Life Journey

Juginder Luthra

Many persons have helped me complete the journey of writing this book. They encouraged me by labeling my attempts to rhyme words as poems. Without their help and encouragement this project would not have been possible. Dr. Shivaran Singh Raghuvanshi, Arati Pinto, Pankaj Mehrotra, Krishna Sharma, Jaidev Taneja gave guidance and corrections. My wife, Dolly, patiently listened and read the poems and adorned them. Our childre— Namita, Anil, Rohini, Shiv, Rashmi and Oliver motivated me to compile this book. Prem Luthra noticed my capability of writing poetry. Our grandson, Arjan Bir Singh captured the photo of sunflowers. He then created the cover page with love and dedication. Namita Luthraprovided numerous suggestions. Anil Shrivastava, in spite of not knowing Hindi, gave the compilation of poems a shape of book.

I thank many others who shared their experiences, stories and suggestions. You are in many poems. I dedicate this book to our Guru Ji, family, especially our grandchildren, Amartya, Jaya, Amaya, Ilan, Arjan and Shyam.

Spiritual

            Atheist

Atheist sees a fluttering leaf

Does't see what moves it

Scientist says it is

invisible air

And his mind believes it

But he asks what moves the air

Who made it and why

Who figured its elements

Why silent at times why roars in currents

It is nature says the scientist

Atheist believes it

Asks his inquisitive mind

What made nature and its powers

Scientist hesitates and ponders

A bright light with thunder appears

Says it is God

Prove to me show to me says atheist

He questions, doesn't believe unseen voice

He believes knowledge of visible scientist

Voice says "Isn't it a wonder

You believe the scientist

But not the One who

Made water fire earth and sky

Who made you, your scientist and the air.

You trust word of scientist

Have faith in the Word of God

You will experience yourself.”

Light vanishes thunder recedes

Atheist joins scientist in prayer

Minds ceased

Tears roll heart flutters

Like leaf fluttered by air

They can then perceive

Who made and moved the air

God

Guests don’t enter home without invitation

I am forever ready, you don’t send invocation

Welcome me with devoted heart

Veiled God appears, becomes your part

Eagerly waiting for for your invitation

Again and again I wonder

When will you awaken from sleep

You wasted many lives in slumber

Don’t decorate me with money or jewels

I hope for your true perseverance

Your status, fame, money, strength

Granted by me depending on deservance

A leaf cannot move without my consent

Don’t indulge in greed, pride, anger, complaint

Your karmas decide what you receive

Feed me with love, I’ll happily eat stale food

Bow to my feet I will lift and hug you

You are my particle how can I separate you

Abandon your ego I will merge you in me

Abandon your ego I will merge you in me

Source

Seek from where all flows

Why hope from clay

Seed word embedded in you

Which runs whole universe

Some people called great by money

Some called strong by mighty body

Beautiful physique called dead body

From which God has departed

God is wealth God is strength

God will carry you across mirage

Seek from where all flows

Why hope from clay…

Life is a gust of wind

Rises today vanishes tomorrow

This is mine, that is mine

They will stay

You won’t survive

God was here

God will be here

Eternities will pass

Seek from where all flows

Why hope from clay…

Go where treasure chest

Is always full and free

Sun air fire water tree

Abundant were here

Abundant will be here

Unless you destroy it

Seek from where all flows

Why hope from clay

Seed word embedded in you

Which runs whole universe

Seek from where all flows

Omnipresent

See you wherever I look

Whenever I meditate on you

Seeing your divine play

I sing your praises

I fold hands bow to you

See you wherever I look

Whenever I meditate on you

Some call you Ram

Some Hari Wahe guru

Jesus Allah your names

By whichever name I call you

In a moment I get divine vision

See you wherever I look

Whenever I meditate on you

Whoever receives your grace

Gets your divine vision

Keep me at your feet

I left home and world behind

See you wherever I look

Whenever I meditate on you

Carried bundle of my sins

Brought only what I earned

Give me support oh my God

Carry back washed soiled sheet

See you wherever I look

Whenever I meditate on you

Seeing your divine play

I sing your praises

I fold hands bow to you

See you wherever I look

Whenever I meditate on you

Self Realization

Deep darkness fills the heart

Lighting lamp awakens dawn

Close eyes meditate and realize

Your body is adobe of Ram

Deep darkness fills the heart

Temple, Mosque, Gurdwara, Church

Are in the mind

Why hop from one to other

Door of every kind

Merge and flow in

River of breath and observe

Every cell every particle

Is home of Shri Ram

Deep darkness fills the heart

Lighting lamp awakens dawn

Open Sushmana wake up Kundlini

Mind body appear frail brittle threads

Through Pranayam create union with

One that is your real self and form

Deep darkness fills the heart

Lighting lamp awakens dawn

Close eyes meditate and realize

Your body is adobe of Ram

Your body is adobe of Ram

Salvation

Life ends in blink of eye

Bird will soon fly

Those who are mine or stranger

Will say goodbye

It is a stay of couple of days

Life ends…

Childhood passed youth arrived

Lively season was full of flowers

Death is watching your path

Life is very short

Connect your mind with Ram

Body will have to stay here

Life ends…

Ones your are attached to

Were never yours

One related birth after birth

Why have you forgotten

God is not far from you

Only needs called once

Life ends…

Body is myth as is wealth

Why stay engrossed in mirage

Golden bird shaped Ram

Could not see with mortal eye

You search outside in dirt

Treasure is within your mind

Life ends…

Lust anger pride attachment and money

Will become shackles

Mother father kids wife brothers sisters

Will not go with you

Truthful acts and name of Ram

Will go with you

Life ends…

Know the glory of Guru and Word

They are image of God

Grace of Guru is showing

The path with lamp to seekers

Pray with body

Meditate with mind control

Merge with soul

Life end…

Guru has helped you meet Ram

Meditate of Ram night and day

Ride in the boat of Ram

Cross the sea from unreal to real

Finish the play of birth and death

You now have to get salvation

Life ends…

Life ends in blink of eye

Bird will soon fly

Those who are mine or stranger

Will say goodbye

It is a stay of couple of days

Life ends…

Ego

Kill your ego before own death

Then perceive the joy of living

View inside observe image of God

Why wander from here and there

Same God in you as hidden in me

What’s benefit giving different names

Beliefs religions given by humans

No need to give title to the Real

Wherever you look

It is His creation

Realize what’s embedded in it

Your thinking is

Much smaller than His

Only that happens

Which is approved by him

He creates, sustains, erases, recreates

Hand over cord of your life to the One

Who manages the whole universe

Humans have no need for ego

Kill your ego before own death

Then perceive the joy of living

Seek inside watch image of God

What’s need to wander here there

Kill your ego before own death

Perceive the joy of living

Perceive the joy of living

Guest

You are a guest for two days

Recognize your real self

Arrived yesterday will depart tomorrow

Why live with pride

You are a guest…

What you considered a home

Is a mere a rest house

No one lives here forever

One checks in one checks out

You have to go to the God’s refuge

Meditate and focus only there

You are a guest…

Penny by penny collected millions

Greed of this money

Broke chains of relations

Going to leave empty handed

Why create fake glory

You are a guest for two days

Recognize your real self

Arrived yesterday will depart tomorrow

Why live with pride

You are a guest…

Earth which created you

You will merge into that

As long as you are in this world

Do good selfless deeds

Share grief of sufferers

Improve your life

You are a guest for two days

Recognize your real self

Arrived yesterday will depart tomorrow

Why live with pride

You are a guest…

Thankless

Counting skills end

When I count your blessings

Eyes look down in shame

When I beg for even more

Forgetful lost thankless greedy

Once again become a beggar

Forgot gifts, health, toys

Seek new ways to get joy

What I got was my efforts

What I didn’t I accuse you

Feel jealous looking at one higher

Forgot all I received from you

Seeing a blind person

For a moment get proud of my eyes

Watching a dead body

I feel my transient life

Think sufferings diseases death

God made for others

I will live forever

Hospital crematoriums for others

Then one day get

Cancer or heart attack

I am a bubble in ocean

I can clearly visualize

Then I realize how much

You gave me which I overlooked

Ignored spouse children siblings

Forgot health even God

Drank poison of money fame

With closed eyes at the end

I receive thoughts like this

Lucky ones with your grace

Get this knowledge early

What?

Counting skills end

When I count your blessings

Eyes look down in shame

When I beg for even more

Y Junction

At a Y junction you have two paths

Why did you leave the right one

Why did you leave the right one

Forgot who created you

Roamed in his creation

World is a mirage oh innocent

Why run after it

Why did you leave the right path

He who bestows shine to the sun

One who runs whole universe

From that lamp, from that power

Why did you turn face

Why did you leave the right path

At a Y junction you have two paths

Why did you leave the right one

Why did you leave the right one

Loneliness Aloneness

Know difference between

Loneliness aloneness

In one live worries anxieties

In other we find God

We come alone leave alone

In the river of life

Hold straw for support

Mistakenly assume it to be anchor

In glittering life all walk along

Dusk sets in they depart

Ones I assume as mine

Leave like my shadow in dark

What we see in crowd is coal

Inside we have diamond mine

Right path to live

Shown in Gita Ramayan Bible Quran

Neither joy nor pleasure outside

No joy in shops at festivals

Person absorbed merged in self

Their world becomes colorful

Live in life like

Lotus in muddy water

Live in life like sun

Shines sky with own fire

Know difference between

Loneliness aloneness

In one live worries anxieties

In other we find God

One God Many Names

Don’t know why, who cut God in

Thousands pieces, gave names

Some call Ram Krishan Khuda

Some label Jesus Satnam

God lives in every particle

Neither visible nor has a name

Quietly runs the universe

Purpose of Life

For centuries question continues

Why did nature create humans?

In Gita Arjun asked Krishan

In present day devotees ask Gurus

God made you treasure of love

Forget your sorrows

Make others laugh

All are yours, no one is unrelated

You write destiny with your hands

Get only that fruit

Which you sowed

Silence your mind

Think with intellect

God is with you

You are not alone

In journey of life

God is your shadow

For centuries question continues

Why did nature create humans?

Family

House Number 2

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

2 Number house

Risking his life in 1950

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Lala Ji got prize of 10 acres land

Son Kundan will become doctor

Son Karam look after land

Colors of nature luck flipped

Karam merged with God

Dropped dreams of doctor

Kundan became a farmer

No complaints or grief

Had smile on his face

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

Number 2 house

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 sixteen

Pita Ji scored a sixer on

first ball

Cricket team captain Suraj

Arrived in first year

Will be officer in Railways

Pride of Hindustan

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

Number 2 house

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 flower bed

By giving their love

Stream of life kept flowing

There was no news of Pakistan

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

Number 2 house

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Khanewal was hot from sun

Burning fires of hatred

Far sighted Hindu public

Ran left home of centuries

Pitaji, Narang, Thakkar

Concealed heart’s buds and flowers

Found refuge in cool shade of distant Sabathu

May 47 saved lives

Found a place to rest

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

Number 2 house

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Wherever you looked saw dead bodies

Holi was played with blood

Full of chaos fire and smoke

Saw groups of killers

Brothers sisters of centuries

Now had language of hate

Snatched a house

Which belonged to musalman

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

Number 2 house

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Wherever eyes directed

Saw tents beyond tents

Everyone hoping to have a house

Across the rail lines was a pretty

House with open skies

Pita Ji’s eyes noticed number 2

Wife children will bloom here

In greenery bright sunshine

Mata ji objected with a no

No money in his pocket

Still went ahead with a bid

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

Number 2 house

Risking his life in 50

He bid for the house

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

Hail to Mata Pita Ji

On bullock carts on foot rickshaw

Switched occupied house to one’s own

Three generations struggled walked ran

Pale yellow palace welcomed caravan

Family orchards of all kinds bloomed

Diwali of 50 saw kids trees groomed

Love laughters study play non-stop life

Made safe happy parents kids and wife

One man’s courage altered generations

Pitaji’s bid created many celebrations

Come together

Let’s sing ballad of

Number 2 house

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

First Meeting

Remember when we met first time

Held first time soft moist soft hand

Moved hair from face with fingers

Eyes bent “You speak so well.

