

Poetry Series

Bashyam Narayanan
- poems -

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Bashyam Narayanan()

A Birthday Wish

Let me wish you, hi
On your birthday
With all you desire
And much higher

This wish brings to you
All good luck and fun
Which will, for sure
Make your living a peaceful run

Day and night are inseparable
Gain and loss are inseparable
These will not make you miserable
As to balance them you are capable

Let you dream to reach high
But stay soft to those low and dry
Your kindness makes their cry
Heard and done away with, try

Where you are, is not the matter
But, where you are heading is the pointer
To where you will reach and glitter
Know, understand and if need, the path you alter

But miss not enjoy the moment
You live and pass through at the present
As each second is designed for pleasant
Occurrence and for joy instant

Never feel you are alone
Never feel you are lost and gone
Lot many good things ahead are on
Waiting for you, since the day you are born

Bashyam Narayanan

A Butterfly Finds Its Way Back

A butterfly finds its way back

It was a drift from the path
It took place sometime back
Because our heroine sensed a lack
In the taste of nectar in the flower of the park

To the same park this flock of butterflies
Used to come and enjoy the sweet and nice
Nectar in the red and blue poppies
And fly back with this sweetened hobby

It was more an excuse than a reason
For this drift, but a thought's treason
To deviate and critically question
All that were followed in mindless unison

Our young colourful one with whistle
In her wings, over a time turned hostile
To this tradition and thought it futile
To be in the flock and went away for a while

Others in the group became worried
Wondering where she would have been carried
Was she in the insect flower got buried
Or was by ants after an injury carried

One fine morning suddenly the butterfly was sighted
And she joined the flock as if nothing got slighted
And told others she followed the path less lighted
For a flower who became with her less delighted

She expressed to join the flower of flock's choice
And be ever with it without making any further noise
The flock has no words to say but to rejoice
The retrieval of the butterfly with her vouching voice

Bashyam Narayanan

A Journey, Which I Desired, Never Ends

Very early in the morning
Still dark around nothing visible
I was half asleep and I heard the
Voice of eldest my cousin brother
Got a news, very painful
I should have cried having heard this
How did I manage myself,
I do not know even now
No one around knew
I was aware of the happening
He left the scene,
With every one crying
I guised fast asleep still
No one had the courage to wake me up
It all brightened,
Things around showing up
I still posing as if I was asleep
Sometime later came in
My younger cousin sister
Came near and woke me up
Said "Come home"
I said "Go, I will follow"
She left, with nothing further to say
I got up with no mind to see
Or to talk any around
I came out of the house
Stepping down each step
Very slowly on to a street
Sun shining harsh
From mid-way eastern horizon
Walked very slowly
Deliberately walking over the heap of
Sharp edged granite nuggets
Allowing them to hurt my bare feet
Crisscrossing the road
So that the journey home
Was further elongated
I did not have the strength
To look at any one

I walked keeping the face down
Looking only at my feet
Sweating profusely
Because of the hot sun up
But I had no intension of wiping
I kept on walking
And reached home
To see my pregnant mother
Lying dead
Because it was a complicated
Case of delivery
And I was at the end of
A journey, which I desired, never ends

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A Lot Good Awaits Us Both From That Morn

100 days today
Since you are away
Days and nights sway
Your sweet memories ever stay

How did I manage
I do not have a thing to gauge
I am seemingly free on stage
But mutely locked up in your cage

You are very thoughtful
Your wise words meaningful
Your care plentiful
Your ways beautiful

True, I feel troubled by your love
Your absence though pinches like a bite of a clove
Farther you, but closer are we as hand and glove
On the day you arrive I will be all above

Daughter, son or grandson
None to your comparison
In company and unison
As you remain the most me-tolerate person

Still more days fifty six
To go before we meet and mix
That long puts me in a fix
Corners me like a jinx

It will be the most colourful dawn
The day you walk back on airport lawn
My pleasure it will be to wait even if long drawn
As a lot good awaits us both from that morn

Bashyam Narayanan

A Mourned Celebration

Just four days back
It was all a celebration

The only son in the family
Got baptized in the Hindu way

He was decorated with
A three-stringed twine
The three strings representing
His henceforth pursuit
For understanding the Brahman, the supreme power
Through his thought, word and deed

Yesterday it was reception
The grand finale of this celebration
With people and relatives
Joining the occasion
And enjoying an auspicious dinner
Wishing the boy
A successful bachelorship
And in the understanding
Of the traditional ways

A couple and their only son
Have to offer excuse
And leave the celebrating scene
As there was a call
From the worksite of the
Male breadwinner of the family
To attend an emergency break down

They rushed and managed
To get into a train
Not in its originating station
But at the next stop
After a successful chase in a cab

The train left carrying this family
Who were denied being a part

Of the celebration

They slept in the train
But not to wake up again

It was sabotage that
Derailed the train
Particularly dislodging the bogie
In which the family travelled
On to the adjacent rail
And in seconds a hurrying
Goods' train ran over the same

Within six hours of a reception dinner
And within ninety six hours of a celebration
Everything ended with mourning

It will remain ever in the family
For long, quite long
A mourned celebration

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A New World Is In The Coming

Pre-noon, sun preparing to turn harsh
Large shade of a gulmohar tree
A four or so year old boy
Sitting on a small sand heap
Near a construction site
With a blue jeans
Here-and-there torn
White fibres running across the opening
And an odd size dark red colour shirt
His parents working there nearby
Father a mason
Ever busy with mixing cement and sand
And also supervising the work
Of some construction labourers
His mother carrying a head load of bricks
At regular intervals
Once a while she comes near him
And sees from a distance making sure
He is safe and behaving
The boy minds not things around
The horn of a passing car gets unnoticed by him
He knows the car will pass without hurting him
A barking dog cannot threaten him
Nor a cow going very close to him
He is unmoved by any such
Normally-termed unsafe situations
He poses to be smart
As he probably is exposed to these
For more than two years now
He is happy throwing handful of sands around
He makes a small ball of sand
And enjoys the sight of its breaking
At the pressure of his tender fingers
Suddenly he thinks of a small hill
And starts pushing sands
Towards a centre point
So that the collection heaps up to hill
He has almost done it
His dad appears yelling at him

Move away, I need this sand
I am to prepare a fresh mix
Lifts his son single handedly
Practically throwing his son onto the road
The child cries
He can stand hunger,
He can stand un-attending,
He can stand thirst,
He can stand beating,
But not this insult of
Denying him the only play thing, the sand
He started crying pitifully
Mother after unloading her head load of bricks
Comes rushing to her crying son and says
Stop crying, do not worry
A new lorry load of sand will soon come
You can stay atop on a big heap of sand
And play for long
The boy, our hero, understands
Stops crying at once, as he knows
A new world is in the coming

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A New, Fresh, Better Lit, Brighter World

A brighter world

I am known for
Not taking care of my looks
Not dressing well
Not getting shaved timely
Not polishing my footwear
And for what not

The recent complaint was
About the frame of spectacles
The frame is now six years old
The black frame has a number of
Discoloured patches
Exposing the worn out metal of the same

I was repeatedly told that
I should change the frame at the earliest
Four months passed on
And I did not heed

I had a reason for this
I knew that my right eye is failing
And it has a blurred vision
Though I made out familiar things
I could not see minor details
With that right eye
And my guess was that
I am developing cataract

I kept telling my wife
I would soon change the frame
But within murmuring that
It is not just the frame
But the very right eye needs correction

Pressure mounted from my daughter
And I had to consult the ophthalmologist
After wait for more than an hour

He examined my eyes
With facilities meant for that
And declared that
The right eye has developed a
Third degree cataract
And it is to be operated
For restoring vision

A medical examination followed
A set of bio-medical tests conducted
A general physician certified my fitness
To undergo this operation

After almost ten days
I was on the operation table
On that morning
The surgeon kept asking me
About my preparedness for this
Surgical procedure

With my determined replies
The right side of my face was
Anesthetized with two painful injections
On both sides of the right eye
I was covered head to toe
With a green colour plastic sheet
Exposing only my right eye

I felt numb over that portion
I could not make out
Whether that eye was open or close
But came to know it was open
As a bright light was visible through
That exposed eye

Strange things were appearing
A round shape bright light
Co-centric bright lines
Kept moving here and there

They kept busy with my eye
As I was trying to make out

What these were

I felt something was pulled out
Of the eye, of course with no pain
I heard the surgeon
Telling "some more saline here"
Repeatedly to his assisting doctor
I felt water, probably saline,
Rolling down my right cheek
Each time the eye had a saline wash

I resisted my normal reaction
Of wiping it out
As I was advised to stay motionless

I was pleased when I heard
Surgeon telling
Lens please
As I knew that it is at the end of it all
The intraocular lens will be placed
And I saw flashes of real images

Suddenly it all became dark
The covers over me removed
And I was asked to get off
The operation table

I was helped by the surgeon
And was guided out to a separate
Post-operative room
The bandaged right eye
With a bluish green plastic cup
Carved with air-vent facilities
Over the eye
Was my new look

Stayed so for a day
Went for surgeon's review next morn
He removed the bandage
Observed that all remain fine
And asked me to open the operated eye
In slow and gentle instalment

Which I did
And I saw to my great pleasure
A new fresh better lit brighter world

Bashyam Narayanan

A Recall All Over Again

A recall all over again
Long back this day
Fifty five years ago
A Friday it was
Early morning
I was in a pretentious sleep
Overhearing the news
Conveyed by my eldest cousin
That my mother was no more
Who was admitted in a local hospital
For delivering her child
I did not show signs of having heard this
Lying in bed preparing for reacting
Got up but saw no one around
Silently walked off from the hall
Stepped down from the house
Walked towards home
In the slowest pace
With no mind to meet any one en-route
Managed to reach home
Where my mother's mortal remains
Waited for me
I did not notice who all consoled me
And many did not have much to say
But made attempts to give me a
Comforting hug, which also failed
I did not cry
As I did not know what to cry for
The one hand that reduced a bit
Of my discomfort
Was that of my uncle, mother's younger brother
I am forced into this recalling
Because I miss her much more
That any time before
I need her for sharing
Not necessarily my present issues
But to share with her
My understanding and observations
Of some of the religious scriptures

Which I happened to
Pick up recently
My belief on rebirth suggests
That my mother would have been born
And now that person, he or she, would be
Fifty five years old
How much I wish that
That person gets the total memory
Of the previous birth
Reaches me out
And listens to my talking about this
He or she may be relieved of this
Birth-before memories
Immediately after that
And go back to his or her present living
What a wish
On a remembrance day

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A Rose Is A Rose Is A Rose Is A Rose

A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
Not only because of its colour
And not only because of its fragrance
A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
Also because of the thorns
It holds very close

A gain is a gain is a gain is a gain
Not only because of its pleasure
And the attendant treasure
A gain is a gain is a gain is a gain
Also because of the pain
That, as a part with gain does remain

A joy is a joy is a joy is a joy
Not only because of the emotional elevation
And sorrow attenuation
A joy is a joy is a joy is a joy
Because of the efforts did you employ

A success is a success is a success is a success
Not only because another milestone cross
And because of the new fame you will soon possess
A success is a success is a success is a success
Because you did sweat in the process

A peace is a peace is a peace is a peace
Not only because of the tranquility
And because of the balanced ability
A peace is a peace is a peace is a peace
Because of the war waged against
Disturbance and instability

Full impact of a thing comes to full visibility
Only when its contrast is held in close vicinity

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A Sixty Three Years Old Democracy

We are a democracy completed years sixty three
We are, but, yet to be freed
From the clutches of caste and creed
And, the worst of all, that of greed

While the first two divide us
The third one destroys us
Most of the decision makers
And policy makers
Are driven by these three principles
And we are still limping
Towards that horizon and daylight
Having been freed in the middle of the night

Rare it is to come across
Personalities now a days
Despite our having
More than a thousand million people

Most of our people
In poverty
And in the darkness of ignorance
Find it difficult to
Understand the qualities
Of the people, whom they elect
To rule us
Elected ones, though not in poverty,
Are as ignorant as the people
Who voted them to power

How many more independence days
Are we going to cross
In fact, there is no celebration
For most of our people
Know not what independence really means
For them it means,
Simply means, they have the right
To select wrong people

We have not forgotten our long history
We know
King's son becomes the king
So we maintain that
Prime Minister's son or daughter
Should become prime minister
Chief Minister's son or daughter
Should become chief minister

We love our families
We take good care of sons, daughters,
Their off-springs
We take care of our relatives as well
We take care of people
Belonging to our caste, religion or creed
We are happy
When our elected leaders also do the same

We do not believe in technical decisions
We advocate the cause
Of taking such decisions
Which match our above
Familial policies enhancing
Opportunities for our own people

Subramanya Bharati wrote
When will our thirst for freedom quench
This thirst will never be quenched
As water to quench that thirst
Is no where visible
Nor we know where to look for it

Bashyam Narayanan

A Terror Even To A Terrorist

I am a terror even to a terrorist
Till recently I was not that popular
Many people suffered
My presence in their body
Many managed to bear the
Range of symptoms I tnismrigger in body
By taking right medicines at regular intervals
They survive but take really sometime
To become really normal
Some fail miserably
I invade their defence mechanisms
Throw off gear some of their vital systems
And bring about their end
I turned very popular for wrong reasons
As I was responsible for the demise
A very successful man in film industry
Why, a doctor was infected by me
Though he escaped elimination
I am spreading my net widely
Every day some hundred or so people
Give me entry into their physique
People have found that I get distributed
Through mosquito bite
And they are chasing the mosquito
It is not my problem
As long as human beings are there
I will be there
And my race survive in them
I am proud to make you all know
That I can penetrate security cordon
And presently am housed in the body
Of a terrorist
Who, with some others, threw a challenge
To a great nation
He is there in the jail for almost four years now
In a tight security net
But, me there in him
He is yet to get all the symptoms I normally initiate
I have the potential to soon turn

A terror to a terrorist
I am none other than the dengue virus

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A Troubled Mind - 1

The male mind in me, recently fallen to disgrace

It took nearly thirty years of twice-married life
For me to realize
That I have the masculinity not in my physique
But it is all in the mind only

It is also my understanding and felt-experience
That the attraction driven
Physical involvement and actions thereupon
Lead to a momentary satisfaction
Only to turn vinegary later

Further, advancing age
Does not allow an involved
Performance towards fulfillment of
The desires mooted by the stimulant

I feel that the sexual attraction in me
Is not abated
But sustained at the same level
As it was when I first realized that
I was physically matured

The turbulence of this quality of mine
Disturbs me so much that
I am weakly drawn to
The path of understanding myself
All my diplomatic skills
And other human relation experience
Fail me
To see reasoning
When it comes to attractive
Opposite gender

Till recently I was in peace and comfort
With my second wife
But now got drawn close to another woman
Who has greater appeal

And evinced interest in me
The masculinity in me drove into her
And I started being noticed by others as well
In intimacy even in public places
With this twice-married smart widow

Despite the fact that I have innumerable
Extra-marital affairs
My mind does not miss a chance
To indulge in such
Unhealthy thoughts
Whenever it happens that
I encounter a challenging beauty
All these leave me in guilt feeling soon after

Indian philosophers were quite aware of this
And scriptures repeatedly warn
Against indulging in sensual pleasures
And reorient the thought process
In seeking help from the divine
In pursuing noble thoughts and desires

Even great saints
Proclaim themselves as grave sinners
Probably because of
Such thoughts striking them
Though at far less a frequency
Than the way I frequent them

Having tasted, rather been indulged in,
All possible sensual pleasures
How I wish
The male mind in me
Ceases its domination
In my thought-creating process
And helps me stick to this
Latest commitment
And avoid similar embarrassment in future
For which this time I have to pay heavily
Losing my ministerial berth

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A Troubled Mind - 2

The female mind in me, recently in the limelight for wrong reasons

It took about twenty years of twice-married life
And about seventeen years of widowhood
For me to understand
That the femininity in me
Is still dormant and has the
Potential to strike me

Not that I remained free of
Physical intimacy with men
But, I was on the look out of a person
Who will be a good father
Of my only teenaged son
I exercised all cautions in deciding
The so-called life partner

It is also my understanding and felt-experience
That sexual desire gets kindled in me
By the looks and gait of the men I used to come across
And at times I was driven to physical pleasure
It is also my understanding that
Physical involvement and actions thereupon
Lead to a momentary satisfaction
Only to turn vinegary later

Further, the advancing age of my partners
Does not allow them to demonstrate an involved
Performance towards fulfillment of
The desires mooted in me

I feel that the sexual attraction in me
Is not abated
But sustained at the same level
As it was when I first realized that
I was physically matured

The turbulence of this quality of mine
Disturbs me so much that

I am weakly drawn to
The path of understanding myself
All my managing skills
And other human relation experience
Fail me
To see reasoning
When it comes to an attractive
Opposite gender

Till recently I was in peace and comfort
With my ways of living under the cover of widowhood
But now got drawn close to a man
Elder to me by seven years
Who has a greater appeal than most of the men I met
And also evinced interest in me
The femininity in me drove me into him
And I started being noticed by others as well
In intimacy even in public places
With this twice-married smart diplomat turned politician
Who assured me that he would take good care of me
And would turn a good father to my son
He is powerful, affluent and elegant
Which suit my ways of lavish living

Despite the fact that I have innumerable
Extra-marital affairs
My mind does not miss a chance
To indulge in such
Unhealthy thoughts
Whenever it happens that
I encounter a demanding male
All these leave me in guilt feeling soon after

Indian philosophers were quite aware of this
And scriptures repeatedly warn
Against indulging in sensual pleasures
And reorient the thought process
In seeking help from the divine
In pursuing noble thoughts and desires

Even great saints
Proclaim themselves as grave sinners

Probably because of
Such thoughts striking them
Though at far less a frequency
Than the way I frequent them

Having tasted, rather been indulged in,
All possible sensual pleasures
How I wish
The female mind in me
Ceases its domination
In my thought-creating process
And helps me stick to this
Latest commitment
Make my son a man of great character
And avoid similar embarrassment in future

Bashyam Narayanan

Accept The Fact That You Are Only A Frog In A Well

However much learned we are,
However big our possessions are,
However large the kingdom we rule,
However wide our popularity is,
However deep our knowledge is,
However widespread our domain is,

We need to accept that
We are no better than a frog
In a well

Some are in a big well
Some are in a small well

A well, regardless of its size
Will never become an ocean

Ocean is the ultimate truth
Well is the ground reality

A frog in the well cannot
Fathom over an ocean
But, we, with our sixth sense
Can comprehend what ocean can be

And need to be on a continuous effort
To understand the ocean
And reach there,
The ultimate reality

Bashyam Narayanan

Accept, You Are The Wildest, Right?

If you term a person 'wild'
You mean that person is unreasonable
You mean that person reacts violently
You mean that person is unpredictable
You mean that person is unsociable
And you term us 'wild'

Yes, I am representing that group of animals,
Who live in natural environment.

We go by the natural law 'survival of the fittest'
We are simple and we never show up we are wise or smart
We live the present only, we know there is nothing called future
We eat only when we are hungry
We live only with those comforts nature has provided
We do not cheat or misrepresent facts
We make homes with available natural materials
We do not amaze wealth
We do not hoard anything
We kill only when we are hungry and eat the flesh then and there
We do not, however, kill our own tribe
And you call us 'wild'

You are wise, learned and know many things
You make laws and you know how to break them without being caught
You amaze wealth for the comfort of your off-springs
You are worried more about future
Than being particular enjoying the present
You harness natural powers for your benefit
And you say this is just add to your comforts
You make use of every thing nature has provided
And manipulate them to match you needs
You experiment on us, not for our benefit
And claim that such experiments will help human beings
You kill us for pleasure,
Not always because you are hungry and need our flesh
Why you kill your own people
And say you are protecting your nation, tribe, faith or religion
With this great background you call us 'wild'

If you insist we agree to be branded as 'wild'
Provided, you accept
That you are 'wildest'

Bashyam Narayanan

Age Considers, Youth Ventures

Age considers, youth ventures

Age visualizes, youth dreams

Age makes theories, youth experiments

Age loves, youth longs

Age sees people, youth sees places

Age knows belongings, youth discovers them

Age pains to gain, youth gains to others' pain

Age has heart, youth has mind

Age is thoughtful, youth is tactful

Age ponders, youth wonders

Age recounts, youth counts

Age is experienced, youth is in experience

Age is cautious, youth dashes

Age floats, youth swims

Age lives, youth still making a living

Age is in touch with termination, youth with determination

Age is confident, youth is competent

Age adds years to living, youth adds life to living

Age is lost in past, youth is drowned in future

Age is grown, youth is crown

Ageless is youth, youthless is age

Bashyam Narayanan

Aim At Perfection, Be Satisfied With Excellence

Aim at perfection
But be satisfied with excellence

As absolute perfection is
Unattainable
We say in science
Absolute zero is unattainable

Perfection means zero defects
In the product or outcome
And it means zero deviation
In the process and systems employed

While excellence in performance is
Being ahead of most of others
With regard to process and
Quality of the product
And this is achievable

It is well known and established that
Imperfection and randomness
Are the essence of survival
And the nature has all its biodiversity
Because of imperfection and
Deviation from the norms

Insistence on perfection
May lead to failures
And likely win you more foes than friends

You may even leave a scar in the hearts of
Your own people and friends
If you zero in on perfection only

The fact remains
There is no perfected art
There is no perfected process
There is no perfected write
All await your touch

And improvement therefrom

You do not compromise either
As you will be struggling to
Excel all others

Target at the best
Arrive at the best possible

Bashyam Narayanan

All Birds Must Be By Now Back In Their Nests

All birds must be by now back in their nests
Sharing with their offsprings
The experiences of the day

And feeding them
With the fruits, nuts and worms
Selectively gathered
With love and care
So that they grow
And soon become strong and skilled enough
To fly on their own wings

They would have started teaching
Their young ones
How to mend the nests
Which twig would go where
Which spongy feather would go where
So that all can have a comfortable sleep

Telling the stories of the past
How the eggs those hatched them
Were protected from invaders

And how they were waiting for these young wonders
Come out breaking the shell
That housed them and helped them shape

Also cautioning them against
Dangerous hungry invaders
With the scheme to devour them

And not to venture into the wind
Before they are trained adequately
In spreading the wings
And in perching on branches
Without the fear of fall

Mom, you did not get us the fruits of this tree
A query from a young one

And mom said, wait two more weeks let the tree flower
And blossom with its orange flowers
Fruits appear within a month

Mom is living is just struggling
No, the dear one
Living is a challenge
Successful living is facing them with joy
Regardless of your overcoming
Or succumbing to the challenge

A clear demonstration of care and love
All birds must be by now in their nests

I am waiting at the local rail station
For the next train towards home

Bashyam Narayanan

Allot A Day For Unlearning

Allot a day for unlearning

We have been learning
From the day we were born

We have become wise
And some of us learned
With all the information
We have been assimilating
With the help of our sense organs

We learn and make use of the
Knowledge for progressing
And some of us
Proved a point and some
Left behind their impacts on us

This learning, we all know,
Is for our advancement in life
And for ensuring a
Happy and harmonious living
With the people around
And for synchronized existence
With the environment we are in

At the same time
We might have noticed
That there used to be some learning,
Information, interpretation
And our action based on the above
Are not matching well with the aim
Of happy and harmonious existence
But leaving us in the mud of
Emotional disturbance

Such a knowledge and
Practice thereupon
Needs to be unlearned
So that we create and stay happily

In a nicely tuned environ

It would be vital
That we mark a day
Only to unlearn these
And go ahead with
Living in a better manner

In South India there is a tradition
Of marking a day each year
When we do not attempt to
Learn anything new
This falls on the ninth day
From the new moon day
in the sixth month of traditional calendar
15th Sep to 16 Oct for ready understanding

My understanding is that
Probably, this day was earmarked
To unlearn and get rid of
Such knowledge, attitude and practice (KAP)
Which have potential
For jeopardizing
Our progress
And well meant growth

So it will be wise
To examine your knowledge base
Attitude package and
Activity chart
And allot a day,
If possible, at a better frequency than yearly once
To unlearn them

Bashyam Narayanan

Allow Me To Decide The Course Of My Life

Allow me to decide the course of my life

He was a bit bulky little boy
Finding it difficult to get up
And walk on his own
When we, as parents, helped him
To get up and walk
He used to sweep aside
Our helping fingers
So that he could move around
On his already hurt bruised knees

He made at last his first step
When a tri-wheeler walk-aid
Was presented to him

Its colourful handle
With chiming bells hanging
Charmed him to put forth efforts
Towards walking

It was indeed a scene to witness
The struggle of that little cute baby boy
To walk on his own

It was a pleasure to watch him grow
Physically, mentally and emotionally

It was to my pride
That I hear often that
Elders appreciate his polite, gentle
And well groomed manners

He hardly complained
Probably, adjusting within himself
With the environment he is in

I had no occasion
To discipline him

As most often he was
Well conforming to our expectations

Now he stands taller than me
In every aspect
Walking in youthful gait
I need to raise my face
Whenever I talk to him

He is in the process of
Making a living

As very normal Indian parents
We started looking for
A suitable life partner for him
Assuming him to have understood
That we have a role in that

As per my observation
He reacted for the first time
With a firm invincible response to say
Allow me to decide the course of my life

Bashyam Narayanan

Allow Us To Have Our Privacy

Allow us to have our privacy
I spotted her in the narrow passage
Of the first floor of this eighteen storied block
There a number of similar blocks
So many people around
That we go unnoticed
And we managed to establish a habitat for us
Ensuring that no one has seen me
I approached her to convey my romantic intentions
I signaled and before I could make out her response
I saw a man stepping out from the lift
And both of us moved away
The next time I saw her was on the roof top
I managed to reach her
This time with the determination to be sure of her reaction
I got near her and made my intentions clear and loud
She moved a bit away in silence
Her silence gave me the courage to get nearer
I even touched and carefully ran my fingers over her
And missed not to massage her attractive curves
Before I could read her a crow flew past her head
She getting frightened moved away and disappeared
Quite a number of times this happened
And my mission to be with her in private
Never fructified
Frustrated as I was, looked for a good chance
When I located her in the second floor varanda
Where no one normally appears
Probably both the flats were unoccupied
I reached and we were together with really no one around
She was ready for a go with me
I was preparing for a grand togetherness
Sun was mild and just warm
Wind just comfortably cool and flowing
What else you require for a blissful intimacy
All these plans got thrashed
As a stepped in from the lift
Explaining to those following him
The special features of the flats and the rent expected

We got separated again
We, poor tiny doves, living in our habitat
Never troubled you and
Never came in your way of making love
May we request you
Allow us to have our privacy

Bashyam Narayanan

Altogether, It Is A Different Journey

Altogether, it is a different journey
It is not indeed a usual journey
No flight can reach you
No train runs to that destination
Not a bus
Not a car
You cannot walk to that place

Google earth cannot locate it
GPS does not know this

You do not have an idea as to
How far you need to travel
How much time it will take
How soon or late you will reach

But one thing is sure
You can be back in no time
In your starting point
To be back at your place
And in the middle your regular chores

It is not tourism
Not a sight seeing affair
Not even a pilgrimage
It may not be entertaining too

Path can be enjoyable
It can be painful
But you will only know it

Very importantly you will travel all alone
No one, including your dearest one,
Can accompany you
You are left with yourself only
It is all a free lancing exercise

You will not get tired of this journey
Provided you are determined to be so

Your place of interest
Can be far beyond the sun
And it can be very close and within you

What all you can do is
To visualize
To understand
To comprehend
To consolidate
To get focused

You may get clarity
Of your thoughts
Of your vision
Of what you want to be
Of how to end this issues ridden life path

It is nothing but the journey within you
Which is unique to yourself
And which will be an altogether different journey

Bashyam Narayanan

Am I Dying Or Already Dead

I happened to overhear,
Which, I realize now,
Should not have happened

I overheard
My treating doctor
Talking to his doctor friend
He was briefing my case to him
Probably, expecting his friend
To be of some professional help

From what all transpired
I came to know that
My days were just counted
Ten days at the maximum
I would survive with this
Life threatening
Cancer giant occupying me

The knowledge of the nearing death
Turned out to be more painful
Than all the pains
I suffered from my in-house cancer
Killing me each second that passes
And from all the lessons
I was exposed to all these years

I did not move for sometime
From where I overheard
This ultimate reality

I managed to reach my bed
And started making this note

I would request the world
Not to cry over this departing soul
I would request my dear ones
Not to shed tears over this senseless creature
I would request my friends and colleagues

Not to make a note of this event
It would be nice
If I am forgotten
Like a passing tree, or a lighting pole
Or, for that matter
Anything that goes out of sight
As you travel past in a train

I am afraid something is pervading me
I understand that to be an eternal pain
Occupying the entire body
Signaling the separation of body and soul

This pain I know will relieve me
Of all pains associated with me

I think continuing this note
Will be difficult, why, impossible any further
I finish this with the wonder
Am I dying or already dead

Bashyam Narayanan

Am I Left Alone

When my journey started
All were watching me
And guiding me
Wondering at each step I made
Each one ensuring
That I made each step right
Without tumbling
Running to my rescue
If I showed signs of discomfort
As I advanced this support and help
Started reducing
As they saw me
Helping new entrants
In making steps right
The support even stopped
And they were not forthcoming
Even if I asked for

I understood that
I needed no further help
And can stand and walk on my own

And I had additional strength
To reach out others if they were in need
Of a help from me

Is it that in the process
I had given room for others to think
I can hurt them

One realization dawned in me
People rush to help
If you talk your mind
And if you do what you talk
This support wanes
When you start guising your thought
When you sweeten your words
To mask the bitterness of your intensions
And when acts counter what you spoke

This growth of mine
And the acquired so called worldly wisdom
Distanced me away from others

I receive complaints too
That I fail to understand others
While I nurse a feeling
That others do not care to understand me

I am also described as a person
Living in his own world
Choosing not to accept surrounding realities
And not to appreciate their impacts
Either on me
Or on people around

No doubt
I am given to question myself
Am I left alone

Bashyam Narayanan

Am I Missing Myself?

Am I missing myself?
A question flashes at times in my mind
Puts me in some kind of self pity
Have I missed myself really?
Probably, I am not able to relate myself
To a number of things happening around me
Those have potential impact on me
In the right sense or otherwise
Am I getting into a mood of let go?
Am I realizing that I have no control over things?
Am I understanding things better now than ever before?
Probably I derive strength
In dissociating myself from outside
And thus try to remain calm
Guarded against storms outside
Staying relevant really means
To stay in the middle in some context or other
Offer a role in the game
Follow rules of the game
And make a contribution in the outcome
No one will invite you to do that
As you advance in age and experience
Fearing a inflexibility in you
Bend yourself soften your stands
Lubricate your system norms
Mind not compromising
As you did not compromise much earlier
Cut across people
Do not try understanding them
None will ever be understood
Accept them as such for the time being
Join their waves
Enjoy their company
Nice it will be if you can contribute a bit
To their happiness
Get away from the question
Am I missing myself?

Bashyam Narayanan

An Attempt To Understand Spirituality

An attempt to understand spirituality

The term "spirit" could mean
The soul that gives life to your body
And keeps it alive and active

The term could also mean
The spark or inspiration
That keeps you enthused
And help you stay active,
Creative and contribute

Spirituality may mean
Understanding the former or
Keeping the latter
Nourished and nurtured

Oriental scriptures do not
See the former separate
According to these scriptures
The soul is always
In association with the
Natural environment,
The body (where it is housed)
With a set of physical and emotional qualities
Designed by the nature
And in link with the super soul, the God

All religions, in some way
Or the other
Aim at understanding the spirit
Its stance in the middle of natural environment
And its link with the super soul

All rituals aid in this understanding.
So, spirituality can be the outcome
Of the combination of the terms
"Spirit" and "rituality"

The message is clear
Keep always linking the understanding
Of the spirit with rituals and
Thus become spiritual
Stay not just ritual

Nurturing the spark of
Your enthusiasm is the other way
Of your being in the spiritual path
How to go about

Realizing your desires keeps
You enthusiastic

If the desires are selfish
And thoroughly materialistic,
Though you get initially enthused on achieving them,
You get frustrated and exhausted
On either others' better progresses
Or your failing short of your own scales

If the chase is after
Selfless and altruistic ends
Your spirit of enthusiasm
Never dies and it keeps its glow
In fact, enhances it
As while on that chase
You do not see others
And you mind not failing

What nourishes your spirit
Is the effort and
Not the results thereof

You choose the spiritual path of your liking
Understanding the soul or
Upkeeping your enthusiastic selfless efforts

Bashyam Narayanan

An Eighty Five Year Old Flower Wilted

An eighty five year old flower wilted

She was an angel
Loitering on the other side
Of our balcony
So aged enough to retire
She used to have attire
That will make any one admire

She always had nice things
To talk about and share
Well matching the mindset
Of younger people
Despite her having lived
Decades ahead of them

She was the most sought after female
In the complex
As she had solutions to most of the
Emotional family issues
And she reached out to people
Who, she felt, need her support

Her language is so sophisticated
Not normally expected
From a person of her age
And she never missed to attract children
With her picturesquely narrating incidents
And stories of the past

She was one of those
Rare still-husband-alive
Auspicious women
And hence it was always to the pleasure
Of the hosts
Organizing an propitious occasions
She graced such functions
With her polished presence

Her husband, a retired army man
Matched her well in looks and gait
He kept his audience in rapt attention
Being capable of convincingly addressing
All topics, politics, economics, and
Anything for that matter

The couple together was a delightful watch
As they induced confidence
In senior citizens of both genders

She lost her husband
A decade back
Her prominent presence
Slightly faded
But, she had her say
Both in family and community functions

She could not, any way, win back
Her original position
As the womenfolk
Started ignoring her as inauspicious
Being a widow

Despite falling sick repeatedly
She had her things to say
With number listening to her
Growing thinner and thinner

It was just a tumbling from the bed
That made her get admitted
In hospital for medical care
And it was only a night of struggle
She joined her husband
In their heavenly abode
And this
Eighty five year old flower wilted

Bashyam Narayanan

An Event To Recall On Mother's Day - That Mother Is No One Other Than Me

Summer evening
Sun still harsh

Me, then fourteen
My mother's younger sister
Came forward to tell
A story about a mother

Mumbai, then Bombay
Highrise residential quarters
Fourth floor
Big Hall
Two big bed rooms
Two baths
Big kitchen

Grill-less windows
Free flow of air
Lot natural light

A mother in the kitchen
Preparing food
For her husband
And their three sons

The youngest about two years old
Left on the kitchen table
Mother being busy around

The child not seen now
Mother realised just then
Would have slipped
Across the open window

She was right
The child has fallen
But on the sun shade

About four feet below

Her two year old son
On an open sun shade
Not less than forty feet
Above the ground level

No time to lose
No time waiting for help
From outside

Mother too slowly
Slipped about four feet onto the
Just two feet wide sun shade
Picked up the child
Put him onto the kitchen work table
Managed to climb back to her kitchen

I was thrilled
I was to ask a number of questions
One important being
Is the mother is so courageous

My aunt finished telling
That mother is no one other than me
And that son is no one other than
My third son

Both that mother and son
Are safe, living and active

Bashyam Narayanan

An Ever-Relished Chase

It has been a long chase
For something or the other
Over these years

As a kid it was a chase
For toys and play things

As a student it was a chase
For marks and ranks

As a youth it was a chase
After career and growth

And later it was chase
For getting the right life partner

The chase continued
For off-springs' upbringing

It was later to chase
For helping children settle

Ageing made me chase
For cure from illnesses
And other physical malfunctions
Yes,
It was a long chase for
Something or the others all these days

One understanding dawned in me
That
You will not get that
Which you have not chased
And
You will not get every thing
Which you have chased

Even if you get the object of your chase
It is not going to be in that form

In which it was when you started the chase

Unfruitful chase proves frustrating
Fruitful chase exciting

Wisdom will tell you that
The pleasure is more with the act of chase
Than getting hold of the object of chase
Holding of the object of chase
And sustaining its charm
Are essential after the end of chase

Very likely, chase for objects of
Worldly significance
Takes away your energy
And a lot of time elapses
Before you get in possession
Of your chase-objects
The duration at times is so large
That you wonder at the end of the chase
As to what for this object has been chased

The one chase which
Has the least probability
Of ending and
You hardly get hold of the
Object of chase
Is the
Chase for self-actualization
Or self-realization
This is the chase after your spirit
That kept you going all these days
And that will keep you going
Till that time when you away

Spiritual scholars assure
That this chase is really exciting
And remains so for any long
Whether or not
You come across what you are chasing

Develop a taste for such a chase

As this chase
Never makes you tired
But helps you remain balanced, cool
And unmindful of happenings
Around you

It is indeed an ever-relished chase

Bashyam Narayanan

An Ideal Corporate Will Say

An Ideal corporate will say
Clients our principals
Employees our assets
World Class our other name
Innovation our habit
Ethics our pride
Perfection our goal
Excellence our scale
Trust our treasure
Integrity our fame
Our vision to be the ultimate in whatever we do
Our mission social responsibility
Quality our assurance
Improvement our routine
Enthusiasm our hold
Work centre our temple
Machines and Tools our Gods
Work our worship
Safety ever first
Environment our concern
Health our working capital
Profit not our bottom-line
Customer delight our products and services
We do not sell
Ours are bought

Bashyam Narayanan

An Old Man And A Street Dog

An old man and a street dog

January morning
Chillness in air
I was standing in front of a small shop
An old man enters
Asks for a pack of biscuit
Collects it, only to tear it open
And to empty all the contents
In front of the shop
Forcing me to ask him
The reason for this wasteful act
He says
Do not worry much
A dog was following me
Though a street dog
It has some special features
Unusually tall, well built,
Brown and white circles all over the body
Long neck and a graceful look
With a gait of a horse
I befriended it two years back
It knows the time I come out for walk
And uses to walk with me
Whenever I go for a stroll
I used to feed him biscuits
And accompanies me back home
Leaves me after ensuring I enter home
I could not do it for two days now
He will be hiding nearby around
And waiting for me to do this
Once he is sure that this is done
He will appear and will consume all
And it will not be a waste, you see
He leaves the scene
With biscuits strewn
I waited to see the dog
Yes it comes
Eats all the biscuits

