

# *The Moon above My Home*

*By*

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BFC PUBLICATIONS



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# *Moon above My Home*

*Moon appears from my home,  
rises to set from east to west.*

*We often climb to roof,  
Before, we go to rest.*

*My, one and a half year grandson,  
Who is lovely and fair.  
With delicate little bare feet,  
Holding my finger climbs upstairs.*

*At time of the dusk  
When stars are not bright.  
Nothing is special except.  
dark and other homes light.*

*An hour later darkness falls,  
The round disc of moon shine.  
Face of moon brightens.  
As everyone began to dine.*

*My little grandson wander,  
In darkness, nothing thrills.*

*but as the moon grows.  
With extreme joy, he fills.*

*"Ooe ! Ha ! moon, Daddy, moon"  
He smiles and exclaim.  
Now filled with happiness  
Seeing round ball, never was same.*

*'Moon' is the only word.  
He Learnt to speak..  
Second to 'mom' and,  
Laugh, cry ' n squeak.*

*Pointing with his finger,  
Softly he repeated 'moon'.  
With broad smile raised arms.  
As to catch it soon.*

*For him it is a ball in sky,  
He loves too much to ball.  
When he watches the moon,  
He raises his heels and looks tall.*

*When the moon is conspicuous,  
And we have the chance.*

*'Little moon' of my family,  
Get enchanted and dance.*

*Nature has created wonders,  
Moon is one high in space.  
It enthuses the lovers, lovers  
For poet's and naturalists' solace.*

*It gives pleasure to all,  
Affectionate hearts enthralls.  
People and my little one wait,  
Till a 'full moon' night falls.*

*A moonless dark night,  
Everything is dull and gloom.  
But, full moon, that comes in sky,  
All objects shine and bloom.*

*That is the wonder of nature.  
Glitters in starry dome.  
That adores the night sky,  
Lovely moon above our home.*

# *A Bureaucrat*

*Plunged into high back chair,  
Mostly bald plumpy 'n fatter.*

*Body movement never bother,  
Servants deal all the matter.*

*Most time silent, open eyed.  
Sometime patter often chatter.*

*Rarely rummages single file,  
Normally sign bottom of letter.*

*Highly versatile, fills all holes,  
Survives when economy tatter.*

*A.C. ambience, thick salary,  
Sitting idle but serving better.*



# ***A Bloom Blooms***

*Herbs in my yard, turns its pose.  
One morn looked, a bud of rose.*

*Small green, top sharp tip shaped.  
Like a rosy kid, top green capped*



*Next day, bud marked a red suture.  
Enclosed in was a bloom of future.*

*Oh God! If it doesn't meet a doom.  
May it aquire a beautiful bloom.*

*So it happened but rather slower.  
The bud opened showing rosy flower.*

*A charming beauty, pink petals patch.  
With sweet fragrance, a nature's hatch.*

*Whom should I present, brew in my mind.  
One will be pleasure, if gifted so kind.*



*But a present of God, adorn of my yard.  
Doesn't expect harsh but healthy regard.*

*San rough hands, San sharp knife.  
Never pleasure else, by killing a life.*

*Now, rose in my yard, throb 'n thrive.  
Let it be bloom, for nature to survive.*

# *The Khajjiar*

*Charming 'Land of Devas', Khajjiar is the spot.*

*Everytime I visit, fascinates me a lot*

*Wonder of nature, an auto created lake.*

*All other stories, seems false and fake.*

*We started for that, after taking bath.*

*Followed from Dalhousie, a serpentine path.*

*Beautiful is the yard, covered by greens.*

*Sloping to the center, loved by teens.*

*As if green curtains, hanging from skies.*

*Chirping among trees, beautiful birds flies.*

*Reflection of light, charming faces twink*

*attractive, lustrous eyes, so often blink.*

*Holding in their hands packs of roses.*

*Have their snapes, all different poses.*

*But, such adored spot full of splendours.  
Melodies of nature, mooted by venders.*

*All sort of things, people get enticed.  
Most cheaper things, four time priced.*

*Some selling potions, reduce your weight.  
You will feel easy , look flat like a slate.*

*We are punjabi 'n hav'nt health allies.  
Fatness is our proud, we like swollen bellies.*