Spark spread through body lips trembled

Sulked over minor issues

Lost night’s sleep peace of day

Planned lovely dreams in day

Made decorated colorful palaces

Wrote your name on hand

Joined designed with mine

No burden of relatives

No worries of past

Happy between us no complaint

Heart was anxious, plenty of fear

Remember when we met first time

Remember when we met first time

Love

Love sure can’t be described in words

Reality which can’t be explained with tongue

Fragrance of flower merges with air Faint smile wins the heart

Feelings of heart not spoken by mouth

Bent eyes trembling lips expose secrets of heart

Pink cheeks trembling lips

Feel shy from oneself

Why a veil with your own

Nothing is hidden from them

Neither it wants wealth nor seeks big name

It is God’s grace

Can’t be earned by money

Heart reads heart’s language

No point saying or hearing

Lowered eyes say it all

Lips may stay sealed

Spirit talks to spirit

No need to speak with words

Love sure can’t be described in words

Reality which can’t be explained with tongue

Dance with Glee

Night and day I dance with glee

I found my love

My friend and soul mate

Night and day I dance with glee

Ever since I grew up

Desired you wanted you

When stumbled on the path

You held arm and steadied me

Whatever I sought from God

I got more than that

Night and day I dance with glee

Excitement in heart songs on lips

Dreams have awakened

Flowers blooming in this orchard

Spring has erupted all around

Days of buds arrived

How can I blame the weather

Night and day I dance with glee

I found my love

My friend and soul mate

Night and day I dance with glee

Feels Like Home

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

Selfish to seek prosperity I left my country

Broke relations with parents brothers sisters

Revive those golden memories

When I step out of the plane

Feels like I have come home

See shadow of father in immigration clerk

In covered head mother re-emerges

I look for myself in children playing on the road

In the noise I seek long lost childhood friends

Coming out I see such scenes

Feels like I have come home

Neighbor needs no invitation “Arrived in our home, leave after having tea

Will make more *roti*

Sharemeal withus”

I hear such loving words

Feels like I have come home

Where elders are still respected

Not left alone at end of times

Where children support elderly

Bend head receive blessings

I see such old traditions

Feels like I have come home

Neighbor may knock on the door anytime

Doesn’t feel need to set appointment

Distance between their and our house vanish

When I see one large family

Feels like I have come home

Elder men called uncles

Women called aunts

Every child is son or daughter

Where differences in relationship blurs

See everyone live as common family

Feels like I have come home

Sharp calls for “hot tea” in the train

Out come from pouch warm *pranthe* mango pickle

Mouth starts watering “Shall I ask?” get such thought

“Have couple of bites” stranger co-traveler says

Eat two rotis in the train

Feels like I have come home

Early morning hear God’s songs on loud speaker

Sing high praises to Ram, Wahe Guru, Allah

Melodious sound of Koyal wakes me from dreams

In sweet sounds I get hugs from my parents

Feels like I have come home

Country lit up brilliant at Diwali

Covered with seven colors at Holi

Sundar mundriye sounds fill air at Lohri

Sisters tie thread to brothers at Rakhi

Navratre, Kanjaken, Dussehra

When I see my own many festivals

Feels like I have come home

Those flying kites tangles of strings

Decorate earthen lamps on walls roof

Gulli danda, piththu, sounds of marbles

Cawing of crows creating noise

Drawing cold water by hand pumps

Bathing shivering jumping with joy

Walking outside when I see such forgotten scenes

Feels like I have come home

Fragrant air wakes sleeping forgotten memories

Aroma of swirling dust from earth

Mingled with love best wishes of parents

Fragrance like khas khas, cool breeze after first rain

When I see walls of homes getting washed by rain

Feels like I have come home

Stories of mother father

grandparents are repeated

Stories of hard times of brothers and sisters

Conditions of ups and downs are recited

When I see open book from

childhood to today

Feels like I have come home

And then

At separation time lock imprisoned tears

Emerging unsaid thoughts of never meeting again

That holding hands then not letting go

Gently rubbing shoulders

Long love-filled hugs

I ponder in dripping red tears

Feels like I am leaving home

I promise myself, will repeat soon Feels like I have come home

Desolate are streets no human voice of humans

Strange faces different are instruments

Neighbors don’t know neighbors

Most shun immigrants

Have lived with them for decades

Still they seem strangers

Without reason daily shootings of bullets

Death of innocent children and grown ups

From such place when I return every year

Feels like I have come home

Come to my Motherland

Merged in my Fatherland

I have come back to my own home

Feels like I have come home

Feels like I have come home

Where Did I Get Stuck

(When I wrote the above poem, my brother Prem said “Brother, I love your poem and felt very good.You must have seen things, faced difficulties which made you suffer. Keeping those in mind, write a poem.” I wrote this poem over 20 years ago. Many things still apply. Now India has improved so much that I would not be able to write that poem today. After observing improvements I feel happy and proud but feel sad also.)

Dengue Typhoid and Malaria

It is a kingdom of flies and mosquitoes

There is more water in milk than faucets

Trash is crown of the kings

Open sewers air stinks

Old streets are same today

When I see signs of childhood

Wonder where did I get stuck

On the roads is same unruly crowd

Where trucks rule the land

Backside gives same advice—

Evil eyed may your face be black

Mother Devi blesses

Dipper night OK Tata

Children run pull sugar cane from trucks

Feels like childhood has come back

When I ride metro I save my pockets

When I see food, do I eat or not eat

Will get tummy ache for sure

Hope don’t get into traps of doctors

Hospitals have become money making machines

Hope I don’t empty my bank balance

Wonder where did I get stuck

Body shivers from cold

Lungs shut from smoke dust

Thievery robbery rapes

Heart trembles seeing vandalism

Friends, who do I complain to

Afraid of khaki uniform

When I see such sad conditions

I wonder where did I get stuck

For sake of chair Aaya Ram Gaya Ram still here

Names have changed but black deeds are same

There is darkness in the nation

But their houses are lit bright

Law applies to common person They are afraid of nothing

When I see new faces but old politics

Wonder where did I get stuck

To get any job bring connections or bribe

Custom here is to eat and feed others

For any career there is only way

Only way from clerk to minister is money

But they shout slogans—Remove corruption!

When I see decades old schemes

Wonder where did I get stuck

While walking if I look ahead I slip on spit or dog’s gift

If I look down I get hit by a car

When I leave home, I save myself from front or down

Wonder where did I get stuck

It is written ‘Donkey is peeing’

But a man is standing

For no reason a group of dogs is marching

Scooter decides to drive wrong way

At red light driver fearlessly zooms through

When I see such strange scenes

Wonder where did I get stuck

Had confirmed ticket for train or plane

But they cancelled it, made many excuses

But truth is that a minister or VIP demanded the seat

When I face yelling and insults

Journey becomes suffering

Wonder where did I get stuck

Travel to India seems very long

TSA terrorist thrombosis scares me

Jet lag of seven days here and there too

Trip of two weeks becomes suffering of four

When I see misery filled days

Wonder where did I get stuck

Now I count days of returning home

Eat salad without worrying

Have grandchildren sit in my lap

Birds having left old nest

Settled in a new one

Every place has own flowers and thorns

Enjoy decorate the path which we have chosen

Drowned in such thoughts I sit in the plane

I am leaving one home going to the other

This is mine that is mine

Wherever I go

Feels like I have come home

My Soil

It’s been fifty years since I left my country

It’s soil seems like my own

Earlier people called me son/brother now uncle

Whichever word they use

I like their sweet voice

Air scenes customs people seem mine

Like we never parted

Sweet melody of koyal

Even dog’s bark I like

Hidden memories open eyes

Tree shade protected from hot summer air

Not a penny in the pocket

Still not poor

Love filled life fills every shortage

It’s been fifty years since leaving my country

It’s soil seems like my own

Our Childhood

We were eight bicycle only one

Our happiness overflowed the rim

One knicker, a shirt, pair of

Slippers was my treasure

Every festival celebrated with pomp and show

Love filled us with joy

Mother father smiled

Quietly drank poison, fed us honey

Staying hungry themselves

Fed butter topped pranthe to us

From life of king queen

Had become gypsies

Made us sit on royal throne

From the trees it was not guavas

We got sweet nectar

Fire did not erupt from clay oven

It was soft nurturing loving warmth

Not a paisa in possession

House appeared a glass palace

Fountains of laughter erupted

Got carefree joy and comfort

Name was Panipat

But often there was no water in faucets

Two hand pumps were exercise

There were no complaints

Appeared occasional, mostly not

Elecricity played hide and seek

Hand fans, candles life savers

Not aware of deficiencies

Sometimes gulli danda, piththu then turn for cricket

Marbles hide n seek

Fired stones with sling shot

Didn’t know about studies

Thought little about it

We have childhood to enjoy

Whole lifetime is left for reading writing

Kites fill colors in the air

Flowers fruits decorate the ground

No concern what others have

Our pot was always full

Yard was playground in day

In mosquito nets under the stars

Was our bedroom

When I open in my heart

Pictures of priceless childhood

No excess sorrows no excess dreams

Just present was enough

Blessings of Swami Ji, Shakuntla

Ma, Darshi Behan Ji shower

Lucky ones get such beautiful childhood

Like fragrance in the air,

Lotus flowers bloom in ponds

Lucky ones get such beautiful

childhood

Lucky ones get such

beautiful childhood

Heart Desires

Heart desires to fly and come

Spend few moments with you

Ganga of love flows night and day

Come and quench my thirst

Heart desires…

Those who have departed

Wish were still here

Would string flowers of love

How do I forget in heart

Mother, father, brothers, sisters

Heart desires…

Recall memories of childhood

Sing old forgotten songs

Clinging to those memories

I spend year after year

Heart desires…

In the veil of happiness hide sorrows

Everyone carries their load

One alone will get tired

Come to give a helping hand

Heart desires…

We are together from birth to death

It’s a dream of four days

Come and fill dreams with colors

Shower flowers of joy

Heart desires…

Heart desires to fly and come

Spend few moments with you

Ganga of love flows night and day

Come and quench my thirst

Heart desires…

Business Person’s Honor

I am selling goods not my honor

Bowing, don’t think have no self esteem

Poor with money not with honesty

Do hard work for money not robbery

It is duty to nurture home and children

Not fond of hearing abuse from people

Talk to me with respect

Don’t weigh me with money

Smile won’t decrease your wealth

Person not elevated with loud voice

Cool breeze gives comfort, not storm

Don’t look at me with suspicion

Give me money in hand, don’t throw at me

I work, I am not a beggar

I am selling goods not my honor

Bowing, don’t think have no self esteem

Mother

Message has come from my home

Mother’s eyes are yearning for me

Last spring she had said

Bier will leave from home

Message…

Fed me her own milk

Stayed hungry nurtured me

Erased her desires fulfilled my dreams

Never uttered complaints with her mouth

Love always showered from eyes

Message…

In her heart she was anxious

Old age will descend soon

When son becomes doctor

Will be handy when needed

Her dreams broke when

I stepped out of the house

Message…

I spread my net for money

Got lost in my own net

I deserted mother father

Shadow of time covered memories

Palace of memories now empty

Owners departed from home

Message has come from my home

Mother’s eyes are yearning for me

Last spring she had said

Bier will leave from home

Message has come from my home

Urmil’s Story

Hear small girl’s long story

Unique sweet Nani in whole world

Hear small girl’s long story

Ram was father Sarla her mother

Young doll’s brother is Nandi Bhapa

Received much love from Nani Nana

When eyes opened didn’t see father’s shadow

Seven days after birth he entered waters of Ganga

Hear…

Played with dolls learnt violin

Left Pakistan settled in Ludhiana

Shortage of sugar learnt to share

When entered youth got engaged with Suraj

After nine years drank water of Panipat

Hear…

Face like moon stars like eyes

She glitters with flame from dear Suraj

Nishi arrived first then Arati came home

Same time she studied for B. Ed

No crown, Suraj called her Rani

Hear…

Heart is like wax, head like stone

Washed hair, head drips with oil

Sucks mangoes loves lime pickle

Guests always visit number thirty

In this chatter noise youth waned

Hear…

After leaving Jodhpur settled in Delhi

Railway colony then Anand Vihar

Bridge is rival second wife

She loved badminton

To get higher marks for daughters

Became teacher in Model school

Hear…

Then what happened Arati?

