Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high   
Where knowledge is free   
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments   
By narrow domestic walls   
Where words come out from the depth of truth   
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection   
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way   
Into the dreary desert sand of dead habit   
Where the mind is led forward by thee   
Into ever-widening thought and action   
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake

Rabindranath Tagore

**The Gravity of Gravity**

Gravity keeps our feet on the ground,

Stops us from slapdash flying around.

This force of attraction ‘fictitious’ gives weight

And makes all fall down at equivalent rate.

(Albeit in flights of fancy it seems

That gravity follows the laws of dreams.)

Relativity caused Newton’s view to shatter,

In positing spacetime to be curved by matter.

So objects will take a particular path

That must correspond with Einsteinian math.

Gravitons, a gravitational source

Of controversy, are seen as a horse

Of a quite different color altogether.

But then scientists aren’t birds of a feather.

(Some sit upon their a priori-based fences

And come up with theories defying the senses.)

Weak or strong, short or long, what is this thing

Called gravity? Wide hypotheses swing.

There are those who suppose that it’s this, others that.

Maybe someday, they all just might have it down pat.

(Meanwhile gravity, though we resize and shape it,

Will still have its own way— for who can escape it?)

– Harley White

# The Machine

Beneath a blazing sun,  
A powerful ball of fire,  
A giant machine does run,  
With fuel of man, a horrid pyre.   
  
Birds all die from inhalation,  
As the machine spews out poison fume.   
The land lies in desolation,  
As it sees the impending doom.

HAPPINESS- Carl Sandburg

I asked the professors who teach the meaning of life

to tell me what is happiness.

And I went to famous executives who boss the work of thousands of men.

They all shook their heads and gave me a smile as though

I was trying to fool with them

And then one Sunday afternoon I wandered out along the Desplaines river

And I saw a crowd of Hungarians under the trees with their women and

children and a keg of beer and an accordion.

Between Going and Coming- Octavio Paz

Between going and staying  
the day wavers,  
in love with its own transparency.  
The circular afternoon is now a bay  
where the world in stillness rocks.  
  
All is visible and all elusive,  
all is near and can’t be touched.  
  
Paper, book, pencil, glass,  
rest in the shade of their names.  
  
Time throbbing in my temples repeats  
the same unchanging syllable of blood.  
  
The light turns the indifferent wall  
into a ghostly theater of reflections.  
  
I find myself in the middle of an eye,  
watching myself in its blank stare.  
  
The moment scatters. Motionless,  
I stay and go: I am a pause.

FREEDOM- Subramania Bharati

When will this thirst for freedom slake?

When will our love of slavery die?

When will our Mother’s fetters break?

When will our tribulations cease?

Wasn’t there another Bharat

Reared by our noble Aryan race?

Lead us, Aryan, to victory!

Is’t right we remain slaves?

Are famine and disease alone our share?

For whom, then, are the laurels and fruits?

Will you abandon us, your suppliants?

Can the mother cast her child aside?

Brave warrior! Aryan Lord!

Thou destroyer of the demon-race,

Where is your *dharma?*Isn’t yours the duty

To revive us, and chase Fear away?

People who exercise their embryonic freedom day after day, little by little, expand that freedom. People who do not, will find that it withers, until they are literally ''being lived'. They are acting out scripts written by parents, associates and society.

[*Stephen R Covey quotes*](http://www.searchquotes.com/quotes/author/Stephen_R_Covey/)

Only those things are beautiful which are inspired by madness and written by reason.

[*Andre Gide quotes*](http://www.searchquotes.com/quotes/author/Andre_Gide/)

I've always felt that life is a novel, and part of it is written for you, and part of it is written by you. It's up to you to write the ending, ultimately.

[*Lynn Johnston quotes*](http://www.searchquotes.com/quotes/author/Lynn_Johnston/)

Great poetry is always written by somebody straining to go beyond what he can do.

[*Stephen Spender quotes*](http://www.searchquotes.com/quotes/author/Stephen_Spender/)

Discipline is the refining fire by which talent becomes ability.

[*Roy L Smith quotes*](http://www.searchquotes.com/quotes/author/Roy_L_Smith/)

We're fascinated by the words...but where we meet is in the silence behind them.

[*Ram Dass quotes*](http://www.searchquotes.com/quotes/author/Ram_Dass/)

Happiness is not something that happens; it is not something that is the result of good luck or random occurrences, nor is it a result of a monetary purchase or power. Rather happiness is a condition that must be prepared for, cultivated, and defended privately by each person.

[*Senora Roy quotes*](http://www.searchquotes.com/quotes/author/Senora_Roy/) |

**If**  by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you   
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;   
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,   
But make allowance for their doubting too;   
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,   
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,   
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,   
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;   
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;   
If you can meet with triumph and disaster   
And treat those two imposters just the same;   
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken   
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,   
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,   
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings   
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,   
And lose, and start again at your beginnings   
And never breath a word about your loss;   
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew   
To serve your turn long after they are gone,   
And so hold on when there is nothing in you   
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,   
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;   
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;   
If all men count with you, but none too much;   
If you can fill the unforgiving minute   
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -   
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,   
And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!