Though showing some initial hesitation
And after verification
The dog starts running towards
The direction where the old man moved
And the dog knows its master
I wish he reaches his master
And accompanies him to home
Will I ever do an act of such kindness
Leave alone to an animal, but to a fellow human being

Bashyam Narayanan

An Unclaimed Key Chain

An unclaimed key chain

Morning
Office goes
Busy moving
And carefully
Circumventing
A key chain
On the foot path

Seemingly afraid
Of reaching to it,
Leave alone
Of making it
Reach the person
To whom it belongs

I stood there
Watching
As I was waiting
For my bus
Me too, not in a mind
To pick it up

The three keys
On a shining ring
With a metal flat tag
With a figure of
A tiger inscribed

How many times
The keys would have
Opened or locked
The locks

How many times
It would have helped
The owner to check
His or her belongings

How much valuables
It would have
Protected

Now lying uncared for

A man would have
Stepped on it
But suddenly realized
Its presence
And he too cautiously
Avoided the ring

Somehow I mustered
Courage
And reached the
Key chain
With no idea as to
How to make it
Reach the real owner

I too had a plan
To use the ring
If there appears
No claimant
Before I leave the spot
As it was
Clean, attractive
And new

I held it open
To help any one
Searching for it

There was a
Unusual fragrance
Hitting my nostrils
With a sweet voice
A nearing-thirty
Well-made-up woman
Addressing me

Have you seen any
Key chain
I was thrilled
I could be of help to someone
That too a good looking
Woman

Holding the chain
Within my right palm
I looked at her
But, I wanted to be sure
That the chain be given
The right owner

On my queries,
She answered right
With the correct
Description

I handed over the key
With a satisfaction
Of having helped

She would have thought
That I did not hear
But I heard
Her thinking,
Though loud,
"He must be a gentleman
I too was watching
The chain
But wondering
How to pick it up
I was to buy a
Key chain
Right time I got it
From nowhere
Someone's loss
Someone's gain
A nice key chain
To hold my house keys"

Bashyam Narayanan

An Undecorated Piece - 67th Independence Day

Sixty seventh Independence Day
Celebrations in a sector community centre
Tricolor dominance all around
Stage with depictions of Indian freedom struggle
All on white cloth backdrop
Even the cushion chairs for audience had
A white cloth cover
Entire floor carpeted
The whole arena cordoned
With ten feet tall white cloth
I am new to this sector
Walked in with no one really there to greet me
Ladies and gentlemen in their good attires
Most of the children are in
Some special costumes
Indicative of their participation
In the programmes to be staged
Parents were busy coaching their children
For their performances
Some children giving final touches
To their makeup and facials
Looking over hand held mirrors
Some children still memorizing
Their scripts for the skits they were in
Only a part of the audience about three hundred
Was watching the happenings on the stage
But, all somehow managed to clap
At the end of the each event
A good number of people, like me,
Were standing at a comfortable distance
And witnessing the function
I saw that little boy of about two years
Unattended hair, less clean
Exhibiting the poverty he is in
Alone entering the premises
With apparent hesitation
Expecting someone to stop him
With no one directing him to move out
He stood in the middle of us

With his hands folded on the back
Looking up in all directions
As he could not have a glance of stage events
What was further special about him was
He was stark naked
He was in the middle of well dressed people
And in a cordoned arena
Where even chairs and floor had covers
Hoping for some sweet distribution at the end
Standing like an undecorated piece
In a well decorated function

Bashyam Narayanan

An Un-Fetching Box-Office Is The Real Ban

An un-fetching box-office is the real ban

Both are creators
One did on canvas
One did on silver screen
Both had a similarity
Both creators' creations
Had some element
That would hurt sentiments of
Some sections of the society
One took on only one section
The other, no one knows,
Which section had to bear the brunt next time
Both claim they are secular
Both, both were peculiar
Often it looked as if
Their creations would not have gone well in the market
Without the controversies being there
But, both created more number of controversies
Than their artistic creations
One left the country once and for all
Because of the controversies around him
And later died, his controversies seeing an end there
Recently the other one created a film
Some friends feel, it should not be screened
Reason, the film has elements with potentials
To hurt their faith and sentiments
Though the censor saw in the film
No such sentiment-hurting scenes
And gave certificate for public viewing
A local government banned the screening
Apprehending uncontrollable law and order problem
High court of that state too confirmed that the ban will stay
Debates go on TV channels
Discussing vulnerability of artistic creations
To get banned on a frivolous reason
That they have the potential of damaging communal harmony
In the meantime, some state governments allowed the screening
And some others banned the screening

A group feels that the freedom of expression under stake
A group counters that that their values get ridiculed
Some say the film is against terrorism
Some say the film is against a particular faith and following
Film kingdom condemns the protest against screening
War of words is on
Legal opinions too differ
Political views also clash
No sign of any let up
As the film is waiting for the light of the day
The billion population holds on to its wonder
What is there in the film so controversial and objectionable
This rupees one billion intensive film needs an immediate
Release so that common man will come to know
What the film wants to convey
People will decide its success and acceptability
Why politicians and a section of society should
One thing seems to have been forgotten
It is not screening, but viewing is going to hurt
An un-fetching box-office is the real ban
Not the unacceptability of a religious fan

Bashyam Narayanan

An Unusual Race, But A Grand Finish

A group of children numbering sixteen
Waiting for a race to begin and keen
To run it full and win it clean
And to get hold of the cup kept in a shining sheen

The race began with a shot on air
All started running and all in fair
All in their respective lanes and like a hare
Some ahead for sometime and others too fare

The crowd in excitement shouting to enthuse
The kids to keep up their spirit in muse
All seemingly fine and their efforts in full use
But, suddenly a kid fell on the track as a refuse

What a surprise, all the rest stopped the race
They ran to the kid in distress to get him the original pace
They did everything to help him keep up the chase
Spectators wondering with no idea as to whom to praise

A kid made a signal and others understood
The rest fifteen just lifted the kid like a log of wood
And ran the race, which was no longer a race, but a togetherness
By the time they reached the finish the wounded soldier himself stood

Believe, it was race for and among children challenged
Physically and psychologically, but they changed
The entire race into a collective effort and rearranged
The very mindset of the crowd disarranged

What drove the children to help a kid in distress
Is nothing but human love which cannot see others in stress
Others' concerns, we, strong in all respects, need to address
Even if it amounts our losing a race, as love is a precious dress

Bashyam Narayanan

And For All Those Known And Unknown To Us

Thirty seven years of togetherness
Dreams shared in secret wilderness
All started smooth
Pleasant and lot for soothing
Visions different
Path, though, the same
Daughter and son
With about two years in between
Two grandsons
Through daughter
Making meaningful
The purpose of living
As years passed
Frictions too set in
But the undercurrent love
Came in as lubricant
No great climbs
Nor steep slides
No appealing achievements
Nor dreadful failures
No threatening illness
Reasonably peaceful
And steady flow of life
Like a thin clean stream
With intermittent glittering
Under the bright lit clear sky
There is, however, a
Black cloud that
Makes our sky a bit dark
We pray intently
That let this cloud
Soon pass off
And make the sky
Bright as it used to be
Nothing less fine
But for this passing black cloud
On this day
Marking our marriage anniversary
We look forward ahead

More engulfing peace
More glowing health
More understanding love and
More wonderful events
For everyone in the family
And for all those known and unknown to us

Bashyam Narayanan

And Silence Was My Response

Discourteous cousin

This eldest cousin was with us sometime

Probably that was beginning of summer
I was studying in grade two

Classes in the school used to start early
I would have some kind of breakfast
In the form of a wheat flour porridge
There would be a tiffin break in the school
Around eleven pre noon

My cousin, who was on a vacation stay in our house
Was sent to the school
With a curd rice in a small stainless steel vessel
With an appropriately shaped piece of banana leaf

He would come to the school before it was eleven
And was waiting for me
I would come out looking for him
Get the curd rice carrying container
Finish hurriedly and return the vessel after washing

I knew he was not at all comfortable
With this arrangement
I noticed his grimace a number of times
And never expressed this to him or to my mother
This was going on for some days

That day he was waiting
But I reached him late
Because I was deeply engrossed in completing
An interesting homework in the class itself
Unmindful of the time

When I located him
He was visibly angry
He handed over curd rice

With a shout at me to finish it quickly

First ever time I too got anger

Took the vessel to a corner

Where we used to eat

But, decided against eating

Angrily served food

Despite the fact I was hungry

Came out immediately to the wash basin

Kept outside the school

Emptied the vessel

Throwing away the food to a waiting dog nearby

Washed the vessel

Returned the same to cousin

With a murmur

I too can get angry

What is happening?

Was his loud query

And silence was my response

Bashyam Narayanan

And Take Pride In Having Created A Human Being

Oh God
If at all you can bless
Bless me with the knowledge
As to which of my thoughts
Are positive and which
when translated into action
Bear fruits, which are
Sweet, delicious and nutritive
Not only for me but also for mine
And for all other living things around

Bless me also with the tact
Of loving what all I do
And of performing them
Without the fear of failure
And without the fire of expectation
Let me understand and feel
That things done without
Fear or expectation
Kill not enthusiasm
Fill me with creativity
Guide me into innovation
Keep me on the path of improvement
Scaling new heights in excellence
And above all
Help me examine
Whether my actions
Be of any use to others

Bless me with a vision too
To see your image in
Every one and every thing around
So that my performance has the
Important element of empathy
And I am able to
Treat all with love and compassion
Understand them
Accommodate them
Accept them as they are

Without forcing them with my
Views, thoughts and dreams
Take them along
Work with them
To achieve nobler and
Benefitting-all goals

Bless me so
And take the pride of having created a human being

Bashyam Narayanan

And We Will Be Out To Achieve Great Things Of Chaste

When I joined the school it was June
I cried and cried that day till it was noon
But, who was that lady going round and round
Comforting kindly each one to calm down

I came to know that she was our teacher
Whom we should be afraid of, I was told later
To keep quiet, when in the middle did she chatter
Otherwise she would prove to be a harsh beater

But, the fact was that it never happened
She was strict, though never she frightened
She was punctual, though never she threatened
She was wonderful, though we realized at the end

She taught us alphabets, how to write
She taught us manners, how to be right
She taught us maths that made us bright
She taught us that never others we should slight

She used to say whether you become doctor or engineer
But she insisted that we should never lose our cheer
She emphasized that we should never give room to fear
Even when we would be in the middle of fire

We thank her for developing a learning skill
Which will guide us like a lantern life time full
We know that a lot remains to be done still
Her guidance will for sure help our sweet dreams fulfill

We all thank her immensely for the taste
She developed in us, quietly, without any haste
And this fire of learning desire will never go waste
And we will be out to achieve great things of chaste

Bashyam Narayanan

Angry Old Man

Angry old man

My maternal grandpa
I was quite young
Did not know how old he was

Orthodox
By thoughts and practices

Always seen in an traditional attire
Clad in doti with frills
And a fold running through legs
And tugged up on the back
Borders prominently visible in all folds

His broad forehead sported our
Religious symbol occupying most part of the forehead

Retired from a government service
After having served in different linguistic regions
Of Southern India

Was considered a scholar in our religious scripts
I knew that he conducted discourses

Seen always reading something
Through heavy spectacles mostly hanging on his nose

I remember not to have seen him smiling
A frightening personality for most of our family members
His anger has not spared even his grand children including me

He had four daughters and two sons of whom
Three daughters and a son were near him

Our home was very close to his place
And my mother would not miss an opportunity
To be there in her dad's place
So that she had nice time with her sisters

And her brother, if he stayed off from office

His return invariably from the temple
Made all fell silent

He had strong views about cinema
He believed these fictional displays eroded traditional wisdom
He advocated vehemently against film viewing
I heard once he even ran to the theatre
To fetch back forcibly two of my aunts
Beating them with a stick enroute home

That afternoon I was asked by mother
To come directly to grandpa's place from the school
I did as instructed
Grandpa was not at home
My aunts, two of them, silently vanished
And after sometime grandpa appeared
Asked my mother as to how come
She came there in the hot afternoon
Mom responded with an answer
Which I knew was not true
And she further said she would be leaving soon
Grandpa harshly suggested that
She would not go out in the sun again

As grandpa started preparing for resting
My mother dragged me
And took me out
My queries as to where we were heading for
Were unanswered
Mom silenced me with a painful knock on my skull
We were rushing through the temple
And reached the theatre

Oh we were to watch a movie
That thought relieved me of all the pains I had to suffer
My aunts were there to receive us
And all fell in a queue that was
Lined up in cave before the ticket counter
We got the tickets for the show

As we were about to enter the hall
I was shocked to see grandpa with long stick
Through a narrow gap
I made it sure he had not sighted me

He was visibly angry
And was enquiring some one
Probably about us

Luckily he did not get an answer
And I saw him walking back

With my mouth running dry
I narrated to my mother and aunts this event
They said in chorus
Thank God you did not call him
Hopefully we escaped this time the wrath of this
Angry old man

Bashyam Narayanan

Are We Turning Earth-Unfriendly

Are we turning earth-unfriendly or
Have we become one already

April 22 World Earth Day
April 25 Nepal Earthquake Day
Leaving thousands dead
Similar number injured
Lakhs stranded and
Millions rendered homeless
It pains the entire humanity
And all are attempting to restore
The damaged Nepal

Science explained many things
And it knows that the quake is the
Resultant adjustment the mother earth
Makes on her surface
Sequel to an imbalance down under
Far deep within the crust

We know how to measure it
We also know the safe limit of the quake
Below which the damages are less and manageable

But we are yet to develop a device
That would predict earthquake advance enough
So that loss of lives, if not loss of property
Could be prevented

World Earth Day we celebrate, nay, we should observe
With a commitment not to do anything
On the surface of the earth
That would change the natural topography
Drainage pattern and other similar
Surface characteristics of the earth

The recent massive earthquake
And attendant aftershocks should make us
Review our commitment towards earth-care

We need to renew our determination
That we would also not do anything
That has a potential to create
Mass imbalance beneath the earth's surface

We talk a lot
We write a lot
But did the least
In reducing consumption of unearthed
Natural non-renewable resources

May be that these massive
Unearthing and mining
Trigger mass imbalance beneath

Let our scientists examine this
And do something, if not to prevent,
To reduce the extent of quake-driven damages

Time now to question ourselves
Are we turning earth-unfriendly
Despite our 'celebrating'
World Earth Day

Bashyam Narayanan

Arrival Of A Child

Arrival of a child marks the
Arrival of a new pleasant path
Arrival of a most colourful horizon
Arrival of a new set of dreams
Arrival of a new ray of hope
Arrival of a new melody in musical notes
Arrival of a refreshing new fragrance
Arrival of a new butterfly in our garden

Arrival of a child marks the
Assertion of nature's supremacy
Assertion of God's faith in men
Assertion of sustenance of existence
Assertion of human love
Assertion of a new strengthened bond

Arrival of a child marks the
Beginning of a new philosophy
Beginning of a new set of experiences
Beginning of a renewed valour
Beginning of new ways of learning
Beginning of refined perception
Beginning of the glow of innocence
Beginning of a new set of celebrations

Arrival of child marks the
Formation of new cloud of prosperity
Formation of shower of fresh nutrients
Formation of a lake of vibrant future
Formation of a new pool of gainful talents

Let us welcome the child,
The spark of continuation of human race and
Let the human race celebrate the
Arrival of each child just born

Bashyam Narayanan

Artist Or Hurt(Ist)

Artists have special tastes
They display their talents
To please the
Audience, if direct
Viewers, readers, if away

Their creations never meant
To hurt others
Their works invariably trigger an
Excitement among their fans
And in less artful general public
A wonder at the marvel outcome of
An extraordinary imagination and
Its delighting display

Artful creators invade the hearts
Of all, cutting across region or religion
A tasteful art form
Penetrates hearts of people
Of even less learned level
Cartoonists too fall in the category
Despite their spicy displays for their
Demonstration of wit
And extended interpretation
Of a personality or an event

Art touches the hearts
Cleanses it off ill feelings
And some creations
Educate and enlighten

Real art is one, which has common appeal
And even after a snap-shot exposure to it
People fall in love with the creation

There is no hidden intension in an art
There is no vulgarity in an art
There is no belittling of some person/sect nor a faith in an art

Artistic creation
Loses its status
If found to have hurting elements
To be depicting biased versions of reality
And to have been created of bad taste
With a seemingly draw-attention intent

Despite the excellence and the social acclaim of the artist,
Creator of such arts
Does not deserve to be called an artist
But, yes
You may brand such a person a hurt(ist)

Bashyam Narayanan

Arvind The Unknown

Early morning train
Air conditioned coach
I was on a four hours travel

A man sitting opposite to me
Started talking over his mobile
He was talking for long
So long that I came to know
Arvind, the so far unknown

I could not make out
Who this Arvind is
But understood from the loud
Discussions our gentleman had, that
Arvind is not so happily married man

Arvid is being advised to take the course of divorce
By this man sitting in my front
A lot he had to say
As to why divorce is the only way
Out for Arvind

Arvind's wife is a career woman
Less mindful of keeping people together
She hardly avails leave
Working late and even on holidays
Arvind's old rich parents are not taken care
She is also keen in having children
House is always in shambles

No pleasures for Arvind
From getting married to this
Least co-operative life partner
Arvind is ever in trouble
Many times he shunted between office and home
Attending his parents who suffer frequently
From some illness or the other

Something Arvind would have asked from the other end

Our man in front
Became suddenly silent
Probably in search of an answer
He, who otherwise sounded confident,
Started sounding less firm and fumbling

I could make out what he was questioned
Are these enough to bring about a divorce

He was telling Arvind
That he can fabricate some more valid reasons
Which he listed for long
And our man would take care of filing papers for divorce

This gentleman must be a lawyer
He went on how to go about
So that Arvind is relieved of his
Least comforting relationship

The unknown Arvind
Is on the path of separation

Bashyam Narayanan

As You Have Gone Far Away From Nature

For us
Morning, afternoon,
Evening or night
Makes no difference
We realize the part of day
From the sun light

And we remain in the same cage
Which has been so carefully designed that
We cannot find a way out
However difficult we may try

We are tiny little creatures
True, we look cute and colourful
The nine of us in cage do not have the same colour shade
Some of us shine in multiple colours too

We fly with the help of our short wings
Within the one metre cube cage
With a closely knit thin, of late rusted, iron strings
In all directions, sides, bottom and up

Your children stand around the cage
And get excited at each small flying jump of us
And at each chirping we make

Initially, we too got excited at the kids' excitement
But, as of now, we are in pain

Will you keep your kids in a cage
And get elated at the sight of their
Crawls and cries inside

You feed us, thank you for that,
But you have missed to note
You know only some fruits
Some grains and nuts
And you give only those things
Which you eat and which you think

Are nutritious to us

You do not know we have a lot many natural things
To choose as our food
We relish eating that red cherry fruit
Of the tree just across the road in front
You are not aware of this simple thing
Your bananas and red chilies have become monotonous

Our younger ones get a better nutrition
If they are fed with that red winged insect
Which sucks nectar from jasmine
We are afraid that they would never get a chance
To have that taste

We are missing a lot of natural things
A free 20 metre fly against wind
A balanced perching on a tiny still fresh neem twig
A heartfelt search for insects in your domestic wastes
A scratch of your lawn with our tiny toes
And catch of a few winged ants

It would be a very long list of things
Which we miss because of
Your so called love for us
We know you would never understand these
Natural ways of living
As you have gone far away from nature

Bashyam Narayanan

Ashed Into A Tray And Stashed On To The Bay

Yester night received a call
Telling us the demise of a relative

A female of almost eighty
Survived by her two sons, a daughter
Seven grand daughters, a grandson
A great grandson through her son's daughter

Lost her husband eight years back
Who sustained a disabling injury at a construction site
And practically bed ridden for six years

Lost her son eldest son
Fourteen years ago
Who underwent a bye-pass heart surgery

Lived well in full command
With style and comfort
And in well designed own-built houses

A great entertainer with her smart language
A wonderful host with her
Improvised and innovative recipes

Very quick and active
As long as she was keeping all fine

Till recently we all enjoyed
The fruits of her actions

We reached her place this morning
Saw her caged in a glass covered
Air cooled chamber

Met all others for whom she mattered
Shared our acquaintances with her

Rituals started
With fire lit and vedic quotes

She was given her final bath by her daughters-in-law
Females stayed back home
After prostrating to her mortal remains

Me and her son went to the cremation shed
With soul-free body of hers

After some rituals there
She was consigned to fire
In a gas-based cremation chamber

Ashes were given to us after forty five minutes
Of this seventy nine year old in a one-foot long tray
The burnt remains of her were transferred
Into an earthen pot and immersed in milk

In the hot sun of the summer afternoon
We reached the beach with this ash containing pot
And her son emptied the pot into the roaring sea
Bay of Bengal

Thus this near eighty year old woman was
Ashed into a tray and stashed on to the bay

Bashyam Narayanan

Awaiting The Bullet

Awaiting the bullet

It all happened like that
I finished my graduation
Not able to convince any of the employers
On my employability
And was roaming the streets
Of my small town

Got introduced to a boy of my age
Who said opportunities were there
For the youth
Provided they prove committed to
What the employer wants them to do

I was sure of convincing any one of
My commitment to duty
Thought it would not be a loss
To give a try
And accompanied my new friend

Things were different in deed
With the new employer
It was not like an office or factory
But had the looks of a religious congregation
A lot inputs on faith
And on the sins associated with non-adherence to faith
It went to the extent of
How to make people forcefully-follow and take up our faith

It did not matter me much
I needed money to take care of the aged parents
Which they were regular in sending
I needed no money to run the show here
As everything and every bit of my living
Was taken care by the people here
No doubt they were really kind to us
But, yes, they were harsh and unkind to
Countries countering our faith

And branding us as fanatic

Days passed on

Religious scripts recited with fervor

And I saw in me a change

Am I turning a fanatic

I had faith but believed that

Real faith evolves and does not get imposed

Once imposed faith turns out not to be

No more such thinking

My requirement is money

And that comes out from what I am presently

Good enough

We were trained in all sorts

War practices

Use of guns, use of grenade and rocket launching

Physical exercises

And war-coded communication systems

I was a soldier at the end of the six months' training

I am satisfied with my employer

As he was sending money regularly to my aged parents

I am satisfied with my own self

As some of the recruits

Could not stand the training

And had to leave in the middle

I came to know at the end of it all

That we will be deployed in spreading terror

In one of the important and commercially active cities

In the neighbouring country

We a group of four were sent off

By our employer

We reached the city

And were moving around merrily for two days

As we were guided by the communication

We were receiving from our employer over the handsets

The day for attack arrived

It all started in the evening

We were moving with warring facilities

And in a costume of a common man
No one could make out our intentions

We were told to start the attack
So far I have not hit any one fatally
The first shot of mine
Felled a police constable
From a moving train
Exciting it was as within seconds of my aiming at him
He was no more alive
It went on merrily some time
After hitting a boy probably in his teens
I became saddened
Are we doing anything wrong
A question of this sort ran through me
Any way before answering myself
I heard instructions that made me
Go ahead with the act of doing away with lives

Terror-some acts of ours continued
Killing innocent people of
All ages went on
And our sponsor encouraging us
Telling great many things about us
As we are proving warriors of a particular faith

We were running short of our
Warring facilities
And I saw one of our "warriors"
Falling dead to a bullet

Suddenly one after the other
Two other colleagues of mine
Also fall dead
With bullets piercing them
It pained me much
And I was able to feel the pain
Of those who would have lost
Their dear and near in our faith-driven war

Given a chance, I would have killed myself
But that never came

And I was caught alive
Presently kept in a cell
For interrogation

I kept changing my versions of the plot
Expecting help from my sponsor
Which seemed not coming
And I know I was disowned by own people
Leave alone my employer

I am counting days
And cursing myself
For all what all I have done in the name of faith
And I cannot show and demonstrate
The real feelings running in me
I keep posing brave
While mourning inside

I would like to be shot
And dead immediately
Awaiting the bullet

Bashyam Narayanan

Back In The Original Fold

Back in the original fold
Difficult, but a decision bold
I see myself in the midst of my profession old
Now, more than forty years, other skills of mine sold

Long travel it was to come to his place
I ventured this putting a brave face
Heart, but, heavy with memories in full trace
Wondering each second how to handle this chase

Landing of the air craft was perfect
I was thinking how nice or otherwise going to be this new effort
Staying away from nar and dear might be a defect
I am to assure myself that my actions will my worth reflect

Sometime it took before I could realize
Things are not that unfine I did visualize
They turn better each day as I specialize
With my requirements in the new job slice

It requires some fine-tuning of my expertise
In assaying and reporting treatise
To my satisfaction leading none to criticize
And doubt the wisdom, my paradise

I am gathering my strengths and will soon prove
That my inclusion will create a confident grove
Making every one contribute their worth and all move
In the direction of growth, doubts if any, remove

It is just a matter of three more months to pass
To feel and see the growth graph cross
New heights and scale so that we find in us a class
Achievers and performers always excellent others surpass

Bashyam Narayanan

Be Ambitious

Be ambitious
But, cautiously
Keeping in view
The nature and extent
Of your strengths
And after weighing
Your weaknesses

Be ambitious of
Harnessing strengths of others
For raising a human race
For collective growth and
Harmonious co-existence
Not of developing a mass
For a mad and unquestioned following

Be ambitious
Of becoming something yourself
Not of becoming a owner
Of material significance

Be ambitious
Of evolving new values to life
Not of adding values
To things in your possession

Be ambitious
Of helping others
Realize new dimensions of existence
Not of helping them
Just to exist

Be ambitious
Of bringing more and more
Into your affectionate bond of love
Not of keeping others
Into your fold because of fear for you
Or favour from you

Be ambitious of
Knowing yourself better
Not of making others
Understand you better

Be ambitious of
Becoming a model human being
For others to emulate
Not of copying or emulating
Someone's model

Be ambitious of
Being special
Not of forcing others
To feel that you are special

Be ambitious of
Leaving a mark of yourself
On the community you belong to
Resisting the community
Stamp on you
Its symbols, myths, dogmas
And less established faiths

Simply,
Be ambitious of
Becoming a beloved
Compassionate and
Complete human being

Bashyam Narayanan

Be Ever Enthused To Be In Touch With Future

Be ever enthused to be in touch with future

Future
Philosophers say
Is an illusion
For each second that is in the coming
Is uncertain
Hazy and a mirage

Past is lost
And it is spilt milk
Nothing can be done
With the past
Each previous second is as past
As the previous century

They suggest
For keeping up with the pace of time
It would be wise
Not to dream of the future
And not to lament on the past
Enjoy the present

It is easier said than done
We keep busy thinking
Either about the future
Or keep grumbling with the past
Memory and acquired experience
Will not allow us
To thoughtfully digest
Events occurring at the present

It is also not debatable
The quality of the present second
Depends on
The quality of the efforts
Made in the previous second

Where we are and

What we are
All because of our
Struggle or otherwise
In the past

Past experience and
Our present standing
Take us where we will be tomorrow

It will not be unwise
To a dream a future
Matching our skills
And the present position

We often dwell in a future
That is not achievable
With our present standing
And our capabilities

Unrealized future
Makes us feel sad

Be ever be in touch future
As the present second only
Manifests itself as a future
Know what you do
Know what you have as means
To take you into
The dreamt future

A colourful future is not an impossible realm
To be scaled
If you take seriously the means
To be there

Your present actions
Are executed only
To be sure that
You are
There in that wonder tomorrow

That dream keeps you

Motivated in going ahead
That dream keeps you
On the path of learning
That dream keeps you
Innovating new solutions
That dream keeps you
Enjoy what you do
That dream keeps you
Enthused in living
That dream keeps you
Looking for opportunities for improvement
Be in touch with dream ever
And

Be ever enthused to be in touch with future
Though philosophically non-existent
Which only helps you realize your potential

Bashyam Narayanan

Be That What You Want To Be

You me and every one
Are always in the path of
Becoming that which we all want to be

A word of caution
We should be not that because someone is that
Still, if it is worth
We should be that with our special touch
And with our uniqueness

But we loose the tract
In the middle
Because of obstacles that surface
And we change the picture which we originally conceived
And we keep changing this too frequently
We are not any where near to what we originally wanted to be

Obstacles are many
Leave alone external hurdles
You may yourself lack
Certain qualities that
Are required to shape you into what you want to be
May be your selfishness
May be your dishonesty
May be your inconsiderate approach
May be your disregard to others' concern
May be your diluted determination
And many others

Instead of thinking about what we want to be
Focus on what you can be
With your knowledge base
With your acquired skills
With your approach to life and people around
With your level of ability to please others
With your potential to win others through love
And other productive internal powers of yours
Weighed against your weaknesses
Arrive at what you can really be

And redefine it as what you want to be

Work towards that

Enthusiastically

Putting yourself under no pressure

And making your all out efforts with pleasure

Minding not others' views on it

Minding not your weaknesses

Minding not others' strength

Minding not slips in between

March ahead and become

What you want to be

Even after that

Be modest by not taking the total credit for yourself

As a lot others have contributed

In your becoming that

A lot others would have taught you valuable lessons

A lot others would have helped you

Visualise your grey areas

A lot others would have wished you

Well in your efforts

Enjoy living

At the same silently making the world understand that

You are that what you wanted to be

Bashyam Narayanan

Become Divine

Each tree a Poetry
In its infinite variety
Each leaf a status
In its food-making process

Each flower a wonder
In its colour, fragrance and splendour
Each fruit a history
In its sweet-storing mystery

Each grass is precious
As in soil-holding it is cautious
Each cactus a marvel
In its tact in survival

Each orchid a sample
As its blossom ever an example
Each garden a universe
As it holds all these, in diverse

Each gardener a God
As he created this universe and takes guard
So to become divine
Develop a garden and maintain

Bashyam Narayanan

Being Is Enlightenment, Becoming Is Ignorance

You are on the move
Always
On an elevator
Or a belt conveyer
That keeps moving
Steadily and at the same speed
Since the day
You landed on this earth

And this winch or conveyer
Is driven by time

No one else is on your belt
Either ahead or behind
And you are the lone
Passer by in your elevator

Each second
This mover takes you
To a new situation
Unfolding to you
Shocks or surprises
Depending on what you
Have been expecting

Practically the next step ahead
Is in dark
And every thing becomes clear
Once you step in there
Giving you a feel that
It is all-continuous
With no break
And submerging you in a false understanding
That you know every thing that is happening
That will happen and that had happened

Once you move to the next scene
The scene left behind becomes hazy
And you will not be able to

Recollect the past events exactly

But you may remember
Vividly certain scenes and events
Depending on the
Pleasure or pain
With which they impacted you

You are always on the move
And nowhere you are stagnant

You invariably keep nursing
A thought of becoming something
What you are not presently
At that point of time

And never you know
Whether you have become that
Something which you want to
Become sometime before

You keep counting
On the experiences
Of the left behind situations
And you are hopeful of
This being helpful in
Shaping you to that
Which you want to become

You keep swinging from
What you were and
What you want to become
With no time left to you
For assessing what you are

Being aware of
What you are is wakefulness
Being lost in
What you want to become is
Ignorance as
Every thing ahead is in total darkness

Being is enlightenment
Becoming is ignorance

Bashyam Narayanan

Between Mothers' Day And Fathers' Day

I am the second daughter in my family
We belong to a remote village
In Southern India

We are still on a continuous struggle to come over the impacts
Of blind faiths imparted onto us

My elder sister was ten
And I was five
When our mother died eleven years ago

Our father managed alone the show
Of attending to us and his agricultural business
For sometime

He later decided to marry
And our step mother came in our family fold
Ten years back

All went fine
Our step-mother was kind to us
And met all our needs
Proved an emotional support
Whenever we needed that

Last year my sister was given in marriage
To a person, whose alliance was proposed to us
From a relative of our step-mother
My sister is happy with her husband
And the couple are awaiting their first child

I just finished my twelfth standard examination
And secured reasonably good marks
With an average of ninety
My parents were so pleased with this performance
As this is the first time
A student in the village scored such a high average

I felt like visiting my sister

And one Monday afternoon I left for her village
About forty five kilometers from our place
My father accompanied me and left me there
Her family members too were happy to see me
And all praised my performance in the examination

We, sisters, spent quite some time discussing
How should I continue my academic career
It was my plan to be with my sister for at least ten days

Wednesday afternoon my father appeared there and
Said that I was required in our place
As he was planning to organize a prayer for the village diety
For my prosperity and gainful future
My sister said she would also go with us
But dad declined her accompanying me

By that evening we were in our village
As we reached our house
I saw it locked from outside
I immediately asked dad about our step mother
Is she not there

He did not answer me
Opened the door
And hurriedly got in to bolt it from inside

I saw my step mother
And a number of male members
In traditional saffron dress
Apparently priests from
Probably not from our village to perform prayer

Our house is not big
But definitely not small from our village standard
A fifteen feet broad layout running about forty five feet
With partitions for a bed room in the front
And for a kitchen in the back
A circular brick walled well and small garden
Are in the backyard of the house
A small enclosure at the rear end for bath and toiler

As I entered the house
I could sense the fragrance of incense sticks
Signaling the preparation for an offer to our Gods
But, what was that pit in the middle of the hall
Dug to a depth of four feet, six feet long and two feet wide
I asked dad about that
Our step-mother came in to say
That this was a special prayer
And the offerings would fill the pit
And all for my prosperity and that of my sister

I was asked to take bath and come clean

As I was preparing for a bath
In the bath-toilet partition
I heard a whisper of a female from outside the compound wall
They will kill you

I was shocked and wondering as to whom this whisper was
I am telling you the voice continued mentioning my name
Just listen to what I say
It is all for your step-mother
Being blessed with a son
Your life will be offered to our village God
And in return your step mother will conceive her first son
Through your father
I overheard this yesterday
When the priests, who are inside your house now,
Were discussing
Your house is kept closed since you left day before yesterday
And these preparations are for that purpose only
If you choose to escape run towards the banyan tree
On the left of your house
We are waiting for you

I could not make out who talked to me
But I felt something odd about the arrangements
I decided to pose as if I did not know anything
And I would participate in the prayer initially
Will react at the time appropriate

But I should do before the night set in

I was counting on those in the village
Who can help me if I opt to move out of my house

I was recalling happenings at home
Everything was normal
My step-mother did not behave like a step-mother at all
She was kind to both of us
She took enthusiastic part in my sister's marriage
She was indeed responsible
For my fairing well in the final examination

I was wondering how people can change
And it is a mystery how my dad also agreed
To perform a sacrificial prayer
And to take away my life for the sake of
An unborn or to-be-borne son

I delayed enough it looked
My step-mother was outside the enclosure
And was suggesting I should get ready earliest
So that the offering would be in time
I came out in a new dress, which
My dad had bought me for the occasion

I was scheming as to escape
If what I heard were true
I entered the hall and made note of things and equipment
Procured for the prayer
As I have seen similar sacrifices in the temple
I could make out what I heard could be true
The very looks of the priests were frightening
I have not seen any of them numbering four

Priests from outside
Pit in the middle of the house
Preparations sembling those for animal sacrifice in the temple
Made me believe that it was all for sacrificing me

I feigned dizziness and gently fell on the ground
In small un-hurting harmless slides
And in a posture that would facilitate me
To quickly get up and run towards the exit door

She might be tired of travel
One of the priests suggested
That she be given to drink an aerated drink or soda

I was watching my dad getting near the door
To unbolt it
I was preparing for a dash and run away
He just did that
In a flash I got up and ran towards the door
The advantage I had was that the door is so hinged
That it will open towards outside

Before my dad could come out of the house
I was in the street
And ran towards the banyan tree
I did not look back

Yes, the whole village folks were standing and waiting for me

I am not for narrating what happened further
As I am safe now
I am staying with my sister
And waiting to join an engineering college
My brother-in-law promised me
To help study further

I left home for my sister's place
After Mothers' Day
I was back to her place
Before Fathers' Day

Bashyam Narayanan

Biscuit Trap

Biscuit trap

An old relative of mine
Even older to my grandfather
Some said he was seventy and above
Some also rated him above eighty
But, he was moving around
Walking with a stick
The one unusual thing about him was
That he was often seen
Wearing a black (here and there bleached) coat

It was one morning
Must be around eight
I happened to be in the vicinity of his residence
He was walking towards me
He, being very strict, kids feared his approach
I too was wondering as he got very close to me

Will you accompany me to the hospital?
He asked me in his broken coarse voice
As I was searching for an answer
He took out a biscuit pack from his coat pocket
Displaying it with his left hand to me
I got the answer now

I would go with him with the fond hope
He would spare me a piece of biscuit
OK grandpa I would go with you
We were walking slowly
By his left, expecting him to pick up a biscuit
And offer me

Yes, he did
Opened the pack took one
And kept the rest of the pack back
He examined it
Leaving me to wonder what to look for in an edible
He slowly broke into two pieces

And gave me one

As he was offering me the biscuit
He had nice things to say about me
He praised my performances in studies
And a number of other things
Really preventing me from
Enjoying the taste of the biscuit

By the time taste of biscuit left my palate
We were in the hospital
Not really it was a hospital, but a clinic in fact
The compounder asked us to wait
And we sat on the hot cemented platform
Which was hot being exposed to the sun

My concern was when again I would get the biscuit
But no sign of it
As our grandpa was busy talking to the compounder

I could make out our turn had come
As I saw an elderly couple coming out of the
Doctor's chamber
We were asked to get in

At this point of time
I thought I would leave the scene
And let the elderly reach home on his own
He stood up ran his left hand into the coat pocket
Took the biscuit pack up
And for short while looking at it
As if counting how many pieces were still left
Enough for me to get tempted
And accompanied him into the chamber

Doctor was inquiring about his health
And was asking about me
And our grandpa explained him how I was related to him