Parkinson fell in love with her

Surmil’s strength tried to fight back

Body may be weak but she has inner strength

Love and family help complement medicines

Sufferings ended when disease won

Hear small girl’s long story

Unique sweet Nani in whole world

Hear small girl’s long story

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

Tribute To Prem Luthra

Old bones are brittle

Joints started fusing

Heart after beating for

long getting tired

Breathing is also halting

Struggled in sun of life

Soft body is scorched

Body weak, hard to raise feet

See no purpose of living

Tired from inside out

Cancer has made me it’s home

Sneaked in like thief

Used hundreds of medicines and prayers

Even then could not win

Two swords can’t fit in one sheath

Enemies can’t stand each other

Fought ferociously in battle ground

Could not defeat the killer enemy

Now heart desires to sleep

Such sleep that I don’t wake up

I am not afraid of my death

May not become burden on others

I am not sorry for my exit

Afraid of watching you hide and cry

World will label you bad omen

Carrying burden of life alone

Wish to live bit longer

Heart never contented being with my own

Wish I stay with you bit longer

Heart desires to hug you tight longer

Wish had spent more time with loved ones

Will meet tomorrow what’s the rush

Wish such thoughts had not come

Wish had embraced life more

Wish had not given grief to whom I hurt

Had not panicked in worries and problems

My name, identity is love

Wish had expressed more

to loved ones

Had caressed the world with more love

We are relatives friends for few days

Like arriving departing guests

Now I am on bed of flowers

Tomorrow identity will be

Photo on the wall

Days are long life short

Passed each moment by counting

Life ends in two moments

Only yesterday was childhood youth

Today I say goodbye to the world

Some sweet memories some grievances, complaints

There will be my talk for a few days

Then on a paper or someone’s heart

My memories will live on

I stay drowned in such thoughts

Can’t say with mouth

Let my thoughts go with me

Others will not understand

Those who do I tell them with eyes

Must have done something right

See love all around me

What I gave to others, see coming back

Some come to say last goodbye

See some dying with me

Knead flour with tears

Then roti burning

Make for two

Then sit quiet, alone to eat

Eyes get moist when I think of your aloof life

I push to close door of death

What do I do

Till today no one has won against death

We got joy for fifty five years

Smile with that thought

Eat my share of food

Spread my love too

Till yesterday we were co-travelers

Now I am in you all the time

Not body but soul always with you

Stay joyous in every situation

Whatever days you are granted

Spend them laughing

This is my prayer and request from Ram

I completed my innings

Scored as many runs as destined

If score was counted by number of joys spread

Then I scored many centuries

Some got clean bowled or caught out

I am glad I happily got run out

Grateful for Mother Father Ram and Ram Sharnam

Shashi Ashit Jyoti Disha Tanuj and all

They were my companions in my journey

I say goodbye to all with love

This is last letter from your Prem

Fondly

Prem

F G T Died

No news no mention anywhere

Looks like she might have died

For few days reminisce it’s stories

Loud noisy chants of Zindabad

In the history of

Luthra family it will be mentioned

One or two generations will read and smile

There will be worries of losing its sweet memories

Now meetings happen on shiny phones with fingers

Who wants to leave home

Go through trouble of traveling

Now what’s app says Zindabad

Less talk, words became symbols

Forgot joy of hugs caress with hands

Forgot play together—In Between, Teen Patti, Bridge, Cricket

Laugh make others laugh

Make eye contact smile

Share joys sorrow shed tears

Time doesn’t stop world changes

Some good remains most gets lost

All busy in their lives

Hill of family becomes dust

FGT drowned in darkness of time

Forgot songs—Heart desires to fly and come

Spend few moments with you on the swing

Story of 2 Number, sweets from Bosa Ram

Hum Bekhudi mein tum song

Play day and night eat together

Chilled beer under mango tree

Eruption of fountains of laughter

When I dig memories in my mines

Many players of the golden stage

Said good bye made us cry and left

Many suffering in heat of sun struggles of life

Those who received gift of the stage

Four generation are here

Meet whoever can attend

Have them taste the nectar of life

Time has changed our lives

Agreed, to accept is our duty

Death especially of one of us

Heart will cry

When I think of FGT

Scenes of its movie plays in mind

From eyelashes few pearls escape

From eyelashes few pearls escape

Life

Don’t Know Where Time Went

Don’t know where time went

Had just learnt how to live

Vanquished anger pride ego greed

Learnt to drink nectar of love so sweet

Busy today will do it tomorrow

Connect later with loved ones

Will share joys and griefs

Had just learnt to hug all still alive

Don’t know…

Planted flowers fruits just bloomed

Learnt to cherish fragrance sweet taste

Learnt to walk right path

Live fully happy laugh with open heart

Don’t know…

Game began yesterday over today

Never imagined this

Floating cloud setting sun is life

Never envisioned this

Don’t know…

Drunk in its pride

River rises proudly in waves

Never dreamt will lose identity

Will soon merge with ocean

Small issues irked for poor reason

Brought nothing will take nothing

Filled home with stuff for many lives

Just emptied house and mind

Learnt to fly free like a bird

Don’t know …

Forgave myself forgave others

Learnt seeking forgiveness from others

A bubble in water vanishes in a moment

Thorn of time was sharp and swift

Don’t know…

Live to the fullest, meet known unknown

Hold them, won’t be there tomorrow

Travelers of one way path

Moments once gone will not return

Drop of rain will merge in dirt

Name or even sign won’t exist

Watching others learning from life

Just learnt right way to live

Don’t know where time vanished

Had just learnt how to live

Had just learnt how to live

Time

Time is a bird—flies, sways

Then folds wings, powerless drops

Time is river—rises, flaunts

Loses name, merges in ocean

Time is wind—Moves, jolts

Then becomes peaceful

Time is voice—speaks, thunders

Becomes silent still

Time is flower—Color laden blooms

In dusk of life wilts

Time is breath—I claim it today

Changes owner tomorrow

I am bird, river, voice, breath,

Gust of wind

King of this moment

In ignorance, considered it mine

Empire changes tomorrow

Time was here

Will stay here

My existence will finish

Then stay as memory

Memory for few moments

Happy Life

Bury yesterday’s sorrows

Gather memories of sweet moments

Life displays new colors

Forget yesterday’s broken threads

Some remain drowned in past

Some learn from its mistakes

Real steps only move forward

Eyes open only look forward

Setting sun brings darkness

Eats life’s one day

Morning’s rays usher new day

As we awake from deep slumber

God in his counting system

Allocates fixed days to all

Fill them with joys or cries

Happiness of now

Bitter memories of past

Wipe a child’s tears

Support a frail old

Joy in giving better than receiving

Seeing others happy

Our own sorrows flee

No end to desires cravings

Kill one, another awakens

Best to stay away from them

Realize when flame of insight lit

Life

Life has brought me to such a crossing

No grievance regret complaint

Peaceful smile has

Descended in mind

Whom I nurtured nine months in me

Lost peace of days sleep of nights

Didn’t whine bestowed body mind

Now they are giving strength support

Hoped they would lighten burden of old age

They are with me in joys and sorrows

Bee seeking a flower

Received thousands of buds

Recognizing mistakes received forgiveness

Understood ways to live remaining days

Demon of ego was in my head

By killing it with grace

Found peace of mind

Whatever our time is allotted

Will spend it with joy laughter

Buried yesterday’s sorrows mistakes

Removed shackles got freedom from them

Life has brought me to such a crossing

No grievance regret complaint

Peaceful smile has

Descended in mind

﻿

Happiness is Within

Joy, peace, luck are not lurking outside

Lotus flowers need no clean water

Determined happy bloom in dirty water

With inner power fill colors even in mud

Often recited my miseries to others

Some find me guilty some fake sympathy

Don’t lean on, seek support from brittle walls

Joy peace serenity come from within

When you tell sorrows to others

Half don’t even listen

Others say keep these to yourself

My house is already full of my own

It’s not empty to store your trash

If you want life to be joyous

Then hide your pains

Drink your own tears

Dry others’ eyes

Listen to others’ sad stories

Find solutions resolve them

Light up others’ homes

God will sparkle your house with lights

Celebrate Diwali with God in your home

Talk

Talk is not done with mouth

It is done with heart

Tongue is a pro in lies and trickery

Truth cannot be hidden from heart

Have seen caressing hands plunge swords

Seen hugs lead to choke slice

Heart sends prayers from far

Talk is not done with mouth

It is done with heart

Eyes deceive by shedding false tears

Smile hides honey coated selfishness

Truth is seen only in heart

Talk is not done with mouth

It is done with heart

Distance between bodies seven seas apart

Heart connects with heart

Even thousands miles apart

Boundaries of nations are erased

Talk is not done with mouth

It is done with heart

Heart talks to heart silently

With actions silent quivering lips

Book can be written in silence

Talk is not done with mouth

It is done with heart

Close eyes watch with vision of heart

Talk is not done with mouth

It is done with heart

New Birds

New birds to make new nest

Have arrived at your shelter

Left home of decades

Nervous anxious

Arrived at your door step

Left behind companions, friends, job, memory of every brick

Every plant tree flower planted with hands

Now both wilt and cry

Shed memories of self, children

Have come to a new crossing

Came to create new friends, new desires, new life

New birds to make new nest

Have arrived at your shelter

Will take colors from your rainbow

Brought some of our own

It is fourth innings of cricket

Came to make century with joy laughter

New birds to make new nest

Have arrived at your shelter

Accept us as we are

With hopes and dreams

We have come

New birds to make new nest

Have arrived at your shelter

Respect of Light

Respect of light happens

After living in dark

Lack of companion felt

After they depart

Children’s childhood is floating cloud

Eyes shed tears

After nest gets empty

Euphoria of lively youth

Sways few moments

Melts like wax

After old age arrives

Don’t be proud of destructible body

It scatters after getting

Afflicted with disease

Mother father are guests

For few more days

Will be remembered

In photos after death

Yesterday got burnt

In path of life

Left sweet bitter memories

Fill today with laughter joy

It will get burnt

After arrival of tomorrow

Respect of light happens

After living in dark

Lack of companion felt

After they depart

Respect of Person

Person is respected

When they are needed

In that moment they are

Elevated above God

If you have power money

Lines of friends appear

If help is not needed

You are not recognised

Heard that in hard time

Even donkey is called father

After getting comfortable

Old helpless father called donkey

Mother nurtured for nine months

Gave everything helped child grow

Became burden in old age

Hears sarcastic remarks “They all do. What was so special you did?”

Person is respected

When they are needed

In that moment they are

Elevated above God

Friends

Friends like old dried flowers

Kept in book of heart

New friends arrive in life

With whom we play cry and laugh

Old memories are fragrance of flowers

Not visible to eyes

New friends make colorful garden

of life

Everyone brings their color

Together we make garland

Necklace of Sargam is heartbeat

We get connected with one thread

Sun during day

At night friends become moon stars

In the shade and light of life

Hold each other’s hands

Friends like old dried flowers

Kept in book of heart

New friends arrive in life

With whom we play cry and laugh

Fake Friends

Do hundred right things

Listen to them

Then you will be called friend

Make one mistake or misunderstood

You will be crushed under their feet

Seeing full pockets

They become friends

Like butterflies hover over flowers

Will empty your pockets

Find new prey

Then become strangers

Those who judge you

Cannot be your friends

Will not let you live while alive

Will even curse you in funeral home

Pick hundred flowers

Will get pinched by one thorn

Do numerous jobs, open mouth

Not everyone will like it

How can I please so many persons?