*Field is lush green 'n so vast and wide.  
Surrounded by trees, those everything hide*

*One of horesmen there, dare and headed.  
To fattish person there, politely he pleaded.*

*"Will you sir, please want hores riding?  
We both are hungry, so we have abiding."*

*But he replies.*

*"Oe,I am not a rider but efficient trader,  
Horses of politics, 'demon-cratic' raiders"*



*All political horses, never follow a creed.*

*All hunger of power, filled with greed.*

*"Hundreds of such horses are in my acquaint.*

*My trade flourish ever, 'n never turns faint."*

# *An Artist*

*An artist's canvas so white and blank.*

*May be soil, stone , paper or plank*

*Marble, bronze, may be copper 'n steel.*

*Hard, soft layers, leaves, patels or peels.*

*Curly curves, provoke, beautiful lines.*

*Full of rhythm, twisting, twirl 'n twines.*

*Colors patches , some beautiful stokes.*

*Clumsy 'n intricate, though art evokes.*

*Vision of an artist penetrates skin deep.*

*Structure of flesh till, muscle though peep.*

*Work of art is nature's inspired swatch.*

*Paintings of beauty with figures perfect match.*

*An Artist born with a talent in the fist.*

*Turns him to create, through life's twist.*

*An Artist is sober and delicate at heart.  
If pinched, squeezed turns into dart.*

*Recall the Hitler, feathers turned into spears.  
Despot, painted earth with blood, sweat 'n tears.*

# *Brave Foliage*

*Breeze was so cool, everyone so cheers.  
A little plant was swaying, so do his peers.*

*Flower at the top, leaves lush green.  
Feathers soft petals, luster so sheen.*

*Firm sturdy soil, binds it to ground.  
Worries far away, life sweet and sound.*

*But nothing can avoid, curse of nature.  
Nobody can guess, stored in future.*

*All of a sudden the wind turned storm.  
A cool breeze slowly, changed its form.*

*High velocity wind, whistled through fields.  
Shattered everything, to ground it kneeled.*

*Courageous little plant, faced ragged gale.  
As firm as it was, untouched 'n hale.*



*All forces of storm, tried in futile.  
Couldn't harm the little, being so hostile.*

*Plant's wish for life, his courage to object.  
Frontier of plant, gale Couldn't detect.*

*Hardship of life, deleted against a brave.  
Standing stouts, helps survive a grave*

# *Mother's Love*


*We are all the lovers,  
Right from the birth.  
Warmth of affection,  
We feel from hearth.*

*We are all the lovers,  
From child to the men.  
We like it within heart,  
Love of her a women.*

*We are all the lovers,  
And dare to give life.  
What a good a love,  
Even not like a wife.*


*I embrace her in love,  
and take to my lap.  
She puts arm around,  
'n softly cheeks slaps.*

*Mine heart throb,  
Her heart beats for me.*



*She cares for me,  
And Never feels free.*

*We are the lovers,  
And kiss each other.  
She kiss me with love,  
Because she's my mother.*



## ***Et, tu, brute.***

*He came in street  
A sage like a rag  
with light saffron cloak  
Satchel on the shoulder  
and utensil in hands  
wrists filled with  
many coloured bands  
Three necklaces of  
Rudrakash, the brown  
wrinkled beads  
loudly chanting couplets  
often he reads  
All of sudden  
he appeared before me  
Raised his hands wide  
voice at high tide  
keen red eyes  
"Hey.....  
you poor fellow  
seems to be engrossed.  
In deep agony of life,  
Your children disrespect.*

*Disobeys your wife domit  
Person always in frays, 2 stola  
But I have solution tseid  
just follow my rut, abbir asw  
would it always  
eradicate pollution, or aswan  
You'll live like a master 115 zil  
In your house,  
And not like a mouse.  
Now give a leaf of  
One hundred rupees ol bool  
I'll give you BOY  
some ashes,  
Your life will flourish  
And flashes  
Your children would respect  
And wife would be perfect."*

*His mobile stormed  
doald  
All of a sudden  
In his satchel  
It was hidden wolle  
Near to his ear  
blood*