It was comfortable inside
A large ceiling fan running at a gentle speed
Allowing me enjoy the breeze of a mild air changes

As the doctor was examining his patient

He wrote something on the prescription pad
And we left the chamber
My relative gave me the prescription
For me to present it before the compounder
And collect the medicine

The compounder mixed a number of coloured solutions
In an ounce glass and in turn filled a pale green glass
Corked it before handing it over to me
Collecting doctor's fee from my relative
The bottle had a label pasted over it
Mentioning name of the patient, age and dosage

Compounder warned me that this bottle
Should be brought back with the label in tact
When the patient had to come again

All these were not really my concern
As I was pondering over the chance of
A biscuit treat on our way back home
We started moving back home
Me holding the bottle in one hand
Expecting the grandpa to open up
The biscuit pack

Which he did at last
When we almost reached home
He did the same
Taking one piece out
Breaking it into two
And giving me a broken piece
Might have lost an hour or so playtime in this process
But minded it not
As it was a pleasant biscuit trap

Fell in this trap a second time
After some months
Later developed maturity to avoid this
Biscuit trap

Black Day For Some

Came out of my room
Reached the sun bathing balcony
To derive benefits of solar warmth
That Saturday winter morning
While warming up
I happened to notice that black flag in shining satin
Fluttering with the cool breeze
Reminding me of the news
I just heard from TV
Someone down there is probably condemning
The act of the Government, more than mourning
A youth was hanged after his wife's mercy petition
Against his capital punishment got rejected
By the President
The back ground is too well known
Eleven years back in December
There was an attack by armed men on the Parliament,
Where elected representatives of this great democracy
Were attending the winter session
Killing a number of security personnel
Investigations led to the fact that
The person, who was hanged today, was behind
The attack and he only masterminded the attack
The nation wanted him to be punished as it saw
In this a design to destroy the very democratic process of the country
Almost all Indians welcome this decision
As it serves as a threat to those
Who nurse evil designs against the country
With a bold decision executed
It is a bright day for many Indians while
The black flag down there, of course, tells me that
It is a
Black day for some

Bashyam Narayanan

Buried In The Past

Being

Buried in the past

And

Being devoured

By the sand grains of time

Is

Preferable to

Being

On the surface of the present

Breathlessly suffocating and

Painfully suffering

With the

Realities of today

Bashyam Narayanan

But To Wish The Butterfly And Its Flower, A Happy Bright Future

She was moving around like a butterfly
Our home plenty of joy always in supply
Gracious her looks and no creams did she apply
All natural, we thought it's all a permanent ply

Her presence gave us all warmth and love
Our worries disappearing at the very sight of this dove
Never once she failed to get us that oil of clove
To help us all the teething problems solve

Her voice so sweet, save we have sugar
Her manners so gentle, save we have feather
Her touch so soothing, save we have softened leather
Her mood so enthusing, we were all in liquor

From where came the world wide connection
It connected the universe but our home in dissection
She got trapped in the web of ether borne words of affection
We had no clue of happenings through computer projection

She fell in love with a guy at last
Who took away her heart and she lost
All the reasoning and wisdom blown in blast
She surrendered to her love, which she says, is vast

We did not know her whereabouts for days fourteen
None of her friends told us and came out clean
To make us know what happened in between
At the end found out, after a search on web-site screen

She said she is now happily married and threaded
To a guy whom she came across in a studded
Website, and she claimed he is a great guy, and added
No one to be saddened as to no vice he is wedded

We cannot say a word at this juncture
As the butterfly flew off from us, striving to nurture

To a flower, of course with nectar, but of unknown nature
But to wish the butterfly and its flower, a happy bright future

Bashyam Narayanan

Celebrating Shame

Emotional appeal of the Prime Minister
From all stages wherever he was talking from
High moral preaching for simplicity
And for sensitivity for common good

So many others in his party
In the Parliament, press conferences and
Televised debates
Talking the same and appealing
To the people of the country
About hundred and twenty five crores of them
To bear with the inconveniences caused to them
By the war waged against unaccounted dirty cash
And help the nation realize the benefit of
Clean currencies

Nation believed the throat-choking words
Minded not standing hours in the queues
Not just to exchange old currencies
But to deposit their hard earned and
Well accounted clean money
With a devotion so that the country gets rid of
Black and economical-growth-retarding ill gotten wealth
Country is still fighting
People are still struggling, not suffering, as they willfully
Accepted the challenge and the pains associated with it

As this is on
There was held a marriage
In the middle of one of the metros
Where daughter of a mining menace
And a convict on bail
Weds luxuriously
Expenses crossing all imaginations
To the tune of five hundred crores of Indian rupee
At the time when an ordinary citizen
Waits in front of currency vending machine
For hours to get his own rupees two thousand five hundred

Height of embarrassment for the Prime Minister is
That this man was once in the party that rules the country
And many of the leaders of the party
Attended the wedding shamelessly
Enjoying the luxurious hospitality extended
At the marriage premises

Fame, fame and fame was accruing to the Government
Because of the bold step initiated
Against black money menace

Shame, shame and only shame was adding to the
Party that is ruling and

Insult, insult and injurious insult is what they inflicted
On the efforts and sacrifices of every citizen of the country
Who braves hot sun and freezing wind
Stands on roads to collect meagre money from banks and
Very slow-acting post offices
Which found lavish use in the mother of all weddings
Just now held in a State capital

Government, people and the party to which he is loyal
Should immediately punish him in the harshest way
So that politicians and their sympathizers will not dare
Any act that directly or indirectly hurts
The interest of common cause
And dilutes the sincere efforts of the population
Towards the same

Such acts the political party should realize
Make people doubt the intent of a step taken
Where the whole country actively take part

Again let us pray
For wisdom dawning on those who are after
Popularity for resisting indulgence in acts
That prove not matching the collective effort
Of the nation for a common cause

While wishing the newly wed
With everything best for a long happy healthy

Married life

Let there be a full stop of such

Shameful wedding

Bashyam Narayanan

Change Has Come Indeed, But It Is Becoming Increasingly Difficult

The changes we were looking for
Have indeed come

But with a bigger bang
And bitter challenges like
Economy
Education
Healthcare
Housing and what not

Any amount of helping
The industries and others
Seems to be not capable of
Fetching the results
We would like to see

There is no point
Looking for changes outside
Now we need to change within

Oh, fellow countrymen
We need to come together
Share the resources
And that is only way
To combat the challenges
Already existing and
In the making

If you love your country
And if you want that back
On the original track of
Growth, Development and Opportunities
Try to understand this
And put the same into practice

If you visualise your nation
As a mansion

Its strength depends on the
Quality of the bricks
You used in building the same

The bricks of a nation
Are nothing but the families
It is holding

Family is a small organisational system
Comprising blood related individuals
And the quality of the family
Is the bonding between members of the family
And their quality and value systems
If you want to do any good to the country
You need to improve the bonding
Within your family and
The quality of family members

Any attempt in this direction
Will bring all members
Of your family together
And this will make
You understand the strengths
And weaknesses of
Every one of you
Your determination to be
Together will make you
Share the resources
Which will make you
Understand your
New strengths and hidden potentials

Your being together bonded
Is of a great help to the nation
As your resouces' consumption
Will drastically come down
You will not be needing
That many houses
As your house-occupancy
Will be far far better
Your energy bills
Will be only a portion

Of your present bills
You may not be needing
That many cars

I know, it will be difficult
To get into this mode of thinking
As all these years
You have been free
And enjoying privacy

This suggestion will
Definitely rob you off some of the
Freedom and privacy

But when your very
Survival and existence
Is under threat
I am sure you will not mind
Compromising

And again you will understand
That freedom does not mean carefree
Real freedom means 'carefully free'
Privacy is more like give and take
If you do not damage other's privacy
Your privacy is assured

Give a chance to your family bond
Face the challenges effectively
And help your nation succeed

Bashyam Narayanan

Christ - The Painstaker

Christ, the painstaker
On this day of Xmas
Let us recall with love and reverence
the Christ, the painstaker

His message simple, clear and loud
Love thy fellow men and reach out to help
You will ever be remembered
the Christ, the painstaker

Born in the darkness of midnight
He enlightened us with the brilliance of
Awareness on human love and compassion
the Christ, the painstaker

Earned the name good shepherd
Demonstrating again kindness to
Even the innocent, much innocent
That they know not even who the caretaker is
the Christ, the painstaker

He preached us many things
But practised many more
All pointing out to one important
How to turn simple from being wise
the Christ, the painstaker

He showed that to become powerful
You do not require to have power
But all you need is love
the Christ, the painstaker

It is time we stopped moving away and away
From our own people in the name of growth
Let this Xmas make us more loving and loveable
the Christ, the painstaker

Bashyam Narayanan

Come Again Another Day

We plan
Act, but not always adequately
So we run short
Of what we planned
We say
Come again another day
We will accomplish
What we have in our mind

Comes that day
We act, not adequately again
We console ourselves
Come again another day

Days pass by
Turn into weeks
Months and years
We keep telling
Come again another day
We never get that another day

Entire lifetime
We spend in search of
That another day

All of us know
Which day is that day
And which day has no
Another day
No one knows
How far or near that day is

So
Plan, strictly adhere to the plan
Accomplish your tasks
Then and there
Even if they fall short of perfection
Before landing on that day
When you cannot any longer be telling

Come again another day

Bashyam Narayanan

Come Again Sometime To Enlighten This Soul Groping In Unawareness

Will there be another time
I will be coming across or meeting you
A question that comes to my mind
Always when I cross a person
Of unique characteristics

The person could be a male or female
Young or old
In school uniform
Or in a casual, but tastefully-select attire
Even a beggar lying on roadside platform
Under a tree looking at a distant dream
A kid sitting in a car
Insisting parents to buy something
From a street vendor
An aged fruit seller
Impressing buyers on the taste of
Fruits of his basket
And so on and so many

May be that person's trait
The way he or she looks
The way the person talks
The scent left behind
The careless freelancing ways
A striking beauty
And so many other things
That would have drawn me to them

May be this is the last ever time
I came across them

Whatever it is
I experienced an impact
Because of their presence around
And there arose a desire in me
To be near them or they be around me

Most of them I have no clue
As to what they are
Where they hail from
Where do they go and
For what purpose

Definite it is
I got impressed by some of their
My-attention-drawn qualities
And I would like to
Imitate them if given a chance

Each one had something to convey
And I was not able decipher the message
I see in them teachers
Indirectly and silently
Conveying great many things
Which my limited wisdom
Does not understand

That is why
I feel
Will there be another time
I will be coming across or meeting you

Come again sometime to enlighten
This soul groping in unawareness

Bashyam Narayanan

Confession Of A Rapist

We regret
Deeply regret
Our actions
It is we,
Whom you term rapists
We believe that
The whole woman folk
In the world or even elsewhere
Have to accommodate our
Masculinity
Irrespective of its impact on them
This thought
We have not acquired
It is in our genes
We have no control
On what we do
We are driven into
A climax seeking act
At the sight of a female
Regardless of age, class or colour
Our genes command
And we follow
We do anything
We lure, have kind words and express love
Somehow we manage to get
What we want
You may not believe
After each such act
We cry within
But this cry stays for a short while
And the monster in us wakes up soon
We are not justifying our
Heinous acts
We just say that this happens in us
Remember this too
In all men there is a rapist
But most of them keep him under check
We are not able to do that
That is the difference

Punish us
For acts
But not with capital punishment
We want to get rid of the rapist in us
Before we die and depart
Put us in jail
Till we die
And during the term
It is likely we get rid of this rapist's desire
And take a rebirth
With no sex-abuse intensions
Hang a terrorist as he never regrets
Hang on to a rapist as he regrets

Bashyam Narayanan

Console This Eighty Five Year Old Widower

How come you look the same beauty any time I see
As I saw you first time
How come you give the same pleasant association any time I have
As I had with you first time
How come your smiles get me charmed any time I witness
As I did the first time you smiled at me first time
How come you give the same comfort any time I was in stress
As you did first time
How come you blossom the same exciting way any time I embrace
As you did when I embraced first time
How come it pains me the same way any time whenever we are to part
As it pained me the first time when you left for home
How come you expect me to keep alive
As you just died and departed for heaven
How come I do not see any one who can
Console this eighty five year old widower

Bashyam Narayanan

Corrosive Communications

Corrosive communications

Corrosion is a cause for failure of

Metal structures and utensils

This, slow, but steady, chemical process

Eats away in small instalments

And has the potential to devour even

Heavily built, once-thought-to-be very strong,

Supportive columns and pillars

Society is such a thoughtfully developed

Infrastructure, with an innumerable

Components, diversified in thoughts and

Ways of living

One seed of corrosion is strong enough

To divide this social structure

Into groups of similar components and

And destroy the entire co-existence

We frequently see such communications

From people, who matter

Triggering someone else to counter with a

Still dangerous corrosive verbal expression

If this practice continues and / or is allowed to continue

The day is not far

When the entire fabric of society collapses

Leaving behind a number of warring groups

Harmonious co-existence

The very essence of civilized living

Becomes a phrase only with no iota of reality

No need to emphasize that

Violence-promoting talks come to an end soon

The Government, though has the power,

Hesitates to act

Fearing a backfire,

As no one is sure how many are there

In the society, who endorse such communications

Apparently silent majority may turn vociferous and violent

Leading to total turmoil and to an uncontrollable

Law and order issue

Government's acting, notwithstanding,

The onus is on individuals, who command respect from

And who have a following
To refrain from such communications so that
The society is allowed to enjoy its
Peaceful, harmonious and progressive co-existence
They should also know how to ignore,
If persons on the other side come out
With violent outbursts and tell them that
Silence is stronger than aggressive expressions

Bashyam Narayanan

Cricket World Bows Before Sachin, India Bows Before Bangladesh

The much awaited century
Of this century fructified at last
When Sachin flicked a ball
On the leg side
And ran, nay walked, his
Hundredth run again Bangladesh for the first time
The celebration knew no bounds
The President and the Prime Minister of India
Are among those who joined
The cricket world to congratulate
Sachin on this feat
But, as an Indian
I felt it was a let down
For Team India
As it suffered a defeat
At the hands of an opponent
Who are a reasonably new entry
Into International Cricket
Many would get angry with me
When I say
That Sachin's hundredth hundred was
Only responsible for this defeat
He might have played well
But, definite he played very slow
Probably, keeping in mind
The much talked about century of his
It was not an one dayer he played
He was inching and inching towards his century
He, definitely, performed a feat
But paved way, in the process a defeat
True, cricketing world has reasons
To applaude him
But, Team India has stronger reasons
To fault him
Sachin blasted, really? , his century
And Bangladesh blasted India
It was Sachin's gain

It was Team India's pain

Bashyam Narayanan

Cries Of A Politician

She is innocent
People with intentions decent
Know this instant
As she is magnificent

Communal fire
Ignoble desire
Laden rich atmosphere
Created this scene entire

It was all a plot against simplicity
A war against integrity
A mud slinging on sincerity
And a caste biased atrocity

She, a model of aged old tradition
Stayed away from audition
To media exposition
She cannot be of this edition

Her soft corner for poor
Made her brush aside power
That came in her favour
Feared power could put her under cover

She has a taste for language
Loves it as an emotional massage
Coined lyrics of noble message
Alas she is on mission salvage

Sure I am justice will prevail
She will be off the trial
Proven not guilty with smile
To the pleasure of a crowd waiting for a long while

Bashyam Narayanan

Curious Delivery Indeed

Average duration of
Human pregnancy is 273 days
We heard of a delivery
Just a day's back
And delivery took place
After 255 days
Though seemingly premature
It was not at all
But a perfect delivery
As expected
All safe and fine
Normally a child has one mother only
But a lot of mothers delivered this
And it was delivered not at home,
Hospital, operation theatre,
Why it was not delivered on earth
It was delivered at a place
Which can be reached
Only after 255 days of travel
And at times speeding at
Twenty thousand kilometers per hour
No doctor, nurse why for that matter
No one attended the delivery
All were remotely controlled
Yet the delivery was safe
The child landed smooth
Descending gently
On the land
And believe the child is already
On the move
Taking photographs
Collecting samples
Doing anything which its mothers
Ask it to do remotely controlling
Its each movement
Let us congratulate the mothers
Who conceived the child
And let us complement them
For safely delivering it

Let us wish they conceive similar children
And deliver them at farther destinations
Let us pray that the child
Named curiosity
Stay there healthily and longer
And keep performing assigned tasks
On the surface of mars, the planet
Curious delivery indeed

Bashyam Narayanan

Cut Me Not

Cut me not

I know you are watching for sometime
Me, the little slender neem sapling
By the side of your compound wall

I could read your mind as well
As to whether to allow me to grow
Or kill me by cutting before I establish

You are mightier than us, small plants
You have every right to decide
Which one to grow and which one to avoid

You aesthetic sense should not be questioned
As you are mature enough to know
How to look good and what to maintain
Around your home, the heaven for you

But, listen to me
You did not know since when I am here

That crow picked up the ripen yellow fruit of my tree
But was not able to hold on to that
And the fruit got dropped from a height of fifty feet or so
By the side of your compound wall
The fruit gave way making the seed exposed to the earth

Luckily it rained for two consecutive days after that
And the seed found way into the soil
And sprouted within a week's time
For me to come out on the surface
With small tender soft leaves later

We do not grow fast
We take our own time to strike branches, leaves or roots
We are very choosy in selecting nutrients from the soil
And these are the reasons why we grow slow
But, once grown we are firmly established

I am now ten months old
No one watered me
I stay unprotected against scorching sun
For the fun of it some of you plucked my leaves
To smell it and declare "It is neem";
Some of my just struck leaves
Were eaten away by ants
Simply because they contained water
I managed to stand up
And I am a two feet tall
Thrice-branched thin stem with a total of forty leaves
Hanging around all directions

Allow me to establish
I will not intrude your walls
I will not be a reason for a crack in any of your structure
I will ensure my roots go deep first and then spread
Instead of moving horizontally
I will grow tall and with my leaves
I will supply a good yield of oxygen from the
Surfaces of each of my leaves
I will grow in such a fashion
That my trunk does not rest on your wall
Or anything built in your home
I will provide with my well branched spread
Thick shades all around
And even in the hottest sun
You will not feel the heat inside your home

I know you will not mind
My pointing out that
You did not do anything in helping me establish
And so you do not have any right
To destroy me
I admit, but, you are capable of doing any harm to me

Let you not hear it harsh
When me, my leaves and other organs of mine shout
Cut me not

Bashyam Narayanan

Cute Little Cuvette

I am holding in my hand
A very clean glass piece
Which formed, even just seconds before
A part of you, the cuvette
About two inches tall
And one centimeter square glass trough
Of yours
Held all these days
Solutions of different colours
These colour intensities
Revealing us
The concentrations of
Chemical parameters we were analysing for
Thousands of colours
You would have measured
Without any murmur
Doing the same thing
Over and over again
You held nothing but colours
Blue, green, orange, red
Yellow, dispersed white
Something or the other but with colour
All in different intense
All in different shades
Acidic solution
Alkaline solution
Neutral, you did never complain
You did your job of
Helping us know
The intensity of colour
We did not care to know
How you enjoyed this assignment
We took it all granted for you
Not even once
We would have thanked you
As some of your findings provided by you
Helped us solve a range of issues
Helped us earn revenue
I talk about you today

As we lost you
Because of thoughtless act of mine
Which made you fall a height of a metre
On the laboratory floor
And you shattered
Into pieces
Including the one I am holding in hand

Bashyam Narayanan

Daily Diwali

Deepavali or Diwali
Is a festival of lamps (lights)
Oil lamps (Deepa) are lit
And arranged in a formation or row (Avali)

It is Diwali and I thank you
For being with me in this
Festive part of my journey.

Normally we all light a few lamps
Inside our houses today,
And spend some time praying for prosperity
And plenty to Gods or Goddesses of our choice
In silence with our eyes closed...

Instead

Light the first lamp inside you
And let it burn your Ego, Anger, Hatred and Jealousy
Visualize them melting away...

Light the second lamp inside you
And let it burn your Greed and unhealthy Desires
Feel happy visualizing them
Consigned to the glow of this lamp

Light the third lamp inside you
And let it fade away all Doubts and Insecurities
Of any kind you may be nursing within
And get yourself reassured that
You will have enough to meet your needs

Light the fourth lamp inside you
And carry that glow of the lamp
Too each part of your body;
Envision it burning away all your diseased cells
Or diseases in making
Celebrate health as this glow travels and

Illuminates each organ.

The fifth lamp you are going to light
Is a miniature of the life supporting and sustaining
Divine light and energy
And allow it fill you with warmth and love within
Feel your unison with Divine
Let the love and warmth inside you
Ooze out through
Your smile...eyes..speech...and body....
Hold on to this love through out the day
And you will find that all whom you meet
Ares happy and elated
And in turn you become happier

There can be no better blessing than this

Light these five lamps each day morning
And spread love and the positivity wherever u go...

And celebrate Diwali daily

Wish you a very happy Diwali....

Bashyam Narayanan

Dawn Of The New Year 2009

Dear all

Let the dawn of
New Year 2009
Shower on you
A better revealing light
Comprising
More and beyond the
Traditional seven colours
And let it provide you
An awakening and
Enlightenment into
A wider knowledge base,
A positively oriented attitude and
A set of new productive skills
Helping you
Perform excellently,
Effortlessly and
Enthusiastically for
Common good
Bringing
Happiness and Prosperity
To you and
To every one around
Ensuring
Peaceful co-existence
For
Years,
Decades and
Centuries ahead.

Bashyam Narayanan

Dear All Poem Lovers

Dear all

Thanks a lot to you for having chosen to read this. I know very well that as a poem lover, you will be a nature lover too. You will also appreciate that all of us need to turn environment-friendly for sustenance and continuance of our very existence.

This is not a poem or poetic impression, but a request to you to contribute your bit on the occasion of World Environment Day, which falls on 5th June 2010 (for that matter each year) .

This year let us observe, rather not celebrate, World Environment Day.

Let us resolve to restrict the use of all natural non-renewable resources, especially the fuel resource.

As a sequel to this resolution, let us undertake a walk for at least 15 minutes anytime between 8.00 am and 10.00 am on 5th June 2010, a Saturday. We will walk with a pinned up message as shown below

WALK
YOUR
WAY
TODAY
WORLD
ENVIRONMENT
DAY

on an A4 size paper on your front and back in your streets or roads demonstrating your concern for environment. You need not be in groups and there need not be any slogans, just a silent walk. I would even suggest that this be done when you leave home for market, for leaving children in school, for ATM, for that matter any walk with a defined destination and a planned purpose.

You demonstrate this to show that you will not miss opportunities to walk walkable distances and to cut short the consumption of oil resources. The other purpose you serve by the display is that you are reminding others also of the importance of World Environment Day.

You may enlarge your commitment, if possible, by not using your petrol or diesel driven vehicles during 8.00 am to 10.00 am on that day.

This is posted well in advance so that, if convinced with the idea, you may like to propagate the same, and bring in a lot of people in this silent way of observing World Environment.

Thanks.

Bashyam Narayanan

Dear Colleagues

I was not knowing even a month back
I am going to lead a group of youngsters
I find no words to express as to
How much I feel great in your midst
In the path of progress and prosperity
People of your age, I choose to call kids
As I call my children, who are of your age, kids
You are kids, because you can be naughty
You are kids, because you can be playful
You are kids, because you can be innocent
You are kids, but remember, you cannot be kids ever
This is the time for transformation
You learn to learn
You learn to earn
Let not your wages just get credited to your account
Let you earn your wages
With death and departure not far off
I wonder often as to what to dream about
But with your youth in tact
And with your dreams in pack
You should move ahead in the right path
Reach right destination in life
Never lose sight of the goal
Personal or professional
Let your goals be grand and let your chase be noble
Reach such heights of excellence
Which others have not even thought of
On this back drop and with you all together with me
I think that nothing is unachievable
Let us collectively do wonders
Let us collectively show the world what youth can do
Let us collectively demonstrate what exactly a team work
Let us collectively show how to be a client's delight
Let us collectively show what customer orientation is
Let us collectively demonstrate what would be a quality testing
Let us collectively prove we are special
Let us collectively affirm we are world class

Death Occurs, It Does Not Exist

Death, as we all know
Marks the termination
Of a life process

It is the climax of a
Natural process
Where a life system takes birth
Grows, matures
And meets end

It only occurs
And has no existence as such

We fear death
As we know we are going to die one day
We fear most
The aftermath of our departure
Than what really is going to happen to us after death

Death takes not even a split of a second
To fructify
But we ponder over that
And its impact
Much much longer

We just need to know
That we cannot escape this ultimate end
And enjoy living as much as we can
In a fair and socially acceptable manner
Without troubling others around

Factually, living itself
Is indeed a preparation for death only
Because you are going to die the way you lived

A matured, well balanced living
Leads to a similar departure
A chasing, hurried living
Leads to a unplanned demise

Leaving behind others to chase and hurry
An ever complaining ways of living
Leads to a death
After which the near and dear ones
Have a lot to complain
A compassionate and considerate living
Leads to a death
Making others be the same with every one
Death is peaceful only
Health conditions may at times
Someone be hospitalised for long
And someone incapacitated
And some others becoming a real burden
All these have nothing to do with dying peacefully
As long the person to die
Remains in peace and comfort
No need to get reminded
That we die each time we breathe out
As we are not sure
Whether or not we are going to
Breathe in immediately after that

Let us live
Strengthening ourselves
With the understanding
That death does not exist
But, it is going to occur
Only once, somewhere, somehow, sometime

Bashyam Narayanan

Definitely Not Made For Each Other

Definitely not made for each other

Summer afternoon

I was to pick up a city bus

Reached the bus stop

I knew I had to wait for some time

As frequency of bus services in that particular route

Would be less during that part of the day

I was looking for shade

I managed to get one

But it was very close behind the seats provided for passengers

I was forced to notice that

Two women in their middle thirties

Were discussing something loudly

Loud enough for most of us standing there could hear

One was telling about her husband

In her ten minute long narration

I could not make out

That many things are not going quite fine with them

She said how much loving he was when they got married

How much concerned was with her worries

All went well till their first son arrived

A working woman, as she was

She took the help of her mother

And her elder sister in rearing their son

Her childless sister even opted for working in shifts

So that the new born of her younger sister could be taken care

When she went for work

She further mentioned how her in-laws did nothing

Her mother-in-law and sister-in-law both home makers

Might have done lot more for the child

Of the only son in their family

Her husband opted to be not reacting to these acts of his people

When pointed out he was getting angry frequently
And the living with him was becoming increasingly difficult
She is planning to resign her job
So that she could take good care of the child

And said at last that
We are not definitely made for each other

In the meantime my bus came
And I left the scene
I was introspecting as to how I am behaving as a husband
I felt that I am no better than the girl's husband
I am a poor organizer
I do not help my wife in house keeping
I do not help my wife in domestic chores
I was a back bencher in all events we put up
I hardly talk to people
I make no efforts in sustaining relationships
I do not have many social partners to share my problems
My contributions were minimal
In bringing up of our children
And in shaping their future

The only thing I did was that
I remained a bread winner for the family
Till the time I retired from my service
I managed funds all big expenses
Including buying of a flat, some properties
Children's education and our only daughter's marriage
My wife has other many complaints too

My stop came
And I alighted managing to control my yelling
We too are
Definitely not made for each other

Bashyam Narayanan

Denude Me Off My Currencies

A village lane
Uneven road
Cars, two-wheelers
Cyclists and pedestrians
Moving both ways
A mother with two kids
Making her way
Through water stagnations
Horns of automobiles
Shouts of fruit and vegetable vendors
An old man quarreling with his wife
A walker stepping upon a platform
To give way for a speeding car
Dust, sweat
Stinks of rotten vegetables
And that of fermenting sewage drain
I am witnessing all these
Placed in air conditioned glass enclosure
No one stepped in today
I have a lot to say
And lot to offer
Just at the display of card
And digital identity
No one took a note of me
All busy in their safe moving
I keep myself busy
With regular internal checks
Of my internal systems
None found time to make use of my presence
I got situated there with a lot of thinking
And a business strategy
Not that I am always like this
Sometimes people queue up before me
But no one came today
I am an automated teller machine
A twenty four hours cash vendor
ATM they call me
Before culprits break me open and rob
Step in please and

Denude me off my currencies

Bashyam Narayanan

Develop In You A Weakness For Music

Music has no language
All of us know

But, you also note,
It has a huge heart

With its heaviest-duty heart
That has a very huge pumping capacity
Music keeps circulating
The blood of love
To the entire humanity

All of us, human being
Are nurtured, nourished
And many a time enriched
By the positive emotional
Nutrients of this
Colourless, groupless
Blood of love
Flowing from the
Boundaryless
Huge heart of Music

Search in you
The taste for music
And pave way for music
To fill you with
The highly precious
Richly rewarding
And ever enthusing
Bliss and emotional balance

Just give music a chance
You do not require to learn it
You just know how to lean on it
Especially, when you need
An emotional support
Discover those modulations
That are soothing to you

And keep yourself repeatedly exposed

Develop in you a weakness

For music and

Discover in you

A new emotional strength

Bashyam Narayanan

Dharma And Rules

Rules are evolved
For a common good and a
Social cause for
Harmonious, meaningful
And a collectively progressive living
Of a state or country

Rules and Laws get enacted
By representatives of the elected people
In a democracy
Non adherence to Rules
Is also punishable
Rules implementing agencies
Ensure that these rules are followed
And book those who violate

Dharma, however, is a self evolved
Values to life
And ways of living
This is based on an individual's experiences
And normally an evolved individual has
A set of Dos and Don'ts
No one else except that individual knows
The extent of adherence or otherwise
Non adherence of self evolved values
Is not punishable
And normally expected to have
No impact on society
Unless otherwise the value driven
Actions are broad-based
And are meant to impact a society

Values are attached to practices
Evolved in the thought processes entertained
By an individual
Thus Dharma or values
Are thought driven
Thoughts, in turn, are based on
Emotion, experience and intelligence

Values, policies are as simple as
The very thoughts themselves

Thoughts are often worldly
And they use a scale
To measure a performance, success
And similar others
As applicable at that point of time
Thoughts are time-bound
And thus have the potential
To keep changing with time
And experiences, emotions, levels of intelligence

Krishna tells Arjuna
"Drop these thoughts
Those direct you to attach values
Instead divert them on to me
And me alone
The one as you are given to know as the supreme
And you know my multi-faceted quality
Nurse a desire to take in me your final refuge"

He continues
"I will relieve you of all the impacts
Of these unmindful and worthless attachments
So that you mentally ever stay in my
Energizing presence
And in perfect bliss
You need to have no doubts
On this ability of mine
And there will be no occasion
When you have to worry"

Bashyam Narayanan

Did That Soul Reach You, God

Did that soul reach you, God

It was a soul occupying a human form
Which had all good qualities of a
Good human being
That human form chose not to
Get itself involved in the usually
Worldly living practices
By keeping itself off from the family web
And thus with no real need to make a living
But to live and be totally devoted
That human form was always in your praise
Devoting most of its time
In talking about you
In reading about you
And doing only such things
Related to you and your devotees
It was a human form
Which attempted in all possible ways
To make its audience
Feel the divine's presence
And to enhance faith
In a long-standing spiritual tradition
It spent days and nights
In deciphering the scripts
And interpreting them
For the use of even less inclined group
There could be occasions
When this human form would have
Stirred feelings of some
With displeasing messages
But people know that
Such expressions are only
Unmasked intensions
But its care and affection
Are sincere and its well wishing
Would you take any far
It takes pride in its known people
Growing well

And marking scales in the society
The soul from such a human form
Departed a week back
All we heard from this human being
Is that
When the soul leaves a body
Which has been real devotee
Is well received by the angels in the heaven
Dressed well and decorated by them
Matching the looks of other heaven dwellers
All look alike including
The heavenly god form
And just reached soul after these face lifts
Is presented before God
Did that soul reach you
Did that soul reach you, God

Bashyam Narayanan

Discover Your Divine Root

Discover your divine root

We make certain claims
Based on the fact we are sons of soil
But really speaking
We are on the earth through the soil
And not in fact from it
We have our root
Up there in heavens
And it is all divine
Our belief that we are from the soil
And our root is stuck there
Makes us put in efforts to
Accumulate, assess, account
Ascertain earthly things
We take pride with things we possess
We justify our move in that direction
As we consider these things add to comfort
And that these only form the scales
For others to decide the level of our success
But, instead of giving us the comfort we foresaw
They add to our worries, anxieties and what not
They even steal the peace we had earlier without their being there
They threaten our harmonious co-existence
With people and things around
We spend time and energy in keeping them under our hold
If you turn your interest on to the discovery
Of your divine root
You have a chance to stay balanced ever
Not that this effort towards discerning your divine root
Is going to hold you back from worldly things
You still be accumulating earthly things
They will flow into your life
You will also enjoy the comforts they offer
But, since you maintain a touch with divine
Your attachment to these will be loose
You will not mind their presence or absence
And enjoy a well balanced mind set
With all your abilities to perform worldly acts in tact

Stay in touch with your divine root
And have a great living ever

Bashyam Narayanan

Diwali, Let Us Make It A Celebration For Have Not's As Well

Diwali whose original name is
Deepavali
Meaning row of lamps
Is the main festival of the
Indian Subcontinent

Its puranic reference is that
This day Rama goes back to his Kingdom
After 14 years of forest living
And thus marks the beginning
Of a just and fair ruling by a King

While many other festivals
Are celebrated collectively on a community basis
Diwali is celebrated personally
And by each family in its own traditional ways
As in other festivities
Sharing of sweets and other edibles
With neighbourhood and family friends
Is also there
But the celebration is totally personal
And you decide your extent of celebration

Buy new clothes
Buy new ornaments
Buy new utensils
Buy crackers
Buy sweets
Celebrate Diwali

There is of course a need
To think about those
For whom all the above are luxuries
And people celebrating Diwali
Provide for those
Who cannot afford a celebration of this sort

A visit to orphanage
A visit to old agers home
And a small gifts to inmates
Can go a long way
In giving a special meaning
To these celebrations

Let us do something
And make Diwali
A celebration for
Have not's as well

Bashyam Narayanan

Do Any Of You Know

A man and a woman
Came to my place one evening
I was playing with my dad
In the lawn in front of my home

These people got down
From the car
And my dad helped them
Unload a number of luggages

They approached me and
I was able to recollect
I have seen them somewhere
But quite long back

Not an issue
They were all kind to me
And they missed not an opportunity
To hug me and hold me on their shoulders
They did a lot to my mom
Especially while she was feeding me
As I was fussy about eating
They were with us for long

I started enjoying their company
And there were a number of evenings
When my mom and dad
Would silently disappear
Leaving me under the care of these visitors

I developed intimacy with them
They, for that matter, enjoyed
Taking care of me
I used to even feel that
These guys are better than my parents

These elderly people
Never scolded me nor threatened me

It looked to me they love me
The same way my parents do
Gone a number of days like that
I am in comfort
With all the love, care and attention
Of my mom, dad and these people
Despite repeated training
And insistence from my parents
I was not able to call these people
Grandma and Granpa
These people accompanied
me and my parents
Wherever we went in my dad's car

One fine day
There was a lot of discussions
Between all the elders at home
And there were preparations
As if some people are going somewhere

We all boarded the car
With huge luggages
And my dad was driving
We reached a place
These luggages were unloaded
I was put in a stroller
And the elderly woman
Left the scene pushing me in my stroller
And the other visitor
Came along

A number of things happened

I just then noticed
None of my parents
Went with us

It is now a week's time
I have not seen my dad or mom
But I hear them talking to me
Over the phone or the computer

It is sure I am not going to see them
For quite some days to come

Why worrying or crying
Over the absence of my parents
I am now settling with these visitors
Who took me away from my parents
But for what purpose
I do not know yet

Why me to be separated
From my mom and dad

Do any of you know

helping my mom

Bashyam Narayanan

Do Not Be Serious, Be Sincere

Don't have career or academic goals.

Set goals to give you a balanced, successful life.

I use the world balanced before successful.

Balanced means ensuring your health, relationships, mental peace are all in good order.

There is no point in getting a promotion on the day of your breakup.

There is no fun in driving a car if your back hurts. Shopping is not enjoyable, if your mind is full of tension.

Life is one of those races in nursery school, where you have to run with marble in a spoon kept in your mouth.

If the marble falls, there is no point coming first.

Same is with life, where health and relationships are the marble.

Your striving is only worth it, if there is harmony in your life.

Else, you may achieve the success, but this spark, this feeling of being excited and alive, will start to die.

One thing about nurturing the spark – don't take life seriously.

Life is not meant to be taken seriously, as we are really temporary here.

We are like a pre-paid card with limited validity.

If we are lucky, we may last another 50 years. And 50 years is just 2500 weekends.

Do we really need to get so worked up?

It's OK, bunk a few classes, scoring low in couple of papers, goof up a few interviews, take leave from work, enjoy with your friends, fall in love, little fights

with your loved ones.

We are people, not programmed devices.

Don't be serious, be sincere.