My thoughts all my work

Will be weighed in their scale

Whom I considered strong support

Fake friends sit on shore smile

See helpless drowning

Turn their eyes fake friends

Brittle threads are fake friends

A jolt happens

Drop you like a cut kite

Leave you alone let drift lost

Will cut you throw like dead flowers

Meeting is far cry they shirk talking

They change course

If they see you on the path

Praise you in your presence

Smile with you

The moment you turn

Thrust sword on back

Now afraid of name of friendship

Storm better than cool breeze

Whirlpool better than calm river

Now I like solitude

Afraid of people’s shadow

All lost in their own thoughts

Others may live or die

Tired of giving fake smile

Now day has come to say goodbye

You stay happy I will pray

Thankful to you

Who I considered real friend

Opened my eyes in time

Otherwise I might have spent

Whole life in misunderstanding

Backbiter

Backbiting is their duty gossip their caste

What others wear, did, said or not

Utter praise with words sweeter than honey

In your presence

Slice them with tongue, slash their back

In your absence

Backbiter has two ears, four mouths to talk

Blurt out double of what heard

Tongue moves day and night

One bitten by snake may survive

One bit by them dies

Even God accepts defeat dealing with them

Wolves in sheep skin

Some friends are like that

They’re not what you see

Don’t trust them

Enemies are better than such friends

Attack from front

Identified from far

No fake hypocrisy or fake love

Backbiting is their religion

Commit sins every day

Savor amplified spice coated words

Gossip about others to you

Backbite yours to them

Stay away from backbiter

Heartless don’t even spare their parents

Stay away from backbiter

Heartless don’t even spare their parents

Ghosts of Past

Ghosts of past walk along

Cause less smiles more torture

Hundreds of joyous moments

Laughter happiness

Get covered by

Clouds of ghost

Whole world against them

Every one their enemy

Forget numerous good deeds

Make others cry for one blunder

Self absorbed ghost hurts others

Every action is stone

Tossed into lake

Wakes tranquil sleeping waves

Forgets own shortcomings

Puts blame on others

Yesterday’s moment is dead

Unlucky stay drowned in that

Knowingly unknowingly those

Who hurt you

Forgive them

Learn from yesterday

Live in present

Where golden seeds grow

Ghosts of past walk along

Cause less smiles more torture

Hundreds of joyous moments

Laughter happiness

Get covered by

Clouds of grief

Morning

Some get grief by bad luck

Some search bring it home

Treasures of world at their feet

Intentionally or unintentionally

Ignore and reject them

Sun spreads sunshine to all

Some look for clouds

Bring non-seasonable rain

Now soaked cry repent

Children got smiling faces

House gets filled with joy

Anger lust pride greed

Converts it to tears

Some lost money or health

Some cry from sorrow of children

Forgot bad days will be over soon

Sees only flaws in moon

Forgetting own faults

Points finger at others

To prove oneself right

Burns own, children’s home

Fire of time scorches

Nest very fast

Vibrant body stops

Proud persons forget

Present eats some

Some eat the present

Scrapes old wounds

Destroys new skin

Same thing will happen

Will get same injury

Swirling with ghosts of memories

Doesn’t sow seeds of hope

Why drown in its whirlpool

Wake up live fully while alive

Live laugh love have only one life

Look at bounty, open your eyes

Lucky ones awaken in time

By grace get blessings

Forgive and forget the past

Not for others but for oneself

Even though woke up late

It is never too late

Morning dawns when eyes open

Morning dawns when eyes open

Simmering in fire

Simmering on woods of

Errors faults, singe in fire

Day and night drowned in thoughts

Scorch in fires of memories

Passed time does not return

What is past does not change

Bitter sip of each memory

Drink even if want to let it go

Mother father will live forever

Will sit with them tomorrow

That tomorrow never came

Turn by turn all left and woke me

Even then did not come to senses

Those alive held grudge complaints

Shirk from meeting

Colorful youth won’t be always there

This misconception faced me

When old age and diseases

Showed their scary face

Whatever time remains, if possible

Acknowledge mistakes

Those who love you hug them

Whole heartedly quench their thirst

Hug those who you spurned

Seek heartfelt forgiveness

Those who hurt you

Forgive them with mind and heart

Raw Clay Pots

Shape raw clay pots with care

Marks of hand stay for life

Innocent children are clay pots

Imbibe effects of touch seen heard

These affect intellect, mind

Pleasant ones give comfort

Sad harsh ones torture whole life

Imprints of tender age

Become the scale for life

Measure world with that scale

Glasses get colored

See that tint

In any situation they pass

Potter molds a lump of earth

Love filled hand converts clump to

Elegant sweet clay pot

Harsh hand leaves life long

Crooked ugly shape

Joyous laughing house becomes

Dry barren infertile land

Fights, arguments, anger, addiction

Become foundation of hell

Create shiny clay pot

Expresses exquisite looks

Gives cold sweet water to world

Wings unfold very fast

In blink of eye birds fly

Mold with love

So they love themselves

Earn high name in the world

Shape raw clay pots carefully

Marks of hand stay for life

Innocent children are clay pots

Imbibe effects of touch seen heard

Children

In children's laughter light of life I see

In shrieks thunder, lightening of clouds

Laughing coming from soul

Dancing jumping spilling pearls from lips

No regrets of past no worry of future

In every moment blessings of God I see

Their smiles make flowers turn pale weak

Butterflies learn to fly birds learn to sing

Small fingers hold hands touch heart

Hard hearts melting like wax I see

Find joy in small things, sway and smile

Find treasures of joy in Lego lolly pops

Mouth watering ice cream

Give smiles to all and hug lovingly tight

Very fragile are these dolls

Color of face fades by harsh voice I see

No conniving schemes no lies

No discrimination of color caste or race

Entire creation painted unicolor in their eyes

No thievery no stealing no selfish fake trickery

Nature's whole treasure in every innocent child I see

In children's laughter light of life I see

In shrieks thunder, lightening of clouds

Laugh from the soul

Dancing jumping spilling pearls from lips

Whenever wherever children I see

Blessings of God I see

Six Feet Distance

No one gives embraces no one shakes hand

No hugs, touching feet or blessing hand

Humans get nervous when facing own brand

Distance of six feet changed everything

What we sorely lacked now we cannot spend

Alone, time in four walls seems to never end

Distance of six feet changed everything

Humans imprisoned in homes

Afraid to take open breath

Birds, animals wander happily

Chirping, grazing earth

Distance of six feet changed everything

Air clean, sky blue, moon shines brighter

Dustless leaves breathe freely feel lighter

Distance of six feet changed everything.

Didn’t have time to meet own

Now plenty, but cannot meet

By telephone, Skype or Zoom

Talk across street wave and greet

Distance of six feet changed everything

Joy comes from within not without

Finally we realized

Don’t need outer glitter to be happy

Lamp may extinguish any moment

Finally we realized

Distance of six feet changed everything.

Nature, to protect itself,

Launched its assaults

Preyed on greedy haughty humans

Full of many faults

Distance of six feet changed everything

When pot of sins gets full

God reincarnates

Not necessary only human form it takes

Comes wrapped in veil of a virus

Lays down its stakes

Distance of six feet changed everything

Distance of six feet changed everything.

Companion

You are therefore I am

Otherwise alone lonely

Enclosed in the four walls

No laughter no astonishment

Watching setting sun or its first ray

Holding hands hugging

Smiling for no reason

Life is with companion otherwise

Only inhaling exhaling breath

Upset with companion crying

Then making up is better than loneliness

Sharing life's sad happy occasions

Better than drinking nectar alone

Companion sick or invalid

Becomes purpose for life

Their faint smile better than

Boundless laughter alone

With companion world glitters

Otherwise alone in a crowd

Lucky rich with grace

Are with those they used to play

Everything looks for companion

Plants trees birds animals humans

If alone, empty forest barren desert

With companion festivals of happiness

Robbed House

Want your house robbed

Have it done by your own

Wretched enemies rob anyway

We were aware of enemies’ tricks

Now recognize reality of own

Always shirked hugging enemies

Exhaled last breath on my own’s shoulder

Died peacefully, a benefit of relatives

Pain is worse when

Brother stabs brother

End of life better than pretense sugar coated life

Blinders on eyes suddenly got lifted

Those I leaned on

Brittle wall tumbled crumbled

Bricks of my own wall

Became material for my tomb

Happy, even this wish

of enemies was not filled

Happy even this wish

of enemies was not filled

Woman

Cruel world’s eyes pierce like arrows

When I step out of the house

The body which gave them birth

Whose milk they drank

I hide from the shameless ones

Afraid of men’s actions

Keep eyes fixed to the ground

Protect body from drooling lips

Pulling poking hands

From head to toe get every part examined

Through lust of their dark evil eyes

I get imagined seen unclothed

Hear remarks on my body

Walk, clothes and looks

Fault of wicked men’s carnal desire

I am labeled Dropdi

To get something have to

Lose some I am told

One that applies only to women

That path I am shown

World belongs to men

Their rules laws made by them

Lose my image, identity I try my luck

Quiet shrunk I walk

Make no eye contact

Wrong meanings world

Will find, get labeled proud

Some brush filthy hands

Some touch squeeze front and back

Vultures consider it their right

I get made toy for them

Cruel world’s eyes pierce like arrows

When I step out of the house

The body they were born from

Whose milk they drank

I hide from the shameless ones

Wish We Had Not Met

Wish we had not met

Had not planted poisonous seeds

Thorn filled flowers not bloomed

Darkness in day tears at night

Would be no grievances complaints

Such harsh penalty for one error Foundation stones had not sunk

Decisions of others dried roots

Tree’s stem wouldn’t have swayed

Hungry past became termite

House walls had not crumbled

Money youth children all were ours

Wish had not ignored

No one can fight luck

Wish both had compromised

Now near the end heart cried

looked back

Children and we wouldn’t have suffered

Tears from eyes wouldn’t have spilled

Wish We Had Not Separated

Wish we had not separated

Wouldn’t have to suffer alone

Had you not given infinite love

Your passing away wouldn’t hurt

That magic of first sight

Instantly eyes looked down

When looked up, forgot to blink

Hard to peel sight from your face

Age has altered body

Sunshine of memories still fresh

Dark clouds envelop heart

Still gloomy in mid day

Had I not seen that face

Wouldn’t remember nor suffer

Recalling makes eyes trickle tears

Heart can’t forget you

Life’s job is to move on

Time doesn’t stop for anyone

In remaining days, I laugh from outside

Heart inside cries for you

My open laughter is muted

Because you are not with me

In full gatherings I feel alone

Because you are not with me

All try to give support

Some say two encouraging words

Your absence left deep wound

You live in my each cell

Wherever I look

I see your image

Your glance gives cool shadow

I am not alone, you are with me

Silently holding my hand

You walk with me

If this is the price I have to pay

For all the golden memories

Happily I will drink poison every moment

For millions of happy moments with you

Now you tell me what to do

I know you are not with me

Even then mad heart cries at night And says

Wish we had not separated

Wouldn’t have to suffer alone

Had you not given infinite love

Your passing away wouldn’t hurt

Path of Life

If you stop at every obstacle

Will not achieve the goal

Afraid of thorns in path of life

Will not be able to pick flowers

In order to fly colorful butterfly

Adapts a painful path

To give birth to new life

Mother undergoes thousands sufferings

River doesn’t stop facing obstacle It creates a new path

When supporting base abandons

It creates beautiful waterfall

If you stop due to a barking dog

Won’t even go your own house

If afraid of criticism

Will not be able to realize dreams

Child falls then gets up

Stands, walks and runs

If one is afraid of falling

Creates their own cage

If you stop at every obstacle

Will not achieve the goal

Afraid of thorns in path of life

Will not be able to pick flowers

Fire and Tears

Fire burns light dazzles

Smoke rises flame crackles

Heart hides cries silent

Only eyes drip rain

Fire’s job is to burn

Same for prayer or pyre

One for whom heart burns

Unaware doesn’t feel its pain

Dry thirsty leaf burns

From flame of fellow leaves

Then turns to ash

Heart burns by words of relatives

Cannot show to the world

Water douses shining flame

Ashes smoke left behind

Tears flow from eyes

Heartache never vanishes

Fire burns light dazzles

Smoke rises flame crackles

Heart hides cries silently

Only eyes drip rain

Anger

Person looks like volcano

When overtaken by anger

Lava erupts from lips

Destroys all in its trail

Anger is enemy of intellect

A curtain drops over thinking

In a moment life long relation

Becomes a crumbling wall

Wrapped by Intoxication of money

or colors of alcohol

Burns himself in the flames

Turns other to ashes

Dazzle of fire got tranquil

Spectacle became silent

Branches burned, leaves now ash

Name signs feelings vanish

Now pleads seeks forgiveness

Victim charred by lava

Turned to ash

Eyes silently absorb tears

Heart silent quietly dies

Sharp arrows of harsh words

Create lasting wound

New tree afraid to grow

In the barren land

Person looks like volcano

When overtaken by anger

Lava erupts from lips

Destroys all in its trail

One Hand Clap

People say one hand can’t create a clap

I say—Wrong

One hand can create clap

But it is called slap

One rejoices joy of festivities

Whole community joins

One in a bout of anger

Lands on unlucky cheek

Who falls in own eyes

In presence of quiet family friends

Hurts innocent children

Tortures them in many ways

One single handed clap

Leaves life long wounds

Unopened bud gets crushed

Never able to open as flower

Two hands clap echos for few moments

Then becomes tranquil

Memories linger in heart few days

Then fades away from mind

One handed clap thunders

Imprints red marks on cheek

Indelible sound, pain in heart

Memories tears linger forever

People say one hand can’t create a clap

I say—Wrong

One hand can create clap

But it is called slap

Cob Web

Trapped in my own cobweb

Which I created with joy and glee

Thought I will amass tools to live

Wasted days and nights in work

Made so much yarn

Hard to keep, manage, let go

Spent lifetime collecting wealth

Now realize it was never mine

Didn’t attend health, family, friends

Even forgot to sleep

Neither thought of God nor thanked

Wandered in my own ways

Mother father who gave birth

Raised made me grow

Lost in myself didn’t see tears

Every time I made them cry

Never thought if I need a lonely palace

Or a bubbly chirpy happy home

Woke up when all left

Cried looking at my own shadow

Flowing time never stops

It shatters what I had created

Don’t know why I ignored

When elders had advised

Only my web is indestructible

Storms rain will not destroy

Lived in this false hope

Fell into earth’s lap, repented

Trapped in my own cobweb

Politicians

Politicians loot the country

They are blatant have no shame

Before election they are our servants

After victory all promises forgotten

Now they are kings, we the slaves

Politicians loot the country

Adorned in white clothes

Hide black heart

Carry dagger behind back

Rosary in hand

Snakes with two mouths

Politicians loot the country

Whether they win or lose

All parties plunder the public

Who can ill fated blame

Politicians loot the country

Diamonds pearls showered on leaders

Poor public craves for dry bread

Cry as much as they wish

There is dearth of tears

Politicians loot the country

Politicians loot the country

They are blatant have no shame

Reunion

Kids yesterday now seniors

No one labeled old

Oh what a walk it was

Had overflowing hair

Now search for a few

Makkarh Mekaar Madan Dan

Juginder became Jay

Outer appearance changed

Now even name gets exchanged

Glitter of dreams was in eyes

Now cataract takes over

Grew up in majestic buildings

Now look like ruins

Yesterday we were blank papers

Had no possessions

What will pen of life write

Clueless were not aware

Wrote some ourself some by others

Fate wrote most

In pages of book found some joys

Some spurted tears from eyes

Left home with empty clay pot

Thought will fill cool sweet water

Public service, fame, name

Money and high status in society

In path of life will meet mate

Multi color flowers will bloom

Lucky ones filled their sac

Unlucky untimely meet their maker

Some thoughtful ones

Chiseled their own path

Some floated like leaves in river

Hoping for unknown destination

Some lost a little, found much more

Had never even dreamt

Some unlucky mindless

Got entrapped in wrong company

Some by luck some hard work

Maintain good health

Diseases by many names

Occupy others’ homes

After fifty years will meet again

Had never even dreamt

By hard work of Jasbir, Madan

Woke up forgotten memories

Now more memories less dreams

Will revive relive them once again

Still alive still have zeal

Met again, will sing songs of joy

Met again, will sing songs of joy

(Happy Reunion Class of 1966)