*he was holding bibis*  
*His arrogant wife Willo*  
*On line was scolding or towni*  
*"Hey.....*  
*Bloody fool*  
*Where are you*  
*Have you arranged money?*  
*Or not.....*  
*come with some money*  
*Else drown into a pool.*  
*"COME HOME.....'*  
*Now he was trembling*  
*Baffled of attack*  
*Eloped with his belongings*  
*Failed in his hack.*

# *My Life Partner*

*I was young then, she too was so.*

*A poo*

*Glitters emerging eyes, shiny faces glow.*

*Her rosy cheeks, reddish sharp lipped.*

*Fasten my beats, often heart slipped.*

*Her curly springy hair, twines on forehead.*

*A massage to throbbing heart they usually led.*

*It was hot, sunny, month half of June.*

*When our elders met, set us in mutual tune.*

*Such a tie conducive, weather they found.*

*Unfit for ploughing, not for 'marry go round'.*

*I towed her to my native, a house but.*

*A poor's home, nothing more than a hut.*

*But she accepted, with a smile on face.*

*Instead she enhanced, workers pace.*

*She worked with joined hands 'n shoulders.  
As soft as froth, as hard as boulders.*

*Being religious and honest, to god she bows.  
She got her strength, where nobody knows.*

*Tiny trifles or nasty talk we couldn't afford.  
Lived in peace, harmony and mutual accord.*

*Two child she gave birth a sister 'n brother.  
She nurtured them like a dedicated mother.*

*Life after death they say, if actually exit.  
I want her my partner, ever, I pray and persist.*



# *The Real Ravana*

*In center of ground,  
Effigies were erected.  
From among notorious,  
Igniter was selected.*

*He took the match,  
Rubbed it twice.  
Lighted the filament,  
And ran to the dice.*

*Sparks of the cracker,  
Like a snake. Hissed.  
But he was dead sure,  
He earlier never missed.*

*Within few seconds,  
Fire broke in effigy.  
A burst of light boom,  
Eyes were dizzy.*

*Just in few seconds,  
The effigies exploded.*

*The frames of body,  
Crippled 'n imploded.*

*After five minutes,  
as was they wished.  
Effigies turned into ash,  
Drama was finished.*

*Crowd began to move.  
came into action.  
Somebody within,  
raised a question,*

*Who was the real Ravana?  
One who was lighted , 'Exploded.  
burst into flames',  
Or he who ignited.*

*and carries tens of,  
arsons, murders and,  
Looting blames.*

# *When Winter Falls*

*Winter season has just fallen  
piercing, sharp like a knife.  
Living flora and fauna of region  
Wilting and coiling for life.*

*The Sun though rises daily late,  
tires soon, too early sleeps.  
when present, but blightly shine,  
Some warmth still it keeps.*

*Days are becoming short and short  
nights are becoming long.  
Night sleeping hours increase  
Nights too are being prolong.*

*Mid winter the ambience is  
Extreme cold 'n warn a dire.  
To save warm blood from freezing  
people.gather round a fire.*

*Hide and seek of warmth 'n cold  
Changes different contrast tones.  
Warmth if gives some respite  
But cold air shivers the bones.*

*Misty surrounding, bald trees,  
Dull blue and hazy sky,  
Shrinking vast field of grass,  
Weather would be mainly dry.*

*Sneezing coughing, tears in eyes.  
Faces glow like red roses.  
Irritated children awake at night  
Clogged breaths'n running noses.*

*Riches wrapped in thick clothing,  
Naked survive all the poor.  
Effluents sleeps in warm places,  
Poverty shivers hungry outdoor.*

*Jamming cold for aged and old,  
Again and again he often pees.  
Stiff backbone and paining limbs,  
Trembling pelvis, aching knees.*

*Summer season trails the winter,  
Winter trails the summer.  
What ever the season may be.  
Poor are not welcomer.*

## *Zeal and Zest*

*Nothing defies human's zeal to succeed.*

*If a person is energetic, and proceed.*

*Education or health may not lead to success*

*Sometime they prompt into deep recess.*

*Next to my door, a house we never peep*

*Lives a man of health who always sleep.*

*A person who works, never we heard.*

*Not a person in system but a nerd.*

*There also lives a woman at end of street.*

*Known to all, reason, her timbre so sweet.*

*She lost her arms, God saved her pate.*

*Lady of courage, didn't succumb to fate.*

*As she grew, her knowledge expands.*

*She began to use her feet as hands.*

*Her zeal 'n zest now life's success rapport.  
Two young brothers and mother she support.*