Bashyam Narayanan

Do Not Feel You Are Special, Let Others Feel So

It is natural that
Each one of us is
Special and unique
In his or her own way
Problem it becomes
When we feel strongly about it
And when no others
Come up and tell
You are special

We all do things
But will not do things
The same way others do
We have our own way
And style of doing that
Others gauge our performance
Based on the quality of the outcome
Punctuality, consistency
And very importantly
Our attitude to what we do
All of us differ in all these aspects
And in that we stay special and unique

It is but human nature
To expect others to
Recognize what is done
And come out with a word of appreciation,
Which is a sort of motivation
But others are not that generous
To tell great things about what you have done
Often they are quick to find out
The lapses in your performances
This is where, all of us get stuck
And feel bad about it

You have the right to feel
You are special and unique
But do not expect others
To feel that

You can, however, make them feel so
And recognize your great things
By the quality of performance and
Your attitude towards it

Do not feel special about you
Let others do so
By your excellence

Bashyam Narayanan

Do Not Just Long For A Change, Know How To Accept It

Nothing is permanent
Except the change
Change is a necessary phenomenon
In an active system
Changelessness is deadly

Change is continuous
Steady and driven by a cause
Nature and extent of change
Depend on
Nature and extent of cause

We all look for
And indeed long for a change
And we have specifications
Many a time
The occurring change is
Not the change we were
Looking or longing for
We turn excited or sad
Because of the change

Many a time we are
Unprepared for the change
Though we were longing for it
Often we find it difficult
To accommodate and
Accept the change

Nothing wrong
Longing for a change
But desiring itself not enough
We need to create such
Causes that will lead
To the change we look for
Many a time these causes
Are not totally under our control

So, it is well-advised
To be prepared for the
Deviations from your specifications
Then you will find yourself
In a position to accept
The change whole-heartedly

Long for a change,
Plan actions accordingly,
Execute and wait
Change has to come
But, again be prepared
To accept the change
Despite its falling short
Or exceeding your
Specifications

Bashyam Narayanan

Do Not Think, I Am Not Capable Of Thinking

I wake up but do not get up
As I sleep standing up
Sun rays make me understand
It is day now
And sun rays disappear to make me understand
It is evening now and soon it will be night
My owner reaches me just before it dawns
And milks me
Till the time it pains me
I show up my pain with a kick in the air
Ensuring that my owner is not hurt
I do not know why at all my mammary glands
Generate milk
Is it for my offspring or for whom?
I call him owner
Simply because he allows me to stay
Beneath a shelter he has erected
In front of his residence
At times he feeds me with some cooked rice
And when turns kindly with some bananas
He frees me and practically drives me out
I wander the entire day in the road
I do not have a specific route
My first direction is decided by my
Sighting something green nearby
I move that direction hoping it to be grass
Often it is not our edible; it may be paper or plastic
This I understand only after my biting it
And my saliva acting on it
I prefer to spit it there itself
Occasionally it happens I swallow that too
As stomach down under demands
I move around picking some grass
And some food leftovers
I manage to get water here and there
Often stagnant water from a car wash
Or spill over from gardening
Whether it shines or rains
I spend the whole day out under sky

But make it a point to go back to my shelter
With half filled stomach or even less
My owner at times springs surprises
By offering me to eat something
As I return home after sun set
He may give a bath too sometime
Probably if it occurs to him that I stink
He will try milking in the evening too
He gives me a kind pat if he is able to get some milk
I live so for quite sometime
With no one really loving me
But attending to me only in the hope
That I will give something back in return
Do not think
Me, the un-cared for cow,
Is not capable of thinking

Bashyam Narayanan

Dormant Rapist - Revelations Of An Eighty Year Old

At eighty and above
I am in married life
For more than fifty years now
My wife still alive and active
We have children
All of them above forty five
We have six grandchildren
The youngest one is
A twenty five yer old grand daughter
Through our son
After a gap of about ten or more years
I was to fly
From my town in South to
The national capital
I preferred a seat om the front row
As I needed some more leg space
Than what others do, which was granted too
My position was very close to the entrance
And close to where air hostesses sit
Announce, serve, attend and what not
Air hostesses of these days
Were normally in sarees
And attempting to showcase
How an Indian woman looks
The difference is quite visible in the sense
That today's air hostesses are young
They wear tight mini skirts
And on top they wear tight shirts
Which show up the usually
Less revealed curves, shapes and clefts
The tight mini skirts hold on to their hips
Leaving to me, if not to any other male passenger,
To guess the anatomy inside
The transparent, though black, stockings too
Expose their legs' shapes and thigh muscles
My attempts to take off my eyes away from them failed
Especially, when they get seated,
Exposing vicinity of their privacy
We are talking these days lot about punishing rapists

With these exposures in the front
I saw in me a dormant rapist
And how shall I get punished for
Inadvertently getting to know their interiors
Without their consent

Bashyam Narayanan

Dream - Refugee-Free Civil Society

Refugee is some one who was
REFUsed the right to reside further
In the land to which he belongs
Got Evicted and guardedly placed
Elsewhere

When a new system of governance
Comes in replacing an existing one
This issue arises

War and one of its attendant social issues
Is managing refugees

A civilized society
Cannot claim it to be so
If it has in its midst
A number of refugees
And an exclusive camp where refugees stay

It is scar on the entire human race
Which, at present, is the highly civilized
And is always on the path of development
With so many facilities
Adding up each second that passes

The condition of a refugee
Is far beyond the description
Of being pathetic

They do not have a place to stay
Leave alone the house
And the homely environment

Some of them had a great living
Before getting evicted
Leaving back in their home land
Properties much beyond the reach of many
In the land where they are "settled"
For no fault of theirs

But simply because of the
Clash of two warring segments
Who constitute only a miniscule
Of the entire people in trouble

No future in sight
No present in hand
Only a painful past
Haunting them all through

It is hard to believe
That some camps run for decades

Do they not deserve
The normal living others
Both in their ex-land and in their entry-land
Are enjoying

It is a shame
On the organized living
And no development means any thing
To the human race
As long we have a refugee
In our midst

They need emotional, economical
And the other social support
If you really feel
They are also human beings

It is a wonder
That in natural systems
There is no living thing
Which suffers this refugee stamp

Will there be a day
When we will have a refugee-free
Civil Society

Bashyam Narayanan

Dream And Dream Not

Dream and dream not

Dream, an extension of reality
Dream, an elevation in status
Dream, a hazy future
Dream, an innovative effort

It is not the one which you experience in sleep
It is the wakeful dream, I am talking about

This dream's nature and extent
Its colour and fragrance
Its beneficiaries and executors
Depend on the experience
Knowledge
And out-of-the-box thinking
Of the person dreaming

The life's driving force is indeed this
Wakeful dream or envisioned status

There is always a gap between
What is dreamt and what is real
More the gap, more the effort
Less the gap, less the effort
No gap, no effort and no life

Be cautious though, too big the gap
It becomes too much for you
Leading to your frustration

Place your dreams in stages
Dream the next immediate stage achievable
Work for it, reach it
Dream the next, reach it and go on scaling new heights each time

Dream to be
Dream not to become
Dream the end

Dream not for the means
Dream happiness
Dream not for things that, you think, will make you happy
Dream comfort
Dream not for things that add to your comfort
Dream leadership qualities
Dream not for placement as leader
Dream hard work
Dream not the award therefor
Dream to feel rich
Dream not for wealth
Dream to stay healthy
Dream not medication
Dream being a better person
Dream not bettering others
Dream being noble
Dream not being pronounced noble
Dream being divine
Dream not looking divine

Limit not dreams
Dream right, left, top, bottom and beyond

Share your dreams with others
Impose them not on others
As dreams are unique to a person
No two persons dream the same
However close and intimate they may be

Just stop not with dreaming
Work, work and work till you reach

Dream to live
As dreams only keep you going

Bashyam Narayanan

Earn Happiness, Get Tuned To The Fact 'This Too Shall Pass'

This too shall pass
Is the famous adage
And is inscribed on a golden finger ring
Which, when worn
Changes the mood of the person
He/she turns sad, if happy before wearing
He/she turns joyful, if in sorrow before wearing

The requirement is that
The wearer should read the inscription

Message is simple
And telling great many things
It says
Things are changing and always
Are in a passing mode to another phase

Examine your life
It should be having
Enough number of samples
Depicting this message

Your entire life has been
Only a passing of events
The day you were born
Was celebrated and it passed
You were a kid and brought
Happiness and joy to your elders
And those days to passed
Milestones in your life
Whether celebrated, suffered, or mourned
All passed

Events which were pleasant at the time of its occurrence
Turned otherwise with the change in time
And similarly sad events
Had reasons for your joy later

Do not get stuck to an emotional impact
Of an occurrence
As the same event
Will make you feel totally otherwise
As time passes

Check your emotions
Do not overindulge any emotion
Understand that
Over a period of time
Things shape up

Nurse in you a positive approach
And train your intelligence to be confident
That things occurred are for good only
If they are otherwise
They are bound to turn in your favour later

Earn happiness
By this great schooling that teaches you that
This too shall pass

Bashyam Narayanan

Easy And Difficult

Easy and Difficult

Easy to get a place in someone's address book
Difficult is to get a place in someone's heart
Easy is to judge the mistakes of others
Difficult is to recognize our own mistakes
Easy is to talk without thinking
Difficult is to control the tongue
Easy is to hurt someone who loves us
Difficult is to heal the wound
Easy is to forgive others
Difficult is to ask for forgiveness
Easy is to set rules
Difficult is to follow them
Easy is to dream every night
Difficult is to fight for a dream
Easy is to show victory
Difficult is to accommodate defeat with dignity
Easy is to admire a full moon
Difficult is to see the other side
Easy is to stumble on a stone
Difficult is to get up
Easy is to enjoy life every day
Difficult is to give its real value
Easy is to pray every night
Difficult is to find God in small things
Easy is to promise something to someone
Difficult is to fulfill the promise
Easy is to say we love
Difficult is to show it every day
Easy is to criticize others
Difficult is to improve oneself
Easy is to make mistakes
Difficult is to learn from them
Easy is to weep for lost love
Difficult is to take care of it so as not to lose it
Easy is to think about improving
Difficult is to stop thinking and putting it into action
Easy is to think bad of others

Difficult is to give them the benefit of doubt
Easy is to receive
Difficult is to give

Bashyam Narayanan

End Of It All

It looks as if
It is the end of it all

When dreams go dry
When screams go unheard
When path ahead gets blocked
When next step turns slippery
When doubts remain unresolved
When future turns gloomy
When supports go into oblivion

But it is all indeed a beginning
For new dreams to visualize
For new shouts to make others turn
For a less travelled path to discover
For firming up each step made
For thrashing doubts with calculated risks
For creating a future not waiting for to dawn
For standing up on your own

It is a new life
It is a fresh tender leaf
It is as fresh as a flower just blossomed
It is a new breathe with different fragrance
It is a picture with exciting shapes
It is a canvas with unknown colours
It is a clear blue sky
It is a bright sun lit day with comforting warmth
It is a dawn bright and colourful

Brave the blocks
Break the challenges
See a new beginning
And it is really not
The end of it all

Bashyam Narayanan

Enjoy This Inevitable Run Of Life

Life is just a run
Not a race
As in a race
We compete with others
And the quicker we run
We reach the destination
Ahead of others
And get declared a winner

Life is just a ran
Not a race
As in life
We have only one track
Drawn exclusively for us
And we only and alone run it
No one else is running this track
And nothing like
Winning or losing
It is only living

Life is just a run
Not a race
We reach our destination
With a speed
That is determined by our skills
And with an ease
That is determined by our attitude
While speed is no matter
As we do not compete with others
Ease varies with our attitudes

Life is just a run
Not a race
As the track you run is
Exclusively laid for you
And know, you run it alone
Till you reach the dead end
There is no victory stand
There is no spectator

There is no medal
There is no honour
You are the spectator
You honour yourself
You clap and celebrate your victory
All alone and in silence

Life is just a run
Not a race
More than anything else
With how much you ease
You ran it
Will be remembered
So finetune your attitude
To life, people around
And the environment you are in
To enjoy this inevitable run of life

Bashyam Narayanan

Enjoy, Be Comfortable And Celebrate Each Moment

Each moment is fleeting
No moment stays on
Irrespective of your having
Enjoyed it or otherwise
Been in comfort with it or otherwise or
Celebrated it or otherwise
Each moment is fleeting

It is your normal desire
To hold on to each moment
And to consciously enjoy it
Allowing the next moment to come in
At your will

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Non-emotionally acting upon
Issues of the moment
With your best of skills so that
You are out of the issues effectively
And relieved of the same once and for all

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Helping others in your possible ways
So that they can help themselves
And by sharing your resources
To the possible extent with those less resourceful
So that they can build up their own resources
And become self-reliant

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Involving yourselves in activities
That will create and pave way
For newer strengths in you
To broaden your resource-base
So that you will await new challenges of time
With a better vigour and wider knowledge

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Being creative, innovative and by
Exploring your inner potential
In artful and soul soothing initiatives
So that you are always alive
To the demands of the situation
This will help you relieved of
The reminiscences of the painful past
And the dreams of the non-existent future

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Seeking divine guidance and assistance
In taking positive decisions
When being confronted with
So far unknown challenges

Enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate each moment
Which is just fleeting and will soon not be yours

Bashyam Narayanan

Ever Wishing You An Ongoing Upgradation

On this day, the last working day
With JM EnviroLab
I take leave from you carrying with me the sweet memories
Of the wonderful association with you
Though mostly technical
There were some special and personal
I am leaving you
Not because I have sighted a greener pasture
But because of my uncompromising posture
I need to thank you for your kindness
And your demonstrated readiness
To meet my certain requests
I take this chance to wish
Each one of you great days ahead
With enough opportunities
To come out with your best abilities
To harness your all inner strenghs
To build your own dreamt future
To discover your hidden talents
Though no perceivable chance
To meet you all again
You can take me to be nearby
I know you have the maturity
To ignore my unacceptable approach
By any chance some of my qualities
Appealed to me
Take them forward
Evolve and finetune them
For your betterment
Believe there is a well wisher in me
May be physically far
But emotionally close by
Ever wishing you an ongoing upgradation

Bashyam Narayanan

Experiment With Nature

Experiment with nature

I started my career as a soil chemist
After my post-graduation in Chemistry
Over and above doing chemical analyses of
Soil, fertilizer and vegetative matter
Pertaining to tea plantations
We were involved in certain research projects

One of them was on the impact of foliar absorption
Of certain chemicals on tea leaf production

The chemical that was under our study was biuret
That could be a contamination in urea
Used as a nitrogen supplying fertilizer

We were to spray a spiked biuret aqueous solution
Of a known concentration in experimental plots
With a set number of tea plants

The experimental design had it that
After the foliar spray it should not drizzle, leave along rain
For two hours after spray

The trial should be rejected if it rained
Within two hours of spray

Our team reached the plots as planned
And did the spraying
With aqueous solutions of biuret in different concentrations
In four identified plots

But unfortunately, it rained within fifteen minutes
Forcing us to select new plots for spraying
We did the spray all over again
In new set of plots
Rain came again and spoiling our experiment

Three more times we repeated

And in all occasions it rained before two hours of spray

We were running short of chemical solution
And also plots with plants of similar clone
It was about to be noon
When we finished our last set of plots
And exhausted spray solution

I started talking to nature
Entering into an agreement
I vouched that I would not leave the place
Where I was standing
For the entire two hours
And it should not even drizzle

My team members were preparing to leave
And were asking me to follow

I said that I would hold on for sometime
I stood there foregoing my lunch break
All the time praying against rain

I did not even shifted positions of my feet
Throughout the period
There were winds and clouds moving
Threatening me with rain
But not a drop came down

I kept my dialogue with nature alive
Praying that our
Research efforts did not go a waste

I nursed no other thought
But prayed in silence for a rain-free weather
For at least two hours from the time of spray

I would not claim that my prayers worked
But, yes my prayers were answered
There was no rain for the whole day after that
Nature listens to us
Provided we pray with a harmless intent

Bashyam Narayanan

Experiment With Truth, Now With Instrument

Experiment with truth,
Now with instrument
A TV programme is
Presently being aired
Where telling truths
Will help a person
Win rupees to the tune of a crore

Truth is here defined
As telling what is there
In the thought

Truth is sharing your thought,
Which most of us
Will not like to do
As many of us
Nurse bad, wild and ugly thoughts

This programme
With the award it projects
Induces people to come out
With what they thought, think and will think
At a specific a past, present and
Probable possible future event
An instrument, they call it polygraph
Detects whether what is said is true or otherwise
As it is capable of
Recording changes in
Blood pressure,
Pulse rate,
Electrocardiogram
And similar other
Changes in circulatory and nervous systems
That occur
When a person misrepresents
His thought

This programme is held
In the presence of persons

Involved in the participant's life

All look fine till the time
When the truth shared by the person
Revolves around him/her and
Does not surface the actual thought process
With regard to the relationships
With others,
And especially those who are on the stage
And witnessing the event

Though the participant can
Have the satisfaction of
Having shared his/her thoughts
People in his/her life
Are coming to know
Who actually the participant is
And this understanding
Has the potential to break relationships
Beyond repair

While truth pays
It lays foundation
For hatred

Experimenting the truth
Within is spiritual and
Experimenting the truth
Without is commercial

Truth triumphs
If a clear cut battle line is drawn
Between truly true
And truly otherwise people

Truth never changes
But in this instrumental experimentation
With thoughts forming the base
So called truths change
As thoughts change with
Changing environ and experience

So branding some of the
Declarations of the participants
As True or otherwise
Is unacceptable to those
Who believe in truth

Truth wins wealth
In this programme
But, truth really wins people's hearts
And brings them nearer
Not breaks their relations,
Which this declaration for the sake
Of winning currency can do

It is enough if you know
What you think
You need not put them across
To earn a wealth
As this could threaten
Relationships on which foundation
The entire human race rests

Be truthful
For the sake of being truthful
Not for the sake of becoming rich

Truth is truth
Only when it can unite people
And it is not truth
If it can bring in disunity

Even the life sustaining oxygen gas
Has to be inhaled with
Other gases as well
And then only it will be
Beneficially absorbed and be helpful
In ensuring survival

So too is truth

Truth is like fire
Play with it safely

Unsafe and overindulgence
May engulf human race

Bashyam Narayanan

Explore Your Potential And Earn The Heart Of The World

Village mud road
Afternoon and the hot sun
A buffalo in its own slow pace
On its back a half naked boy
Sweat droplets twinkling

Seated and enjoying a mango
Making all efforts to extract
The entire flesh upto the seed

A clean and white seed
Now in his hand
Aiming to hit a crow
Sitting on a milestone
Innocently glancing left and right
Threw the seed at his full speed

Thank God, the crow flew unhurt

The seed finding its way
To a mud-ridden drain
With its drowning deep
Bubbles appearing
Pronouncing the end of
A mango fruit

But it was only a beginning

The seed fighting all odds
Sprouted establishing
In the stinking waste water drain

Growing steadily
To a sapling first
Then to a big tree
Now standing tall
With branches in all directions

Bearing sweet fruits
Now being exported and
Earning foreign exchange

Apparently a useless seed
Had this potential
Which when rightly exploited
Earned global recognition

Explore your potential and
Earn the heart of the world

Bashyam Narayanan

Fantastic Friend

A good friend

For me
Friend is one
Whose intentions are transparent
And who behaves in a fashion
Not deviating dangerously
From my expectations

I have a friend
Matching well my above specifications
Who makes it clear to me
That he will never try to understand me

Any amount of my
Explaining him my stance
Has no meaning for him
He simply refuses to understand me
He will also not mince words while telling me
Please make no attempts
To make me understand
I am determined not to do that

This deportment of his
Is comfortable to me as
I enjoy accepting people as they are
With no great efforts made
To understand them
As it is my weighed belief that
I have not understood any thing so far

My great friend
Has also understood this
And demonstrates the confidence
That there will not be any time lost
In the fruitless unnecessary efforts of understanding

And so,
We, when stay together,

Enjoy the company of each other
And each second of our association
Is spent only to enjoy the presence of
A compatible companion to the other
With none posing to be leader of the situation
With none driving home a point
With no goals fixed
With no targets to be reached

Each second spent in his company is
Memorable and whenever I am left alone
I recall with pleasure
The painless pastime
I had with this great friend
On a previous occasion

Whenever he is with me
Each unit of time, say, second
Will stand before me
Ask me whether it can lapse
Leaving space for the
Next second

This great glamorous friend is
None other than my
Four year old grandson

Bashyam Narayanan

Fat Rat

Afternoon

Sun bright and hot

A demolished metropolitan bus stop

Still serving commuters for boarding and alighting

Shambles all around

Broken concrete blocks

Pipelines, wire mesh and what not

I saw that rat

Fat and apparently healthy

Moving through edges of strewn materials

Probably hungry

Sniffing each piece to assess its consumability

He or she did not get one yet

No worry, the search continues

Even it amounted to getting dangerously close

To passing vehicles

Wading through and in between legs of

Waiting passengers

Making them hurriedly move away

And take some odd postures

Some tried to chase away the rat

But the rat saw no threat from them

It moved randomly in quick swift here and there

Giving no chance for chasers to guess as to

Where it would move next

A little boy minding not all these

Was enjoying a small pack of chips

He was engrossed in its spicy taste

With no concern for the presence of the rat

And the menace around

Inadvertently the pack of chips

Slipped of the boy's grip

And dropped on the ground

Even before his mother could bend and reach it

Our rat was smart to get on to the pack

And dragged it into its hole

With no opportunity for the mother to retrieve it

Leaving the kid in tears

What a brat

And how smart
Our fat rat

Bashyam Narayanan

Fathers' Day

Fathers' day

I was greeted by my children

I looked back as to

What I have done to them

Nothing much

Or more than what all fathers would have done

To their children

They greeted me saying

That I am a great dad and what not

To what extent I deserve this

As far I know

I have not demonstrated

Any unique signs of love

I have not, of course,

Disciplined them nor

I have given them specific

Instructions

I used to feel

Whether I have missed to tell them

The importance of being organized

Being ambitious

And being industrious

So that they can become

Something more different from

What others (of their age) are

I chose this approach

Because of my staunch belief

That lessons learnt of their own

Have more beneficial impacts

Than just sharing your experience

I would have guided them

Into pains taking paths

So that they have better gains

As per my estimate
They have grown on their own
And they were never tamed or trained
In a particular fashion

I feel I have given them enough freedom
To choose paths or faiths
After their experimenting
With different approaches

I believe that they have the strength and confidence
To decide the appropriate step
And to take care of themselves
Even in demanding situations

I examine myself as to
Whether my children
Felt they are important
And they are consulted
While taking vital decisions in the family

Sometime children used to say
"Dad, your letting us to our way
Helped us evolve and not just grow"

While this is a compliment from one side
I used to complaints as well
As my wife feels that I have not
Contributed enough to help children
Shape up their future

I still stick to my belief
That evolution is more important
Than just emerging
As the former has a better sustainability
And a stronger foundation
Than the latter

It has been my suggestion to my kids,
Not necessarily an advice
That they should do things

Which they enjoy doing
Though initially I did not enjoy
What they were doing
I saw a change in them
I started marking they started
Doing sensible things
That would have a say on their
Overall development and growth

A self-assessment of mine
As a father
Makes me feel that
I should have done more visible things
To demonstrate my love to them
And should have extended
Still a wider broad based
Emotional support

Though I can claim to have
Accepted and accommodated them
As they are
I did little demonstration to make them appreciate
That I am making efforts to understand them

I used to get appreciated by them
For my inputs, which, they say
Have triggered them to develop better insight
So that they can understand
Events, emotions and appearances

I thank them
For their sincere love and affection
For not forcing me to act in a manner
That would displease them
For their innocence and expressions/outbursts therefrom

I love them
I cry when they are pained
I am proud of them
And will be ever so

On this fathers' day

I would launch upon
Efforts to make them
Feel my affection towards them

Bashyam Narayanan

Fathoming Male Mind

The male mind in me
Is troublesome at times
With so many other worldly things
To ponder
With so many challenging tasks
To be accomplished
The male mind in me
Fathoms instantly at the sight of a
Female structure
Either crossing you, bypassing you,
Or on a poster

The other day in the morning
I was walking towards office
With a scheme to make a presentation
The contents of which
Will decide the future course of business
As it required a thorough revamping
Following a crisis of competition

A female in her late twenties or early thirties
Was walking towards me
Her attire revealed much of her anatomy
Added to her elegant gait
And dangerous curves swinging
All in a male-attention-drawing fashion

Result was that
I lost track of the flow of presentation
Despite its convincing contents
I failed to impress upon the
Decision-making audience
On my business strategy
Evolved over a week of toil

This was all because of the
Fathoming male mind in me

Though this thought

Gives a kind of excitement
At the time of its striking
It leaves a hurt feeling
As it proves the insincerity
Deeply sown in me

This quality of my mind
Drags away my attention
Blurs my vision on
Other more important issues
Those have potential to help me grow

I confess my inability to control
This aspect of my mind

I have no other go but
To request my male mind
To indulge less itself in such comprehension
If not, to keep itself away from fathoming

Oh, my manliness, help me
Become a better person

Bashyam Narayanan

Fear Not Fear, Fear Fearlessness

Fear

An emotional preparedness

To face an eventuality

To manage an unacceptable development

To negotiate with a less amenable group

Fear is weakness, some say

Fear is strength, some other say

Fear often is quoted as reason

For our doing something or not doing

The nature and extent of fear

Are based on self-experienced earlier occasions

And sometimes on others' experience

A close examination will reveal

We fear not the event or the situation

But its impacts

On our financial, professional, social standing

Fear forms the spark for insurance

Which ensures at least the financial imbalance

Gets rectified to an extent

While experience paves way for fear

Non-experience knows no or less fear

Over-experience also makes one fearless

Fear also indicates

Our preparedness to see things go right

If fear is weakness

Fearlessness can prove dangerous

Basically we need to fear

But this should not stop us from going ahead

Fear, but venture with proven precautions

Know well in advance the impacts

Plan adequately to meet the consequences

Never ever arrogate yourself to fearlessness

Fear not fear

But fear fearlessness

Bashyam Narayanan

Fifty Years Ago

Fifty years ago
This day
The twenty seventh day of the month of May

It was the time
When we, boys, were waiting for
The results of our school final examination
We did not have the kind of communication gadgets
We have today

We were in touch with the world
Through news papers, Indian Postal Department and
Whatever news we heard from the radio sets

That day afternoon news bulletin had the news that
Our first Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru died of heart attack

All stations of All India Radio
Were heard continuously broadcasting
Heart-tearing melancholies played on
String instruments like sarod, sarangi or violin

For me, it was not more than an event
For discussion among our elders
Who used to sit outside their homes in the night

But really it was not so
Office going elders returned early from the office
By three or so in the afternoon
A number of people gathered
To discuss the successes and failures of the Prime Minister
And as to who would become the Prime Minister
Beneath the pandals erected for summer season
In front of the houses

We, the boys, were asked to rush
To the bus stop in the southern side of the town
And get the latest evening edition of the news paper
These editions were of local language

And our group would not normally read those
We went further ahead of the news paper shop
And intersected the bicycling paper boy
So that we were the first ones to get the copy
We were not supposed to read the paper
And it was to be handed over afresh to the person
Who sent us about a kilometer far to collect this

He was standing in the middle of a crowd, mostly men
When the fresh, still print-ink smelling, news paper
Was handed over to him
By one of us sweating profusely after the rush from the bus stop

He unfolded it and had a glimpse of all the pages
An declared that there was nothing like news in it
Except for some photos displaying Nehru in some functions

By that time he realized that it was time
For a new bulletin from All India Radio
The entire crowd entered a house
Where a big radio set was on
And the announcement came mentioning
It was time for a news bulletin

The entire group stood in silence
Listening to the news, played at the radio's highest volume
There was nothing new either
Except for some world leaders' condolence messages

It was decided that we would mourn the death
Of our beloved and in-office Prime Minister
We arranged a stage with four same-height-benches
In the pandal
A garlanded big framed-photo of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was kept
A protected-from-wind oil lamp and incense sticks spewing fragrance
Were by the side of the photo

After sun set we took a silent procession
With a person leading with the Nehru's photo
Held with reverence in his hands
We went around the square of four streets
Before reaching the place from where we started

As the procession was passing on
Many joined the procession
At the end of the procession
Some of our elders addressed the gathering
Expressing great things about the departed soul
The fact was, however, they normally had only
Critical remarks on Nehru

We were asked to stay on in the pandal night through
Ensuring oil lamp kept glowing and incense sticks kept smoking
We managed to do that

It was now the next day early morning
We got up after a disturbed sleep and there
Appeared there one of our school teachers
Who resided in the same street
He stood before the stage and looking at the display

He shouted
What the hell you are doing here
We explained the details

He frowned
I know all that
I was in the city yesterday
And saw much bigger processions
You may not know that
In the city everything came to stand still yesterday
I was thrown out of the lodge where I was staying
Hotels were closed
Practically I was in the street the whole yesterday
And did not eat anything after the news broke

He continued that
Even the family of Nehru would not have mourned his death
As we did in the streets of Madras yesterday

And you people here are extending the mourning
Stop this nonsense immediately
Take away the photo and dislodge the arrangements
Go home, be good to your people

You do not need to display this meaningless national interest
We did all that he said in silence
And reached home to sleep further

Bashyam Narayanan

Fir On Ness Wadia

FIR on Ness Wadia

As we see and hear from the media
Creates in me, as a man, a phobia
And shakes me from an inertia

They were friends for long
Showed in the open how they belong
Suddenly how come there is a different song
So harsh, so painful and so slang

Listen to me girls and boys
Nothing unnatural if love you voice
Make it certain it has no other choice
As even the other choice may not be a perfect poise

Falling in love is not an achievement great
Standing committed is by which people rate
Loving really means acceptance and not to separate
When expectations fizzle and you become desperate

We are not born to be perfect
We cannot behave without defect
More we examine and dissect
More ugly things change to that effect

I know I am not that a good husband
It is the greatness of my wife not to disband
Most men might belong to this band
Women in fact hold everything in hand

I am not telling Preity to be wrong
I am not telling Ness is rightly strong
I am only telling real love lasts long, much long
Good couple you both bury the past, which I long

Bashyam Narayanan

First Day In The College

First day in the college

Two of our street mates got admission
In St Joseph's College Tiruchy
After finishing our school final
We both got the admission because
We got good marks in the examination
Me ranking third and the other guy ranking second
In the local school

He, being the son of the Professor in the same college
He was familiar with the college requirements
And he went to the college on his own
Leaving me alone to decide my way of attending

Elders at home were busy with their agenda
And none showed any sign of accompanying me
Or even seeing me off
As I left home for college for the first time

There was another reason also for
This unceremonious way

It was 25 June 1964
Was a full moon day
With a lunar eclipse on the card in the later part of the day
In our traditional belief it was not so auspicious
To start anything new on such an eclipse

But our college, as its name suggests, had no such sentiments

People at home were in fact more drawn to
Comply with the eclipse ritual specifications than to guide me
In this college entry process

Food was to be consumed before nine hours of the onset of the eclipse
And you can have your food only after the moon appears full
Timings with regard to all these find mention in our calendar
I had a very hurriedly prepared breakfast

And had to pass the entire day without food

I reached the college by bus

Took a long route into the premises

Not knowing there was also a short cut

I had a time table with me for my section in the pre-university class

And as per that I had my class in a room marked CH 20

I wanted to prove smart

And hence I just asked way for the above room

I was directed accordingly

I entered the room

It was not a room, but a hall with desks and benches arranged

On a gallery ascending toward back

For the faculty to be positioned at the lowest part of the hall

I saw a number of students, none of them familiar with me

I took a seat wondering at what were to follow

The faculty came and asked a boy to take attendance

He was reading a number and one after the other

Students were responding

Yes, I too had a number called departmental number

But my number was not called

I thought I should act now

I stood up

The faculty asked me as to what for I was standing

My problem was that

I could not convey my queries in English

As it was all Tamil medium I studied

I talked in Tamil telling that I was a new student

And I have joined the college in pre-university

Failing not to mention my section

The faculty was kind

He said that you new comers had a joint session in Lawley Hall

And directed me as to how to reach there

I felt so small for not being updated

I could only thank him with a gesture, not in words

I was cursing myself

As I walked in the direction mentioned by him

And a college peon
Helped me and showed the entry
When I opened the door
It led me to a dark narrow passage
With a big stage on left
And it ended at the beginning of a big hall
Which was fully occupied with students

A person standing in the entry point
Asked me about my purpose
I told him about my admission
And in which section of pre-university class

A tall gentleman with a gown and a broad red ribbon around his waist
Was addressing the gathering in English
Whom, I later came to know as the Principal
He looked at me
And asked my name
In a feeble voice I mentioned my name
He ordered me to be louder
I practically shouted my name
To the extent that the entire hall heard it

I quietly walked in the direction pointed out
By the person at the entry
And managed to get seated
I realized that entire gathering was looking at me
And, probably making fun over my ignorance

It all started like that
But ended only after six years
With my getting a post-graduation in the same college

Bashyam Narayanan

First Day In The School

First day in the school

I joined school with a bang
It was a time when there was no kindergarten
And pre-school classes
Child got admitted straight to standard one

Girl child got admitted in the school without fanfare
While boys got admitted in the school with a grand show

I was put in school as soon as I turned five
It was a grand function
In our tradition male child starts his education
After a celebration

I was given a partial head shave only to the extent
That the front portion of skull became hairless
Was given a holy bath
Forehead decorated with our religious symbol
Three vertical lines, an orange line in the middle
And two white lines enclosing the orange one
And a white base for the above design
With extension down on the nose

I was dressed in a new full trouser and a matching shirt
Specially bought for the function
I was garlanded and
Was seated on a top coverless car
So that I was visible in full

The car was specially designed for such procession
It cannot be driven at a speed more than that of our walking speed
The car would normally be accompanied by a starter handle
As it would stop on its own any time

Gentlemen of our family and friend circles
Walking in front of the car
And ladies in their best of attires
Were coming behind

Traditional auspicious wind instrument accompanied by
The shoulder hung percussion gadget
Were being played
This orchestra went quite ahead in front
Telling the people that a procession was just following

It took sometime
For all of us to reach the school
East Ranga Higher Elementary School
Just adjacent to a tall tower of the temple complex

I was lifted out from the car
I did not know what went through my mind
As soon as I was out of the car
I started running over the ascending steps
Leading to the school entrance

Before I could make out
I had a slip probably stumbling over the top most step
Falling flat on my chest
Ending up with a bleeding injury in my lower lip
In the process the new wooden-framed thin slate
I was holding was thrown out of my hand
Also fell and broken into pieces

Someone pressed my bleeding lip with a pinch of sugar
A new slate was purchased
And I was taken to a class room
Where my teacher was waiting for me
And was about to induct me into writing practice

After that all went on well

And my teacher later remarked that
He was a brilliant student
Despite being hurt and in some inconvenience
This fellow grasped and followed my instructions well

I studied in that school for five years
From grade one to grade five

Bashyam Narayanan

Flawed Flour Grinding

South Indian cooking uses a range
of flours
It could be rice
It could be polished black gram
It could be Bengal gram
It could be a mix of spices, including
Red chili, coriander seeds, pepper
And others
Used in side dishes
It could be soap nuts
For to be grained into a fine powder

Those days we did not have kitchen gadgets
That could make the grinding done at home
Normally the mill would have three basic provisions
One for grinding grains and grams
One for grinding spices and the third special
One for grinding soap nuts
Which was done in a separate enclosure
With exhaust for throwing away the
Nostril-irritating fine dusts generated
Mill man used to allocate specific time for this

We, children, would be sent to a
Flour grinding mill situated far away from home
This assignment would be waiting for us
After our return from school
With the instruction that we should get the job done
Before it was dark
The apprehension with home-makers was that
The mill man would nab of a portion of the flour or the ingredients
We would be instructed to leave at the earliest
As usually we had to wait there in the mill for our turn

We would be given the materials to be ground
In a packed vessel
Would be told the quantity either in weight or measure
And given exact grinding fee as per their calculation
It was never a pleasant task, though

We would go with great reluctance
As we might miss our evening sporting event, often street cricket
We might have missed some runs that could have been scored
We might have missed some overs that could have been bowled
We might have missed some wickets that could have been taken
We might have missed some catches that could have been accomplished
We would go, however, to the grinding mill
With plans to quote less the quantum of materials to be ground
To the mill man and get a discount
The realized amount would help us get some edibles
On our back home

I came to know later that
My mother had already mentioned a less quantum
And gave us a fee that itself was less than actual fee

We were successful in convincing the mill man
With the figures we used to tell him
And on a number of occasions we enjoyed
The benefits of the discount

That evening when I came home from school
An assignment was waiting for me
With three vessels with materials to be ground
My mother briefed me the grinding specifications
And an amount according to weights of the contents

I refused to take all of them
Quoting handling problems
I suggested I would carry two vessels, not three
She insisted that I should get all the three done
I said, in that case, I would take a friend of mine too along
That was not her problem
She said 'do it, anyway'
I enthused a friend into this assignment of mine
With an intensive of some edibles after the job done
He agreed to go

We started walking with three vessels
I did some calculations within
And arrived at the quantum to be mentioned to the mill man
So that I retained enough money back for entertaining my friend

Reached the mill
Waited for our turn
Our turn came
I opened the vessels and mentioned the quantity as planned
The mill man showed signs of not believing what I said
He measured and weighed
And came out to say a sum which was more than what my mother gave
I said I did not have that much
Mill man suggested that he would get the things ground
And I would go back home to fetch the difference
And take back the ground materials
I was stunned and was not able to react

My friend made out what was going on in my mind
Came out to say that he would pay the extra
And did that to be great relief
We went back home with the ground matter
Told mother she was wrong
And asked her to pay the extra to my friend
Which she did

After this I stopped venturing manipulating
When it comes to flour grinding
And told my mother to be truthful
In mentioning the exact quantum of
Materials sent through me for grinding

Flawed flour grinding
showed me a new path of understanding

Bashyam Narayanan

Fondly Wish You To Cross Many More Milestones So Far Unheard Of

Fondly wish you to cross many more milestones so far unheard of

It was at a tender age
When Sachin Tendulkar
Started playing international cricket
Facing the hardest of play ball
Bowled or hurled at breathe-taking speed

It is unfair to call him little master any more
He proved himself to be a tall master

The mark he scaled yesterday, 24 Feb 2010
Against South Africa at Gwalior
Will remain unscaled for long years
It was his day because
He did all the 50 over batting
And all the 50 over fielding

Twenty years in cricket
Plenty of runs to his credit
It is not just bat hitting the ball
It is not simply the technique
It is not again the physical strength
It is the combination of all these with perseverance
And a mind to be there, remain focused
On the requirement of the time
Executing his potential with perfection
No doubt, he has to scale this height

He is vocal when it comes to nationalism
And minding not the wrath, he voiced
To displease a group of his own linguistic state
With regional fanaticism