Attitude

If attitude is right

Life is beautiful

What started will finish

Some early some late

Moments we have in between

Fill them with joy and laughter

Dawn arrived eyes open all parts working

Lucky ones get them

Welcome them with gratitude

What we have is divine Grace

Accept with humility

The portions received depend on karmas

Every moment is grace of God

Share your gifts to benefit others

You are made the instrument

Spread joy all around

Person turns poor by hoarding

Become wealthy by sharing

Relieve other’s pain

Your pains will vanish

What you received

People cry to receive half

Don’t count blessings by other’s scales

Glittering lives thread countless sad tales

If attitude is right

Life is beautiful

If attitude is right

Life is beautiful

Lucky Wealthy

By God’s grace lucky wealthy

Can see world’s sufferings

What they received give away

All they can with open heart

Such diamonds occasionally

Take birth in the world

Often I ask them the secret

They say what they received

One lifetime is not enough to give back

He considered me capable

To get His work done through my hands

Neither desire for name nor a prize

Quietly serve poor downtrodden

Ignore outside honor, medal or conversation

Thank God all the time

By God’s grace lucky wealthy

Can see world’s sufferings

What they received give away

All they can with open heart

Such diamonds occasionally are

born in the world.

Summary of Ramayan

Father conceded to wife

Son conceded to father

Mareech assumed shape of golden deer

Ravan abducted Sita

Filled his sac of sins

Ram ate *ber* fed by Shabri

Monkey scorched Lanka with tail

Family traitor crumbled Lanka

Ram Lakhan brought Sita home

Bharat removed wooden clogs from throne

Public lit oil lamps with joy

Luv Kush born in Valmiki’s home

Sita stayed there twelve years

Caused by washer-man earth ate Janaki

Sita suffered, lost life

Ram preserved family honor

Since then the world chants

Victory to Sita Ram

Victory to Sita Ram

Summary of Mahabharat

Kauravs Pandav paternal cousins Fought for piece of land

One picked Krishan as partner Other chose his army

When Arjun saw his own in front

Mind body slacked

Listened Gita from Krishan grasped truth

Clashed with teachers, family friends

Sanjay with divine eye

Recited events to blind Dhritrashtra

Hearing death of hundred sons

Blind eyes filled with tears

Eighteen days of Kurukhyetar war

Thousands got killed

Pandavs won Kauravs lost

Pre-ordained play finished

Come all let’s chant

Victory to Bal Gopal

Victory to Kaniyah Lal

Victory to Lord Krishan

Hope of Loyalty

How can I talk about hope of

Loyalty from others

I myself never looked back

To see them

Din’t see overflowing tears sobbing

Drooped sagging shoulders

Flying birds did not even

See the last goodbye

Hurricane

Mistakes not only made by humans

God does it repeatedly

Otherwise why the flooding

And killer storm

Ocean captured earth

Roaring clouds sky cracked

Children frail old drowned

As did youth after struggles

To bring sea to land

Why such a mistake God?

Clock

Tic tic of clock

Announces every second

Wake up sleepy semi-comatose

Love God and creation

Only few moments are left

To display love

Poets

Poets are a different breed

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

Not ruled by their mind

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 wall of childhood pondering

Time has come to say goodbye, welcome

Separation from own painful full of sorrow

How to leave ones who are my own shadow

Only yesterday I came to this home

Learnt to cry laugh talk and walk alone

Time is short between holding and slipping finger

In blink of eye courtyard became alien

Sweet childhood careless night n day

Rising youth swallowed in few moments

Aspirations, dreams, thinking changed

New life new goals and world of my own

Bird learnt flying spreads its wings

Move forward or cling to childhood

In such thoughts anxious mind is drowned

Perched on wall of childhood pondering

Time has come to say goodbye, welcome

Time has come to say goodbye, welcome

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

March 31, 2023

Whisper

Leaves quiver as a whisper

Deer looked up ignored it

Hidden lion leaped in a flash

Easy dinner without a clash

Drank much began driving

Friends pleaded objected

Youth oblivious of death

Crying father lit fire to pyre.

While playing tennis

Friend called in ball out

Whisper unheard joined business

Neither have money nor friend

I don’t smoke thus refused

Have one for me said friend

Didn’t recognize whisper

Died young made family cry

God imbeds right voice in all

Dust of anger pride lust greed settles

Voice of childhood swallowed by youth

Now it seems like shadow of whisper

If you want to choose right path

Focus on breath uncover spirit

Shake off dust, awaken voice

Be aware of whisper again

Be aware of whisper again

Spring

Summer grants abundant leaves fruits

Buds bloom flowers blossom

Pearly dew covers fresh shoots

What life gives, in time it snatches away

Autumn hits us all

Bad times, like winter

Hit us all

Bare branches suffer deadly ice

Burden of heavy snow

Earth spins around sun

Gets life it bestows

Ice n snow accept defeat

Meekly drip away

Have faith in God

When ups downs come your way

Have no doubt, bad times will pass as they came

Spring will arrive for sure

Buds will bloom again

What was taken away mercilessly will return again

Bad times, like winter, hit us all

Stay sturdy, hang in like brown branches

Spring will arrive, again, yet again

A Flower's Story By the Flower

In open air proudly I frolicked swayed

From colorful lips sweet fragrance sprayed

Colorful relatives friends surrounded me

Butterflies sucked nectar with rare bumble bee

Having kissed one

They hopped to the next

Played seven notes happy songs to please me

Used novel ways to look prettier than others

Seeing reflection in water felt proud shy happy

Too much beauty is good and bad too

Colorful fragrant youth is good and bad too

I relished passionate kissing loving caress

My pretty face favored by flower vendor too

Seeking young color loaded flowers

His eyes picked me but I was oblivious

Pretty face will look lovely in flower vase

His evil eye saw fame and money in me

In his mind slayer had greedy thoughts and plans

Unaware innocent me, saw lover in assassin

Wretched man pulled bright scissors from his bag

Grasped my neck split me from my mom and dad

In one swoop inflicted pain shattered thousands dreams

For momentary pleasure bundled my fellows and me

Heartless, he tied us with rope

Made us cry in glass palace

To celebrate marriage displayed my friends and me

For the couple we spilled blood lost lives

Glued lovers swayed on 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

"Very pretty is this big flower.

Must be very expensive!”

Heart cried hearing my life my dreams measured in money

No one heard my sobs or understood my suffering

Food dessert finished no one even once thanked me

Some lucky ones went with guests decorated homes

Unlucky ones like me ended up in trash can

I had imagined many dreams in my heart

Will have colorful life, will bloom for weeks

Will have my own world with seeds and lovely kids

No one can fight destiny

Can’t erase what is pre-destined

Had dreamt open sky gentle cool breeze

Now gasping for last breath in rotted trash

Tears mingling with water

I send blessings to the lovers

May they be happy

For whom I bled got murdered

May they have long life

May no one cut them

before full life

With half closed eyes near coma

I send blessings their way

May no one cut them before full life

May no one cut them before full life

Color Blind

Sat a man of color in the doctor's waiting room

looking neat and trim

A family chose to stand rather than sit next to him.

Family saw bad omen in this young man

Nurse called "Doctor will see you to discuss plan”

"Successful transplant! Your daughter will live normal life!" End of grief!

Relieved, hugged each other and their daughter

A great 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 a tomorrow.

Color of skin different

Color of the blood and marrow same.”

Full of guilt they bowed down to him

Tears-filled eyes couldn’t look up in shame

A Moment

Agony of hours long labor finally ends

Welcome cry in the air laughter it sends

It's a girl, a boy, fingers toes full set of fives

In a moment miracle changes many lives

Non stop actions and much laughter

Children convert house to a home

Days seem long childhood flies fast

In a moment gone to college dorm

A momentary smile at

right time right person

Changes lives forever

for generations to come

A moment of anger is scar for ever

Arrow once left returns to bow never

Moment of anger, greed, a moment of lust

Turns life to a pile of dust

In a moment colorful vibrant world got dark forever

His own protective cells clumped in his eye

View of sunrise moon family to be seen never

With loss of vision his eyes could only cry

A blind eye, a paralyzed limb

slurred speech

Immobile heap of mass a helpless look

In a moment appearance of wheel chair walker

Stroke paralyzed vocal cords of constant talker

Happily safe plane is flying high

In a moment ashes in mountain bed

Plane full of people bubbling with life

In a moment unexpectedly are dead

A hurried wrong cut nicks a bleeder

Turns successful surgery to fatal disaster

Wrong sequence of four elements in a moment

Turns perfect gene in DNA to recipe of cancer

Eye turned down for text or phone chime

Change radio station or look for time

One extra drink a pill or drug in a moment

End circle of life for passengers innocent

Momentary flash of insight leads to discovery

In a flash Hiroshima Nagasaki were history

Earth moves few moments

Houses tumble bridges break down

Crushes all whether poor or wear a crown

A moment is innocent fleeting blip in endless time

Yet a moment can pierce a bullet to life full of dreams

A moment of imbalance on top of a cliff

Brings a victor of summit as fallen dead leaf

A moment of yes or a moment of no

To a drug offered by a friend or a foe

Yes takes you on a path of misery, strife

No predicts a beautiful fruitful life

A moment is fleeting never to seize again

A moment is a priceless free treasure chest

Use it wisely use it carefully

Once gone never does it come back

Make most of what is in your sack

Give a moment of your time to loved one

Share a moment with friend or unknown

A hug to loved ones, caring glance to child grandchild

Change life forever by giving a moment of your life

Think for a moment before throwing a stone

Insulting word a harsh glance or degrading tone

In a moment can break a bubbly lively heart

Can't mend broken thread without leaving a knot

Moment in short life is long and potent

No one knows how to a measure a moment

Yet moment measures defines life

Powerful enough to alter many a life

Love the moment

Watch the moment

Treasure the moment

Spend it wisely

With mind body spirit love

Glance and gentle touch

With possibilities moment is pregnant

Unleash it move ahead or stay stagnant

Seize the moment

Gets rewards for life

Miss the moment

Leads to endless strife

Be A Sun

💥

Illuminate whatever you touch

Be a giver, receivers seek much

Your light free for all

Expect nothing back

Recipients circle spin

Keep coming back

Give life to others, unaffected by them

They use misuse not for you to judge

Others may take you for granted

Keep glowing even if feel unwanted

You were born to shine, stay detached

Spend days giving no strings attached

Be not proud of your bright rays

One who made you gave limited days

So my daughter and my son

Stay bright giving like a sun

Be a sun

Moon

🌕

Facing red hot glow of sun

Moon's face faded

Stars deserted

Moonlight got jaded

Moon now alone in sky

Nervous felt ill fated

Everyone prays to rising sun,

In hard times friends leave and run

They promised to support forever

Now alone, no one ready to come

When they see glitter of gold

Make new friends there

Brothers sisters friends forgotten

Join the golden party there

Yesterday they were kith and kin dear

Avoid my shadow nor come near

"Watch your status before meeting"

Such piercing taunts I hear

I too used to have good days,

Now life has killed my inside

Have to carry own burden

My own departed my side

Complain not dear moon

It’s matter of few hours

Sun's heat burns off

Red hue devoured by time

Then you will reign again

Your night will glitter shine

Moonlight will return

Departed stars come home

Sheets of joy will billow

Engulf you in their dome

After dark moments times are bright

After sad days peace and joy alight

If there is faith, strength in heart

Clouds vanish moonlight stars join you

Moon once again glows bright

Moon happy glows bright

Word Power

Thousands of words in the market

Come let’s pick what we want

Some attached with briers

Some colorful flowers fragrant

Some spread laughter hope

Some hurt worse than thorns

Some double your sorrow

Some split misery in half

Words dry tears of destitute sad

Cruel ones make happy cry or mad

Two words of praise make fallen walk again

Discouraging ones kill the will to move again

Burning lava erupt make friend a foe

Sweet words change stranger to lover and grow

Unwise words in anger erect lasting wall

Kind ones soak us like a gentle water fall

Words said secretly when reach the prey

Relations of years in a moment fray

Some words better said by eyes with lips closed

Some when said eyes look down in shame

Some words I want to say but listeners are no more

Become prisoners in heart then flow out in tears

Untimely harsh words tear people apart

Speaker unaware listener crumbles in heart

“Sunken cheeks, lost weight, grown weak”

Depressing words make recovering patient sick again

A word of encouragement to someone down and out

A shelled talent in a seed awakens, makes it sprout

Words are mighty powerful

Even one can change the world

Weigh the words

They don’t return like an arrow leaving the bow

Weigh the words

They don’t return like an arrow leaving the bow

Taken For Granted

From our balcony, views of Pittsburgh

Awesome, breathtaking, out of the world

Tall varied textured buildings lit bright

Some days soaked in golden sunshine

At nights embraced by fog or moon light

Like at birth a newborn draws gasps

Same feelings spurted; our jaw drops.