*A woman with no arms conquered the world.  
As the difficulties she faced but herld.*

*Who will salute such woman of destine.  
I don't know, but I feel it is duty of mine.*

# *It Rained at Last*

*Weather is always unpredicted.  
When turns furious, cannot be restricted.*

*Four seasons effect varied it seem.  
Never welcomed when touch extreme.*

*Violent or angry often life it slain.  
Sometime moderate, or even refrain.*

*Summer of this June as hot as ever.  
Temp. flew so high, we endured never.*

*Parched land and wilting trees  
Falling Leaves in state of appease.*

*Dusty winds, dry spell prevails.  
Clear sky, no clouds trails.*

*Hot in the indoor, piercing sun in yard.  
Flaming air out, breathing so hard.*

*Lustrous skin turns, charcoal sooties,  
Rays of light, tarnished the beauties.*

*Profuse sweat, so burning derms.  
Crippled all with boiling therms.*

*Season of summer, scorched us rather.  
A spell of rain, pleasant the weather.*

*Oh! dark clouds appeared in north.  
Slow and steady, rolling come forth.*

*A cool breeze whistled through the air,  
A little respite preceded in despair.*

*Swirls of cool air, entered around,  
It yield to rain with hissing sound.*

*Dissolving clouds thundered and flashed.  
Speeding wind, trees bent and slashed.*

*As approached nearer and came fast,  
Began to pour down, it rained at last.*



# *Havoc in Heaven*

*It happens every year. A disaster.  
Yes, every year, Uttara khand was last.*

*Sometime quack, other, tsunami's fury  
Flames of pyre, with 'burning tyres',*

*Now in Kashmir, the 'Abode of God.'  
drenched the valley even faster.*

*Tens of feet water. High or low soaked.  
Whole life, young or old,*

*Humans, animals and veg choked.  
Were,, they all sinners ? all believers ??*

*Help, help, help they cried.  
They wandered, hopefully they stride,*

*They prayed, moaned n swayed,  
Help may approach, they ensued.*

*There are gods, hundreds of them,  
The 'residential gods'....., whom,*

*They prayed. bowed and blindly followed  
Sweetened him first' n then swallowed.*

*They chanted, praised, paid obience,  
No god came closer 'n never rescued.*

*Killed all indiscriminate, punished,  
all innocent, infants, squeezed throats,*



*mercilessly, like every years,  
Floods, inferno, quacks, communal riots,*

*All Gods just ordered their killers.  
And they obeyed, every year.*

*With tools water, fire, jolts  
and religious communal minds.*

*Time will pass.....!!!*

*All they saved, are saved by gods.  
Human will again forget all the rods.*



*They will chant, praise, pay obience,  
Bow to him and prove the obedience.*

*Once again to strike somewhere  
Perhapes, next year*

*Like every year. A disaster.*

# *Human Ordeal*

*When a person, comes of his age.  
Passes the rest and near last phase.*

*His desire be young but never ends.  
Day and night, his shape, he mends.*

*Always he tries to hide the wrinkles.  
Many of lotions often he sprinkles.*

*Fistful of tablets three times consume  
Doctors regimen, strictly assume.*

*Body may shiver limbs may tremble.  
Twisted the chassis like bow it resemble.*

*Couldn't chew use set of denture.  
No stone unturned in life's venture.*

*Conceals the peel, never shows real.  
Many times expensive but fails in ordeal.*

*Walks with sticks, thick glasses pair.  
Spends rupees 10 and blackens the heir.*

## *Crescendo of Mute*

*Who may hail, a farmer and salute.  
No body hears, crescendo of mute.*

*Oozing sweat, from head to toes.  
All in the fields, friends and foes.*

*Rock hard soil, dry and rough.  
Not easy to rinse, uneasy to plough.*

*Oh! Friends, how hard is life.  
Miles of misery, years of strife.*

*Perpetual pain, insisting fret.  
Hot or cold, weather's threat.*

*Rodents attacks, machines toot,  
Dearer the market, agents' loot.*

*Bangs of penury, hangs of loan.  
Tons of labour endless moans.*

*Deadly creatures, how dare and wonders  
Long dry spells, pinching cloud thunders.*