He made Indians proud
By registering himself to be first person
To reach a score so far untouched

He is a nationalist
As he chose to
Dedicate the full credit of his yesterday's feat
For Indians
Nothing else can crown him better
But this national outlook
He does not require any further advice
But needs to be wished well
For a long, healthy and happy living
Only to cross many more milestones so far unheard of

Bashyam Narayanan

For Any Wrong Happening, Do Not Run To Your Gods, Blame Yourself

A childhood friend of mine
Seemingly very much devoted
To the faith his family belonged
Never missed a day
To visit the places of worship
In our big town
Never missed a day
To complete the
Daily rituals with which
He was baptized long back

Fled the town overnight
In search of earning opportunities
Went abroad
Got a job
Things did not end there
Convenience and comfort made him
Change his faith
Got married to a woman
Of a different faith
And settled there

Unaware of these his parents
Went ahead for his marital alliance
Which he also accepted
Got second time married
Without disclosing his earlier wedding
In all his traditional ways
Expressing devotion to all gods
Of his original faith

Through the second marriage
He was blessed with twins
When everything came to light
His parents were turned practically mad
Who, otherwise, were an enthusiastic couple
And his second wife

Fell seriously ill, not terminally,
But beyond recovery
His twins are now practically parentless
And in shattered childhood

I was induced to ask the gods of these faiths
As to what were their roles
When this person kept his faiths

They looked at each other for a while
And both said in chorus
You only have created us
And you only have decorated us with powers
But, you would never ask for
Correct help or guidance
You would act on impulses
And on the demands of your sensual pleasures
If anything goes wrong
You would look at us
Seeking reasons and explanations for the mishap

For any wrong happening
Do not run to your gods
Blame yourself

Bashyam Narayanan

Freedom, As You Have Others Too Have It

Cool moisture laden breeze
Early morning
Just brightened eastern horizon
Dispersed sunlight
Bright enough for a brisk morn walk
I was on that
When I saw a sweet little street dog
Moving in a strait close to its mother
Enjoying freedom
Zigzagging the road
Glancing front and forth
By the sides as well
Demonstrating a desire
To be noted by all that
It can walk alone
And at a speed of its mother
Mother dog keeping a watch
At all possible vulnerable locations
It looked as if
The mother dog is training her offspring
For a full time free go later
Any way, it was nice
To watch this demonstration of freedom
And a care free moving of a
Young living being
My pleasure was not to last more
As one more trainee appeared on the road
The boy was riding a gearless two wheeler
Presumably, with his dad sitting on the back
And training
The trainee on the walk
And the trainee on the wheels
Met at a point
When the former overstepped
On the route of the latter
The latter did not expect this to happen
And failed to apply brake
Injuring, luckily, only lightly our walking dog trainee
Trainee on the walk

Realized its mistake
And was now walking
As a polite soldier following the path of the captain
But slightly limping
Trainee on the wheels proceeded further
As if nothing happened
Freedom does not necessarily mean
That you are totally free
As others too have it

Bashyam Narayanan

Friday Morning Five O' Clock

Lost my job
Recently when my company
Took right sizing measures
To meet the global economic challenge

I am a carpenter
By profession
And all these years
I have been shaping
And sizing woods
To meet the requirements
Of company furniture

A good number of
My colleagues
Were relieved of
Company's services
With three months' salary
And it took care of
My family comprising
My wife and ten year old son
For almost six months now

Thank God
Thanksgiving day
Neared and I got the job
As a well-wisher in
One mart,
Which claims itself smart
I joined them a month back
And I earned my first fortnight wages
Which made me feel
That not everything is over
I too have a life ahead

Came the thanksgiving day,
Which falls on a Thursday
And on the Friday morning next
Our mart is offering

Attractive super offers
I was to take care of an entrance of the mart
As there will be a crowd waiting outside
To rush in and avail the best offers
As some of them are very limited

Friday morning five 'o clock
I pulled shutters up
And there came in a flood of people
Most of them out of control
Someone knocked me so harsh
I stumbled and fell down
Crowd did not stop
Minding not the fallen me
And many stamping me
It took no time for me
To realise that I was
In a stampede
Soon I was attended
By doctors
And I could hear them
Telling that I am a gone case

I was wondering whether
In the name of financial wisdom
People are becoming
Economically mad

My store mart
Has its slogan as
"Save Dollars, Live Better"

It would be right
If it reads
"Save Dollars, Live Better –
Even if it means killing our staff"

Bashyam Narayanan

Frightening Fifty Seven

Frightening fifty seven

I was a bright student in the class
Those days while studying third grade

We did not have note books
Writing on a paper using a pencil or pen
Was the privilege of those studying in
Grades fourth and above

I was waiting for that wonder experience
Of making use of the paper

Wooden-Framed slate of about one foot long
And half or a bit more of foot width
Was the thing I used for writing and erasing
So that it was ever in use
Some preferred black painted thin unbreakable metal sheets
In place of the polished mineral stone slate

What all we had done at the class
Was never known to people at home
People at home were too not so keen those days
To bother children with regard to studies
They got worried when children returned home from the school
With a disturbingly low marks written on the slate
By the teacher after an examination

Since these chalk written marks are erasable
Some boys, even girls, developed the skill
Of changing the marks to comfortable levels
On the way back home
I did not do that at all
As I was always above average
And I used to return home
Proudly displaying the great numbers on my slate

But once there was a debacle

it was half yearly examination
One of the three term examinations
We were administered
The others being quarterly and annual
Pass marks in the annual only took us to the next grade

I wrote a social studies examination that day
Teacher used to write on the black board all the questions
And we would write the answers on the hand held slate
Ensuring that we wrote all the answers within
The two sides of the slate

After the examination time was over
We took the answers bearing slate to the teacher
And he corrected the answers
And he wrote the marks scored with a chalk
And in a size any one could read from a distance
I remembered to have written all answers right

Our class teacher was absent that day
And a different teacher was handling our examination
This teacher was known for his strict ways

I was waiting in the queue of students
For my answers to be assessed
I was not anxious at all
As I knew all I wrote were right answers

My turn came
The teacher started using my answers
He was asking someone to read the first question on the black board
That boy was reading not the right question
And that made my answer wrong

I was interfering with the boy who was reading the questions
The teacher was not happy with me and asked me to keep quiet
The order of questions came out of hanged
And many of my answers were not matching with the questions read
Despite the fact I wrote all correct answers

I attempted to bring to teacher's attention what went wrong
He was in no mood to listen

Naturally he was in a hurry to correct answers of other students
The teacher finished correcting my answers on the slate
And gave me a mark of fifty seven out of hundred
The lowest ever mark I had scored those days

I could not protest any further
And accepted the marks given
With no desire to display it
Rather I was ashamed of that mark

The other issue was that
My mother would be waiting to see
My level of performance
I should show her the slate and marks over it

I was walking slowly towards home
And was mentally preparing for an onslaught there
To my relief my mother was not at home
I knew she should have gone to the temple
Where recitation of Tamil verses was going on
Also I knew the vantage point where she used to sit
For listening the recital

It was my responsibility to go the temple
And show her the marks
She would be waiting for me

En route a classmate of mine met me
And he pulled the slate from me to know my marks
How come you scored so low was his reaction
I narrated the events in the school
He also said that he knew how my mother would treat me
For this poor performance
He took the slate from me
Went inside an adjacent house
And came back with the slate
On which the marks now read eighty seven

You deserve better marks he said
But with the marks on the slate
I could change that only to this

I was not happy still
And went inside the temple
Reached the location of recital
And from a distance I showed the marks on the slate
Mom showed no excitement or sadness

Later at home she was to say
My performance was decreasing day by day
And this eighty seven had nothing to be happy about

She did never know that
It was a frightening fifty seven

Bashyam Narayanan

From A Beloved Mother

If you can mine, why should I not

You discovered use of metals
Long back

Your civilizations are chronicled
By the unearthed material
That was at use that time
Like
Stone age
Iron age
Copper age

I was happy initially as
You were exploring me
With an attempt to extract minerals
For the use of common man
But now
You may not know
I am threatened by your
Ways of winning minerals and fuel resources
And by the quantum of them
You are consuming

You are planning to increase the consumption
And you do not appreciate how dangerous
It could be
What all you did manually
Have now been mechanized

It hurts me, the way
You drill, make bore and blast holes, blast
And what not
Your beneficiation techniques too
Devour my precious resources
And you have no concrete plans
To recharge the resources you are drawing

I thought

Why should I not demonstrate
As to how I take out minerals
From beneath

My process is very simple
No prospecting,
No exploration,
No drilling,
No blasting,
No shoveling,
No dumping,
No overburden

With the geothermal heat inside me
I melt the matter to be mined out
With imbalance created within me
By your activities on the surface
I build up pressure on the molten material
And pump the molten ore out
Like a fountain
In all directions
With no conveyor or other transporting facilities

I know some of you will be affected
But I cannot help it

The fact is that you people make me less sensitive
To your miseries
As you show no concern for me
And for the turbulence generated in me
Because of your activities

Remember, the more you dig
Bigger will be the fountain
Larger will be the quantum

If you can mine, why should I not

Your beloved mother earth

Bashyam Narayanan

From A Biologically-Not-Belonging Daughter

I was born to a couple
Who, probably did not want me
Left me in an orphanage

Even before I was born
And when I was a fetus
I passed through uncomfoting
Situations, when my
Biological parents
Had a lot unpleasantries
To exchange
And it did not give me shock
To know that
I am in orphanage

One day
A couple came
Chose me from
A lot of orphans
Each looking for
Love and care
And waiting for
Such caring couple

I am in a new environment now
Both my biologically-not-belonging parents
Pouring love on this
Infant, and presenting me to others
As their long awaited pride
They saw with awe
My little movements
Each stage of my growth
Brought to them immense pleasure
And they gleefully shared
The growth changes in me
To their friends and relatives
Every other day someone
Visited me, invited me to their waiting hands
Watched this little me with wonder

And showered their affectionate blessings

The care of this
Deserted and disowned little girl
Saw its peak when my "parents"
Arranged for my first birth anniversary

I was decorated with earring
Though pained initially
I am proud of this, as this is the symbol
Of their love

I could not keep a count of how many
Attended to me
Assumed kidding roles to amuse me
And make me smile
With my four incision teeth exposed
Many a gift and lot of love
I felt for the first time
That this earth's crest is held tight
Not because of any thing
But because of this love
Shown to a girl
Of unknown origin

It was not my birth anniversary
But was that of a
Self-imposed parenthood

Bashyam Narayanan

Further Disabling The Already Disabled

Disabled further disabled
A nation organizes its
National Para-Athletic Championship Meet

From all over the country
Arrived some six hundred odd
Differently physically-abled athletics land
Hoping to be treated
With understanding and compassion

So that they can participate in the meet
And tell the world that
Let not your physical limitations stop you
From competing
From enjoying the fruits of sportsmanship
From bowing down to challenges
From running down in self confidence
From being looked down upon
From being sympathized or pitied

But to their dismay
The guest house posed them worse challenges
Than what they normally face day in and day out

It would be painful for any one
To put down the apathy
They met at the hands of a national agency

It is a wonder
How a national agency
Failed to understand that
These people need much kinder treatment
And more thoughtful attention
Than what is extended to those
With no inbuilt challenges

Nature troubled them then
Now the nation disgrace them
Further disabling the

Already disabled

Bashyam Narayanan

Gain By Training

Training is
A gaining for
Both the trainer
And the trainee

New and unknown things
Frightening us so far
Are no longer new and
Made friendly to us both

With practical example
Inputs made easy and simple
Gave us all an ample
Chance to ideas assemble

Learning is essence
For living and hence
Keep learning with all sense
Put to practice and make it a substance

It was a pleasure
As we go back with a treasure
That will serve in a large measure
For life time, joy it will usher

We never felt we are taught
We are but by ideas bought
We are in scientific trap caught
Henceforth we will act on technical thought

We will never allow this effort go vain
We wish we all meet again and again
And thus hold on to this wonderful gain
And to get drenched in this enlightening rain

Bashyam Narayanan

Gains To Both The Invader And The Invaded

Long long ago
So long ago
No one knows how long ago
There ruled a king
By name Vasanthasena
Who had an army
That was not trained
To fight enemies
And had no weaponry

They had no training camps
They had done no testing of missiles
They were just at the border
Guarding the great nation

The only thing they knew was
How to keep them self- amused
They had fun and frolic
Their main training input was
How to keep enthusiastic
Happy and innovative
How to keep laughing
Energetic and enthused

Came once an external army
To engulf and capture
The country
Our cheerful army
Greeted them
Made them feel
They have not come to fight
But to get united
With the cheers and laughter
Dropped their weapons
Joined the greeting cheerful warriors
Enjoyed the hospitality
Of the king Vasanthasena

The so called invaders

Lost track of their mission
Got dissolved in the happiness
Of the country to be invaded

They understood
If weapons win war
With a lot blood shed, miseries and loss
Love and togetherness win hearts
With no loss
But gains to both the
Invader and the invaded

Bashyam Narayanan

Gandhi Jayanti - Let Us Make The World A Better Living Space

I remember Gandhi
For one important quality
He was sincere to himself
To his policies and principles
We are sincere to others
We are faithful to others
We are truthful to others
We miss not opportunities
To demonstrate our
Sincerity
Faith
Truthfulness to others
Many will not disagree
All these we do for
Some personal motives behind
Hidden and unexpressed
Gandhi was different
He loved, cared others
But was sincere, faithful and truthful to self
He was religiously spiritual but never a fanatic
He made non-violence
A mandatory requirement for leadership
Non-violence in thought, words and deed
Is what he preached
And practiced
If the human race follow some, even if not all, of his preaching
The world would be free of
Great number problems it is presently facing
Gandhi, though born before years one hundred forty four
And departed before years sixty five
Is becoming relevant more than ever before
Let us all explore within
And discover in each of us
A miniature of Gandhi
Practise his principles
Make the world
A better living place

Bashyam Narayanan

Get Closer To You

We graduated
From school
From college
To understand
The natural laws
That drive the happenings around
And to discover
And invent
New technology
And present to the world
New correlations
Between causes and effects
It is an understanding of
Well defined realities

We got employed
To serve the community first
And make a living in the process
And importantly
To understand others
Of their expectations from us
Based on our knowledge
Skill and experience
And to create friendship
Most of us aim at
Enhancing our living ways
And end up
Extending our reach
It is an understanding of
The world around you

We choose our life partners
And enter into relationships
Contribute to the
Continuation of human chain
We get exposed to
Understanding of
Relatives and
Social customs

Prevailing in the
Tradition you belong to
It is an understanding
Of bonds and emotions therein

We are left alone at times
During it-is-all-your-time
We keep scheming
On how-to-go-about
In respect of any of the
Above three
Hardly we find time
To understand ourselves
To explore ourselves
To observe ourselves
To scan and monitor ourselves
To discover our in-built new potentials
Find time to do these
It is an understanding
of thyself
And
Get closer to you

Bashyam Narayanan

Go To Hell

Go to hell
Is an expression of frustration
By an individual to a person
Whom he or she believes to be the
Cause of this unpleasant happening
Really speaking
The person who utters this phrasing
Has made a hell for self
And can in no way decide
The hell or the heaven of others
Hell or heaven
Is what you make for yourself
And you need no one
To create it for you
Recall an adage
Where it is crowded most
Hell or heaven
All go to hell only after death
Because all religious scriptures
Tell that if you do not hold on to their path
You go naturally to hell
Since no one in the world cannot
Follow all the faiths
All after death go to hell only
And there is none in heaven
Worth it is referring to a soul of a real noble saint
Who went up after death
Angel guided him to heaven
But the saint wanted to see how the
Hell looks like
Angel briefed him that
Each one in the hell has been given
A long handled spoon
And they can eat their food using
That spoon only
On reaching the hell entry point
Angel asked him to peep through
Soul of the saint saw lot confusion
Inside as each one was trying

To make the food on spoon tip reach
His or her mouth
And there was spillage of food
And none bore the sign of having eaten a thing
All starved and tired
Angel asked the saint to move on
To see how the heaven looks like
Saint got the point
In the heaven all are given
Smaller spoons, right?
Was his query to Angel
Wait you will see it for yourself
Angel quipped
The heaven door was opened
Saint saw no confusion there
All in peace and all in tact
They finished eating was his thinking
Angel said
Food is going to come
And see how do they eat
Food came and each one was given
A spoon with a long handle
As was seen in the hell
Saint saw that with the same long spoon
People in heaven were feeding the other
And all were adequately and comfortably fed
Saint got the message
Conditions are the same
People only make it a hell or heaven
No need to wait for death
To understand
What a hell or heaven is
You can make it on earth
With you in tact
In the middle of this wonder world
And its creations around
You only decide what it is
You can make it a hell
You can also make it a heaven
Serve others to make a heaven
Stay selfish to make a hell
Next time

If you are tempted to express
Go to hell
Hold on for a while and tell
You may yell as well
Go and create a heaven

Bashyam Narayanan

Going Ahead With Living In A Better Way Than Most Of You Do

Kingdom of the blind
Welcome to our kingdom
Where we all stay blind

None having the sense of vision
None having the idea of colour
None able to dream a scene
As none can hold a figure in mind

But thanks to Braille,
Who made us read and learn
We study not to win a certificate
But to develop our physical
And mental skills so that
We can serve our community

We get up and move in a set direction
And after making a set number of steps
We reach our work site, which can be
A work bench or paddy field or any other place
Like the one where you people work

When we work, we work only
When we eat, we eat only
And when we sleep, we sleep only

We too have families
Sons and daughters and all of them
Blessed with blindness

We too laugh and we also cry
Only at the appropriate occasions
We never become emotionally down
For a thing that has not occurred

Nothing frightens us as the
Darkness, the most frightening, is always around us

We look ahead for a right future
And are not after a bright future
As you people long for

Though blind, it was never dark
In our mind, but it glows with peace and love
Love pervades our hearts,
Which are not penetrated
By the external just-material-revealing light

We know happenings around the world
We hear news, but do not see events
We do not desire much
The only desire we hold to our hearts is
To keep alive the desire to learn
And to apply what little learnt
For the benefits of our fellow beings

We may not have the sense of vision
Our other senses are in tact
And make up fully whatever lost
Because of this deformity
We hear, better than most of you do
We feel for others, better than most of you do
Our olfactory system is a bit more sensitive than yours
We fail not to smell the scent of soil
And the fragrance of even a little blossom
Our touch is more soothing than your touch
Many of us get a cure from our touch

We move with heartful of love
We live with a heart, full with contentment
We nurse a bubbling enthusiasm

We invite you all to this wonder world
And to enjoy the hospitality extended
By those, whom you think suffer
And struggle for survival

You will understand
Though we had a physical non-function

We are not handicapped and
Going ahead with living in a better way
Than most of you do

Bashyam Narayanan

Good Cockroach Night

Summer vacation
I was on a holiday stay
In my aunt's house in Madras, now Chennai

It was rental accommodation
And was a make-shift arrangement like shelter
Carved out of an unused garage

Well illuminated and ventilated hall
Of about 20 feet long and of about 12 feet wide
Kitchen was an annexure on the side
Bathroom and toilet were outside in an enclosure

Theirs was a family of four plus two parents
Three sons and one youngest daughter
Eldest son was employed
The middle sons were to leave for some destination
To spend vacation in a day or two
Their daughter as four and she would stay with her parents

Vacation was spent visiting places in the city
As my dad would come in between and take me around

We all slept in the hall
Under a ceiling fan
And breeze therefrom reached all
I had nothing to complain and was comfortable till that night

All had gone into deep sleep
I was disturbed by the illumination of the tube light
And sat up
Only to watch my uncle chasing something
And beating the floor with a broomstick

Curious, as I turned, I became fully awoken
Went near to see as to what it was all about

He was banging a cockroach to death
I realized he had already eliminated more than a dozen of them

He looked at me
Without a word spelt he got me another broomstick
Expecting me to perform similar action

I understood now
I had to chase cockroaches as they started surfacing
And beat them to death
With this lethal broomstick

I could not believe as I saw
Cockroaches kept on appearing one after another
From the crevices on the wall
From underneath the mats over which we were sleeping

We did not talk to each other
Rather, we could not
As the elimination operation was continuous
With no stop in between

But, what was amazing was that
My cousins and aunt did not show any sign of
Being disturbed and were in great sleep

I became tired in between
And was cursing myself for having got up
And involved in this war against cockroach

We heard street security knocking our door
My uncle went up to him to explain what was going on
The security left the scene smiling

We were on the battle all over again
What was still incredible was
That once or twice I scuttled on the legs of my people in sleep
But not a problem, as they continued to be in slumber
Here and there we would have flashed the broomstick
Very close to those sleeping
Still they were in sleep

I had no clue for how long our operation lasted
Hundreds cockroaches had been killed
With none to mourn over their departure

We have to sweep the mortal remains
Of these brave soldiers
Onto a dust tray
My uncle emptied the tray over the compound wall into the street
He might have done this final rites to the cockroaches
A number of times

I did not know what made him a declare a truce
May be he was tired and feeling sleepy
Or he was sure that most of the invaders got killed
The light was switched off

My uncle said that it was enough for that day
And it was time we went to sleep

Must be very early in the morning

I could not sleep immediately
Was wondering at the courage of the creature
Which dared dreadful conditions
And managed to survive and multiply
Even in dangerous and threatening circumstances

I was trying to sleep
But each time I closed my eyes
I saw upside down beaten up cockroaches
Kicking their legs with sharp projections
Trying to stand up on their legs

I wished that I would never spend a similar night
With the mission of cockroach hunt

Thank God, it did not happen again

Bashyam Narayanan

Grace The World With Your Glow Of Happiness

Do not chase happiness
Search within you
There are lot many things
Inside you
Which have reasons
To make you happy
You pursuit or search for happiness outside
Does not take you anywhere
As what seemingly has a stock of happiness
Once you reach or achieve it
You realize that happiness
Lies further ahead somewhere
And you hunt for happiness
Takes a new turn
And this goes on and on
Only to make you understand
That you are back in square one
Devoid of happiness, your original search
Happiness, thus, cannot be anywhere else
But within you
Do not be on a stealthy stalk for happiness
Simply because others do so
Search within and discover
The happiness in you
Do not be on a race for happiness
But grace the world
With the glow of
Happiness within you

Bashyam Narayanan

Gracious Glance Of Innocence

Just snowed winter afternoon
Post-thanksgiving sales
Attractive less expensive shopping
My wife, our son and I
In one of the big retailers of US
Tired of this buying spree
I found a place to sit close to the entrance
And watched the people shopping

Entered a stroller
Holding an infant
Well protected
With a toy nipple in the mouth

I could make out
It was a baby girl
Very cute
Looking around with her
Inquisitive eyes
That had a grace

It occurred so
That I was in her focus
When her stroller passed beside me
Within a metre or so

Her mother was moving around
Things displayed in that side of the shop
And I was in the field her sight
During most of the time
Of her mother's shopping

The first glance of the kid
Was telling me
"My glance by itself auspicious
Can make glanced at things
Auspicious too"

The second glance of hers

Which struck me
Beneath a displayed pink gown
Told me
"My glance, you know,
Can free you from all bonds,
If you are a person
Seeking that path.
My glance, at the same time,
Can grant worldly pleasures too,
If you are after them"

Her third glance
After a hide through a pillar
Revealed to me
"My glance has the power
To clear all your doubts
And to shatter
Your negative mind-set,
So that you ever remain confident"

As the infant was
Going out of shop
Her glance had a message
"My glance can purify you
And wash off all your sins
And dirt of your previous actions.
Do not you realise now
The power of
The gracious glance of innocence"

(A modified rewrite of Adi Sankara's meaning of one of the thousand names of Lord Vishnu)

Bashyam Narayanan

Great Oil Spillage

Great oil spillage

It was sometime when I turned eighteen
This has happened

We used to go to theatres in the town
For watching movies
Our most opted were night shows
Reason elders at home and college teachers
Would never know what we did

But one requirement was that
We need to hire bicycles
As night services of public conveyances
Were not available

We need to plan well
Hired cycle shop fellow was to be informed in advance
So that cycles were ready in required number

Another important vital point was that
These cycles should have a lamp in the front
As otherwise, policemen in the town would catch and fine us

Dynamo fitted cycles were a luxury
Oil lit lamps would be hanging in the front
From the handle bar of the cycle

I still wonder what purpose such oil lit lamps served
As the light from them did not make
Anything on the road visible

We would verify while riding the cycle
Whether the light was on or not
By feeling the top of the lamp
If hot, yes, we knew the lamp was on
And otherwise it was not

We would start around eight thirty in the night

We would reach the cycle hiring shop
And the owner would normally be preparing to close the shop
He would instruct us as to
How and where to leave the cycles after returning

That night we were five
The most experienced cycle rider led us from the front
We just followed him one after the other
Everything went fine
As no where the cycles troubled us
And no where the lamps went off
And no where we came across a police

We reached the theatre in time
Cyclists were given preferential treatment in the theatre
Reason being we were to pay some parking charge
And this led us straight to the ticket counter
Instead of falling in a queue waiting in a cage

But the one inconvenience was that
That the cycle should be left in the parking lot
With no easily removable attachment

So we need to carry the lamp inside the theatre
We put off the lamp, waited for that to cool
Detached it from the cycle and held it safe
As we were rushing to the ticket counter

We were inside the hall
Got on to our seats
And we were holding the lamps in hand
We could not leave the lamps on the floor
For the simple fear of losing them
And there was the likelihood that we would spill the lamp oil
If the lamp being left on the floor

We were watching the movie
More often verifying the hand-held lamp
The satisfaction was more on the cycle ride
Than on our successful watching of the movie

As we were coming out the cinema hall

And reaching our cycles for a ride back home
One of our friends' doti was seen with a big blot of oil
And the origin of the spillage was the lamp

The doti was practically soaked with oil
We opened his oil lamp
Shared oil from our lamps
So that his lamp had enough oil for the travel back
Lit all the lamps

Reached home as planned
Leaving back the cycles as instructed by the shop keeper

Next day morning my friend's dad asked me
This most uncomfortable question
Where occurred this
Great oil spillage

Bashyam Narayanan

Green Little Larva, My Friend

It was a gathering of
About twenty people
All in prayer assembly
Chanting Sanskrit verses
A priest like person offering
Flowers from a heap of blossoms
Of different colours
Some white, some pink, some orange
I was next to that person
And was engrossed in chanting
Sitting squat on the floor
I felt something crawling
Beneath my right ankle
Moved a bit back only
To realize it was a green little larva
Probably emerged from the
Flower heap
Though chanting, I got focused
On this little creature
Which used its entire length of the body
For its slow but very steady movement
I kept a watch on it
Hoping it to go away from me
Either in front or on the side
Suddenly the person sitting next to me
Waved his hand over the crawling creature
And pushed it in the front
In a flash the worm curled itself into coil
And I saw it spinning like a wheel
Reaching a point away from me at least by ten feet
It was in its coiled state for sometime
Before it got back its original shape
And continued its slow journey
Probably aiming at reaching a safe haven
This green little larva
Took all my attention
Making me lose track of what is going on around
I stopped chanting by then
And my only concern was

That my worm should stay safe
It moved slowly off my sight
And I felt at that time it was safe
I diverted my attention to the chanting
And forgot our little green friend
Our prayer was over
I came out of the hall
And crossed the point where for the last time
I saw the insect
My attention was drawn to a spot
Where a mini colony of small black ants
Was busy around something
My green friend came to my mind
And I bent down only to see
The worm-under-watch lying dead
On whom these ants were feeding
I returned home with a heavy heart
Having lost an unharmed slow moving
Green little friend

Bashyam Narayanan

Hanged Himself

Slanged the justice as he
Hanged himself, the one, who
Banked on the weakness of the gender
Fanged a girl's privacy
Ganged up to rape her and
Wronged to the extent of
Strangling her to death and
Thronged the world against him and
Longed he be executed as he
Ranked the most wicked
Flanked in me a thought as to why not
Sunk the ventilator rod, on which he hanged, by the
Junk weight of the sin of this heinous crime, gave way
Landed him on the floor undead
Handed over to justice for a right deal

Bashyam Narayanan

Hanging Political Or Apolitical

Hanging political or apolitical?

The mastermind

Behind an attack on Parliament house was hanged

He is a terrorist aider, terrorism promoter

And judicially the punishment was so held

He deserves this

But, nothing to rejoice over this punishment

Let us not at least question this

As to whether the decision is political or apolitical

People who question this

Are not doing any good for the country

They may think

The attempt will prove

Their patriotism

What is likely to happen is that

Such questioning will boost terrorism indirectly

Reason being that

Terrorists are given to believe that

In this country action against terrorism

Will be questioned

And so the governance

Will hesitate to act against such activities

So have your go and damage

True, not all decisions are apolitical

This decision may also be a political one

But discussing this in the open

Will weaken our confidence against

Curbing terrorism

The harm that will descend

On this great democracy

Would be more poisonous

Than what terrorists can do

Than what terrorism can do

So let there descend wisdom on those

Who qualify actions of Government

To the extent that

Actions attempted against terrorism

Stay not judged

Happy New Year 2011

Let it not be another new year
With the same usual celebrations
With the same usual great wishes
With the same usual demonstrations
Of happiness and gay

Instead of the New Year showering you joy
You shower it
With a vouch to

Keep yourself happy
Keep yourself healthy
Keep yourself enthusiastic
Keep yourself at peace
Keep yourself cheerful
Keep yourself loveable
Keep yourself simple and least complicated
Keep yourself non-complaining
Keep yourself ever in a 'growth' path

And
Keep yourself all that
Which will pave way
For a really lived-life
For years and decades ahead
With you at the centre
And the entire universe around you
Watching with wonder and
Cheering you
At each of your earnest effort

Bashyam Narayanan

Have Faith, But Not A Blind One

Asaaram the nasaaram
He is the typical example
Of how so-called godmen
Can harm
He is not the only one
We have in India
Quite a number of such people
Who exploit in the name of a faith
It is time people realised
That religion is thoroughly personal
And it is upto them
As how to get the understanding of god
The faith they belong to
Is just the means and not the end
Their problems are only because of perception
They themselves have solutions for
The problems perceived
They need not or cannot be helped by
Any other person however much
Religious or spiritual the person claims to be
All these godmen
Take advantage of the madness of the followers
And extract the maximum not only money-wise
But also, as of now physique-wise
A real spiritual leader
Needs to be beyond even an iota of doubt
The very doubtful occurrences are enough
To indicate there is no godliness in them
The oft-taken name Ram, who, as per mythology
Subjected his wife Sita to a fire-bath testing
Before accepting her after his win over Ravana
Why do they not follow this example
Come forward readily for an investigation
To clear yourself of any doubts around you
It is unfortunate that our people throng
Such a doubtful persons
Let all gods we worship
Make them wake up to a realisation
That a real saint peron

Never walks in our midst
And talks in terms of showering
Bliss and solutions to all their problems
Have faith but not a blind one

Bashyam Narayanan

He Is Always There To Greet

He is always there to greet
Each morning
I meet him daily
As I wait for my bus to turn up
And at least a five minutes' interaction
With him has become of late a routine
He sports no smile, though
He talks with this
Emotion-less eyes
And with a smile
Which I deciphered
After repeated examinations
Of his thin lips
A slim boyish look young man, as he is
With a well-above-average height and
Commonly acknowledgeable handsomeness
He has a gait
Apparently bent a bit forward
On the right
With his body weight acting
On his left leg
A person you can never miss
In that bus stop
Once he said
Why don't you look like me
Well dressed
In a similar blue suit as of mine
With a white shirt
And a conventional tie
Blue in colour with white stars
Placed in a special design
I told him
You have been paid
For sporting this look
While I need to buy them
And I hardly need to look the way you seem
He can only continue
With the same hidden smile as
He is only an advertising model

On a flexi board
Promoting sales of a particular brand

Bashyam Narayanan

He Or She

He or she

One of the world famous
Democracies is electing its
Person for the top most position

Powerful nation
Thoughtful people
Meaningful propaganda
Eventful campaigns

She had a lot to demonstrate
As a statesman
As an international person
As an experienced politician
As the first lady of the nation
For a decade minus two

He is a rich man
He has guts to question
He has list of solvable but unsolved problems
He is naïve and plain
He has not hidden intentions
He seems to have only interest of the nation
Minding not what other nations
Have to think and say about it

Wisdom seems bright one side
Welfare seems the concern of the other

Facts and figures speak for one side
Emotion and apprehension speak for one side

One side has specific plans
One side has specific problems

One cannot answer the other's specifics
The other cannot answer the other's points

Am writing from a country
Where fight is on for her rights
Am talking about a nation
Where she has earned the right to fight

Am writing from a country
Where all politicians fight shy talking problems
Am talking about a nation
Where a presidential aspirant
Tells openly the voters the real issues
But comes out with
Not-so-well conceptualized answers

World watches
As this great nation listens to poll pitches

He or she
Who will march into the presidential mansion

People of this nation
Are wise enough to select the right person
Who will take all countries
Along in its growth and progress

Wishing that nation
All the very best
In getting crowned with the appropriate

Bashyam Narayanan

Heart Fully Yell 'There Is A Hero In Me'

I heart fully yell
There is a hero in me

Based on my prowess
Skill and experience
I took up this challenge

But, the challenge ahead is
Breathtaking
Demands all the potentials of my strengths

I hold on before it for a while
Assess the challenge-meeting requirements
Try to accomplish
Fail once, twice
And a number of times

Now I know my weaknesses too
I garner all the strengths in me
I harness all my acquired multifaceted skills
I am prepared better now to
Face the challenge

Yes, I proved a success
Reach the destination
Where I want to be

And I heart fully yell
There is a hero in me

Bashyam Narayanan

Help Me Reach My Mother, Sweet Earth

I was a bright shining
Green leaf
Attached to the tall tree
Standing by the side of a busy road
I know no one would have noticed me
As each one has an important reason
For ignoring my presence
But, now I am a
Brown dry leaf
Lying on the pavement
And over me a number of people
Pass and again none took a note of me
Each moving vehicle, big or small
Flushes over me
A harsh wind
That keeps me airborne
For a short while and
I am getting displaced frequently
Making me feel
I am unwanted and I have no place
Of my own on this great earth
I was quite busy when I was attached to the tree
If you look at me
You can see prominent veins
Which kept supplying water to
Each cell of mine
And my cells in turn
Were very active
Producing carbohydrates
From the trapped carbon dioxide
Making use of the sunlight
With the help of the green chlorophyll
Compacted in them
Very importantly
Breathing out oxygen as a bye-product
For the benefit of human beings
I dance with the wind
However, mild or wild it may be
And never had I thought I am going to be

Separated from my tall tree
I came out of fresh branch
Tender, soft and silky
Nutrients flowed in me
And I reached my full growth
In a fortnight's time
I was proud as I was almost
On the top
Receiving full sunlight
Cool breeze keeping me comfortable
I kept doing my job
And I thought I would continue this
Through my entire life time
After three months
Supply of nutrients dwindled
Water availability reduced
I started turning yellow
The twig holding me on to the branch weakened
And a strong wind made
The unkindest cut
And fell from the tree
Floating in air for sometime
And being carried away from my mother tree
I looked at her from a distance
I heard her yelling
"Sorry my child
Your time has come
And one day I too will fall
Do not worry
Mother earth will take care"
Since then I am in search
Of my new mother
All these days I am either on
A cement-slab paved pathway
On a tar-topped road
Where is my mother earth
With her sweet soil
That will silently devour my nutrients
For recycling them to
Standing vegetation
And help me have a
Peaceful, but beneficial death

Dear any one
Who knows and appreciates my plight
Help me reach
My mother, sweet earth

Bashyam Narayanan

Help Us Continue Our Legacy

As I ripe I get dropped
From the tall tree
That was supporting me all through
I was a flower
Later blossomed
Got fertilized
Turned a unripe fruit
Kept hanging till the time I became a fruit
My thin skin becoming dark blue
My flesh over my big seed turning violet
I did not what happened to my mother tree
Unkind she proved as
She allowed me to fall her height
I suffered as my skin got ruptured
Exposing my violet inside
Staining the ground where I reached
As I looked around
I realized that I am not alone
As many of my brothers or sisters
Were also seen on the ground
After the fall I could not move
As the ousted flesh of mine
Made me stuck to the spot of my fall
My mother was just looking at me
With no attempt seen from her
To comfort me or to attend my wound
As our mother was a road side tree
We, fruits, were lying immobile on the road
Pedestrians, cyclists, two wheelers and cars
Ran over many of us
Coloring the path way violet
And also crushing our soft seed beyond recognition
I wonder whether we are born just to be
Smashed like that or we are born
To be consumed by others
For the purposes of propagation of our order
I have a request to people who walk over us
Kindly bend down pick us up
Blow air over the exposed flesh to remove adhered dust or sand

Put into your mouth
Enjoy the taste of a wonderful fruit
After ensuring you have eaten the entire flesh over the seed
Spit the same on soil
Where it will sprout and become a tree
Thus helping us continue our legacy

Bashyam Narayanan

Holiday Today And It Is The Festival Of Holi

Colourful celebration
Of spring arrival
Another religious significance
Associated with Holika,
Who has the special power of
Not being hurt by fire and who is also a
Sister of a demon
Known as Hiranyakasipu
Who arrogated himself to a god form
And tortured to death those
Who worshipped other gods
Ironically his son Prahalad
Turned out to be devotee of
Lord Vishnu
And braved his very own father's tortures
Pralhad was once to be burnt alive
Holika holding him
As Holika cannot be touched by fire
And the fire was lit
Pralhad prayed Vishnu for rescue
And it worked
The fire engulfed Holika and killed her
Leaving Prahalad unhurt
Festival Holi marks this end of Holika
End of arrogance and
Rise of divinity
The festival gets celebrated
By throwing of colours mutually on others
Marking closeness, friendship and togetherness
What was originally a vegetation-based colour festival
Changed with time and now it is more chemical colours
Theme, of course, remains the same
But leaving behind
Some skin reactions and respiratory symptoms
Among festival partakers
Leading to new medical challenges
Holi, be it be colourful
Let it not turn harmful
Dreams are colourless

Holi marks indirectly colourful dreams
Let this Holi make people dream
For noble and progressive growth and advance
As if human love and kindness matter

Bashyam Narayanan

Holy Dip That Changed Deadly

About 40 million people
Thronged
To have a holy dip
At the confluence of
Three great rivers of India
Saints too, foreigners too
Children too
All in large numbers
Came, enjoyed, sang, danced
And had a dip too
In a waning winter
Morn to eve
All went back with a satisfaction
That they are cleansed of their sins
Some even dare to share their
Inner voice, and said that
They can venture newer sins
As Ganges is there to cleanse
After the dip
New they were to be on a trip
To go back home into the routine slip
And to take up family hardship
Most of them travel by conveyance public
A large group waiting in rail station
For the bell to go and the train to come
Bell went, train came
But on a different platform
All rushed through a foot over bridge
Not knowing that there was
A big tragedy to follow
As the foot over bridge's
Handrail gave way
Unable to stand the push of the crowd
Many falling a height
Many running over them
And in the process
Thirty six people dying
They went for a holy dip
That would get rid of their sins

They did have the rejuvenating dip
But some got rid of their souls too

Bashyam Narayanan

How Green This Lawn Was

How green this lawn was
Two years back, when did I trespass
Thick green on each blade of grass
Shining in sunlight and dancing at each wind cross

Alas, there are patches in yellow
So many that the land piece looks fallow
Paining and placing me in sorrow
How I wished the entire scene changes tomorrow

I asked the trim and erect watchman
Keeping vigilant near a portico van
What happened to this graceful lawn
So well kept extending greenly greetings each dawn

Was it because the soil turned hostile
Or it because the ants established their domicile
Or it because of the chemicals those weed sterile
Tell when soon the lawn will get back its soothing smile

Oh, sir, are you in this world, ever on galloping
Economically marching ahead and developing
Where is time for any one to attend to this soil topping
We are on the progress mode nothing be stopping

We know what are our gainful spending
And where should we stop depending
And which are going to keep revenue sending
There is no end to this economical expanding

In this great economic value addition
Everything is in cash denomination
No longer loyalty, love or passion
All aim towards cost-to-the-company reduction

Growing trees is no longer a feat
Nature care has to take a back seat
We are preparing for those days ahead so sweet
When this lawn will not be of grass, but of currency sheet

Bashyam Narayanan

How I Wish I Go Back To That Safe, Harmless Dark Fluid Pool

I was far beneath
In a fluid pool
In the company of
Harmless friends
All looking alike

Though dark
It was safe for me
And my friends
With a lot of freedom
To swim around
Playing hide and seek

Suddenly penetrated
A large dia pipe
Into our rocky cave
With a deafening sound
And I was sucked into
With many of my friends
Being taken up against gravity
Only to come up onto the
Earth's surface

We all fell into a container
Only to be cocked
And again we were in dark
With much little space
To move around and play

We felt we were always
On the move
Only to be later
Heated and separated
Into different components
Now I was able to see
That all friends were
Just similar

We were still moving
At times in a pipe
Or in a container
And at last we reached
A pool, which appeared
To have breather
Helping us to air
Our exhaustion

One day I found myself
Moving up in a smaller pipe
And we were filling a
Very small metallic tank
With a very limited space
And it was hardly
Possible for us to breathe

After sometime I was drawn
Into the thin tube
And I was in a hot chamber
Where we were just burnt
And we expanded suddenly
Pushing a piston back
I saw myself in totally different company
All my earlier associates gone
And when the piston moved towards us
We knocked out in the open
Through a pipe with a thud
Along with a number of
Foul smelling dark guys
Whom I have not seen before

I am in the association
Two similar looking allies
Who always tease me
Making fun of my smaller size
Nagging me
Moving round and round me
I am now air borne
Finding it difficult
To manage these naughty neighbours

As I am looking for a separation
From these two friends
I hear a slogan
'Kick the CO2 habit'
This may help some of my
Friends down there
Continue to stay where they are
And
How I wish I go back to that
Safe, harmless, dark fluid pool

Bashyam Narayanan

How Much Sinful Are Thee?