What man did to enhance miracle of nature

How lucky to be living in such a treasure

People throng Viewpoints

Fill benches, line walking trail

Lip-locked lovers, walkers

Zippy kids, old and frail

You see hear their oos and aahs as they click cameras

They come hooded or bundled in thick of freezing winter

Rain gear covered in downpour

Bare chested in summer

Limos line up Grand View Avenue for special occasion

People set up parties for birthdays, weddings, just fun

Best view of town in the Burgh

Second best in the country

Two beautiful rivers, like two lovers

Eager to meet where Point ends

They merge into the mighty One

The fountain witness of new life just begun

With every passing day

Thrill of view got dim and jaded

Starry lights not as bright

Nights same old dull-n-faded

Some wish for a higher floor for better views open sky

Some with acrophobia complain wish it was not so high.

I dislike PPG building

It blocks views of colorful dancing fireworks

It’s shining glass no longer marvel to relish

Buildings draw frowns and smirks

Monongahela no longer shiny blue

Its water dull, murky brown

Train's whistle noise

causes conversations to drown

Roaring cars and bikes pain in ears

Black soot covers tables and chairs

The Point with its fountain a sticking finger of land

Jutted between two rivers where new one just began

Days go by we don’t

Open drapes to have a peek

Nothing special happening

Monongahela just a creek

Similarly, life gets taken for granted

Our breath, vision of eyes, beating of heart

Trillion cells working smoothly, voluntary non-stop

Only shortcomings, faults, defects are noted

Plastic surgeons, psychiatrists, hospitals occupied

Even makers of our body

Our parents forgotten

Often cursed many a time

One wrong gene or action

among thousands perfect ones

become actors in crime

Nature or God not thanked acknowledged

Everything gets taken for granted

Only pitfalls highlighted to grumble and whine

Complaints take front stage made 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 n joy on my shoulders

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

My shrieks and tears not full of joy, display sorrow

I go to sleep wondering if I'll see sun of tomorrow

Outwardly healthy but suffering silently inside

I look mighty, but bleed, weak hollow inside

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

Platform where millions pledge to live 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 can carry people, buildings and roads

Stop my bleeding mudslides, the ground it erodes

Give me grass, creepers, strong rooted many a tree

They will hold me together, please do it for you and me

Don't litter me with plastic paper, cans and glass

They don't let plants grow, kill my precious grass

Help hold support me like I have done for ever

Without help future generations will see me never

Come see my tears as desperately in public I cry

I know, with your love you will heal me make my eyes dry

I know, with your love you will heal me make my eyes dry

If Not Now, When?

Pace of life is same for all

Neither fast nor slow for anyone

King or pauper, big or small,

Destination same known to all

Life is short, many dreams in heart

Paint them give them life

Tomorrow's sun may or may not rise

Dreams of night may stay unfulfilled

What you want to achieve do it now

If not now, when?

Greed of name, money eclipsed children wife

Busy every moment earning fame in life

Face of death waiting at next crossing

Children swiftly leave home to their path

Play, laugh, make them laugh and think

If not now, when?

Before disease makes you its home

Joints freeze, breath stops, mouth emits wails

Water the flowers before they wither and dry

Save the iron before it rusts and collapse

Spent time never returns

Repair the body before it shrivels

If not now, when?

Fulfill all heart’s desires

Open sky showers gifts, fill your tote

With luck some time is still left

Without hurting others, what’s to be done

Do it now

In not now, when

Friends and family are doing it and saying

Brother—stop, listen, wake up, pay attention

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 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 Did Our Old America GO

Had dreams of a country

Where milk flows in rivers

Roads glittery gold

American dreams had no bounds

Ambitions, 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

People, properties respected;

Young ones respected, cared for old

Country of legal immigrants

Didn’t see criminals in

New faces but took them in their fold

Where we helped needy here or abroad

Where police were respected

And police cared for white black

Brown at home or on the road

Where kids walked alone to school

Played outside till dark, giggles roared

Where teachers were respected

Schools a sanctuary for students

Safe places to learn and play

Where doors were not locked

Alarm systems, security cameras

Not part of schools or 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 word of mouth

Was good as notarized paper

A shake of hand

Where problems, issues and opinions

Didn't make others enemy of the land

Agree or not, we were

One Nation as one family

Solving problems at hand

Unity in diversity

United rainbow bright

Create common light

Not too long ago

Where proud Americans

Lived together

With dreams of equality

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, 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

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Where did that old USA go

Where did our old USA gLaughterLaughter

Laughter

Poker

If you want to convert

Truth to lie, lie to winning

Bring other’s wealth

To your home

Brother learn Poker

With luck cards are good

And you win

Think you are super intelligent

Brother learn Poker

In life not everyone wins

By lack of one card

House comes tumbling down

Brother learn Poker

Your success is

Someone else’s loss

Want to make them cry

To become happy

Brother learn Poker

Cards may be weak or strong

Happens with luck

Be happy in

What life serves

Brother learn Poker

Happy in victory

Cry in loss

Matter of two days

New card will bring new hope

Brother learn Poker

By God’s grace

Got chance to play

Poker or life

If you want to win in both

Apply means to stay happy

Don’t blame luck

Brother learn Poker

Brother learn Poker

Wife

Want such a wife

Who is my slave

Morning or night

Height should be

Five feet three inches

Whose jeans are tight

Hair are like dark clouds

Is fair colored

Smile always on the face

Never have a fight

Want such a wife

Works outside the home

Serves my mother father

Keeps house shine like mirror

Makes fresh food daily

When I return after golf

Gives me massage

Want such a wife

Gives me a dozen kids

Cricket team at home

Noisy Carnival be at home

Manages the whole army

Hands me cold beer

Want such a wife

Want such a wife

Who is my slave

Morning or night

Husband

God give me a such a husband

Wakes up, touches my feet

Brings biscuits and tea

Wakes me up with love

Open eyes my beloved

God give me a such a husband

Before waking me

Gets children ready

Prepares breakfast too

To keep up with expenses

Works outside sixteen hours

God give me a such a husband

All the money he earns

Puts it in my hand

Gets me five Visa cards

Takes me for shopping

Gifts me gold and diamonds

God give me a such a husband

Irons my clothes

Puts polish on my nails

Shines my shoes too

I dress up for parties

Makes me sit in Rolls Royce

God give me a such a husband

Has smile like Aamir Khan

Hair like Dev Anand

His cheeks glow red

Is tall like Amitabh

Walk like Salman Khan

God give me a such a husband

God give me a such a husband

Wakes up, touches my feet

Brings biscuits and tea

Wakes me up with love

Open eyes my beloved

God give 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 Steet Journal with bold words of Wall Street facing the audience.

He puts down the paper.

He addresses Goddess Lakshami— om Ma, please give us your blessings today. For so many days stocks are sinking. Our portfolio is sinking. Intel, Boeing, Cisco keep dropping like dominos. They are all sleeping. Pleasewake them up. Please! For two days I have been fasting. Please shower us with prosperity.

Om, Om, Om

Then picks up the paper and starts reading.

Wife enters the stage from the right side. She has a glittering expensive looking 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!

Husband folds the paper, puts it on the table.

Playfully says—Done. As ordered.

Now what can I do for you?

How are 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.

In one week having worked six days I am tired.

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. Got married and all forgotten !

Husband—I am really sorry.

Wife—I knew it. That’s why I brought a sari from your side.

Look, isn’t it gorgeous?

It has diamonds and pearls stitched in it.

Husband touches it —This is beautiful. 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 so simpleton.

Live in America and spend in rupees!

It is only twenty five thousand.

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 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 free x 2

Wife—you buy stocks, thousands of bonds

Don’t like if I buy a sari x2

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 sleep

Medicare parted ways

Before sunrise after moon rise

Your husband comes home

You keep spending

Wife—you are always mistaken

You work all day I keep sleeping

It’s not easy to run household

I scrub your dishes wash clothes

Make food for all

Raise your children

Whole day tiring non-stop

You keep buying stocks

Husband—Had no idea you are in this condition

Wife—Now I know why you are distressed

Both—Hold my hand love

You hold me I support you

Whether we pass days crying or laughing

Time of life zips by either way

Wife—You keep earning I keep spending

Life is more enjoyable

Husband pointing finder—You keep spending

Wife—You buy stocks

Both leave stage pointing holding hands, laugh

You You You

Two Aspects of Money

Woe to money Woe to money

What a disease I got

Made parents cry

Made us forget our country

Woe to money Woe to money

Wow money Wow money

Never saw anything like you

You make high palaces

You get us diamonds pearls

Wow money Wow money

It blinds the eyes

Makes the ears deaf

Puts lock on mind

Makes us do illegal work

Woe to money Woe to money

People bend do salutation

Leaders do my bidding

Gets big name in society

Fixes failed tasks

Wow Money Wow money

Creates animosity in brothers sisters

Makes our own as strangers

Breaks relationships of friends

Scale of money is heavier

Woe to money Woe to money

Buy most expensive cars

Diamond studded saris

Buy whatever we want

We even buy friends

Did not see kid’s childhood

Saw only path of money

Worked sixteen hours

Sacrificed home for money

Woe to money Woe to money

Helps travel whole world

Brings stars moon to earth

Money gold mine of joy

Wow money Wow money Money

Money is transient

May come and go

It is not going with us

Why you forgot wealth of Ram’s name

Why forgot your real self

Woe to money Woe to money

Can’t get Ram with money

Can’t get Shyam with money

Where money is the king

There is no love

Recognize this truth today

Woe to money Woe to money Woe to money

(Person loving 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. 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 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 and has a peaceful smile.

Drunkard

Drunkard’ mouth is made for alcohol

Drunkard’s mouth is made for alcohol

India’s Johnny Walker lived in Bombay

Their Johnny has home in Scotland

Evening arrives gulps start

Friends render full support

Drunkard’ mouth is made for alcohol

Single malt but peg is double

They have fun but wife has trouble

Got beaten with a shoe

Even then mouth stuck with bottle

Drunkard’s mouth is made for alcohol

First peg makes them lion

Second converts to monkey

Face is copy of pig

When third one goes in

Become relative of Kumbhkaran

Snores let no one sleep

Drunkard’ mouth is made for alcohol

Drunkard’ mouth is made for alcohol

Modern Diwali

No flowers no platter for prayer

No one recites name of Ram

Movie songs are now hymns

Holy water is whiskey dram

No bell in the temple

No sound of conch

Clinking glasses are

Beat of songs

Offerings not on idol

It was on Teen Patti game

Didn’t ask peace and joy

Mind set on trail

No incense stick or black cone

Saw swirling smoke

When someone lit cigarette

Didn’t read Sundarkand

No one read Hanuman Chalisa

Naughty group tell dirty jokes

Leaning in like tower of Pisa

Feet stumble lips tremble

Alcohol shows it’s real form

Prostrating not due to devotion

Whiskey knocked him to the floor

In noise everyone talks

No one listens to other’s talk

Happy Diwali say everyone

No one hears other’s problem

Came walking straight

To celebrate Diwali

Some conscious some not

Started driving their car

Lamps disappeared

Made in China Strings

Light up the house

How do we teach

Diwali of our childhood

Oh my brothers sisters

What have you done

We have bankrupted Diwali

Have made it distressed

Stop outer glitter shine

Light inner lamp

Stop modern Diwali

Celebrate Diwali of childhood

Stop modern Diwali

Celebrate Diwali of childhood

Johnny’s Headache

Curtain rises.