*Feeder of all, starved of hunger.  
Hole in the stomach, dies very younger*

*I shall honor, a farmer and salute.  
I shall hear, crescendo of mute.*

# *Ceaser My Pet*

*Ten years have elapsed. he is with us.  
His name is Ceaser. we call him thus.*

*We picked it up for. a dear amount.  
The ransom I paid. two times he count.*

*The little ceaser was swirling. like a flee.  
He put it in a basket. handed him to me.*

*He came our home, a little skinny slob.  
Disgraced, black and dry like a clob.*

*My children enjoyed hours of play.  
He never tires and does never stay.*

*When I order. he efficiently obeys.  
Promptly he acts 'n never delays.*

*He sits, stands, runs or walks  
Squeaks weakly, loudly he barks.*

*At times he growls, feels irritated.  
We don't go closer, 'n keeps isolated.*

*Free to roam in rooms 'n never chained.  
But entry into kitchen. always restrained.*

*Always alert, stiff and loyal.  
Sharp and keen, stout like a royal.*

*Hot or cold, who never cared.  
Ready to attack , no alien spared.*

*But. He frightens on burst of a cracker  
Creeps into a corner, like a silly slacker*

*In case of trouble, he groans.  
With slight noise, he frowns.*

*Wrapped in a shiny brown black coat.  
Sometime furious others calm like goat.*

*Rolls in my feet, behaves like a dove.  
Sways his tail, bestows his love.*



*Proved his canines, all dreadly scared.  
Punctured our neighbors, nobody spared.*

*Quickly he responded, every harsh tease.  
Arrogant, fiery, grunts, uneasy to appease.*

*Had he been a human, as I may assume.  
He must have looted us. I so presume.*

*There're some whom you nurture a long.  
Still can't you say, whom they belong.*

*This creed of human, made me upset.  
Nobody was as loyal as Ceaser my pet.*



# *The Crucible*

*It was a summer day  
Burning heat of hot wind.  
Scorching Sun above  
flints of fire pour down  
The sky was hazy and bluish  
not a single rag of cloud  
Euclyptus trees were  
futile to provide shade.  
Even hot was the molten  
black smouldering tar  
The road was paved  
With course stones  
drenched in sandy soil  
charring with black soot  
the smoke  
comming out of outlet  
of machine like demon.  
the large paver  
Like a long tongue  
of a furious cobra  
The hotness was extreme  
a rainless whether.  
Hot and hissing like steam.*

*The labourers are working  
Men constructing the road  
Their half naked bodies  
and charred dark skin  
Like an autumn tree.*

*Boney bodies and  
woody faces  
All drenched in sweat  
Wearing only an underwear  
a vest with many holes.  
Thin long legs  
like two bamboo poles.  
Gloomy red eyes  
Soring with smoke.*

*Females there working  
are not different even.  
Claded in dirty unwashed  
thin sarees.  
With their child tied to back  
Or leaving in shade of  
euclyptus, shaved trees  
laid on a feeble rage  
Hunger fested dried bodies  
Rich usually call it slim.*



*They carry stones  
Burn fire and heat the tar  
The poor make the road  
to run vehicles of rich.  
Who live in cold rooms  
But the the labourer  
work so hard  
in a the Crucible  
on the furnance*

# *Liar's Trumpet*

*Politics of country is riding high tide.*

*All. parties may kept side by side.*

*Nature of all is and nothing to hide.*

*Most are trained for loot 'n moot.*

*Which of these is highly qualified.*

*When ruling terms expire. Every five years.*

*A drama is played .changes all the gears.*

*Faces of the rulers.glow and blooms.*

*Toady of the parties. Jubilant and cheers.*

*As the season of election approaches.*

*Came out of the dens. political. coaches.*

*Entice the people with promise's n oaths.*

*Hold the banquets. Hide all the spears*

*tons of mud. to sling upon others.*

*No any relation, friend, Sister or brothers.*

*White spotless dress. soul greasy filled.*

*Hands painted black. faces dull smears.*

*Large plummy tummy. Bald from head  
Illiterate from birth. parents so lead  
Sympathy with poor. broad warm laps  
Most of them shed just crocodile's tears*

