone

Another enters, takes on the role

Same ambition, similar zeal and goal

Too Late

He came to my funeral, shed a tear

Placed two flowers then disappear

Recited my countless virtues

Forgave all my faults

He had pointed when I was alive

Didn’t meet me for years or embrace

Now he came for showing the face

Wish we had spent time together

Had sent gifts while I was well

Wished he wiped my tears when I fell

Eyes longed for him, got moist

Watching pathway for him

Then they got tired and crusty

But he came too late

When I was no more

On my lips was his name

But sealed when he came

Puppets of Wax

I wonder when this wax will fade

Melt into air, elements degrade

Frame gets burnt by fire’s embrace

We’re all guests for just few days

Door opened but no one came

Stepped out for a moments

Told me, will return home again

Fistful ash dissolved in water

Yesterday walked beside me

Today, not even a shadow to see

Left memories but never returned

We recited his songs as days turned

Put flowers on the photo everyday

Vowed to remember come what may

Then we walked our own way

Lost in life’s busy day

Names and memories faded

Forgot the ones who passed away

No one has time or desire

To ease the widow’s lonely plight

All tangled In their own web so tight

Have come to funeral, mourn for one

Who wept at another’s yesterday

I came today to say final goodbye

For me, tomorrow someone will cry

I wonder when this wax will fade

Melt into air, elements degrade

Frame gets burnt by fire’s embrace

We’re all guests for just few days

Birth Death

When butterflies of snow melt

Leaf bids farewell to its tree

Particle from star leaves home

Shines for few moments

Then turns to dust

Rapid noisy water of river rises, free

Quietly merges into the sea

Spouse, kin, friend, snap away

Leave this world

Those who grew and laughed together

Die in front of crying eyes

Feeling of one’s own death

Thoughts erupts in the heart

In the casket I gaze

Other’s body, but see my face

Is this all that life is meant to be

For its sake people struggle and fight

Chase fading possessions day and night

Wish, had rested underneath a tree

Spent time with those dear to me

Company of parents, siblings

Spouse, children, friends

Only wise lucky ones receive

Half bloomed, unfulfilled dreams

Clouds of memories rise

For few days person stabilizes

Then slips on the false path

Slowly becomes prisoner of

Greed, anger, lust and pride

Wise ones recognize the reality

Walk the right path early

Enjoy a full purposeful life

Neither arrival nor departure

Time is in our hand

Nature’s play of birth and death

Continues, following its own laws

Nature’s play of birth and death

Continues, following its own laws

Death

I have seen death from up close

Now it is familiar, like a friend

Its image seen in the mirror

Every beginning’s natural end

Since it is familiar and known

It creates no worry, it is my own

The first word in the book of life

Is beginning of the last page

Body is perishable, had, seen and read

It hit hard when I saw close ones dead

Some were my ingrained integral part

I die with them but they live in my heart

The same fate awaits me

Game will be over tomorrow

In the casket, draped white

I see my family cry in sorrow

Struggles and worries will fade

Line between life and death will erase

Heat of the sun will lose its flame

The world will go on just the same

Fame, money, body, ego

Came home like transit guests

In blink of an eye they will depart

Bird’s wings open then they fly

Let go pride, worries, greed

They burn with body in a moment

Shared wealth lives forever, improves lives

Hoarded money sparks fights and strife

Fulfill your dreams, spread love

Learn from yesterday, let go, move on

Laugh more often, make others laugh

Live happily in this transient life

Flow of breath is a gift and a blessing

Who knows when the flow will stop

Who knows when the flow will stop

Ruins of Memories

House is full of people

But is empty for me

Every item has your name engraved

Gardner of every plant

See your features in children, image in grandkids

See your hand in their thoughts and deeds

Nani Nana dad mom friend

Will remember you by different names

One by one they go away

Only your memories will stay

Wherever I look I perceive you near

No one replies when I call you here

Nobody can win against death’s grip

Helpless eyes shed tears drip by drip

It happened to other, heard it many times

Loss will be this hard, had never imagined

Since now I know, want to bring you back

Hundreds of thoughts cross my mind

Want to hear you talk, fulfill your dreams

Wish I could realize your silent screams

That was not you

It was your sickness

Wish understood your thoughts

You showed through tears

Who will interfere, stop me tomorrow

I stay drowned in such thoughts

Sitting alone life long bound in sorrow

Whenever there is a sound

Think you have come back

Now alone for life

Will have to suffer punishment

Time is cruel, flies away like a bird

Hands of clock never reversed

Look at my helplessness

My sorrow my tears his death

If you want to learn from me

Live life for them before they leave

This is *the* moment in life

Spread joy to loved ones

Erase your ego for their sake

You will hold your head and cry

Alone, thread rosary of memories

Prisoner of ruins of memories

Days and nights are dark for me

House is full of people

But it’s empty for me

Prayer

(Wrote after seeing a deceased friend in open casket and crying family)