There is a sofa on the stage.

There is side table 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.

Has hand on his head and

expression showing intense

headache.

He starts to sing—Mary O Mary

Irritated Mary says—Now what!

Johnny—Head is splitting with

And heart is sinking

Before my soul departs

Call a doctor right away

Call a doctor right away

(Mary picks up phone and dials

family doctor’s number)

Mary—Doctor, come right away

My husband is sick

Who else will save him

Who else will save him.

(Doctor enters from right side.

He is wearing a white doctor’s coat

and has stethoscope hanging on neck.)

Doctor—Who is the patient

Who do I need to save

Need to erase pain of sufferer

Johnny—My headache is getting much worse.

Feels like I am getting a stroke.

(Slides down from sofa and sits on floor)

I am leaving the party.

If you remember…

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

Mary—On no! Wish you had completed the song!

(Johnny gets up and sings.)

—If you remember, do not cry.

( Again lies down, eyes closed and no breath. Doctor checks his pulse. Puts stethoscope on the chest. With a smile he says.)

Doctor—Johnny’s number got 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—Doctor, let’s dance like it is spring

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

(Hold hands, look and smile at each other.

They leave the stage out of left

entrance and keep repeating same duet)

Lights dim and curtain falls.

Audience can still hear the duet

going on with Mary and doctor

laughing.)

Circle of Life

With pomp and show get married

Produce children very fast

Kudos to children

They are Mom Dad’s ornaments

Excited we go to honeymoon

But get into accident there

Two of us went three came back

Hard times have come for both

Tortured Mom for nine months

Papa looks nervous too

House too small money is short

Now hair will shed or turn white

All night they cry

All day they sleep

Sleeping face looks like God

When wake up change to ghost

Forgot difficulties of day and night

When eyes open they go to school

Learn two words of English

Mom Dad look ignorant

In two moments become teenagers

We become soldiers they majors

Now they own all intelligence

They complain about everything

They come home like birds

Season changes fly away

Guests for two days

Trust us they are our lives

Whatever they do

Wherever they live

They are pieces of our hearts

Always live in our hearts

(Before we know these pieces grow up. What do they do?)

With pomp and show get married

Produce children very fast

Kudos to children

They are Mom Dad’s ornaments

(Circle of life starts again and goes on for ever)

Covid

(One man is sitting on a rocking chair. Has gloves on hands, mask on his face. On the center table are books, plastic wrapped TV remote. On a side table he has box of Lysol wipes, box of gloves, Alcohol hand sanitizer, and pulse oximeter. Outside the front door, there is a big sign—Jail.

Sings a song—

Where do I go and hide

No matter where I look

There I see Corona

Cover mouth wash hands

Still heart is scared

Wonder where it may hide

Someone coughs ahead

Someone sneezes behind me

Hard to escape hidden virus

Keep distance of six feet

Where do I go and hide.

House has become jail

Freedom is over

Shops are closed

Dooms day is here

Leaders are fighting Public is

destroyed

Where do I go and hide

Where do I go and hide

No matter where I look

There I see Corona

Expensive Onions

Tired defeated returned from office

Found wife unconscious

On kitchen floor

Hearing my voice

She opened her eyes

Showed empty bag on the floor

“I went to market to buy onions

Hearing it price my body went cold

He asked hundred rupees for half kilo

My legs started trembling

Sweat on face my breath stopped

It all got dark like midnight

Wobbling falling I reached home

Could not grab chair to sit

Now you know reason of fainting

Onions are more expensive than gold

Lowly onions more expensive than gold

Stocks

Buyer of stocks

Wonder what engulfed your mind

Lost all your money

You lost all your money

Money which gave blisters on feet

Ulcer in stomach danger to life

Money choked coronary arteries

You are squandering it all

Why gamble away hard earned money

Lost all you have

Buyer of stocks

Wonder what engulfed your mind

Lost all your money

You lost all your money

The day you learnt spellings of stock

Same day labeled yourself Peter Lynch

With luck if you make few dollars

Sing happy songs in parties

This money you consider yours

Soon it will depart

Lost all your money

Buyer of stocks

Wonder what engulfed your mind

Lost all your money

You lost all your money

All night you are unable to sleep

Memory of drowned stock troubles

Dead do not return

Why shed tears for them

Buy municipal bonds

Dolly has taught you

Lost all your money

Buyer of stocks

Wonder what engulfed your mind

Lost all your money

You lost all your money

Few Colors of America

(Wherever you live, there will be flowers and thorns. America has innumerable flowers There some associated thorns. After flying to 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 not realized

Reached America luck was bad

You are helper servant gardener

You are washerman and chauffeur

Impossible to sit even two minutes

Why cry or regret now

You get what is destined

Palaces here are tall

But hearts are low

Money comes first, love later

One who gives business

Is the best person

Buy friendship buy love

Dollar is mightier than relatives

Had heard dollars grow on trees

Pockets are full hearts empty

Life is imprisoned in cage

Buy diamonds or stocks

Same story twenty four hours

Night and day in the country

Bullets are showered

Windstorms of colors racial divide prevail

Children prisoners schools jail

Neighbors don’t know you

All are unknown

My home silent like grave

Dreams of stars not realized

Reached America Luck was bad

Seventeenth Birthday

Yesterday’s boy is old now

Considers himself young

Runs two yards

Breath fades away

More on the face less on head

It’s season of falling hair

Ears hear not eyes don’t see

Whichever part you touch is soft

Flirts with girls around him

His heart is still young

Runs two yards breath fades

Looking at lines on face

Hand depressed with shame

You have dyed the hair

How to hide hair on chest

Get face lift done

Shave the chest

No one can recognize you

Runs two yards breath fades away

Those who know Piki Madan

consider yourself lucky

They always

have songs on the lips

No one knows what

They hide in their hearts

Cover their sorrows make people laugh

They have name famous by in the

society

Yesterday’s boy is old now

Considers himself young

Runs two yards

Breath fades away

Runs two yards breath

( 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

Gave heart to the phone

Forgot relatives and friends

Now my near 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

It made them cry

Cancer has cure but it has defeated all

Thief is small shiny phone

Eyes glued hands caress it

No one talks

It has become companion

During our walk

Tongue replaced by finger tips

A strange new era has arrived

Sleep with it at night

Attached during day

If hidden from eyes

Heart shudders

How do we kick it out

It is now the master

Old tools vanished

It has swallowed all

Camera GPS Calculator faded

Small object enslaved us all

We follow its ways and means

Lovers locked in embrace

Eyes glued on their screens

Eyes bent down

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 are not so lucky

Not every night blessed with sunrise

Be happy always

Times can be worse

Count your blessings

Everyone can count what’s missing

I asked astrologer

How many days left for me to live

As many people as you serve

God will double them and give

Stay fully alive as long as

Breath goes in and out

If useful to someone needy

In lonely desert flowers will sprout

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

Grandchildren now adults

But I same robust young

Mentally forgot to age

Don’t recognize image in the mirror

Where did this old man come from

Get discount without showing card

What kind of world am I in

People call me uncle

I suspect their mental faculty

Brothers sister got old

But I am still young

Such feelings arise in heart

Still run my fingers on my head

Even if flat empty land there

How did it become barren

Lush green field was there

To save ink, newspaper

Started printing small letters

To avoid throat ache

People began whispering

Kids read news on TV, teach me

Strange world has arrived

My doctor looks like school kid

Age of Kali has arrived

Wrinkles, joint pains, shortness of breath

Are in other’s estate

How did they enter my body

Surely sender had wrong address

Brothers sisters face senile diseases

A fickle thought crosses my mind

Tomorrow it will be my turn

Do not believe I won’t exist

Now friends family started tumbling

Make many trips to crematorium

See myself wrapped in white sheet

Hear people talking about me

Don’t know where the age went

Now start methods of stretching it

List of medicines start elongating

Hear talks of operations and death

Had received innumerable days

Will fulfill unfinished desires

Had many thoughts dreams in mind

What’s the rush will do it tomorrow

Dusk arrived but tomorrow did not

Tell me if this is justice

My sun is setting

Will be dark soon

Teach the new crop

Forget bitter memories

Reminisce sweet ones

Live fully, fill other’s laps with joy

Even though age appears long

But is so short

Forget complaints grievances regrets

Light up this moment bright

Light up this moment bright

New Photos of Old Friends

When I see new photos

Of old friends

Search colorful palaces in ruins

Half open dreams desire for stars

See lifeless pieces of broken dreams

Behind wrinkles

Look for signs of youth

On the tired faces

See remnants of blows and stumbles

Don’t know when clouds

Covered the shiny glitter

Dense hair blew away

Remaining changed colors

Slaps of life bent straight waist

See all signs of old age

See light strength in faint smile

Less dreams wishes in future

No one comes to meet

Eyes are moist

See weak tired defeated skeletons

Some became home to diseases

Some faces swallowed by time

In faint memories

Recall see lost friends

When I see new photos

Of old friends

Search colorful palaces in ruins

Colors of Old Age

Children have not seen old age

Its a disease of others

Death or even its shadow distant

They are in trance

Of intoxicated youth

Oh God give them

Old age for few days

Then return their youth

May be then perhaps they understand

Difficult roads of coming days

What do they know about

Griefs of old age

Suffocation of closed four walls

Silent deserted loneliness

Circling of death all around

Sudden departure of partner

Hard to stabilize with one crutch

Carry out journey of life alone

Hard of hearing fear of blindness

Wake up at night then elusive sleep

Even if it comes fear of not waking

Wet pillow filled with old memories

Get new gift on each birthday

Joints freeze cancer enters

Lung disease shortness of breath

Rising youth took new turn

Hear words behind thin walls

Why don’t they leave go across

Sitting here unnecessarily

Have no purpose

Why don’t they cross the border

Have become obstacle in path of life

Like rocks in flow of river

Hopefully it is the last breath

I hear it in their suppressed voice

Forgot these hands taught them to walk

This voice taught them to talk

On these shoulders they saw the world

Crossed line from childhood to youth

Then I think I had done the same

When they needed me I deserted them

Turned my face

Will do it tomorrow

They will always be here

Neither wrote letter nor even talk

Was lost in my colorful path

What you sow you reap in the field of life

Flowers don’t bloom in dry barren sand

I understand helplessness of children

Decorate their own patch and sing

They also got only one garden

Celebrate joys watching it bloom

Enjoy caring for own youth bubbling dreams

Or care for fading dying stars

In blink of eye they moved

From childhood to youth

Don’t know when I moved

From youth to old

Bent waist wrinkled face is my identity

Don’t know where

I got lost In the path of life

We get one innings in play of life

One way traffic is in meetings of life

Past time never returns

Take care of parents, yourself, children

In this play of life

Give golden shine to this beautiful play of life

Whatever God gave

Is more than my sac can hold

After full childhood and youth

My sorrows of old age are minimal

My sorrows of old age are minimal

Time

Don’t know where time vanished

Had just learnt how to live

Vanquished anger pride ego greed

Learnt to drink nectar of love so sweet

Busy today will do it tomorrow

Will connect with loved ones when free

Will share joys and sorrow

Had just learnt to hug all alive with glee

Don’t know…

Planted flowers fruits just bloomed

Learnt to cherish fragrance sweet taste

Learnt to walk the right path

Live fully happy laugh open heart no haste

Don’t know…

Game began yesterday over today

Never imagined won’t see many a moon

Floating cloud setting sun is life

Never envisioned this will happen so soon

Don’t know…

Drunk in pride river rose breaks banks away

Smashed washed whatever came in its way

Never dreamt it will dry lose swift motion

Name will vanish will soon merge with ocean

Don’t know…

Small issues irked for no reason

Brought nothing will take nothing

Filled home with stuff for many lives

Had just emptied 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…

Live to fullest, meet known unknown

Hold them, won’t be there tomorrow

We all are travelers of one way path

Moments once gone will not return

Don’t know…

Drop of rain will merge dirt with dirt

Name or crumbs of life will not exist

Watching studying training from others

Had learnt right selfless way to live

Don’t know where time vanished

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 barely touched love of life yesterday hardly knew

Remembers every vow, ring

The kiss witnessed by family friends

Young person sees little ones.