*Knocks at the doors, with sweetest tone.  
Days have come, days will be gone.  
Tempted the voters, with food 'n notes.  
Consumed the liquor, sucked the bone*

*Poorer are people they never perceived.  
After the drama nothing was received.  
After few months would come to know.  
Once again, they have been deceived.*

*Hook or crook. they win, never harmed.  
Often visit people fully well armed.  
They will blow a 'liar's trumpet'.  
Next five years they keep all charmed*

# *Pulp Gulp*

*Being a, poet I write some stanzas,  
Ido it with passion. not do in haste.*

*Stanzas I type, do it on my computer,  
It is checked, done, Cut, copy and paste.*

*Any mode of the work not so significant,  
neither changes rhythm nor changes taste.*

*Being a poet, I love beauty of nature,  
Never leave rags, termites never chaste.*

*Do not use pens, never use bins,  
I write on screen, Papers not to waste.*

*Many plants are cut for pulp to obtain,  
Then they create some packets of ream.*

*Eliminate the flora. fauna may endanger,  
That'all end the life as some may deem.*

*End of veg. Is the end of human,  
Nobody hears wails nor do they scream.*

# *The Hudhud*

*In the vast skyies of bay, it brewed.  
roaring like a demon, to land, it skewed.*

*Swirling winds, water and ice balls.  
Spinning like a top, thunderous it falls.*

*Huge mass around an eye that is blind.  
dangerous than Shiva's 'n never so kind.*

*Who can feel it within the sea?  
Thanks to the tech. that dare to see.*

*Met sat. that rummage the space,  
For life below sky, only has solace.*

*Dashes, flashes, everywhere it plunder  
Helpless is human who often surrender.*

*Thousands rendered homeless or died.  
After its peak engorge, slowly subside.*



*Here in India not this Hudhud alone.  
There are many that dreaded'n frown*

*Swirling winds form killer cyclones,  
But, politicians create often their own,*

*A hudhud of politic protected by spears  
Fly over the region with crocodile's tears*

*hudhud of poverty, castism, and hunger  
Lifeline breakers, prosperity bunger*

*Sympathy, kindness, obligation they show,  
Taxed money of ours, they always bestow.*

*They always wait next hudhud to come.  
For those poor, who survive in slum*

# *Truth of Life*

*As one grew old, body becomes a sear.  
Life approaches expiry, End comes near.*

*Mouth just a slit, eyes oozing tears.  
Deep and dull pits, loses keen spears.*

*Half of the teeth, hard cracky bones.  
Wrinkled dry skin, vanishing its tones.*

*Face is now woody, no more glow.  
Weak trembling legs, rather much slow.*

*Once Rosy cheeks, turning like pale.  
Creeps like a blow, once was a gale.*

*Slow shivering head, Leaning body frame.  
Structure of the ribs, No more the same*

*Once like a wall, Wide broad chest.  
Shrunk all flesh, Young was the best.*

*Beating of the heart, Not now aligned.  
Rest of the organs, Seems to have resigned.*

*Junked by all, All of his dears.  
Keep away antique, no one comes near.*

*Days are not far, When end blow.  
It may be quick, may be little slow.*

*Everything exists, ends one day.  
Nobody is immortal, prolonged life may.*

*Torments of the life, makes it a hell.  
And death when comes, ends all spell*

*Things become weary men often discard.  
Old things or persons often disregard.*

*How good of God who likes things expired.  
Human when is over then body is pyred.*

# *Defective Body Kit*

*Gloomy were the eyes,  
Cheeks deep pit.*

*Hard of hearing,  
Ears don't permit,*

*Rummaged the docs,  
Read labs chit.*

*Then they unanimously,  
Declared him unfit.*

*Weak heart, poor lung.  
Trembling legs, twisting tongue.*

*Brain luckily at time  
working a little bit*

*What else yoi deserve from.  
A defective body kit.*

# *Arrows of Eyes*

*Spears of your eyes,  
pierced through my heart.*

*Like a knife on a melon,  
tore it down apart.*

*In a pool of blood,  
My heart so drowned.*

*Looked your lovers,  
Frighten and frowned.*

*How much may skilled  
How much may smart*

*Even than can't bear,  
Hit of a shooting dart.*

# *My Pegasus of Steel*

*Youth of this world when in love  
And their hearts joined 'n seam.  
Their feet usually gallop in air,  
They ride Pegasus of dream.*