Sin, what is your understanding
Mine is this
Any act that will have reasons
For you to regret later is a sin
"Act" here includes even
Your thought process

"We are all sinners"
Declares a religion
"I am the most sinful"
Is the description of the self
By most of the yesteryears'
Hindu religious preachers,
Who are even now talked about
And held in great reverence
They declared themselves sinful
Probably because they only knew
Their thought processes,
Which would have fallen in 'sin' category
All these point to one thing
That we are bound to commit sin
Physically, verbally or mentally

Modern or scientific
Definition of sin could be
Any act that will load with you
Negative charges leading you
To unproductive or anti-productive
Physical, verbal or mental acts

It is, therefore, apparent
Physical act or verbal abuse
Alone does not constitute a sin
Your thought process, too
Can be a sin
If it conforms to the
Above description

Be watchful on your thoughts

Know how frequently
You entertain negative or sinful thoughts
The more frequently you give room
To such thoughts
The more sinful you become

Bashyam Narayanan

I Am A Beggar; I Have A Choice, But

I am a beggar; I have a choice, but
I have been begging since long
Since the time I started realizing
As to what I am doing
I beg, again, to differ
With the common phrasing that
Beggars have no choice
I decide my beneficiary,
The one who is given the opportunity of
Lending me a help, however minor it may be
I do not beg everyone passing by
I choose my potential helper
By his/her look, gait, and what is going on in his/her mind
I can do mind reading too
I can make out that
Someone is in a hurry to a workplace
Someone is much relaxed
Someone is sure of what is ahead
Someone is working out details of investment
Someone is planning a great spending
Someone is worried with health issues of someone in family
And so on
This mind reading helps me decide my beneficiary
I may not get the help each time is
Another story
But, note I have a choice
I know where I will get free food matching my taste
I know when to go which temple
For the midday mercy meals
Again, I have a choice
I decide also the place where I beg
Temple entries are good fetching
Mosque entries on Fridays
Church entries on Sundays
Provide me with resources more than what I need
See, I have a choice
I see great opportunities for examining my own self
When I beg
The inner me coming closer to me

As others go away from me
For fear of being asked for help
I do not see these opportunities
With most of others
Who rush to somewhere
Toil for fixed hours as assigned to them
Wait for alms at the end
The only thing I do to get help is
To ask for it
I am happy with what I am doing
I am a beggar; I have a choice, but

Bashyam Narayanan

I Am A Lamp Oil Lit

I am a lamp oil lit
Small, cute and made off mud
And my flame in open
Spreading a bit of warmth
Along with a tiny bright light

My only enemy is darkness
But for no reason wind
Gives me trouble

Tell the wind
If you can
'You put off many lamps
In a single stroke of
Of your unseen hand
Can you light at least one? '

Make the wind understand
That it should have the mind to
Listen to each one
Learn from each one
And that
None is there who knows it all
But each one knows at least
One thing fully well

Tell the wind that
The lamp burns itself
To give light to some one
Known or unknown
And it also dies down
To give the comfort of sleep
To some one
Known or unknown

Bashyam Narayanan

I Am Calling From Beneath The Debris

I am calling from beneath the debris
Of the eleven storied building that collapsed
On a raining Saturday evening

I know you cannot hear me
But still try to inform you how it all happened
That fateful day

Me, my wife and our only baby boy
Were there at the ground floor
Waiting for the weekly-wage distributor
To arrive
With a plan to buy a new dress for the kid
Marking his sixth months completion on Sunday, the next day

I was thinking it may not be possible that day
As the sky was unusually dark
With rain bearing thick clouds all around
Making that late afternoon look like dusk

There was a sudden excitement
As the man of money distribution
Was sighted entering the other corner of the building

He came rushing in as it started raining
There was lightning and loud thunder

Some of us had collected their wages
And standing in pockets counting the currencies received
Some managed to rush out in the rain
To a nearby tea stall
For a cup of tea and snacks

I was still in the queue waiting for my turn
I was in no hurry
As it looked that it would be raining for long
And we did not mind standing protected
Under this tall shelter

I was inching towards the table
Over which the wages got distributed

It was raining heavily outside
With lightning and thunder
There was a blinding lightning with an attendant
Very loud thunder

What all followed was something terrific
It all started coming down
And with a big thug
Every piece of the under-construction building
Began to fall as powdered concrete

And even before I could make out
I saw all of us standing there
Going down in a steady jerk
And getting buried under the debris

I was painfully injured
In all my body parts
And crying for help too became difficult
As voicing worsened the pain

I felt locked as I was unable to move any of my limbs
I had no clue of what happened to my wife and son
The killing pain made focus on me more
And I came to know I would not be able to help any one

I did not know for how long I was suffering
Suddenly I felt no pain
May be I am dead by then
I was shouting at the peak of my voice
But I saw no response to my cries

I was thinking about the wonderful time
I spent when I was a boy
We used to build our house
My dad would bring mud from a select pit
And my mom, my sister and me together
Raised mud walls
And gave a shape for a thatched hut

With no cement, no steel, no concrete
Such hand-made huts stood for decades
With a maintenance here and there
We had no supervisor
We never went for obtaining license
No heavy engineering machine
No huge force

My dad was advising me against taking up this job
In this big construction company

Hoping to come up again on to the surface
I am calling from beneath the debris

Bashyam Narayanan

I Am Not Able To Say Anything Further, As I Am Gone Once And For All

I came to life
With a gentle electrical shock
And a mild tremor
When an egg from my mother's ovary
Was invaded by my father's sperm
Thousands of sperms around
Showed respect and withdrew from the race
Allowing me to enjoy buoyancy
In the pool of uterus liquid

I moved slowly onto the wall
Where I settled and started getting nurtured
Through the umbilical chord from my mother
I grew from a cell to mass of flush

It was a great stay in comfort
With watery cushion all around
Most of my organs in their miniature form
Nothing to disturb
Except for those tight embraces
With an emotional outbreak
"Thank you, you are bearing my child"

"Our first child, should be a boy"
A whisper shared in private
Between my parents
I am yet to know as to
Whether I am a boy or girl

"We do not conduct tests
To know the sex (it should have been gender)
Of the fetus" declared a voice
But continued
"As a special case we will in your case"

Every thing was normal for sometime
Suddenly I felt the impact of

Adrenaline that got pumped
Into me through my mother's blood
I was in discomfort
For long and adrenaline level
Did not come down to my comfortable level

"It is a female.
We need to medically terminate the pregnancy"
Was what I heard in the same voice
That glorified my mother sometime ago
For having borne me
Oh, this is the reason for adrenaline
Now I understood

My discomfort showed no sign of
Abating, in fact, it was growing
Probably my mother being
Emotionally down

Suddenly pierced a sharp knife
And penetrated the tranquil
Watery heaven to cut
The link between me and my mother
And I am out in the glaring light
As a starkly naked flesh of no specific shape
On a kidney tray in a
Irritatingly smelling room

All my comfort gone
And now I was gasping for life
I know I will soon be dead
But I cannot stop wondering
How do these people know not
That I also possess the reactor
Which their mothers have or had
And which housed them for nine months
Shaped them and gifted them
To this world in their full shape

What wrong did I do
To be punished with termination

O God, if at all you can give wisdom
Bless them with that
So that the entire human race
Is not terminated

I am not able to say anything further
As I am gone once and for all

Bashyam Narayanan

I Do Not Mind Beling A Blind

It was a scene in a film
The most beautiful actress in the heroine role
She innocently arrogates herself
And assumes the responsibility of
Getting the hero
A role in an advertisement
Being filmed by her advertising firm
She was narrating him the scene
And was rehearsing a dialogue
In a traffic-ridden narrow lane
Suddenly the heroine stops her conversation
And gets focused on an elderly blind person
Who is planning to cross the road
She rushes to him
And holds his shoulder
Guides grasping him very close
Narrates the blind man what all she sees
Including a woman beating her erring husband
A boy slipping over a banana skin
A drunk dancing to a song played in a tea stall
Making him enjoy the aroma of
A deep fried onion based snack
Getting ready in another roadside fast food stall
Pushing him safe and fast
An open manhole in the middle of the road
Insisting him to stop and listen to
The cricket score of a one dayer
Stopping him to caress the cheek of
Sweet little school going girl
And at last reaching a point
That meets a main road
Telling the blind man that
He should go straight on the left to reach
His destination
The shot was quick sharp touchy emotional
And to the point
That the heroine knows how to guide a blind
And at the same time how to make him enjoy
The happenings around

A thought flashed in me and was telling myself
If such a thoughtful guidance from a beautiful girl
Is forthcoming
I do not mind being a blind

Bashyam Narayanan

I Have No More Tears To Shed

I am Moshe. Two-year old curly haired little one

Just the other day I was with my mom and dad

An unfamiliar person entered our premises and
He had a lot to say to my parents
Of which I could not make out a bit

Then what happened?

The stranger aimed at my parents the weapon he carried
It was all in seconds my parents fell back,
First my mom. followed by my dad

The stranger left

I had no idea Whether he marked my presence

I reached my mom. ran my palm over her face and
bent over her for an affectionate kiss
Normally she used to hug me intently for a similar act of mine
But she did not move. I shook her head. no response
I shook her hand. no response

And I saw a pool of blood below her motionless hand.
Which held my father's

I felt something odd
And started crying

Do not know. how long I cried
When my nanny appeared from somewhere
And took me away into the open

It did not take long for me to realise
That my mom and dad are not any where near
I ate whatever offered as I was hungry
Woke up in between.
Only to know that my parents are not nearby
And then to cry

During my entire wakeful hours
I kept crying and
I kept eating something
As and when I felt hungry

Suddenly I was in the midst of a big gathering
Only my nanny was to be seen

The things that went on made me understand that my
Mom and dad have gone quite a far
And it will take long, much longer
Before I could see them again

First time I smiled
At a kid of my size
Stopping my cries
Without realising
I have no more tears to shed

Bashyam Narayanan

I Know, It Makes No Difference For Him

It took sometime for me to understand
The worth of my uncle, maternal
He was a powerful minister
Silently quietly building an empire
For himself, his son and others in his family
He would not go for such great dealings
So that the dealings do not draw the attention
But, definitely over a period of time
Small amounts accumulated to a big figure
Not many knowing how much it has become
I had to wait for my turn
I did not, but, know when it is to come
It came after a situation when any
More of his family members
Cannot hold any further great assets
As media would bring to that to light
Better late than never
Things started moving in my direction
Uncle's grace turned on me
And I encashed them far beyond
The common understanding or imagination
I was made member on a number of boards
And I am made sure of of regular large income monthly
I was growing and I saw many others in the family grow
With the blessings of my wonderful maternal uncle
In the meantime my uncle became the Minister of Railways
Members of Railway Board get nominated and appointed
At the behest of the Minister, who my uncle is
I developed contacts with prospective aspirants
For the post of Board Member
Who are already rich by themselves
Just a hint from me
Would make them offer me sumptuous funds
If I promise them a berth in the board
I ensured that I am seen in the close vicinity of the Minister
Uncle was also briefed of the scheme
Who too accepted the programme and gave me a green signal
To what all I had to say
I was growing well and in a better proportion

Than most of my cousins
In whom the board idea did not strike
I used to name an advance
For aspirants to pay, and on the condition
That I would not be returned
Even if the mission fails
A successful board member shells out
At least rupees five crores before he sees the light of the day
I lost count of the advances of rupees one crores
Which are paid in cash and appear not as a accountable income
And which I have received without the need to repay
I ensured that all the companies, boards on whose I am,
Suffer losses here and there
So that the image of the normal functioning of these companies maintained
All went fine
Till recently as a news channel
Dug out the means employed by me
In making us rich and powerful
I understand why my uncle even went to the extent of
Telling that I am not related to him
Even though I kept meeting him at least twice a day
In the Railway Ministry office
Leave alone the revenue channelized by me to his account
I made him go for a loan of rupees fifteen lakhs
As if he were in a financial crisis
And to figure him out to be a simple man
Now that all having surface
I am waiting for my maternal uncle
In the jail
So that I can draw new schemes of money-making
Whether my uncle is in or outside the jail
I know, it makes no difference for him

Bashyam Narayanan

I Live For Only Fourteen Days

They say I live for only fourteen days
Not many know I can live longer
By another sixteen days
If people around turn kind
In this short life span
We grow, develop, and mature
Multiply in plenty
Eat well and to die at last
You may see us every where
In tropical countries
But not during night time
Our people are clear about our life style
We do not work more than twelve hours a day
As we do not keep awake more than that
We keep awake only to keep doing something
We are busy most of the time
Devouring all that you term waste
We do not nurse any great taste
As our hunger puts us ever in haste
We prefer liquid or semi solid food
We have also the capability to
Soften any other edibles with our saliva
And consume it
You people do not even tolerate our presence
You take intensive measures to keep us off
We do not mind all that
We gain our way into your cordoned areas
To your dismay and discomfort
You say we act as carriers of certain diseases
We intend not to do that
It happens probably because of our anatomy
With hair like projections all along the body
We are bound to carry micro organisms
On your biological wastes
And these organisms reach new targets□
Our getting branded as disease carriers
Why you find it difficult to appreciate us
Who really cleanse your wastes by consuming them
And why you do not realize that

You only created the waste,
Allowed it to rot in the open
And made us drawn to your waste
You call us house fly
You have complaints against us high sky
We cannot speak to defy
But your wastes you may away shy

Bashyam Narayanan

I Need You By My Side

I need you by my side
Not because
You will take care of me
Not because
You will shower love on me
Not because
You will share my concerns
Not because
You will ensure my dreams come true
I need you by my side always
As this will give me an opportunity
To witness your growth
To understand you better
To be of some help as and when you need
To be part of your joy
To cry with you when you experience pain
To offer my shoulder for you to lean upon
To keep you enthusiastically motivated
To know your dreams
To wonder at your skills as you realize them
To pass on a legacy, if it happens I have one
To fathom over your spiritual chase
To comprehend you in totality
And simply
To demonstrate my love for you
Yes
I need you very much by my side

Bashyam Narayanan

I Prefer Death And Departure

I prefer death and departure

I prefer death and departure
From this wonder world,
Which has been my school
All these years
Making me learn something new
Each second, minute, hour and day

To the torture
Of your not being near

Each second of your absence
Kills me but not squarely
Only to bring me back to life
And torturing

Your presence
Though I used to feel painful
At times
Because of your intervention
Through my unhealthy means
You always demonstrated
Love and care

Your efforts to meet my needs
Exceeded ever my expectations
And my requirements
Were more than met

You came to unearth
My fallacies one after another
With our association growing

While your list of occasions
Where I fell short of your hopes
Increasing day by day
My list of your potentials
Kept elongating with

My discovering newer strengths in you

This is a kind of relationship
Where one's weakness
Makes the other stronger

Come soon and join me
Before death takes over

Bashyam Narayanan

I See No Point In

I see no point in
Understanding, as
At the end of it all
I am misunderstood

I see no point in
Visualizing
As in that process
I get drowned in dreams and inaction

I see no point in
Loving
As in its demonstration
I am either hurt or in hatred

I see no point in
Accumulating
As what is accumulated
Makes me its accumulation

I see point in
Teaching
As I am a proven failure
In unlearning

I see no point in
Giving
As I take pride in that
And am made arrogant

I see no point in
Becoming (something)
As I nurse the gnawing
That I am not that yet

I see no point in
Braving
As by that I proved
That I feared something

I see no point in
Praying (for something)
As it amounts to telling
That I am a beggar

I see no point in
Suffering
From something
As I prefer to struggle to overcome

I see no point in
Writing
As I will not be there with you
To say why I wrote this

Bashyam Narayanan

I See Only Thought Clouds And, Not People

I do not see people
But I see only bunch of
Thought clouds
In different shapes
Colours and volume
A sage declared
While addressing a gathering

He was elaborating
That these clouds
Keeps changing very fast
In their dimensions and shades
Indicating the swiftly changing
Thought processes
In the human mind

He added your thoughts only
Seed your words and trigger
Your actions

I would rather attempt to identify people
By not what they talk
By not what they act
By not what they look
Only by what they think

Civilized living
Had trained us and taught us
Not to talk what all we think
And not to act on what all we say

The gap is widening
To the extent that
Though thoughtful
We cover up our original thoughts
With sweetened phrases
And with pleasing-others actions

He was in a hurry to add

That you are what you think
And you are not what you do
Nor what you say
So I see only thought clouds
In crowds
Not people

Do not but ask me
Whether you know what others think
I must say, I do not know
It is my enlarged vision
Which sees only the cloud
Not its content

These thought clouds
If they are similar
It gives the gathering a much larger strength
Than what you can imagine
And it has great energy

That is why I advocate
In large gatherings
Nurse great and noble thoughts
Which have potential
To serve the communities
With all required strengths
And wisdom to perform
For a common good cause

I see only thought clouds and, not people

Bashyam Narayanan

I Stand Alone Away From You Desanctified And Disfigured

It was a brightly lit afternoon
I saw a four legged machine
Descending on me slowly

I could understand that
It was an airborne vehicle
And it was effectively
Controlled and guided

So nice to see all its four legs
Touched my surface
The same time, making
The landing smooth and gentle

White fine dusts rose
From each point of contact
And I had to cough a bit
In a slight discomfort

From a window of the vehicle
Rolled down a ladder
And there peeped an image
Perhaps, a human being
Finding way through the window
And slowly climbed down
Carefully stepping upon me

"That's one small step for (a) man,
One giant leap for mankind'
I heard a male voice
Yelling his safe arrival here on me

He moved slowly
Jumping each step
Making good use
Of my gentle gravity
Generating a white cloud

Of dust at each step he made

Another similar image also
Came down on me
And both spent about 3 hours
Collecting the powdery white soil
And rocks on my surface

They planted a flag on me
And also a plaque with
Images of a man and woman
As if I did not know
From where they landed

They came from that half lit
Crescent seen on the horizon
Which just reflects sunlight
As I do on it

I know men and women on earth
For centuries now as
Many poets, mostly of Indian origin
Held me high and they gave me
A roll in their storyline

I would be witnessing
Lovers in their intimate togetherness
Or I would be asked to convey
Sweet messages between them
Many heroes and heroines
Shared with me their pains
Of separation from their sweethearts

Indian Astrology gave me
A place in the horoscope tables
developed by them for individuals
And made predictions
Based on the cell I am standing

Old system of medicine
Gauged unsound mental conditions
With my phases

Assurances were given for a cure
As I cross a particular phase

And now I wonder
Why at all these visiting earth folks
Left on my surface depicting
Their images, as if
I have no familiarity with them

This moon landing a giant leap
Of mankind, though
Spoilt my image in the hearts
Of those who made stories
Around me

Lovers no longer look at me
I too feel I have no influence
On the mental performance
Of people on earth
Astrological predictions
Made, based on my positions
In the horoscopes proved otherwise

I have lost my status
Because of that one small step

Just like a reflecting mirror of sunlight
I stand alone away from you
Desanctified and disfigured

Bashyam Narayanan

I Want To Be Jailed

I want to be jailed
Confined
Isolated
Insulated
From all vagaries
Of emotionally threatening
Situations
Recent developments
Make me feel so
I am unable to control
The impacts of
Happenings around
On my otherwise peace loving self
I am agitated disturbed
The one solution I see is
That I am jailed
Confined
Isolated
And insulated from all these
Insulated and jailed physically though
My mind and intelligence
Will not allow me
To stay in peace
For they have the ability
To recount the past
Extend contents of those gone events
To the present
And will pose in front of me a future
With all negative anticipations
Pushing me into
A well of emotions
I will feel small
Unenthusiastic
Incapable of handling effectively
Emotionally challenging occurrences
Still I fell a solution if
I am jailed
Confined
Isolated and

Insulated

Bashyam Narayanan

I Will Be In Comfort And Others In Peace

Down under and deep inside me
There sits a judge with a hammer
Beside a big old wooden table
With a eye-folded statue and a
Tossing balance

No one around,
No attendant or clerk in front

Only the accused
In the stand meant

No witness, nor arguments
No lawyer for or against the accused
No mention of sections or provisions
Of any law or regulation

And the judge is ever ready for judging

And comes out to declare that
This is good and that is bad

Which law school he is from
In which law he is a specialist
I know not a thing,
But he is always judging

And makes me act on his judgments

Normally we address
"The learned judge"
I know how "learned"
The person judging
Sitting down under deep inside me

Most of his judgments and
Subsequent acts of mine
Made me regret
And put others in discomfort

I have a request to
My inside judge

“Oh, Noble but lowly learned judge
How nice will it be
If you stop judging'
I will be in comfort and
Others in peace

Bashyam Narayanan

I Will Be There

I will be there

When no one is there for us
And you think no one cares
When the whole world walks out of you
And you think you are alone
I will be there

When the one you care about the most
Could care less about you
When the one you gave your heart to
Throws it in your face
I will be there

When the person you trusted
Betrays you
When the person you share all your memories with
Cannot even remember your birthday
I will be there

When all you need is a friend
To listen to you whine
When all your need is someone
To catch your tears
I will be there

When your heart hurts so bad
You cannot even breathe
When you just want to crawl up and die
I will be there

When you start to cry
After hearing that sad song
When the fears just will not
Stop falling down
I will be there

So you see I will be there until the end
This is the promise I can make

If you ever need me
Just give me call and
I will be there

That is to all the friends
That I have
And all the friends that I have lost
And to all the friends that I have lost touch with
Just to let you know that
I will be there

Bashyam Narayanan

I Will Love Myself First

I am a flower
With a set of eight long petals
Shaped a bit long oval
Coloured sky-blue at the bottom
Turning bright-yellow at the top
And with long pollen sticks
White-headed peeping well out

I am an attraction to
Butterflies which keep probing
Me for the sweet nectar

I too attract insects
Very small in size
And which enjoy sliding into me
Along the slope of my petal

I hold for you a mild scent
That resembles the smell of jasmine
But because of the high ethanol content
In my fragrance
I smell with a fruitish tinge

While jasmine has a season to blossom
I am in blossom all through
Either it is winter, summer or raining

Lovers prefer me to rose
As I am big by look and thorn-less

Some devotees come to my bush
Every day and pluck me
And offer to Krishna
The God of the town

I appear much less in numbers
Compared to jasmine
But keep many garden corners
Smelling sweet with my

Special fragrance

I thought I am fine
And everyone else is also
Fine with me
Till that evening
Someone telling his lover
Not to pluck me
As he does not like the way I look

Next day morning
A mother was instructing
Her three year old son
Not to go near me
As my smell is allergic to him

It took just a day
For me to realize
There are so many others
Who have reasons for disliking me

Any way I cannot do anything
To change my looks
Or to change my scent
So determined was i
I will keep my colour
Looks and fragrance in tact
Whether people like it or otherwise

I will keep my glow
Whether insects get attracted or not

I am a creation of nature
I will enjoy being what I am
With all that nature has gifted me

And I will love myself first
Without bothering much
To know whether
Any one else loves me or not

Idiot, It Was A Shaving Cream

Really very long back
It was when we were not using
Any branded material for cleaning teeth
And it was also a luxury to have a tooth brush

It was only finger brushing or cleaning that prevailed

Morning, as we would get up
We would go to the backyard of the house
And look for ash remains of cow dung cake
Or for a powder generated by crushing bricks
Or any such dust which we believe would rub off dental coatings
For teeth cleansing

No one knows with what the
Other person has washed his or her teeth
It remained any body's guess

Some youngsters managed the show without
Even cleaning the teeth

Dental health was not at all a concern those days
As hardly any one complained of tooth ache
Let it be youngsters and elders

We children had no clue how a dental cream or powder tasted
My dad used to have a tooth brush
And a dental cream safely kept in his wooden cup board
Under lock and key

His first job in the morning would be to open this cup board
And help himself with a ribbon of the white dental paste
On his tooth brush
The menthol fragrance would hit our nostrils for a second
By which time he would have locked the cupboard back again

We used to stand around him with an expectation
That one day he would show us the grace
By allowing us to have the taste of his paste

It never happened

On the above back drop
Imagine the excitement in me
When my cousin sister landed
For the first time after her marriage
We knew she had a sophisticated living
As her husband was earning much better than anyone at home

My, if not of all, expectation was that she would have a tooth paste

Early morning she came
We did not sleep the whole previous night
We were keen to listen her new life experience
In a far off place

She started opening her travel baggage
And one after the other new and so-far-unknown-to-us things
Surfaced and got displayed by her
And my awaited thing was also there
She showed two tubes
One of them was the dental cream and the other
I did not care to mark it

After initial briefing and welfare queries
We all went again to sleep

I did not know what time I got up
But it was still dark inside
I thought it would be wise to experiment
With the dental cream
Before others got up

I probed her baggage silently
And got hold of one of the tubes
She was showing
I was happy and felt smart

I squeezed it so that I got a finger long ribbon
And went to the backyais soon tal cleaning
I never thought my dental cream dream would come true so soon

And without allowing any further delay
I started applying the paste on my teeth
Suddenly I noticed that the fragrance was different
I did not mind
And went ahead brushing
It was soapy and a lot of lather appearing
And my mouth was full of it

I realized that something really went wrong
I spit the entire mouth content
And started washing the mouth repeatedly with water
So that I would get of the soapy feeling at least
And at the earliest so that others would not notice

My cousin sister appeared there suddenly
And I saw in her the other tube
She went ahead squeezing the contents onto a tooth brush
And cleaning her teeth

Just then did she notice my plight
And the froth laden backyard floor
I did not know how she could make out what happened

And she simply said
Idiot, it was a shaving cream

Bashyam Narayanan

Ido Not Say I Love You

I do not say I love you
Because I really love you
I do not say I care for you
Because I really care for you
I do not say I understand you
Because I really understood you
I do not say I respect you
Because I really respect you
I do not say I will be with you whenever you need me
Because I am already and always with you
I do not say I need you
Because I really need you
I do not say I will meet you
Because I never leave you
I do not say I miss you
Because I know you are ever with me
I do not say I share your concern
Because I take your concerns as mine
I do not say I will give everything for you
Because I have nothing except you as mine
I do not say many such things to you
As I run short of words
When I venture saying similar things to you

Bashyam Narayanan

If You Are In An Enthusiastic Sway

Even an insect will eat you away
If unenthusiastic you choose to stay
Even a volcano will bow before you paving way
If you are in an enthusiastic sway

Bashyam Narayanan

Indian Dawn - Anna Hazare

00.00 hours 15th August 1947

Indian Independence

Was born

But that night dawned

Only on 16th August 2011

After six four years

When *Ralegan Siddhi's sun

Rose over the

Mountainous heaps of

Corruption

Created by the

Indian elected representatives

*Anna Hazare's birth place in Maharashtra

Bashyam Narayanan

Indian Wife

A just married young wife laments

You used to peep in secretly into the kitchen
and kiss me and disappear before others enter

You used to shout at me when I waited long
for you from office ignoring my hunger,
but immediately drag me near and
plant a kiss on my lips

You used to bring me jasmine flower strings
for a great night togetherness,
as people bribe a government official
for a getting a caste certificate.

You used to recline on my lap and
refuse to get up, as a boy feigning sickness
to avoid going to school.

Oh foreign-based hubby, you gave me a lot
of similar pleasures for three months
just before taking up an assignment abroad
leaving me in a fire of longing for pleasure.

Oh dear, is it all a dream mere

I spent with my dear husband three months,
I do not know with haunting dreams how long
I have to live, each second crawling like days thousands

Once in 12 years the flower Kuruni blossoms
Once in 4 years Games Olympic comes
Once in 4 year World Cricket Cup games
Once in 2 years my husband turns

How unfortunate, you also joined
the list of periodic events

Is it a blessing or divine's painful whims?

I am not able to cover up my tears
with the one-way blackened glasses of my specs,
you bought me last time

Come back once and for all
Let us a see the meaning of life in a harmonious scroll

Bashyam Narayanan

Infant Wondering

Infant wondering

It was a cute infant
Girl or boy
No clue
With big eyes and fair skin
Thinly built dressed in white
It drew the attention of all of us
In the care of two women
One seemingly its mom
Showing no signs of discomfort
The child enjoying the
Benefits of this air-conditioned cabin
Most of us would have noticed this nice kid
Me, sitting very close to the child
Was able to watch each of this babe's movement
The child was fed a bottle of milk
Which the child finished
Moving its beautiful eyes
Up, down, left and right
Suddenly there appeared a young girl
Dressed all in blue
And started making gestures
And postures in line with a voice behind
She moved her hands in all directions
It was almost dancing in the middle
With no bending of her legs
But revolved around her in swift
The child did not take its eyes off her
Watching her without blinking
The girl in the middle
Took some yellow objects
In between
To add further attraction
To her performance
The child keeping its watch on the girl
The child even demonstrating anger
Whenever there was obstruction
To its viewing the happenings in the middle

It did give a big cry during one such hurdle
The girl in the middle finished her exercise
The child still in awe
Was apparently expecting
Some more things to come
Which did not come up at all
I could sense the disappointment of the child
And I and any other was wondering
At the demonstrations in the middle
As we were hearing things spoken in hurry
And viewing demonstrations performed
In equal, if not more, speed
And to comply a statutory requirement
But the child had a nice five minutes
At wondering mid aisle postures
In an aircraft before take off

Bashyam Narayanan

Ins And Outs

Ins and outs

Ins and outs of technology
Ins and outs of business
Are the phrases with which
Most of us familiar
An individual's experience and
Learning skills
Attendant with excellent execution
Make an individual
An expert in the ins and outs
Of a particular technology or business

A person too has ins and outs
Outs are those
Which get exhibited by the person's
Talking and doing
While ins normally remain
Closed and only some close
Family members and friends
Are given to know it

Judging a person by the outs displayed
May prove wrong
As person is just his or her ins

Ins are mainly intensions
And often they are not made clear
Ins are displayed with masks
Guised often to be noble and humane
The mismatch between ins and outs
Makes an individual
Face conflicts within
And at times it goes beyond control

Though every one has a right to
Nurse ins and keep within
People of exemplary character
Display their ins

And they enjoy a perfect bliss
As they face no conflicts within
There is no need for them
To keep balancing
As they themselves are balanced

Basically the better match, if not a total match,
Between ins and outs
The happier you stay
With least time spent on
Resolving conflicts within

As a innocent child
Talk what you intend
And do what you talk
So that you remain
Comfortable with you

Bashyam Narayanan

International Women's Day - 100th Anniversary

Let us bow before
The womanhood
This day, on the 100th anniversary of
International Women's Day

Nature has endowed
The women folk
Patience,
Love and care
And above all that
The devout attachment
To anything
That belongs to them

They are designed to
Nurture relationship
With a tact
So that relationships are
Rightly maintained
And with a least sign of any strain

They are wrongly termed
As the weaker sex
But it is coined only those
Who are male chauvinists
Attempt is only to make them feel weak

Women are much stronger than what they look

Their kindness to humanity
Is the one that helps the race be on the move
And on continuity

As much as they know how to love
They know also know how to hate
They are framed to keep things together
They are also molded to throw things apart
They are mothers
They can also provide the care of fathers

They can encourage
And equally discourage
They wait and strike at the right time
They are loveable
They dissolve in embraces
They embrace to solidify a weakened confidence
They are less expressive
But turn out to be a volcano if they are to express
Something strongly undesired
They only can make a home
We, men, can only make a house
They are tradition guards
We, men, can be tradition traitors

They are sisters, wives, mothers, daughters and so on
But basically they are mothers
We, men are brothers, husbands, fathers, sons and so on
But basically we are only men

They proved to be better managers
Than what men did
As they demonstrated better empathy

They think beyond
They envision farther
They are organized better

And let us resolve
To see the womanhood
Just not the woman
And to respect
The great qualities a woman has
And all the rest like
Empowering them,
Educating them,
Enthusing them to independence, etc.
Will take care of it

Bashyam Narayanan

It Is Fine, Let Us Learn From Swine

It is fine
Let us learn from swine
The flu that has inflicted millions nine
And made them confine
Suffering in pain
With a totally new fatal design
Defying all understanding developed to define
An infection and its ways malign
And with the ability to make medicines resign
Forcing us to redesign
Our medical approach and tune-fine

It is fine
Let us learn from swine
What we have not learnt from the virus
That made our immune system porous
And created a situation disastrous
More than three decades of research rigorous
With no solution really vigorous
To put an end to that problem stupendous

It is fine
Let us learn from swine
What we failed to learn
From tsunami that raised concern
And killed millions to earn
A notorious name all over, but we failed to discern
The cause of this killer govern
Tsunami was only a word to learn
From a dictionary till then, but when we saw its thorn
We came to know how far we were torn

It is fine
Let us learn from swine
That all the above only showcase
The greedy ways
Of the human race
In the name of developmental phase
With no regard for nature's grace

To see that every one has
What all his needs surface

It is fine
Let us learn from swine

Bashyam Narayanan

It Is Not Going To Be Easy Any More

It is not going to be easy any more
Is what we all cry
And it was also the cry of our parents

Look back
It was only your perception that
It is not going to be easy any more
It all happens as designed by nature
All that happen, we should know
Have a reason behind
Many a time we wonder
Why this happened
We wonder because
We are ignorant
You become enlightened
Once you stop wondering
And just get to know the
Reasons behind a happening
So that similar happenings
Can be prevented, if unpleasant

But, be sure that each happening
Has a reason,
And you cannot have an excuse
For not realizing this
It has happened because
That was the way it has to happen
Accept the happening
Then, act appropriately
Never turn emotional
Emotions retard logical thinking
Emotions lead to non-fetching actions
Stay free, act and smoothly sail over happenings

And you will stop telling
It is not going to be easy any more

Bashyam Narayanan

It Is Still A Long Wait In The Dark

It was a long wait in the dark
After I got conceived and shaped
In my mother's watery womb
I was not able to breathe, talk, walk or eat
I did not hear anything
I did not see anything
I did not know a thing
Was in total darkness
Wondering as to when there will be light
It was a long wait in the dark