Breath stopped as did my heart

Even then I can see the scene

Can’t bear your crying

Unable to rise, wipe your tears

See children tormented sob bitterly

They hold my hands sprinkle flowers

In heavy rain or hot sun

Can’t stay forever their umbrella

I found usalvation

Did all there was to see and do

Got your companionship

Drank much nectar of life

Neither imagined nor wished

Yet luck overfilled my bag

From earth, I touched the sky

God blessedly us abundant

All the breaths you are allotted

Spend them laughing, playing

Live fully my partner

Live my share too

Always spread joys twice

Wipe twice the other’s tears

Draw support from memories

Become crutch for others

One day it will be your turn

You will be lying here still

Ones you birthed, raised

Holding you will be our daughters

I pray *for that day* comes after long time

I will wait for you

We will happily meet in our next birth

Reincarnation

Relations are like seasons

Changing every moment, every day

Once spent days and nights together

Now following their separate way

Buds yesterday, then flowers in bloom

Scorching sun wilted the well groomed

Burning heat terrified the big and small

Meekly surrendered, arrived the Fall

Greens in fear turned pale yellow jaded

Carefree vibrant colors of youth got faded

Trembling leaves wrinkled colorless, even then

Afraid, folded, stayed clung to the mother

When a gust of whistling cold wind blew

Bonds once strong got weak broke the glue

Some sooner, some later lost their hold

Got shaken, detached drifted, pain untold

Body of garden got adorned

With swirling faded colored leaves

Above them branches weep and grieve

Their tears borrowed from morning dew

At dawn with the first ray of sun

Tree shed blessings drip by drip

How sweet is was, a joy we did feel

When all of you were still with me

I please to God for your joy

May you stay healthy forever

Change is a tradition of life

This you must forget never

This beautiful healthy body bright

Burn in fire which age will ignite

Slowly, quietly colors will change

After each day there must be night

One day garden’s keeper will arrive

When you are all dry, no longer alive

He will gather you, stack so high

And set you ablaze before my eyes

Whom I concealed and protected

Will end as pile of ashes after fire

As black clouds in form of rain

My tears will soothe your remains

Don’t become desolate

Don’t weep my children

My roots will watch your paths

Mixed with rain water

I will hide you in my heart

After severe winter

Surely we will meet again

New spring, in new shape

Together we'll bloom again

For centuries this amazing

Play of nature will go on

Those who came before have departed

Will return after changing attire

Don’t be too happy in spring

Don’t cry in the season of Fall

Don’t forget from your heart

You are my integral part

Sometimes close sometimes apart

Every moment you are in my heart

Life and Death

Gust of wind, a bubble proud

Shadow of a floating cloud

Life is a dream that fades fast

A golden mirage that doesn’t last

In drunken youth they failed to see

Destructible body’s destiny

For which they stole, lied and schemed

Hurt family and friend, no one dreamed

The covers—Birth and Death contain

A tale of joys sprinkled with pain

I wrote life story myself, yet here and there

Chance and others added their share

Not sure about the next breath

Gathered stuff for many lives

Anger, lust, pride, greed—are illusion

Misguided mind strayed in confusion

When I was alive, people stayed away

Behind my back, they had much to say

When my eyes closed, make long line

Build bridges of praises, made me shine

Sheepishly, even those stayed

Who had not met for decades

Once I had no place in their space

Now stay whole day to show face

After death, so many flowers, fruits arrive

Never seen the treasure when I was alive

Praise now showered by many a friend

Words I never heard till after my end

When I was living they saw mistakes

Criticized the paths I would take

After my silence and last breath

They speak good words after my death

Except for my spouse or dearest few

The rest just act, their hearts not true

Some silently hide tears of blood felt deep

Some others fake their tears as they weep

Someone’s life in a moment small

From sky to earth they instantly fall

In times of need, some didn’t hold my hand

Now give shoulder to casket, lovingly stand

Alive one moment, then breath departs

The final silence as heart beat halts

One may fight with all the might

Yet death victorious—the final rite

Seeing a corpse, they ponder their end

It won’t happen to them they pretend

The truth of life is forgotten fast

Once again they let false story start

Gust of wind, a bubble proud

Shadow of a floating cloud

Life is a dream that fades fast

A golden mirage that doesn’t last

End of Life

Life moves in a strange way

In a few years I will fade away

My name won’t be there

Be grateful

Two generations may remember

Our dreams and stories, rise and fall

Joys and struggles will be lost to all

Built home with love and pride

Will be a heap of dirt, caste aside

Our struggles our hard work

No one will remember

Who was I, why what I did

They won’t even pause to ask

If asked about my life’s journey

People will be perplexed

“From which world have you come?”

Though players have changed

But the game will be same

Stories of lives before

No one will recall

Strange is the way of life

In few years

My name won’t even be there

Be grateful

If two generations will remember

Dust of Time

Dust of time thick without a gap

Covers many centuries in its lap

Ocean waves rise and spread

Drown castles to ocean bed

Walking, talking life—aging fast

Turns to silent body as breaths halt

Photos, memories, names and fame

Merge into thirsty dust as drops of rain

Emperors crowned with many a name

Become nameless at end of the game

Next in line rush to the stage

Busy living life, forget their heritage

Green shiny leaves of spring

Turn weak and pale, get blown away

By blustery cruel winds of fall

Kings, emperors, paupers—all

Swept away by the river of time

The proud higher cast turn to dust

Bag of ash carried by untouchables

Signs stay for one generation or two

Then they sleep in lap of time like dew

Dust of time thick without a gap

Covers many centuries in its lap

Ocean waves rise and spread

Drown castles to ocean bed