*Mine is not a Pegasus of dream,*

*Lover comes from one side,  
Beloved from the others.  
And villain comes and indulge,  
From direction. another.*

*Mine is not a Pegasus of dream,  
Galloping, dancing and neighing.  
Now being an old and antique,  
My Pegasus not cheerful 'n playing*

*Jamming body when aged and old.  
Again 'n again an old pees.  
Stiff is the backbone, paining limbs,  
Trembling pelvis, aching knees.*

*Mine is not Pegasus of dream,  
Bur A Pegasus of reality, onze  
Iron frame with soft saddle,  
Safe, sturdy and of better quality.*

*I can ride it anytime indoor,  
It is made of metal and wheel,  
It will guide me through life,  
Cruzing with its metallic keel.*

*A friend doctor asked me to have  
"you have to ride that I assume."  
I said, "Yes' and purchased it  
A Pegasus of Steel  
I daily ride, run, leave and resume.*

*Now.doctor's chit shows, I am fit,  
I am old but young now feel.  
So much nourishing is actually,  
Factually, My Pegasus of steel,*

# *The Red Sun*

*That day above, The Sun is not bright.  
Not scorching, blinding but diffused light.*

*Like an angry face, its colour is red.  
The day is not cloudy, Only tint it bled*

*Is there an explanation of redness cause  
I asked the science teachers after a pause*

*They responded and different so tried  
All wrong answers I angrily cried*

*One said it is cover of misty cloud  
That the sunrays do not allowed*

*Other gave the answer so unacceptable.  
They could not explain no one capable.*

*In clouds color of The Sun never changes  
It still emits white and colour of all ranges*

*Clouds never make the face of The Sun red  
But it seems The Sun is old and may dead*



*At last, had to explain and make aware  
Its cause is smoke. we all must beware*

*After yield of paddy. its husk we burn  
It produces enormous of smoke in turn*

*This load of clouds rise high in the sky  
It accumulates there 'n covers sun Guy*

*Smoke absorbs all colours except red rays  
For redness of the Sun role it plays*

*More we burn and more smoke gather  
We may not see it for months together*

*Smoke of the fire. redness has it made  
If life to persist.in future must evade*

*Life on Earth nature has so tuned  
Absence of sunlight. life must be ruined*

*We need our Sun curiously as it is thus  
So. the polluted Red Sun.of no use to us*

# *Nature's Slave*

*Human progress, though space is the pave.  
Cannot face the furies, and nature's slave.*

*North of India, a land of gods.  
Mountains, valleys, rivers and odds.*

*Centuries old , temples, abode and holy shrines.  
Water channels, narrow road that twines.*

*Thousands acres of green long high trees.  
Thousands of animals, birds all other frees.*

*Infect it is patch of nature's land.  
Not to encroach by human to expand.*

*Human are greedy, god's creation oppose.  
Not knowing the future, so penetration propose*

*Hundreds of streams, that mountain, erode.  
Such beauties of nature named heaven's abode.*

*Instruments warned, heavy rain but who care.  
Although they were in lap of gods there.*

*Days of the pilgrimage, so thousand embarked.*

*Season of rain too, so gods furies sparked.*

*Monsoons clouds, some early they came.*

*Encircled the region, devils of defame.*

*Covered the region, with thickest layers.*

*Burst into floods, nothing that to spare.*

*Washed away everything that objected.*

*Agony of died, slavery of nature neglected.*

# *Human's Extinction*

*Hundreds of species are there  
On the verge of extinction.  
They are some others,  
Now only in books of fiction.*

*Reason may be any,  
Their number diminished  
Something, one or many.  
Soon they will finished.*

*As some scientists said,  
Struggle for existence.  
Or ardent efforts to live,  
To prevail and persistence.*

*Generation after generation  
It may take centuries.  
But for survival of all  
Need ambience conducive  
A place called sanctuaries.*

*But in all human.  
Situation is really reverse.  
They survive better,  
Who make the ambience averse.*