Came out
Grew, started walking, talking
Seeing, listening and understanding
I did many a thing
And the taste of so-called successes
Maddened me and blinded me
Making me ignorant
Of the true awareness
And it turned out to be dark again
Not being able to make out
The real from the virtual
When am I going to be out of this wild darkness
It is still a long wait in the dark

Bashyam Narayanan

It Used To Be A Comfortable Descend

It used to be a comfortable descend
From well above
The wind of the lower strata
Making me dazzle one way or the other
But as I get closer to the destination
Me and our tribe
Take a slant straight path
Earlier it was a warmth reception
But, it turns out to be hot these days
A lot of air borne particulate matters
And an irritating gas
Welcome us
We tolerate these
As it gives us greater pleasure
Reaching the surface
People, those days, came out to greet us
And they even danced in the open
Getting themselves drenched
As we land and touch the surface
There used to emanate a scent
Which, we know, indicates the
Active biosphere beneath our landing spot
Days have changed now
People do not have time
To celebrate our arrival
Some of us land on hard and built up surface
And the scent of our union with the destination
Is practically missing
If we are less in numbers
We just trapped there itself and dry up
But if it happens
We rush in big numbers and for long
We flood you
We make you run for shelters
And at times we bring on to you frozen brothers
Who hit on you
We feel sad when we get directed
On to the salty big water s
As we are back to square one

From where only we rose up to come down
We are very pure as we start moving towards you
But as we get closer to you
Many unwanted things penetrate us
Making us less pure
You can a lot to us
So that we reach you pure
And enhance a resource
On which your life depends
You know very well what you should not be doing
And practice them
We shall be thankful to you
For keeping our road towards you clean
Make the descend a comfortable one
For we, the raindrops
Reaching you from the heaven

Bashyam Narayanan

It Was A Less Mourned Death

A person of strong
Likes and dislikes
Expressed his feelings
Irrespective of their
Being palatable or not

Earned mostly bad names
Because of his ventilation
Of what he feels

Most of us camouflage
Our real feelings and
Come out with only sweet and
Untrue expressions

He was a person who demonstrated
True love and in that
His advices were bitter a times
But always held a load of
Pure love and affection

Even those people,
Who have nothing but
Complaints against him
Enjoyed his voluntary services
And which he rendered without
Any expectation but only
To demonstrate his love for them

How many of us are going
To remember him for his
Great qualities

The same outbursts of
His unmasked opinion
Did not take him far
And did not allow him
To have a life most of us
Normally enjoy

Till last minute he lived
His life his own way
May be true, he did not
Do sacrifices to maintain
Relations because he might have
Thought his love is sufficient
Enough to do that and he did not
Believe in convincing people
That he is right

And the day he breathed his last
His soul departed alone and unsung
I am sure his soul will always be around
Those, whom he dearly loved
But my heart knows
It was a less mourned death

Bashyam Narayanan

It Was A Sleepless Night Never Forgotten

Sleepless night never forgotten
Was thirteen plus then
Early part of the night
I slept early that night
Very tired,
Probably because I played a lot in the evening
School holidays they were
Owing to a temple festival
Hurried through my night food,
a mere butter milk laden rice it was
And to sleep quickly
Was shaken up by my cousin
He preferred me to others as I was polite
Obedient and less questioning
Get up and we need to go the temple
He said in curt
Before I could gather myself
He placed a bamboo basket on my head
And started walking
Without a question I followed him
We walked through the no-one-seen-anywhere street
We stepped into the temple
He took me to that part of the temple
Which otherwise unvisited
He was talking to a person
Sitting in front of a table
My cousin paid him some cash
And collected a receipt
I was asked to show to contents in the basket
The person who issued the receipt verified
And he suggested we may proceed
By then I realized that we were to do
Something in the temple kitchen
A forbidden place for outsiders
We were let inside after the collection of the receipt
And the verification of materials we were carrying
The kitchen was crowded
I came to know that we were there
To cook something to be offered to the deity

It was all smoke
Emanating from the firewood kitchen ovens
My cousin ordered me to collect a new earthen pot
I was not unsuccessful
As many were after that
By that time my cousin managed to get one
Now our job was to find an oven
For our cooking
It was also accomplished after some struggle
Regular kitchen staff members were instructing us
As to how to go about cooking
We placed the pot with water in it
After the quantity of water got checked by the instructor
By the time the water got hot
We understood that the cooking pot was leaking
The instructor came to our help
By getting a better non-leaking pot
It was not new, but a used one
Our cooking started in the real sense
We added rice and the yellowish pealed-half-broken green gram
We had a break then
I started looking around
The smoky less illuminated kitchen hall
Someone enquired about me
Someone expressed happiness over seeing me
Probably the youngest among this one-time cooks
We got busy later cutting broken coconut
Into small thin little squares
My cousin declared to the instructor
The rice and gram got cooked
The content was in a half-slurry shape
We were asked to empty the cooking pot
Onto a filter basket
The cooking pot was placed over the stove again
Instructor added very small quantity of water
And the jaggery we carried
Was added to the water
We were instructed to carefully
Handle this and to keep stirring
We kept informing the progress of this soup
To the instructor
And at one point he said to stop heating

The pot was removed from the heat
The instructor verified its viscosity
By allowing a free fall of some drops of the contents
In water and certified its suitability
We carried the jaggery-water-hot-mix and
The cooked rice-gram mix
To a small granite platform
Where they were mixed along with coconut square bits
And the whole got transferred into the cooking pot
He was happy to inform us that
Our offering is ready for presentation to the deity
We kept the pot in the basket
And went to the place where deity with his female resort
We were let inside a tall screen
And I saw more than a hundred baskets
With the cooking pot projecting over them
Before the deity
The temple priest did some ritual
With someone ringing a hand bell
And at last the screen was downed
And we were asked to collect our pot
We walked home with the pot-in-middle basket
On my and cousin's head alternately
I saw that dawn was near
When we reached home
We were given a great reception at home
As they were waiting for this great dish
Cooked in the temple kitchen
And offered to the Lord
Eyes burning after a sleepless night
And a break-less exposure to smoke
It was a sleepless night never forgotten

Bashyam Narayanan

It Was Not Yet Another Day, Today

It was not yet another day, today,
As I happened to meet you in the bus
The gleeful you personify enthusiasm
And care-freeness
This day, I will remember, till the time
I have hold over my consciousness

It was not yet another day, today,
As I had a look into your eyes
The penetrating eyes of yours are
Powerful, conveying at each wink a message
Which this lowly wit soul cannot decipher
How gently they wink, the upper eye lid
With its shining lashes, not hurting the lower one

It was not yet another day, today,
As I heard you talking
The most melodious voice of yours
Was so sweet, as if your vocal chords spray
Honey as air passes through them
The whole world would have realized
The purpose of hearing, as you spoke
My heaven was waiting to descend
Holding on for you to address me,
Which of course, you did not do

It was not yet another day, today,
As I smelt your fragrance
The soothing smell of yours
Had triggered my olfactory cells
And maddened them so
They failed to record the aroma of jasmine
It was not sandal, lavender, rose
But what it was, was my whole day wonder

It was not yet another day, today,
As you chose to sit by my side
The exuberating vicinity of yours
Electrifying and numbing my nerves

I lost all my senses and got immersed
Into a feeling ecstasy and how I wished
Let the whole day pass like this

It was not yet another day, today,
As I got totally intoxicated by your
Impressive presence
I overshot my stop by three ahead
Was fined five hundred bugs by a ticket checker.

Yes, indeed, it was not yet another day, today.

Bashyam Narayanan

Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho - Be Victorious

Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho
Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Come on in and join us under this big
Well decorated and tastefully coloured shelter
Come on in and join us under the
Glittering blue sky and celebrate thy victory

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Despite the fact that thou know
As each day passes thou art nearing thy death
Be thou victorious
Be thou victorious and dance on
The ever burning earthly turmoil
As the flames of black coal
Dance with the waving wind

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Blow away thy sleep
From thy ever bright eyes
And in thy demonstration
Show to the world
That thou art victorious

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Extend thy tender fingers to reach out
The shining stars on the sky
Brushing aside the dogma around them
Be thou victorious

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Overcoming all the obstacles
Bottlenecks between thou and the victory
Let thou be crowned with victory always
Be thou victorious

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Despite thy knowing thy weaknesses
But thou know how to harness thy strengths

And emerge victorious
In all challenging situations
Be thou victorious

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Come on in and join us under this big
Well decorated and tastefully coloured shelter
Come on in and join us under the
Glittering blue sky and celebrate thy victory
Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho

Bashyam Narayanan

Joy Greets You At Doorstep, Sorrow Awaits You In Drawing Room

Half moon in the mid of cloudless sky
Chillness in air despite nearing summer
Things looked bright even with not-functional street lights

I was enjoying a merry running to the street corner shop
To fetch betel leaf and nuts for my mother and aunt
Both resting at home after an eventful festive evening
And a grand reasonably early dinner

I was happy because at home there was peace
And all kids, including my cousins, having a great time
I felt lucky for having been chosen to perform
This service

I was proud as the women folk at home said
That I would get the best betel leaves
Tender and juicy, as I know how to pick up
These made me rush from home
And ended up in a joyful double up run

Everything was fine
Some elderly was asking me, whom I did not answer
"Why running, my boy"

That was the mind set with which
I kept running
I had to stop suddenly because
A thinly built but taller than me boy
Also running opposite jumped in front of me

Before I could understand and say something
The boy slapped on my left cheek
Did not say a thing
Moved towards my right and
Continued running

It took sometime for me synthesize the happening

I stood there for seconds
Looked back to see the running hitter
As I am not knowing even now
The reason for his slapping

Was it because I came on his way
I quietly walked; I dropped the idea of running,
Fearing another slap
Bought the leaves and nuts
With no words uttered and in a
Very thoughtful mood

Returned home with no cheers
But a saw in my family the same joy, they had when I left

Who was that boy
Why did he slap me

Joy does not last long sorrow comes immediately after that
Was the lesson I learnt
And this lesson proved to be right
As the very next week my mother breathed her last

Bashyam Narayanan

Just Climb It

Do not keep decorating the ladder
Climb it
Ladder is a structure
Designed to help you reach heights
In convenient ascending steps
It is not the end
It is only a means
To achieve something at a level above you
All religious rituals and
Spiritual instructions
Are no better than a ladder
Helping you reach a roof top
Where there is total harmony and peaceful bliss
We have been associated with some faith or the other
And the majority of us are lost in the structure
Beauty and contents of this ladder
With no attempt to climb
And reach that divine top and self realization
You have every right to claim
That your faith is the most wonderful ladder
And it is the only way to realization
But you can only claim
With no real chance to prove its worth
You may add some more intermediate steps
In this religious ladder
To help less capable souls climb with some ease
But again, you need to climb
Otherwise you are left in the middle
With no real achievement
Some of us would have reached such a height
From where they would have had the
Ultimate divine experience
Identify them from their sayings
And follow them
Instead of just decorating the ladder
Just climb it

Bashyam Narayanan

Justice, Unjustifiable

He was born in a country, where
An enmity prevails over its neighbor land
For no special reason, but once it was a part
Of the big and large neighbor
He grows and settles in a land of prosperity,
But grows with ballooned enmity
Enormous enough to hatch a plan
To attack the land of his dislike, if given a chance
His hatred takes him to people with
Similar plans and things shaped up
He visited the land of his attack in guise
Quite a number of times
To finalize the plot
He was in touch with those, who were known
Worldwide for their lethal capabilities
He too had the blessings of people in power
Of his home land in the launch of this heinous crime
The land which accommodated him also
Was getting ready to condone such evil deeds
He furnished all vital information
That would help the attackers a trouble free execution
All got done in the last week of one November
A group of five or so kept fighting for near two days
With a nation of more than a billion
Seen communicating with a group across the border
All ended with a near two hundred people of the
Largest democracy getting killed in that great city
Which developed itself into the economic capital of the nation
The land of his stay tracks him down
And exposes his links with dangerous outfits
And his hole in the execution of this unpardonable
Conducts trail and sentences his thirty five years' imprisonment
The nation, which suffered this vicious design
Wanted him so that others involved can be investigated for
But the request was turned down on the excuse that
The sentenced would help that rich nation in tracking others too
The main loser now cries
Justice claimed to be done
With no justification in it

Bashyam Narayanan

Keep Ascending The Tower Of Knowledge

Most of us are learned
We learnt a number of things
Some of us even added
To the knowledge base
Of the discipline we belong to

Why, a few of us
Made the learned others
Wonder at the discoveries of
New philosophies
And at the inventions
That enhanced the standard of living
Of the common man

The person who keeps
Moving up the tower of knowledge
Sees far beyond
And has a vision of
Those subjects still to be
Explored by him or her
While the less learned
Is at the lower strata of this tower
And is yet to know
That there is lot many
To be known and learnt

An expert is one,
Who knows exactly
What he does not know
And this expertise comes
By being on the path of learning
Always and every where
Looking for something to be learnt
From each event, subject and situation

To know how much
You do not know
Keep ascending the tower of knowledge

Bashyam Narayanan

Keep Looking For Loose Ends; Keep Alive And Kicking

Keep looking for loose ends, Keep alive and kicking

The very essence of survival among
All living systems lies in the
Locating of loose ends and fixing them adequately

Making of another million
May be one's loose end while
Winning the next meal
May be that of some one else
Growth of his industrial empire
May be the loose end of an entrepreneur, while
Moving on to the next stage in the spiritual path
May be that of someone different
Getting a loan for building own accommodation
May be some other's loose end while
Paying back the availed loan
May be the loose end of a third other person
Keeping in tact his political position and
Getting a suitable placemen
May be other loose ends, which are common
Building a new nest may be a bird's loose end while
Snatching the next prey may be a tiger's loose end

Thus all are after loose ends

The fact is that locating a loose end is not really the end
As loose ends by themselves are no issues
Loose ends get entangled and invite
New and unknown complications

Some know their loose ends
They seemingly do not think or act on these
May be they are confident of meeting the resultant
Complications effectively and adequately

Some are lost in worrying over the complications
And they find no time to fix loose ends
Loose ends remain loose anytime to blow up

With unexpected implications

It is indeed, the desire that fix loose ends
This desire leads these people as how to fix them
They act on the knowledge and secure loose ends

Loose ends are really fixed by
Emotion-free and knowledge-based actions

So,

Keep discovering loose ends
Develop a desire to fix them.
Know how to go about and
Importantly and finally act

Keep alive and kicking

Bashyam Narayanan

Keep The Chain Of Human Race Unbroken

Made in heaven
Are marriages
Is an adage
But this phrasing is slowly assuming
The status of just a saying

A woman and a man
Are declared wife and husband
To stay together and united
So that an institution called family is
Established, maintained and sustained
With the great responsibility of
Begetting children and helping them grow
Into worthy human beings

The prime motive is to
Ensure continuation of the
Genetic order Homo sapiens

Togetherness and union among the couple
Are directly proportional to the
Emotional, social and economical interdependence
Both of them feel and display

Initial display of mutual interdependence
Immediately after marriage
Is enormous, as it is natural love and affection
And sustaining this is necessitated by arrival of kids

With the advent of civilized living
Social contacts and economic dependence
Demonstration of mutual interdependence
Wanes and as of now it is less uncommon
To see couples fall part
As the sacred heaven-designed relation is strained

There is a need for the couples to
Get committed to relations
As it is the only way for

Keeping the chain of human race unbroken

Bashyam Narayanan

Keep Your Windows Open And Get Connected To The World

My job is to let in sunlight
And to keep inside ventilated
In the process dusts airborne
As vehicles move find their way in
And settle on things kept inside

I am on a mud wall and
And overlooking the paddy field
Across the untopped road by the side
Women and men at home
Peep through me if they hear
Something odd from the road

I am a silent spectator to all that
Happen inside or outside this
Small well kept mud floored hut

At times I breathe air laden with
The fragrance of the paddy field in blossom
And the aroma of garlic
Fried in a corner of the hut
I overhear often the romantic whispers
Of the husband and wife inside
I am also used to the cries of the
Children and their quarrel
I see village folks carrying plough rods
And driving the pair of oxen
I hear the shrill call of a woman
Selling fish and vegetables
In the early morning hours
A number of times I get frightened
By the yells of the differently dressed
Village soothsayer and I pray within
Let him not have to predict something
Unwanted to the people of my hut

Rain water finds its way into the hut

Through me and I feel bad if someone
Shuts my doors hurriedly and with force

I may give an impression I am insensitive
But I only know I rejoice within when
People around are comfortable
And I cry within when they are in distress
I long for many good things to happen
To the family that my hut houses

I wish the children grow well
With enough skills and knowledge
Not only to take care of themselves
But also the community
Let them not stay innocent and starving
As their parents do
Let them be enlightened and evolved
With enough maturity to understand
People nearby and their ways of thinking
Let them have enough riches
And a mind to share the same with others
Let them grow considerate
And have commitment to uplift
Themselves and their kin

I am none other than the window
Of a village hut
People open me,
Get a fresh flow of cool breeze
And exclaim
"Oh, what a wind" and that is why
I am known as Window

Let the world understand
I am connecting this hut to the universe
I am an ambassador of this family
I am a well wisher to them
And to all for that matter

Keep your windows open
And get connected to the world

Bashyam Narayanan

Kill The Virus, Not Us

Kill the virus, not us

Recently this fever is frequently reported
Some even die
People infected by this virus
Range from slum dwellers to farm owners
Even doctors are not spared
Why a very successful film producer
And director too succumbed to this
The blame come on to us, the carriers
We, the Aedes mosquitoes
Thrive on juicy leave saps
And our female members have to have a
Human blood meal
If not for anything else,
For the continuation of our generation
The blood meal is taken early in the morning
Or in the evening with sunlight still being there
We have no clue as to
Whether the person on whom we feed
Suffers an infection of dengue or not
You may not know that
We too get infected by the virus
But we manage well without suffering any symptoms
By the time when all our body fluids
Are enriched with virus it will be
A week or ten days passed
After the blood meal from the infected person
This is when we become real carriers
We have the potential to infect a healthy person
With dengue virus if we happen to bite that person
We are just carriers, not knowing what we carry
Blaming us only is unfair
You hurriedly take measures to eliminate our species
It is not at all possible
We brave all your biological weapons
And you may not be aware that some of us
Have already developed resistance to
Most of your branded repellants and pesticides

We have some of these suggestions
For your staying uninfected by this virus
We admit, we only spread the infection
Remove and clear all such spots
Where we may establish a habitat
We suggest that you use a good mosquito net
And keep us away from you
We repeat, your repellants and pesticides
Are no longer effective against us
Or your genetic stalwarts can engineer
A mutation in us
So that our system itself produces an antigen
Against this virus
And the virus is made non-infective further
Or immunize your people against the virus
Do something with your great scientific effort
To relieve us of this burden around a viral infection
Your mission must be to ensure
That we, the Aedes mosquitoes and you
Have a harmonious co-existence
Kill the cause, not the carriers
Kill the virus, not us

Bashyam Narayanan

Kings Play Guitar, When Their Citizens Do Not Have Even A Shelter

We did not know as to
Whether Nero played fiddle
When Rome was burning
But it looks possible
When some of the elected representatives
Enjoyed a grand cultural event
With popular film stars
Dancing on an expensive stage
Bash glittering all over
Female artistes exposing their
Inviting curves and made up flesh
To load deafening music
And some other representatives
Went on a joyful junket
Visiting places which have no stock
For their learning
But only for entertainment and sight-seeing
In both the cases
It was for the representatives and their families
While thousands of people in the same state
Were braving cold
Some even dying
Following a social fall out and attendant violence
Fueled by intimidating outbursts
Of some of these representatives

Here is a proof though
Kings play guitar
When their citizens do not have even a shelter

Bashyam Narayanan

Know That A Monkey Is On Your Back

There is a monkey on your back

At any point of time each one of us is carrying a monkey on the back.

Whether you like it or not your thoughts, words and deeds are determined by this very powerful monkey.

This monkey is nothing but a personification of the tasks either assigned to you or taken up on your own.

The life line of the monkey is the strong desire that you nurse to accomplish these tasks.

You may not know that you only feed this monkey and make it naughty.

The quality of your feed and its extent depend on your knowledge, attitude and earlier practices.

Often, wittingly or unwittingly we act only to get rid of the monkey.

Unfortunately, if one monkey goes the other is just taking its place.

And you think, talk and act accordingly.

Some wise people, are they really wise, pass on the monkey to some other's back tactfully, so the monkey is rid off, but still alive. This is what exactly happens in a work environment.

Know your monkeys and their feeds.

Fail not to feed them in time, as monkeys should be fed or shot to death. Otherwise, they will starve to death, forcing you to conduct postmortem.

Keep monkeys' population below the maximum number you can probably feed.

Feed monkeys only by appointment, otherwise you will be feeding them at odd hours.

Feed monkeys personally, if left to others, they may feed wrong and/or in

unacceptable doses.

Each monkey is unique, hence its feed and frequency of feed differs.

No monkey stays long. They know when to leave you as once the monkey is satisfied with your hospitality it jumps off your back.

The new monkey on your back is the task to know whether monkeys are there or not on your back.

Bashyam Narayanan

Know That Unknown Which Acts Upon You And Keeps You Going

I know I am not acting
But am acted upon
By someone or something
About which I have no clue
I hear, see, feel the touch, smell and taste
Because of electron transfer
From one chemical compound to another
Freely and in perfect continuity
I know my outburst of emotions
And actions triggered thereby
Are nothing but these electronic transfers
All things happening within me
And all things I create or destroy
Are also because of these instantaneous reactions
Within me
I cannot claim I have control
Over these reactions and hence over these happenings
But who or which controls these
And make me act
Some claim to know
But really they do not
As, if they really know they would not claim
Some claim there is nothing like
By which we are acted upon
But they in private agree there is something
Which makes us act
However much worldly wise you may be
You have no idea of this
However much withdrawn you may be
You have no idea of this
However much trying to know you may be
You have no idea of this
However much ignorant you may be
This will be acting upon you
And will ensure you act as per its direction
It is beyond description
It is beyond perception

It is beyond recognition
It is beyond your farthest imagination
It is neither there nor here
It is neither within nor without
But trying to get hold of it
Makes you understand so many things
Makes you realise an ocean of peace in you
Makes you enjoy all happenings around
Makes you objectively assess conditions
Makes you emotionally settled and balanced
Makes you perform with your best
Makes you create wonderful things
Develop a taste in you to search
That unknown
Which acts upon you
And makes you get going

Bashyam Narayanan

Know The 20 Biggest Time Wasters

Know the 20 biggest time wasters

We are good in spending time, but inept in really utilizing it. The following are the time wasters in both personal and professional lives. It is presumed that you are wise enough to cure them.

Attempting too much triggered by over ambition, over response and over desire

Unclear role and responsibility without adequate authority

Intruders in the name of visitors, guests and others

Inability to say "no" for whatever reason, may be fear or love

Inadequate control over things happening around

Inadequate planning, probably not knowledgeable as to how to go about

Running short of resources

Not adequately informed of the progress

Inability to get certain tasks done by others

Lack of self discipline not keeping up to schedules, not adhering to punctuality

Unfinished tasks in chain of events leading to designed goals

Reacting only when deviations observed, not bothering about preventive steps

Wasteful discussions and purposeless meetings

Unnecessarily detailing, loose ends searching

Self disorganization

Poor or ineffective communication

Procrastination – assuming self to the best, waiting for crisis to crop up,
postponing tougher tasks

Over socializing, diluting the purpose of interpersonal interaction

Time consuming telephone or mobile calls, both in and out

Travel without purpose

Bashyam Narayanan

Last Of The Thousand Kisses

Every thing has a beginning
And every thing that began has an end
Good or bad
Pallatable or otherwise
Joyful or saddening
Things have an end as they had a beginning

Though, most of the times, we know as to
When things began
We do not really know as to
When they are going to end

There is a need for us to be
Prepared for the nemesis
Whether such an end is
Acceptable to us or not

We really do not know
Whether it is the last of the thousand good things we have done
Whether it is the last of the millions of breathes we have taken
Whether it is the last of the billions of beats our heart has performed
Whether it is the last of the thousands of suppers we had
Whether it is the last of the thousands of the tear droplets we shed
Whether it is the last of the thousands of hearty laughters we had
Whether it is the last of the thousands of affectionate hugs we made
Or
Whether it is the last of the thousands joyful intimacies
We had with our life partner

So
Let us enjoy every bit of every thing we do
Let us be involved
Let us be immersed
Let us be lost
Let us be perfect
Let us be self-satisfied
Let us be exciting the beneficiary of our deed
With whatever we do
As if it is the

Last of the thousand kisses

Bashyam Narayanan

Learn To Be Alone

Survival depends on your ability
To manage things yourself
There is an adage in our locality
Which means that
Despite the fact that
Fetus and mother are together
Their mouths and digestive organs are different
Even in this apparent unison
There is a need for loneliness
When it comes to survival and existence
As no one else will eat for you
As no one else will digest your food
As no one else will breathe for you
As no one else will think your thoughts
As no one else talk your words
Even in the midst of millions
You are alone and managing
There is a need for every one to understand this
And there is also a need for every one
To learn to be alone
To be for yourself only
For sometime each day
And watch your own self
For your own development and growth
In unison with every thing around
For your own compatability
With things and people nearby
For your contribution in others'
Progress and advancement
The art of being alone
Goes a long way in enhancing your personality
In finetuning your attitude
In broadening your knowledge base
In advancing your farsightedness
In improving your objective assessment skills
In enlarging your acceptability
In extending your range of kindness
In knowing what you really are
So, learn to be alone

And peep into your personal zone

Bashyam Narayanan

Leave A Mark By Your Special Ways Of Playing Your Role

You are hired
Only to be fired
Or to be retired
As desired
By the person
who hired

This fact need to be dared
When you are up flared
And for hiring declared
By the person who chaired
The selecting group un-deferred

You know your worth
And you should know your work
You know what you should be doing
More vitally, what you should not be doing

Jobs, whose skill requirements
Are below your skill level
And those whose skill requirements
Are far above your level
Cannot be performed by you

At the same time
Do your work diligently
With a passion for it

Tasks performed without love for them
Turn into toiling
With no satisfaction
Either to self or the beneficiary

We are not born
To work or toil hard
But are born to enjoy working
With a never dying enthusiasm

Enthusiasm aided with innovation
Makes the work
More enjoyable

Monetary returns
And other work-related benefits
Cannot be charming always
But, what keeps you going
Is the self-satisfaction,
Your unique contribution
And your specific touch

Be ready to accept the fact
You are not indispensable
Someone will replace you
To play your role

But, leave a mark
By your special ways of
Playing that role

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Each Of Us Light A Candle Against Terror

Let each of us light a candle
On the evening of 26 November
Against terror
That burnt Mumbai
The same day last year
And had been a threat to
The very human race
For decades now

While earlier terror attacks
Were just strikes
The 26th November Mumbai episode
Was indeed a war and battle

War of fanaticism on innocence
War of rage on democratic thinking
War of so called faith on peace

Will lighting a candle
Wipe off the terror
Equipped with bullets, rockets and grenades

Yes, it will
As your lighting a candle
Is going to bring destructive mind blocks
To the glowing brilliance
Of wisdom
And make such terror drawn minds
Realize that the
Ultimate winner is
Human love and kindness

Your lighting a candle
Sends a message to terror
That it is an error
On their part to think
That terror will only rule the world
But the fact is
What rules and unites the world

Why the world only, the entire universe is
Human love and kindness

Let the number of candles lit
Be as many as
The number of people living on this earth
And elsewhere in other planets
Let that number outnumber
The total number of fatal weapons
Held by our terrorist friends
(I do not want them to be branded as foes)
And any others in the world

Let your lighting
Unite not only the peace loving people
But also bring into our loving fold
The terrorists with a changed mindset
Longing for peaceful co-existence
Of the entire human race

Bashyam Narayanan

Let In You Be There A Great Self

On this Diwali day
Let crackers play
Let new dresses sway
Let sweets be shared
Let great wishes exchange
At the same time
From this day onwards
Let in you be there an awakening
Let in you be there an enlightenment
Let in you be there a bliss
Let in you be there a fire for progress
Let in you be there a kindness to all
Let in you be there a broader understanding
Let in you be there a feel for cohesive co-existence
Let in you be there a love for nature
Let in you be there a self-actualization
Let in you be there a balanced outlook
Let in you be there a fairness in all your dealings
Let in you be there a clarity for all your doubts
Let in you be there a touch of divine
Let in you be there a great self and
Let me wish you a happy Diwali

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Me Realize I Really Love You

I really do not know
Whether I love you
You did many things for me
For so many years now
And are still keen to do
I really do not know
Whether I love you

You came in my life
As my loving wife
But how soon you turned
Out to be my mother
Caring me as a
Mother to a child
I really do not know
Whether I love you

You carved your tastes
To suit mine
While my tastes
Remained in tact
You dressed to please me
You sported smiles
To declare your comfort
Even at my rash approaches
I really do not know
Whether I love you

You enjoyed my joys
You shared my cries
You bore my kids
And helped them shape
And glow with justful thoughts
You sacrificed a lot
In holding us together
In well-knit and well-meant bond
I really do not know
Whether I love you

Let me mend my ways
Let me train my thoughts
Let me discipline myself
And let me realize
I really love you

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Men Make Not A Jungle In A City

A jungle in the mid of a city
We did not know this
Till yesterday evening
When a female photojournalist
Reached there
With an idea to expose
A gang of antisocial elements
She was unaware of the danger
Of this abandoned concrete jungle
Which housed wild animals
It was a haven for untamed creatures
As she entered the premises
With a young male colleague
These animals made use of hidden
Discarded concrete caves
To beat her colleague and immobilize him
They then invaded her privacy
Tore apart her pride
Threw her in that least visited place in dark
When the world came to know of this cruelty
Animals left the scene to safety
Animals will soon be caged
Is yet another story
But what troubles most is
That this commercially busy financial capital of the country
Did not know this long
There exists a jungle in the mid
And dangerous animal species visit there
It is a shame on entire male society
As the masculinity is the weaponry
Used in this robbery
I have nothing more to say
But pray that
Let descend wisdom on men
That women are their nature's gentle gift
And they deserve soft gentle handling
With all kindness and love
Men receive from them
Let men make not a jungle in a city

Bashyam Narayanan

Let My God Be Not There

The God in me
Was planted by
My parents and caretakers

And I have grown with
Certain believes and faiths
Which have struck
Deep roots in me

It is difficult and
Just impossible for me
To disown these
Faiths and philosophies

And probably in me
There is a potential
For growth of a
Destructive power
Similar to what
The world had been
Witnessing for years
And has witnessed very recently
In India
Taking away lives of
Innocent people
Sparing no one
Who came across
And showed signs of
Resistance

Oh, my God
Contain me
From becoming
Such a demon
And smoothen me
To accommodate others
With different ways of thinking
Build in me tolerance
Put me in the path of non-violence

In thoughts, words and deeds

If you are not ensuring

This at once

I may have to do away

With you as well

And declare to the world

“Let my God be not there”

Bashyam Narayanan

Let There Be More Smiles

Let there be more smiles
Most of us, in not all
Have reasons to worry about
It can be as simple as
Being late to office
Not having an umbrella in the rain
Your car broke down
Wife scolding you for missing to
Greet her on her birthday
And it can be as deep as
Some being quite ill
Some one in great financial loss
Some one meeting with an accident
And a range of others
Being sorrowful is in no way
Going to help you come out of this
Believe things will change
As they are ever changing
And will change for better
Your worries big or small
Will soon vanish
No one will dare to come near you
If you bear worried looks
Brave these, as you know
They are just passing
Instead smile at these
As you will come out as a winner
While in sorrow
Even a very close friend
Will think twice before reaching you to comfort
But, the smile you sport will
Even drag unknown people to your fold
You may not know
You look more handsome or beautiful
When you smile
Become a catalyst
As your smile will make a lot others too to smile
When you smile
Sorrows go away a mile

Make yourself an agent of smile
And around you
Let there be more smiles.

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Us All Prayfor Peace And Malala's Relief

Malala still in teen
Turned out to be a queen
With her strong desire and keen
To make a religious fanaticism clean

Her movement for education
Of women of a particular formation
Made the world think of reformation
But stood helpless with confrontation

At a tender age of eleven
She made her presence felt even in heaven
By her blog on education for women
Her thoughtfulness did many hearten

Effortlessly she won accolades for peace
Dreaming a world with no one to pierce
The coexistence of human beings on religious base
And help them live and love each other in one piece

She did meet most powerful men of the world
To further her cause for a release from religious fold
She was assured by all as she is mentally strong and bold
She succeeded in getting back her school and household

However, religious fanaticism is strong and stout
That managed to get her twice shot
And she is struggling to survive in an intensive care slot
Hopefully to come back to fight this dreadful fanatic plot

Let us all pray for her life
Let us all pray for a world with no religious strife
Let us all pray for wisdom among those who strike on religious belief
Let us all pray all gods we all know for peace and Malala's relief

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Us All Unite And Ensure That No Longer Such Mishaps Repeat

Savita Halappanavar could have been saved
Had the dead fetus been surgically removed in time
This surgical procedure cannot be termed abortion
As the fetus ceased to be fetus as it is dead
When Savita requested for its removal
We are advanced and ever advancing
But why can't we come out of the shell of
Religious dogmas
And show the world that
We are human beings first and then only
We identify ourselves
With the nation we are born in
With the religion we are practicing
With the language we speak
With the community we hail from
We failed to identify as a human being
In the process
We lost a woman for no fault of hers
This version is making rounds as of now, but
Whom to blame, as a life is lost

The doctors probably allowed Savita to suffer
As still they claim there was fetal heart beat
Might have ventured a risk
Thinking that Savita would stand that for some more time
Before going for the surgical intervention
But death won the race
This version too makes it round

The land where this tragedy occurred is
Too well known for its pre and post natal care
And hence some find it difficult to believe
That such an incident gets reported
As negligence and gynecologists of that land never go together

Some talk about protest against anti-abortion lobbyists
Some talk about religious adherence

Some talk about racial discrimination
Some talk about so many other things

Let us forget all that
Let this unforeseen death be not become a divide between us
Let us console the widower
Let us pray for peace of the departed soul
Let us extend apologies to bereaved families
If the death has really occurred because of human error
Either technical or otherwise
Let us all unite and ensure
That no longer such mishaps repeat

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Us Allow Her At Least To Sleep, Leave Alone Caring Her

Early morning in January
Morning walk
Poorly maintained Indian road
Walk was not brisk
Reason, traffic
Two wheelers, cars, vans and trucks
Though not heavy
Enough for a walker to be discouraged
Despite all that
She was sleeping
On the cushion of a
Heap of plastic wastes
Curled like a semi circle
Sleeping quietly
Probably comfortably too
Rushing vehicles do not disturb her
Walkers ` scratching shoes or sandals
Do not disturb her
She is sleeping as if she is dead
I have at home the comfort of mattress
Fan, air conditioner, quilt and what not
Still a number of night hours spent un-slept
Pondering over a painful past
Or scheming for an unknown future
I do not think I never slept the sort of slumber
She is demonstrating
Sleeping only while sleeping
Before I finished this comparison
Of myself with her
A bike rider, probably a learner.
With an elderly pillion rider
Instructing him
And shouting "turn to right"
Ran the bike over her a little-bit projected tile
And make her, a thin built street dog,
Jump and run off her
Waste laden bed

And a wonderful sleep
We need at least to have the kindness
To let her sleep on our waste
Leave alone caring here

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Us Be Different, Not Indifferent To Realities

Let us be different, not indifferent to realities

Let us not take pride for what we are
We know for being what we are
A number of others contributed more
Than what we did for being what we are
So
Our wisdom does not permit us
To take pride in being what we are

Let us not beat our own drums
We understand people come to know us better
In our silence, as silence is
More expressive in communication
And let us not demonstrate
Our capabilities and powers
Only to show to what far we are competent
And what are our physical and mental strengths
And
We are not competing with any one
But we do compete with our own self
To scale higher levels of excellence

Let us not be violent in
Thoughts, words and deeds
We know demonstrating non-violence is easy
But we will keep striving
Not to nurse violent thoughts
So that we are not violent to the core

Let us be patient, patient, patient
We know nothing is going to harm us
Except our turning turbulent and impatient
We understand that it is all changing
Will soon change to our favour
Though we have realized that
There is nothing like 'favourable' or
'Unfavourable' situation

Let us remain clean
In our thoughts, words and deeds
Like a child we will talk what we think
And we will do what we speak

Let us remain a learner ever
Trying all the time to learn
And to unlearn so that we remain
Very clear about everything
Within and without

Let us keep our physique clean
Of dirt and diseases
Let us nurse healthy practices
And enjoy living to the last breathe

Let us stay fearless
As we are confident of facing anything
Good or otherwise
We believe we can negotiate adequately well
Situations requiring a thoughtful navigation
We are sure nothing can hurt us
As we have the tact of handling them safely

Let our deeds remain totally unselfish
Not that we negate our self
But we will not long for a selfish end
In all what we do
Collective interest and common good
Will decide our acts

We know which stimulate our sensual organs
Let that be what we see,
What we hear,
What we smell,
What we taste and
What we touch
We know how to enjoy them
Let us exercise caution against
Overindulgence and
We have the strength to reject a stimulant at our choice

Let us give up arrogance of ego
We will effectively resist its dominance
We will enjoy the utility of things and people
But we will not possess any
We will not cry over things going their way
And we will not mourn their departure

We know the vagaries of life and living
We have the acumen to foresee the emotional imbalances
Associated with birth, death, ageing, diseases and disorders
None of these come in our way
And hamper our progress towards self actualization

Let us not be madly bonded to any weakness
We know we can stay strong and in balance
Only if we can stop being attracted to things
We will not repel any thing at the same time
Though our mission is to be un-attracted

Let us have a balanced and weighed bonding
To our dear and near
Not that we do not care for them
We love them adequately
But we exercise control over love to them
So that they do not feel our caring a burden
And they remain independent

Let us have an emotional balance ever
The so called favouring or unfavouring situations
Do not influence this emotional balance
As we treasure this as our greatest possession