Life richer joyous knowing no ends

Kids grew fast got married left his hold

But 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’s true

Now alone, teary sad

Love of life vanished

children, friends abandoned

Inside every old man there is

A young person wondering what happened

(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 lost youth after it left my hand slipped away

Didn't notice its absence till it quietly eluded my sway

Life is a flowing waterfall

Plunged waters never return

Body strength once lost

Wrinkles proof of no return

From buds bloom flowers

Wither, fall and scatter

Glow longer if given sun, food

Water and organic matter

Body mind spirit seek exercise

Stay active get thoughts wise

Add years of independent life

Improve own and children’s life

Addictions,laziness no exercise, ate junk food

Engrossed in work, wasted time in parties not good

I will always stay healthy, maladies are in other's Wills

When old age rang doorbell I woke up

Got membership of gym

Asked for oil free veggies bread without butter

Read labels broke relations with fat

Discarded egg yellow sweets candy

Drank beer wine whiskey

Now Metamucil every night

Arrived late but did arrive

Invoked God started exercise

With dedication set goals

Try to keep diseases away

Without effort don't get mother's milk nor moving of breath

Discard laziness hug liveliness Come let's live healthy life

Seek lost youth, at

Alzheimer's

(Old person talking to a young adult)

Remember kept cold cloth

All night on your forehead

With head in my lap

Stroked fingers through your hair

Wished I get your disease and you my age

To hear your breath I would hold mine

You got hurt I felt pain

Heart cried many a night

Pearl of your happy moments

I threaded as treasures

Hiding my pains I searched

Ways to make your life happy

World's poisonous news

I kept away from your innocent ears

Swept sharp briers from your path

Spread soft petals

No one gave you sorrow

I fought with 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 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 yesterday

What happened yesterday

Eclipsed like 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, always stay happy my child

You and only you live in my heart

Candle

A bright lit flame will extinguish one day

By end of wax or an accident on the way

Flame glows bright proud

Thinks I'll 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 and mighty wind

New candles sprout around me I see them grow

My innings ending

Candle shrinking

Flame dimming I don't want it to blow

Suddenly I flicker, shine brighter like never before

Despite my fluttering struggle

Wax ends wind blows

Flickering bright light no more

Became Is to Was

Don’t know when I became

Is to Was

Sunny day got covered with clouds dark

Buds had just become flowers

But now they are wilted dry

Yesterday I was young handsome

It was my own new world

Cruel fall converted colorful spring

to ashes

Ice feels proud of its shine

It will be labeled ignorant

Harsh hot cruel sun

Melts it into water

Waves rise in the ocean

Want to touch the sky

In two moments they crash

Nameless existence vanishes

This name appearance wealth position

Guest for few days

Time is very powerful

They get covered with sheet of time

Live in this moment

Embrace it

Don’t burn today with

Regrets and worries

Millions like me walked this path

and departed

Don’t know when I became

Is to Was

Sunny day got covered with clouds dark

Play of Life

Players change but

Play keeps going

One player leaves field

Another comes in its place

Player team faces names

Rules regulations change

Despite numerous efforts

No one escapes toll of time

Argued fought to win

Won some stole some

Worried greedy to move ahead

Did not enjoy the game

Told lies made schemes

Became selfish pushed down others

Forgot this is just a game

Will be over soon

Every player thinks

They are first ever

Play was created just for them

Entered field, jumped and played

Shrieked and yelled

Clouds thundered lightening bright

Then waterfall of tears flowed

Quietly lost collapsed

People removed him on stretcher

Seeing empty spot, next player

Jumped moved stepped forward

Didn’t thank who came before him

Made the field for him

Slowly got tired hard to lift feet

Thought of end of game

Struggled to become stable

Without mercy next player

Pushed, stepped over him

Players change but

Play keeps going

One player leaves field

Another comes in its place

Play goes on

Too Late

Attended my funeral procession

Shed tears placed

Two flowers and left

Recited innumerable praises

Forgot many faults

You focussed when alive

Didn’t meet for years or talk

Now came for showing face

Wish had spent time together

Had sent gifts while I was alive

Had supported when I fell

Wiped tears

Had brightened my nights

Eyes longed for then got moist

Watching path for you

Eyes got tired and dry

You came too late

Came when I was no more

Reciting your name I left the world Reciting your name I left the world

Puppets of Wax

Wonder when this wax

Will melt evaporate

Structure gets burnt by fire

All are guests of two days

Fistful ash mixes with water

Yesterday was my partner

Now not even a shadow

Door opened but

No one came in

For few moments went out

Will return home

Left memories but never returned

Sang their songs for few days

Put flowers daily on the photo

Promised to remember forever

Then walked on our own path

Forgot names of

Those who died a while ago

Who has time

To check on the widow

All tangled In their cobweb

Have come to funeral of one

Who attended someone else’s yesterday

We came today

Came to say goodbye to someone

Tomorrow someone will come to see us off

Wonder when this wax

Will melt evaporate

Structure gets burnt by fire

All are guests of two days

Birth Death

When butterflies made of ice melt

Leaf says goodbye to tree

Particle from star leaves home

Shines for few moments

Becomes part of dust

Rapid noisy water of river

Quietly merges in water

Partner relative friend breaks relation

Departs from world

Ones who we grew up singing laughing

Dies in front of us

Perception of own demise

Thought bubbles in heart

In funeral home see body of other But own face

Is this all that is life

For its sake person struggles

Wanders day and night

Sit under shade of tree

Wish had spent time with them

Company of mother father brothers

Sisters spouse children friends

Only lucky ones get

Half bloomed dreams

Dust cloud of memories erupts

For few days person stabilizes

Then slips on the false path

Slowly becomes prisoner of

Attachment anger pride

Wise ones recognize reality

Walk right path

Neither arrival nor departure

Time is in our hand

Nature’s play of birth and death

Continues following its rules

Nature’s play of birth and death

Continues following its rules

Death

Have seen death from so close

Now it looks familiar known

See its image in the mirror

Appears a true story

Once known recognizable

Now I worry less about it

First word of book of life

Looks like sign of last page

Body is destructible

Had heard read viewed

Clearly seen when

Saw my own die

Some were so close

Were my part

Saw myself die with them

Same will be my situation

Game over tomorrow

White covered saw family cry

Difficulties worries will finish

Line between life death will erase

Heat of evening sun will cool down

Fame money body ego

Came home like guests

In blink of eye will depart

Wings of bird open then fly

Don’t have pride worries greed

Burn with body in a moment

Amassed treasure stays back

Fulfill your dreams

Spread unconditional love

Body won’t sustain for ever

Forget yesterday’s mistakes

Laugh make others laugh

Live happily in this transient life

Flow of breath is a gift

Who knows when the flow will stop

Who knows when the flow will stop

Ruins of Memories

House is full of people

But empty for me

Every item has your name engraved

Gardner of every plant

See your features in children Image in grandchildren

See your hand behind their thoughts and actions

Nani Nana dad mom friend

Will remember you by various names

One by one they leave

Only your memories will stay

Wherever I look I see you

No one replies when I call you

Nobody can defeat death

Helpless eyes shed tears

Happened to other

Heard it many times

Will be this hard

Had never imagined

Since I know now

Want to bring you back

Hundreds of thoughts enter mind

Want to hear you talk

Want to fulfill your desires

Wish I could realize your problems

That was not you

It was your sickness

Wish understood your thoughts

You showed through tears

Who will interfere stop me

Stay drowned in such thoughts

Sitting alone life long

Entangled in sorrow

When there is a sound

Think you have come back

Now alone for life

Will have to suffer punishment

Time is cruel

Flies like a bird

Hands of clock never reverse

This is *the* moment in life

Give away to loved ones

Erase your ego for their sake

Look at my helplessness

My sorrow my tears his death

If you want to learn

Live life for them

Once they leave

You will hold your head and cry

Alone thread a garland of memories

Prisoner of ruins of memories

Days and nights are dark for me

House is full of people

But empty for me

Prayer

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

Breath stopped as did heart beat

Even then can see the scene

Can’t bear you crying

Unable to rise wipe your tears

See children tormented sob bitterly

Hold my hands sprinkle flowers

In rain or sun

Can’t stay forever as umbrella

I got salvation

Did all there is to see and do

Got your companionship

Drank much juice of life

Neither thought nor asked

Luck overfilled my bag

From earth I touched sky

God gave 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 tears of others

Getting support from memories

Become crutch for others

One day it will be your turn

You will be lying here

Ones you gave birth raised

Holding your head will be

Your loving daughters

I pray *that day* comes after long time

I will wait for you

Meeting will occur in next birth

Reincarnation

Relations are like seasons

Change every moment, every month

Spent days and nights together,

Now they follow their own paths

Buds yesterday, then flowers bloomed

Severe sunshine wilted them

When extreme heat became intolerable

Fearfully Fall season arrived

Spread out greens, reds  and yellows

Carefree colors of youth got faded

Became colorless, even then

Folded over, stayed stuck to the mother

Arrived a gust of cold wind

All relations became weak

Some earlier, some later

They all got shaken off

Body of garden got decorated

With faded colored leaves

Cried bitterly branches above

Taking tears from the dew

Seeing the first ray of morning sun

Sent blessings drip by drip

It used to feel so good

When all of you were with me

I beg God for your happiness

May you always stay alive

Change is a tradition of life

This you must remember forever

This beautiful shiny body

One day will whither away

Slowly, quietly color will change

One day caretaker of garden will arrive

When you are all lifeless dried

He will make a pile of all of you

Will get burnt right in front of my eyes

Those whom I hid under my covers

Will end up becoming ashes

Black clouds in form of my tears

Will caress cool your pyre

Do not become desolate

Do not cry my children

Roots will watch your paths

Mixed with rain water

They will hide you in my heart

After severe winter

Surely we will meet again

New spring, new shape

Together we'll bloom again

For centuries this strange

Play of nature will go on

Who came yesterday has departed

Will arrive again after changing garb

Don’t be too happy in spring

Don’t cry in season of Fall

Don’t forget from your heart

You are my integral part

Sometimes close and far sometimes, but every moment you are with me

Life and Death

Gust of wind, bubble

Or shadow of flying cloud

Life is a dream

Glittering golden mirage

Ignored in intoxicated youth

Destructible body will burn

For which stole deceived

Hurt our loved ones’ heart

Birth to death named cover

Encased in closed book

Wrote life story myself

Mostly by luck or others

Not sure about next breath

Did planning for many births

In anger lust pride greed illusion

Lost strayed wasted life

When alive people did not meet

Behind back talked cursed

Eyes closed make long lines

Made bridges of praises

Even those sheepishly came

Had not entered home for decades

Was hard to meet for two moments

Now stay whole day show face

Received so many flowers fruits after death

Not seen while alive

So much praise showered by many

Never heard while alive

While living, people

Focussed on mistakes shortcomings

After last breath

Discuss my good points

When I was ill disabled

For years no one came

Now I am not here

Unending lines of visitors

To look better than others

Some show solid friendship

Now become compassionate

Had shirked eye contact before

Except spouse or loved ones

All look pretenders

Some quietly hide tears of blood

Some shower false tears

Someone’s life in a moment

Falls from sky to earth

Some didn’t hold a finger

Now give shoulder for casket

Alive one moment

Then breath heart beat halts

One may fight with might

Death is always victorious

Witnessing corpse

All think of their end

Quickly forget truth of life

False story starts again

Gust of wind, bubble

Shadow of flying cloud

Life is a dream

Glittering golden mirage

Glittering golden mirage

End of Life

Very strange is the life

In few years

My name won’t be there

Be grateful

Hopefully two generations will remember

Our dreams stories ups and downs

Depth no one will know

Decorated shined my home

Will become heap of dirt

Our struggles hard work

No one will remember

Who was I why what I did

Not even time to ask

If asked about my life journey

People will be puzzled

From which world have you come

Players are changed

Game will be same

Stories of lives before

No one will remember

Very strange is the life

In few years

My name won’t be there

Be grateful

Hopefully two generations will remember

Dust of Time

Dust of time

Conceals centuries

Waves of ocean

Destroy sand castles

Walking talking aging life

Ends when breath comes to halt

Photos memories names

Alive for a while

Next generation forgets

Living a busy life

Appearance money position mirage

No one can tie them forever

Green leaves of spring

Get blown away

By blustery wind of fall

Kings emperors

Flow in the river of time

Emperors entitled with names

Become nameless

Haughty higher cast turn to ashes Hungry dust of time Digests the perishable ash

Signs stay for one or two offsprings Then sleeps in lapse of time Waves of ocean Bite away sand castles Dust of time Conceals centuries