*Nature does not deal,  
A person of character.  
How much he suits,  
Nature is not selector.*

*Does any body knew?  
Who is at the top.  
Who is becoming extinct?  
In short span.  
And its life is a flop.*

*Yes, that is human  
But not inhuman,  
The humans, who?  
Have traits of humanity  
Are becoming extinct  
But not, with trait of insanity.*

*There are animals in man,  
Many, particularly in person.*



*Who make the world a hell,  
And living life worsen.*

*There are monkeys  
So are the donkeys  
May there be lions  
May be ass or mules  
Horses are some  
Others who love coins.*

*As clever as fox  
They loot people with hoax.*

*There are the killers,  
Some others make bombs,  
Many others earners  
Who live in tombs*

*All animals will survive  
Looters, shooters. Must live  
Let thrive all crooks.  
Since many years,  
Threatens humanity's brooks.*



*So friends, only and only  
Human are going to extinct  
who have traits of humanity  
And they will survive  
Who have traits of insanity.*

*Only humanity is  
On the verge of extinction.  
Some they too will be,  
engraved in stone or fiction*

# *Enticed*

*Fragrance of your breath  
Like a breeze it dissolves.  
Must not be maligned  
By his sighs. She absolves.*

*He often swirls around  
Like a lovely tamed pet  
It cannot even sense  
Your body details yet*

*Warmth of your laps  
Encourage me and solace  
It rained upon me  
at right kind and pace*

*Glistening of your face  
my thoughts it robes.  
Depth of your eyes  
my heart putter 'n. sobs*

*Cheeks are so red and rosy.  
Lips are petalous and posy.  
Often a dream often breaks  
When I feel you are cozy*



# *My Heart*

*Fistful in the chest.  
Forever remain umps.*

*It pushes fluid of life,  
Tons of it pumps.*


*My heart is puttering,  
Seems on probation.*

*Lend me your heart,  
May win my obligation.*

*Sometime it is fast,  
As fast like a train.*

*Solace of any kind,  
often it refrain.*

*Hailed may so loud,  
may be much ovation.*



*It goes on gallop,  
never halt at station.*

*Often full of pleasure.  
When it feels love.*

*Then It flies so high,  
and flies like a dove.*

*Overcome by sorrow,  
Squeezed and weeps.*

*Still helps me living,  
Though pace it keeps.*

# *The Holy Dip*



*High above there  
at the top of a raised land  
grasses and stony sand*

*A temple erected  
broader at the feet  
tapred at the high  
A small 'n shallow  
pond filled with  
juicy and syrup like  
sluggish water.*

*people come here  
take a deep holy dip.  
For, all their diseases  
all miseries vanish  
also take a tiny sip.*

*Half naked bodies  
in a muddy, hard flowing  
dirty to look  
with shiny, n slippery  
otherwise stoned berm  
People take a bath,  
Smokey black, chard,*

*'n wrinkled, dry derm  
Their miseries and diseases  
vanish or disappear.  
This the holy water  
the paste of soil 'n water  
engulfs the germs.  
Believing this ' n that  
They jump into the slurry  
broad face and cheer.  
Absolutely, true it  
All ailments are tiny  
ugly, incipient creatures.  
And the pond was  
full with plenty,  
armies of them.  
With disease causing  
and terming features.  
Similar fights similar  
So, germs kills germs.  
Wah !!!!!!!!!!!  
From far and wide.  
they come for holy soak  
Other times like a tide.  
Sometimes like a flock  
Oh God,,,,,, ! ! ?*



*Who brewed this  
the holy vultures  
It grows in country  
and its Illiteracy nurtures.*

# *Mother's Love*


*We are all the lovers,  
Right from the birth.  
Warmth of affection,  
We feel from hearth.*

*We are all the lovers,  
From child to the men.  
We like it within heart,  
Love of her a women.*

*We are all the lovers,  
And dare to give life.  
What a good a love,  
Even not like a wife.*

*I embrace her in love,  
and take to my lap.  
She puts arm around,  
'n softly cheeks slaps.*

*Mine heart throbs  
Her heart beats for me.*



*She cares for me,  
And Never feels free.*

*We are the lovers,  
And kiss each other.  
She kiss me with love,  
cause she's my mother*