Let us be devoted to one particular divine understanding
And faith so that we reach some far
In our spiritual path and be ever guided
To take meaningful decisions while living

Let us select a clean and calm environment
As our habitat
Which is congenial to our inner search
And help us understand the

Power that energizes the universe
And nurtures its components

Let us not relish being in the mid of a crowd
Not that we stay alone
We will stay with people, any number, any kind
But we know that we only are our company
Crowd psychology will not penetrate us
Let us be guided by our righteous will

Let us ever dwell in search of the real self
We are totally devoted to know our self
We understand it is a waste of time
To make efforts to understand others
As such an effort leads us only to misunderstand

Let us be ever preparing to
Have the feel of ultimate truth
We know it is more a realization
Of the self and its relationship with the infinite

And thus, let us be different
And not indifferent to realities

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Us Celebrate

Celebration means rejoicing
An achievement
An advancement
A successful accomplishment
A commemoration

In all these
There were efforts
Struggles against odds and
Challenges
Greater the effort
Tougher the struggle
Grander the celebration
Examine the celebrations
We launch normally

We celebrate birthdays
Wedding days
Marriages
An elevation in social or professional status
An acquisition of property
Nationally or politically important events
A range of festivals depending on the faiths we tag on

How many of them
Deserve being celebrated

You will come to know
Some of them, if not many
Need no celebration
As there were no efforts of ours
And there were no struggles

Then why do we celebrate
We celebrate because
Others do so or
We can afford to do so

Time has come

Where there is a limitation on resources
Resources here mean
Those we are endowed by nature
Not those that are man made
And available at a price

Many celebrations denude nature
Of its priceless resources
And we consume these non-renewable and
Non-replenishable resources
Just to show we can do that
And in the name of celebrations
Which do not really mark any
Achievement or accomplishment
Following our effort or struggle

Let us celebrate
But let us restrict the number of celebrations
So that the future generations too
Will have something to celebrate

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Us Think Anew On This Republic Day - 2013

Let us think anew in this Republic Day - 2013
This day in 1950 India became a Republic
But this 64th Republic Day forces me to think
Something special and new, especially for Indian women
We see nowadays quite a number of harms done to them
There may not be a breaking news
But, there will always be a raping news
Age across girls and women are victims to this male misbehavior
We also see a great number of learned
And vociferous women appearing as panelists in a range of
Discussions on varied topics
A demonstration that proves that Indian women are
No where less to their spouses and counter gender
All these trigger me, prompt me, to think
Why not there be a separate political outfit for women
It can be National Women's Party
It can be Indian Women's Party
It can be any such name
With a woman President
With a woman General Secretary
With a woman Treasurer and so on
The emphasis is that there are only woman members in that
The policies and objectives can be so that
All Indian women, including those already in power
Join the party and make it a challenging outfit
To already existing policy-faulting, corrupt-ridden
Political parties, national or regional
By chance, if they turn successful
All representatives will be women
Likely, if this happens, more and more women
Will be there to make decisions towards national cause
Likely, they are less corruption supportive
Likely, they take more pointed solutions
Likely, they have pointed questions to ask
Likely, they have pointed answers to offer
Likely, they make more technical decisions
Than political decisions the nation witnessed so far
They are capable of making minds meet
They are capable of making wisdom dawn

They are capable of making emotions melt
They are capable of making neighbours friendly
They are capable of making economy stabilize
They are capable of making religions tolerant
They are capable of making governance grand
They are capable of making Indians proud
They are capable of making their existence safe
I fondly wish this becomes a reality
And on this Republic Day let a seed be sown
For this great tree to establish

Bashyam Narayanan

Let's Demonstrate We Are Civilized In The Real Sense

The tilling of land
The finding of the use of fire
The discovery of wheel
The advent of metal usage
Marked the way for
Civilization
And we have been
Civilizing ourselves
Since then
Our ways of living improved
Generations after generations
Our comfort level kept increasing
We are at such a peak
That a peak further ahead
Looks impossible
But we are yet to be
Civilized in the real sense
As we have no regard
For the resources we use up
And consume so much
That many of us run short
And we have no clue as to
Whether our future generations
Will have at least a taste of
What all we have consumed
And we say we are developing
Each second
We are termed more and more developed
The more we devour the resources
Minding not whether something left
For others, leave alone for generations ahead

God said
Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth
He, probably, meant
Stay in comfort
Generate fruits, grains, vegetables and other edibles
Eat well
Ensure the continuity of the human race

By multiplying in number
And make sure
To replenish the earth
For its continued and uninterrupted support

We are fruitful
We grow grains
Develop farms
We are multiplying ourselves
Some of us in dangerous proportions
But
Are we replenishing the earth
No way
We are not sending back anything to the earth
With which she can support living blocks
What we send back to the earth
All rubbish
And some of them
Even remain a challenge
For the earth to digest and assimilate
Some of them are threatening
Life support systems
Which, the earth developed
Over millions of years

Let us examine the way we live
Let us check the wastes we generate
Let us demonstrate
We are civilized in the real sense
With a farsightedness that will
Help future generations
Enjoy living the same way we do.
If not better

Bashyam Narayanan

Life A Mystery, Not A Problem

Life a mystery not a problem

Problem

Is a situation

Which does not allow you

To reach your goal or

To get things done

As per your original schedule

Once perceived as a problem

You make use of your

Knowledge, experience,

Skill and resources

To come over it

And you may reach your goal or

Get your things done

Even if delayed

And even if falling short of

Your expectations

If a situation is perceived as a mystery

It becomes a riddle

Likely you take it more as challenge

Not just a problem solving requirement

You wonder at the

Natural ways of things taking shape

You wonder at the

Variations in the perceptions of

Others and even among people close to you

And very likely you end up

With out-of-the box thinking

And get beyond traditional ways of

Looking at things

You may even set a trend

For new and innovative approach

To the problem, nay mystery

And this mindset will help you

Enjoy living

And expand your knowledge base
With regard to human behavior
And natural laws
Which only shape your future
And carve your life style

Take life as a mystery
And do away with the thinking
That it is a problem

Bashyam Narayanan

Life A School, Learning The Living

Life, a school
With no class rooms
With no black boards
With no one standing before you and teaching
With no tests
With no exams
With no marks, ranks and promotions
With no books
Life, a school
And you are in the same standard or class life through

Who is teaching, but
Everyone you come across and
Everything nearby
From just born to the one waiting to depart
The leaf dancing to the tunes of the wind
The car that is speeding by your side
The plane flying up in the sky
The water flowing gently in the stream
The stars twinkling in the dark sky
The colourful horizon at the other end
The mist, cloud, smoke and emission
The small ant busy carrying a much-bigger-to-its-size dry leaf
The butterfly jumping from flower to flower
All have potentials to teach,
If you have the desire to learn

What do they teach
To remain happy ever
To help others improve their status of happiness
To keep yourself balanced in all situations
To go ahead with your work emotion free
To stay healthy and be kicking
To be special of your own
To be social and sociable
To lead and to be an active part in team
Not to lose time in dreams and wasteful thinking
Not to be lazy and lost
Not to feel unwanted

And quite a number of other things for lively living
And to apply what all you learnt
And just not remember and pour it out for scoring marks

Who assesses performance?

You and you only

As you only know what was taught

And you only know what was learnt

The more you apply what you learnt

The better is your performance

Know your performance from

How long you stay cool

How many derive benefits of your existence

How many call on you

And how many you call on

How do others respond to your requests

How you respond to their requests

How innovative and creative you remain

How many times you laugh in a day

Assess yourself, if not satisfactory,

Apply more and more of what is learnt

At the same learn more and more

What is the syllabus

It is for you decide

As you are the examiner

You are the taught

You are the student

You are the evaluator

You are the Vice Chancellor of your Life University

Set the syllabus yourself

Check then and there how far you are covering

Fail not to apply, whatever is learnt

What happens if you fail

You will remain where you are, not an inch ahead you can move

You become stagnated and start stinking

No one will be there near

No one play with you, laugh or cry with you

You will not be special, but a specimen

You will have life, but really, are dead

People say
Learn to Live
Let us change that a bit
Live to learn
As life is a school
and learning is living

Bashyam Narayanan

Life Just 10% Of What Happens And 90% Of How You React

Life 10% what happens and 90% your reaction on the happenings

We are free to choose
Our response in any given situation
But we are not free to
Choose the consequences of those actions

Our actions,
Those governed by right principles
Bring positive results
Dishonesty in dealing can
Bring social consequences,
Depending on whether or not
We are found out
And
Also are our natural consequences
Fix result of our actions,
Which Indian Philosophy puts as Karma

That means our choice of response, in a way,
Is our choice of consequences
The important and decisive factor in life
Is not what happens to us
But, the way
We take towards what happens

Bashyam Narayanan

Life, A Dream Only

Many feel, rightly too
That life is a challenge
With many loose ends
And many a time
A lot ends stay loose
And a range of problems
Looming large all over
Some suffer financially
Some suffer on social grounds
Some suffer physically
Some suffer with family issues
Some suffer professionally
Me, you and almost every other person
Has something to be uncomfortable with
But, just nurse a thinking
That all these are dream
And you are sleeping
Only to wake up to a problem-free dawn
If you believe it is all a dream
Very likely you will just act to come over
The issues eating your brain
As in a dream you just do that
When you feel that you are really with it
Very likely you end up reacting to issues
With a lot emotional confrontations surfacing
When you feel it a dream
You are sure that all these disappear soon
To a pleasant, if not blissful, wakefulness
Give your dreams a chance
To help you and to enhance
Your level of happiness
And experiment this dream therapy
At regular intervals
So that one day you will be enlightened to a faith
That life a dream only

Bashyam Narayanan

Light Of Asia And Darkness In Me

Light of Asia and darkness in me

May be, I was studying in my fifth grade
We had a lesson in Gautama Buddha
A Tamil version of The Light of Asia

That piece was about Kisagotami
The mother with the dead child

We were taught in brief
How this poor woman
Got married to a rich merchant
How this baby boy was more important to her
Than what a child means to its mother
As this boy brought her peace of mind
And in her a special status in her husband's circle

She could not accept the death
But still believed that the baby is just sick
And can be revived
No one could make her understand
That her child was no more alive

She heard of Gautama Buddha
And his miraculous cures of both body and mind
Approached him with a plea to do something
To save her child holding the dead in her arms

"Mustard seeds" said the enlightened one
Astounding everyone around
"Not even handful, a few will do" he continued
"But from a house where no one has died" he added

She was pleased as she thought it would be very easy
She was sure that the child would be revived
She went hither and thither, far and wide
She came across no house matching this specification
Of no death of anyone
She came to realize that

Not only was she stricken by the death of a loved one
But this was the common human fate
Death is the destiny of all human beings

What words could not convey to her
Her experience of meeting people
Who suffered what she was going through
Explained to her the reality of life

She became clear that life is uncertain
While death is certain
Kisagotami was relieved of her illusion

But I was not
The child mind in me was telling me that
My house was a one
Where no one had died since the day I was born
Kisagotami could have come to our house
For the mustard seeds Buddha has asked for

I had seen people dying in our neighbourhood
And I was sure that no one had died in our house so far
I did not dare to ask any of my elders at home
As to any had died in our house

It took about two years for me to make out
People do die in my house as well
When my mother died due to pregnancy complications

Kisagotami understood the theory of existence
After the death of her baby boy and
I understood the same
By the demise of my mom

Was it an enlightenment
With a long-lasting darkness setting in

Bashyam Narayanan

Live Your Life And Let Others Do Theirs

For you to
Conform to what is said in the title
You need to understand
The following

Though you own a house
You are not that house
Though you own a car
You are not that car
Thus, though you own your body
You are not that body
You are not that anything
Which has a relation with your body
So, you are not a father or mother
You are not a son or daughter
You are not a brother or sister
You are not a man or woman
You are not a professional or otherwise
You are just a soul
Occupying a body and controlling it

The second important understanding is
That you are not doing anything
Your eyes have seen, you have not
Your ears have heard, you have not
Your intelligence has understood, you have not
Since you are not your eyes, ears or intelligence
Or anything that a relation with your sense organs
You have not done anything
Anything done by your body
Of which you are the soul
Is nothing but the response
Of your sense organs
To the their respective stimuli

Third understanding you need to have is
That the soul in your body is
A part of a super soul
Whom, you may call as God

And He is aware of and witnessing
Everything happening around you
And elsewhere

What you need to do
With this understanding

Direct your body
To selflessly and non-emotionally perform
Those duties
Which have been assigned
Naturally and
Which have been assigned
Based on the skills
Acquired by your body
With common good in mind
And with no attachment to the results therein
Guarding against
The possible arrogance
Of having performed

And seek for guidance
From the super soul
For sustenance of the
Above knowledge and performance
While dedicating everything
Done by your body
As an offering to the super soul
Keep you ever attached
To the super soul
By directing your thoughts, words and deeds
Towards Him

Sustain these

And

You live your life and
Let others do theirs

(An attempted retelling of Bhagavad Gita with an appealing twist)

Bashyam Narayanan

Long Long Ago

Long long ago
So long ago
No one else knows how long ago
But I know it was
Fifty four years ago
I lived in that house for a month or so
During a summer vacation
Me with my sister and parents
Were given a part of the house
To stay and have a great annual outing
In the mid of a metro
I sighted that house by chance
One afternoon
When I walked some distance towards home
After a half-a-day work in the office
The tall neem tree was still there
With its dark broad shadow
The tin sheet topped outhouse
Which formed our kitchen was also seen
Hotting up in the afternoon sun
In which we used to take our lunch with profuse sweating
I managed to peep over the gate
The same rust laden paint ridden
And could see the two feet wide cement platform
Leading to the entrance of the house
On which we played cricket
Often to the displeasure of the elders
The house has not changed at all
The same wooden framed entry
With forgotten-to-be-painted iron mesh
The same stairs on the front leading to
The half-sheltered first floor
I was wondering as to how
This house stood without practically any change
In the middle of a posh surrounding
I was recalling those 30 or so days' stay
In that house from where
We used to visit places
Every other day

I was just thinking about a mid night episode
When street dogs chased us
As we were returning from a film show
In a nearby cinema hall
I came to my senses as a dog was barking at me
From inside the gate
And there appeared a woman
And asked me what was I looking for
I started telling her
Long long ago

Bashyam Narayanan

Look At Me Please, I Am Just Above You

Look at me please
I am just above you
Overlooking the
Movement of each of you
But no one finds time
To look at me
And appreciate
The great services
I am rendering

Look at me please
I am just above you
On a branch that has
Taken a sun-light driven bent
And magnanimously
Arching over the busy road
Where all types of vehicles rush
Day in and day out

Look at me please
I am just above you
And am busy always
And busier when sun light
Falls on me, as I have to
Do a lot of processing
Within me and help my holder
Grow, blossom and fructify
For your use and later
For establishment of
My holder's replicas

Look at me please
I am just above you
Capturing your carbon dioxide
Emissions and converting them
To energy molecules
But, you see, we are engulfed
Nowadays with so much of that gas
And finding it difficult to make use

Of everything you emit
Factually, we are suffocating
With the same gas, which used
To be our food delight

Look at me please
I am just above you
And I am none other than
The broad leaf attached
To the teak tree planted
Long back within your
Office boundary wall
Got established and standing tall
Despite being not well taken care
Thriving just on the little water
And the soil nutrients
Sapped by the root system

Look at me please
I am just above you
Working for you
Breathing out
Your much required
Life supporting gas
We, the nature's creations
Do not do anything in excess
We aspire only for
Decent and sustained living
We act matching
Just the demand of that time

Look at me please
I am just above you
Please do not do anything
That can create
A non-manageable situation
And that will end up
In elimination of
All living beings, including you
Check your energy-intensive habits
That is the only way
For your sustained stay

Bashyam Narayanan

Look At Your Watch

Normally we look at our watch
When an event commences or
When an event concludes or
When we are waiting for someone or
When we are waiting at the bus stop or in railway station or
When we are rushing to office or in a hurry for a meeting or
When we are waiting for a word from a doctor
After admitting someone dear to us in the hospital
And so many other occasion, which are quite familiar to us
Looking at our watch indirectly indicates that
We are anxious about accomplishing a task

It is instinctive you look at the watch
You do not require any one to remind you
As to when to look at your watch

Looking at the watch does not necessarily mean that
You are punctual or time conscious
It is a habit and
Extent and frequency of looking at watch
Vary with person to person

Take the case of a race
A person runs and some other is looking at the clock
Attempt here is to know the
Duration of a particular event
The person, who takes the least duration
For a set performance is the winner
So too, you aim at consuming least time in
Performing a certain task
And become the winner

Let not others watch your performance
Watch your own performances
And see that your actions chase the time

Your attempt need to be a real-time watching
And not just to know the time of beginning and end of an event

You also need to understand
That there is no job which can be done in no time
Each job, big or small, needs its own time
But your intelligence, skills and innovation
Can reduce the duration

You will watch the time in an attempt to chase it
And not to be just with it
Such an attempt will take you ahead of time

Each second has a greater value for you
Than what others attach to it

Each second will generate more for you
Than what it does for others

Each second will make you understand more things
Than what other do in a second

Each second will enlarge your knowledge base more
Than what it does for others

Look at your watch not just to know the time
Look at your watch to know how timely your acts were

Bashyam Narayanan

Love And Care From A Terminally Ill

I just happened to overhear
That my death is very near
Attending doctors are not clear
As to when exactly I leave this world for ever

From all that which was discussed
Among the the medical faculty focused
On the scan of my brain cells diffused
The days are counted for the holder, not to be disclosed

It was painful, but a reality
I must accept this fact in totality
Death is slated at the time of birth, nay, of fertility
All born in world have to depart one day a certainty

I started crying for a while
But as a nurse appeared, put on a smile
As if all fine with me all the while
Whether she knew or not, the my readying coffin nail

I looked back in the real sense
Visualising all that went on in my life since
The day I started registering me-around happenings
Some exciting, some troubling, some even non-sense

With this Oh, people of the world
Learn that death follows birth, so mould
Before you depart and you need to be bold
To accept this reality, let your self be repeatedly told

Take a lesson from my history
Which had many ups and downs in close repository
I did not manage well the emotional adversary
And I am forced to leave early at not even half a century

Bashyam Narayanan

Love Me Not This Much

Love me not this much
I wonder more often than not
What is so worth in me
To have won your love
I am unable to define yet
The love I have for you
And think a number of times
Before coming out to say
I love you
You too do not say that
But you demonstrate your love
So wonderfully that I find it difficult
To accommodate it adequately well
Sometimes I am forced to feel
That your love for me
Hampers my emotional growth
Not enjoying a freedom to decide
Without making it sure that
The decision will not harm your interests
My innovative efforts
Find a barrier in the form of your demonstrated love
Here again I feel
Whether at all I match you
In expressing, leave alone, demonstrating
The love I have for you
I, for sure, long for your love
But cautiously enough that
My love for you comes not my way
In my freedom for other passions
Bear with me please
For my lowered dose of love
As I feel this will go a long way
In ensuring our mutual freelance,
Our collective spiritual growth and
Individual independence
Enjoy your freedom and
Allow me to enjoy mine
And so
Love me not this much

Bashyam Narayanan

Love Others And Take Them Along In Your Great Ship – Friendship

It was a blossom in my life otherwise a desert
To have a friend and to open up my heart
To exchange what I feel and to assert
In me a confidence that there is someone to support

My friendship is not only to exchange joy
Also it share moments that have potential to destroy
My mansion of pleasures and smooth convoy
That I came over them, efforts I did not deploy

My friendship is a flower of all season
It shows up colours, emits fragrance for no reason
It is all understanding and sharing in person
An effortless display of love beyond horizon

My friendship requires no exchange
Of greetings, cards or flowers in orange
It tells me what my friend feels even in strange
No words spoken and everything is known in all its range

My friendship is god given honour
It is a strength on which I can corner
All successes and go beyond the banner
At the same time I remain ever a happy runner

My friendship is to me so special
That I protect it, as I do my essential
It is a bond made of thought potential
Will stay lifetime with great credential

Come on, we need to understand friendship
It is a relation generated mainly on courtship
It is a thought-driven process built on partnership
So, love others and take them along in your great ship

Bashyam Narayanan

Make A Living But Fail Not To Live

Making a living versus living

What exactly is living?

Living is doing things the way you want
Living is doing things the time when you want
Like
Walking when you want to walk
And that far and that fast you want
Talking when you want to talk
And that much and that loud you want
Eating when you want to eat
And that much and that cuisine you want
Crying when you want to cry
And that much time and that much regretful you want
Laughing when you want to laugh
And that much loud and that much cheerful you want
And so on
Many of us, if not most of us
Spend a lot time in making a living
With practically no time left
For really living

Allocate each day a time to live
And apportion a time to make a living
Let not these overlap
And again we assign ourselves many things
For the benefit of others,
Especially in the family and the loved ones
Nothing wrong, as it is only natural
But, know also you have to live for you too

Spend some time each day
Focusing on your care
Talk to yourself
Enquiring its welfare

Thank your sensory organs for
Being receptive to stimulants

And giving you the right information
Thank your other quiet performers
Of your body
Who help you perform physically

Simply
Make a living
But
Fail not to live

Bashyam Narayanan

Make Each Day Valentine's Day And Create A Heaven Of Earth

We all know
That we are here
On this earth
Because of love
And we are sustaining
Because of love
Generations ahead
Depend on the love
We are going to demonstrate

We have been advancing
Our ways of living
And enhancing our levels of comforts
In the process we lost sight
Of the above fact
And we need a day's celebration
To keep us reminded
Of the above universal truth

It looks
We started believing that
Life is driven by the fuel of
Money, power and fame
And no longer
Life is to be lived and enjoyed
With the nectar of love and affection
And it is enough we live a day each year
Demonstrating our love to others
On this Valentine 's Day

Let us make
Each day Valentine's Day
Express and demonstrate
Love for all people around
And for all living things around
And create a heaven of earth

Bashyam Narayanan

Malala Day

From today
Every twelfth day
Of July
United Nations say
To mark her birth day - today her sixteenth
And to commemorate the brave way
She fought away
The fearsome terror array
Alone and still does stay
Determined to pay
The women of today
A gift of self-earned empowered free independent way
With the strength of education
A teacher
A child
A book
A pen
She rose to say
Are mightier enough
To wipe out
Fanaticism
And terrorism
A teacher
A child
A book
A pen
She added
Are enablers
To usher in
Harmonious peaceful co-existence
With tolerance, love and understanding
Let the world
Learn to live
A new life
From today
Malala day

Bashyam Narayanan

Managing Change

Managing change

Change is inevitable. But how well we manage changes. Often we find it difficult to cope with the change and waste our precious time in pondering over the pleasantries of the past.

We must understand, why at all a change occurred. Necessity, scarce resources, new environment, updated facilities, etc. bring out changes.

We step in a changed environ without even a hint of the same. The best advice would be to ever be prepared for changes, favourable or otherwise. Let wisdom descend on us to appreciate and enjoy the ever changing colours of the people, places and others of this living space.

Managing change involves assessing the extent and nature of the change. It is essential to assess the gains and losses of a change, so that we get a balance. We need also to know the beneficiaries of a change and others, who may lose some privileges.

We should have the tact to monitor the impact of the change so that unacceptable deviations are rectified then and there, by effectively controlling the impact of the change.

We need also the courage to accept the change, even if the impact of a change is uncomfortable

Bashyam Narayanan

Mango Thieves

Mango thieves

Ancestral home, not so big
To accommodate all of us
We were kids numbering thirteen
The youngest one at three and
The eldest at twenty four
It was all fun, plays and teases
Summer holidays, also mango season
Mangoes were bought not in kilos
But in bulk and stored in a rice drum
The drum was of three feet tall
And some of us could not even peep into
But many managed to jump into
For stealthily grabbing mangoes
Some little ones were caught
While they were enjoying the mango
Within the drum itself
Some elders of my sort were
Tall enough to get hold of the mango
Leaping over the rim of the drum
And to climb onto the ever-in-darkness loft
Just above the drum
I used to sit quietly on the loft
Deep inside so that none could locate me
It used to bite the mango carefully
And tactfully manage so that
Not a drop of juice fell on the loft floor
The taste of mango enhanced with each bite
And with the understanding that
Someone below did not notice me
The mango seed was scratched
To the extent that there were no remnants
Of the pulp left on the surface of the seed
The seed would become white with each
Brushing by the teeth
I could often see its white surface
Even in that darkness
The palm and fingers were sulked

To the extent that the hand turned clean
With no signs of its handling
A skin-peeled mango
By any chance if I located
Someone else also sitting on the loft
On a similar mission
I preferred not to take note of him or her
I kept myself focused on my
Self-imposed task of mango stealing
A good Samaritan among us
Would take up cleaning of the loft
At the end of the summer vacation
And come out to declare as to
How many mangoes were eaten
In silence and in darkness
By counting the clean shaven white dry mango seed
Strewn over there in the loft
And on no occasion
Elders could catch us,
The mango thieves

Bashyam Narayanan

Marry A Person Worth Being Your Height

On our 23rd wedding anniversary

8400 days of pleasant togetherness
1200 weeks of shared dreams
276 months of intimate pleasantries
23 years of happy living are
What all I am blessed with
After my being made one with you

How come you did not change a bit at all
While I feel I am changing at each minute's fall

How readily you accepted me and mine
In spite of our accommodating you was not that fine

How wonderfully you blossomed and spread fragrance
Despite my worthlessness and thoughtless arrogance

You may not know the great feelings I went
Through, whenever you were beside with your own sweet scent

Love for you is a spring and like a well
It is always full and in fact, tends to swell
As time passes I apprehend it will be a hell
Without you nearby with lot many things to tell

I know my philosophical ways and spiritual moods
But never came to know in full your thoughtful routes
To ways of living and winning friends striking roots
Deep in their hearts thus performing feats of loots

I lost my mother long long back, keeping the gnawing
Alive for a motherly care and love, and my belonging
To you quenched once and for all this painful longing
As you demonstrated an affection ever growing

You bore my children and the pains thereof
For which I do not have words to pour off
To thank you adequately and to share of

Your struggles to see that things are well off

Come what may, go what may, with you by my side

I can stand and come over any great slide

I only wish in your next immediate birth, decide

And marry a person worth being your height

Bashyam Narayanan

Me And The Ghost

A December night
Fourteen years old me
I was returning after seeing off
A cousin of my cousin
In a bus on his way back to city

Bus station was on the southern part of the town
I was to walk back home on the northern side
Through a very big temple
It was around nine in the night
And the temple was practically deserted

I should have selected a path en route
There would have some people because of festivity
But I opted a short cut so that I could reach home early

It was a long stone paved corridor
Stone walled both sides about fifteen feet apart
As I stepped in there I got frightened as I saw none
The entire five hundred feet long path way

I used to hear stories of unnatural events happenings there
I tried my best to keep away from such thoughts

I was recalling the wonderful time I had with my cousin
Who took me to places and made me edibles
Which I have not eaten before
This time we also saw a just then released film

As I was moving cautiously
I was telling myself I should not be afraid

Suddenly I heard a loud laughter
Some voices speaking something
Which were in breaks

This corridor was well known for experimenting echo
Where we shout and get our voice is heard again and again

I was looking for someone at the other end
But no one was there□
Laughter and undecipherable dialogues continued
I did not stop in an attempt not to accept my fear

I was walking with my heart beating heavily
Luckily the corridor was sufficiently illuminated
I made it a point to cross hurriedly
The path between two luminous points
So that I was in well lighted portions of the corridor most of the time

The sounds I heard were continuing
Thank God, I was at the end
But, with none to be seen

Having gained some courage
I started looking for the origin of the sound
I located it

It was a stone covered enclosure for a diety
At the end of the corridor
Where two gentlemen was talking
And having fun

I peeped in
What are you looking for?
One of them asked
I answered
I came across a ghost
I left the scene
Without answering their questions like
Where did you see?
How did that look like?

Bashyam Narayanan

Me, The Lone Non-Spewing Chimney

Me, the lone non-spewing chimney
I stand forty feet tall
Overseeing the speeding vehicles on a road
That links the national capital and a state capital
When I rose about forty years ago
My owner was proud
Each morning he would spend two hours
Standing before me braving the hot summer sun
I am built of bricks
With a tapered top and
My bottom has a diameter of near twenty feet
Down under there, I am linked
To the emission zone of a brick baking furnace
A natural draught generated by keeping open the
Face of the furnace
Would make a flsh of hot air
Through me with smoke and other
Suffocating gases and vapours
My inside was getting more and more black
With soots depositing every day into a thick layer
Despite all that I was proud, feeling more than the real
As I was the first chimney to come up this far
My owner engaged a number of people
Old, young, girls, boys and women
In prearing moistened clay for the smooth conversion into a brick
At the end of which he would ensure
That they clay paste had the right moisture
Make blocks of wet unbaked bricks
Leave them for sun dry over the day
Next day he would put these innocent bricks to fire
Beneath me, making me to cough
No grudge against the owner
I could make out from this height
He was growing older and his children left him to himself
That last time when he came was
More than ten year now
Me and my furnance became abandoned
The hot furnace became a cool den
For rabbits, rats and snakes

My inner wall started dropping off
The soot deposits and become white in patches
Some people make use of my height
In advertising their products on me
With words running vertical
I am yet to feel weak
I stood a lost-count unnumber of
Winter, summer, monsoon and post monsoon
I would be happy if any one finds out
The burning place beneath me
Makes a productive use of mine
As hundreds of chimneys on the other side of road
Are busy day and night
Spewing dense smokes that take a curly path
When they are out in the open from the chimney
You may even demolish me
And make use of the bricks I am of
I want to be useful as a chimney or its remnant bricks.

Bashyam Narayanan

Me, The Poet? And She?

Me the Poet? and she?

Any time I am to handle her
It is a pleasure to both
She accommodates me so well
And accepts all my maneuvers
With silence and giving me
Signs of her enjoying
Each move and touch of mine

It is always a new experience
When I approach her
For negotiating her
As each time her curves and shades change
Apparently exciting me

The product of our association
Is also a pleasure to us
And to others as well
As the outputs always have
Something new to convey
And something new to show up
They display more the
Reflections of me while
They invariably inherit her beauty

The conception of the product is
Instantaneous and it is triggered
Mostly by the environment we are in

While I have words to express
My longing for her
She never once uttered a word
On the love she has for me
But she herself is an expression
More than her love

It is her blessing I am able to
Maintain my relations with her

She at times chooses to stay
Off me when I am drowned in
Thoughts not congenial for our getting close

Her inviting beauty
Her flexibility to suit my moods
Her tolerance to my non-sense
Her exciting curves
Her awesome shades and
Her intoxicating scent
Made me lost to her
Whenever I am in her vicinity
And I am a lifetime prisoner
To this marvelous creation

Hold on friends
Stop your imagination
Written in love for
The language I use while scripting
Me, the poet and
She, the English

Bashyam Narayanan

Me, The Rat

Me, the rat

One of the biggest railway stations
Of the subcontinent
I live there
With my family of five including my spouse

We roam around happily day or night
Each one finding his or her meals
In the food items left over or thrown out

We do not a built home
Presently we manage to run our lives
In the heap of unattended heap of soil or sand
Along the rail track

We are quite sensitive to sounds
And can make out whether a train is on the track or not
And accordingly we move without fear

We are getting readily hungry
We are, thus, forced to eat frequently
Rail passengers are kind enough
To feed us without fail

I keep wondering how long will this home will stay
A big rain is good enough to wash out our home
I keep silently praying against rain
Why rain, at times they take up cleaning
With a flush of water which is strong enough
To destroy our reasonably cool and dark home

We are always on search of a permanent structure
Beneath the platform, a kind of hole long enough
To accommodate we five

We are environment friendly
Practically leaving no waste of ours
While taking care of waste generated by others

We do not use electricity or any fuel
We do not use paper and any means of communications
We are proud we do not contaminate mother earth

Sometimes it happens that some of our youngsters
Go missing for long
But this anxiety vanishes once
He or she returns with a pack of food items
Located some far

It took quite some time to teach our offspring
On the dangers of living near train paths
We are free of that fear
As all have turned smarter than us

We wish all rail passengers
A happy journey if they are on the move
A happy purposeful stay if they get off the train on a mission

We pray rain gods to be kind
And we request rail authorities
To keep us undisturbed by not taking up
Too frequent cleansing

Good luck and great happy stay on earth to all from
Me, the rat

Bashyam Narayanan

Memorable Cries Of Mine

We cry
When we are in pain
Pain can be physiological
Pain can be psychological
As the intensity of
Physiological pain abates
It is likely
The cry associated with it
Dies down
At a rate similar to the
Rate of abatement of pain
As we mature
We develop the tact of
Bearing a pain
Practically not crying over it

Psychological hurt
Stays long
As an emotional scar
And has the power to
Make you cry
And shed tears
Even after a long pause

As kids and in the total care of parents
We would have cried
To attract attention
And get things done
In our favour and the way we want
As we start understanding the realities
Of a practical world
We stop crying
But grumble within

A tearful cry is
An emotional outburst
Of a pain or a stir within
Most often
Cries get dry

As we plan ourselves
To act
To heal the hurt or pain
With a high level of maturity
We hardly see ourselves crying

Two cries of mine
Will stay ever in my memory
One, when I was in the total care of my parents
This cry is special to me
As I had no reason to cry
My mom, serving us food,
In that late evening,
Was in a mood to sing
Definitely, she should have sung
So well bringing out excellently the modulations
Associated with that tune or raga
Probably I was listening to her so intently
That my emotions got stirred deeply
And I started crying
Tears rolling down
My mom was able to read my mind
Continued singing
Despite one listener's sobbing
Would have probably thought
The song would soothe me
It did something in me
Was it a feeling of helplessness
Was it ecstasy of being to able enjoy a unique emotion
I was not sure what made my cry
It was a long cry
And lasted
Even after she finished the song

The second cry occurred
When I was in a foreign soil
The task before me and my wife
Was to take away our grandson
From his parents
And keep him with us
Till the time they return to our land
This was a long drawn process

As we prepared ourselves very carefully
To the new responsibility of
Rearing the just two year old
Matching his temperament and unique needs
The day of departure came
All, except the kid
Were in a frame of mind
That allowed us not to exchange the usual pleasantries
As the time to depart approaching
I suddenly realized
That I would not be in a position to
Stand the pain of the kid
Who is getting separated from his parents
The emotional outburst came out
As I saw myself crying
Tears swelling, running down, wetting the T-shirt
My wife, daughter and son-in-law made attempts
To console me
But nothing helped
It took sometime for me to get over the pain
And to be confident
Of accepting the pain

This does not mean
I had no occasions earlier or in between to cry
I would have cried as many times as
Others of my age would have
But these two occasions were special to me
As in the first one
I had no definite reason for crying
And in the second
I felt so helpless that I would not be able to help even a kid

Bashyam Narayanan

Mid-Day Misadventure

Mid-day misadventure

I was a student of third grade
Was good at studies
Used to go to school around nine thirty in the morning
Come back home for curd rice lunch break
Go back to school around two In the afternoon
Come back home around four thirty in the evening

A new friend joined the school in August
It so happened he got a seat by my side
Queries revealed he hailed from a town in south
And likely he would leave the school by academic year end
Later I came to know he was staying very near our place

One afternoon as I came out of the house
He, Sudarsanam, was waiting for me in the road
He suggested that we would go to school through the temple
I thought a while as it would be a longer route

He said that we should always be on the search of new routes
Seemingly fine, was my thinking and
Accompanied him through the temple towards school

He was right; the temple towers provided shade and breeze
Which were not there while walking in the street
As we were crossing the big tank of the temple

He said that we would miss classes that day
And spend some nice time in the temple
Witnessing devotees and their offerings
It looked a comfortable suggestion
And I decided to spend time in the temple that afternoon
He further said that we could make out time from the temple clock
And could return home in the evening at the appropriate time
Making others believe that we were in the school that afternoon

All looked fine
Sudarsanam had some other plans too

He started collecting broken coconut pieces smashed on the floor
And managed to collect bananas from some temple priest

Really it was all fine
He kept a watch on time
And declared that it was time we walked back home

I entered home with a feel of guilt
And since no one questioned me
I thought it was working out well
Evening we played together
And enjoyed the evening
Discussing within private the wonderful afternoon

Next day afternoon he again appeared in front of my house
And I made out his intention
Without a word I followed him and we took the temple route

It was a better afternoon
As he made available to me other tasteful offerings to the deities
I realized that he had acquaintance with a number of priests
And proudly introduced me to them

We returned home as if we were just back from school

As I entered home my eldest cousin
Stopped me
We used to fear him as he was well known for
Asking uncomfortable questions
Leave alone, we younger ones, even the elders at home

He simply asked
How many coconut pieces you could collect this afternoon
And how many bananas you had
I was searching for answers
He continued telling that
This would be last time we saw you with this new friend
I know what was going on that and previous day afternoons
Attend school regularly and study well
Were his final words

I was telling myself

I would never sit by the side of this friend
Believe, I have not met him after this
Mid-day misadventure

Bashyam Narayanan

Modi Moneytoring

Modi moneytoring

Prime Minister did it again
This time a surgical and
Surprise (for some shocking) strike
On the circulation of
Unaccounted money
Making one thousand and five hundred
Rupees currencies illegal over night

Prime Minister made his presence felt
When the earlier Prime Minister
Never gave us to feel he was functioning

A difficult decision to take
Still difficult measure to implement
Further difficult for common man
Who, especially, depend on daily wage
Though claim is that it is only temporary
And for two or three days
From tomorrow Indians will have the new
Two thousand and five hundred rupee currencies
For their use is what the arrangement

I wonder what would have I done
If I hold such unaccounted big money

I cannot go to the bank for changing it legitimate
I cannot donate to any as it will not be accepted
I cannot keep the bundles of erstwhile currencies
I would not throw them into dust bin
As it will be picked up and I may be tracked down
I would not burn them
As the huge thick smoke emanating from it
Will hurt me and mine
No one knows how much midnight oil I would have burnt
In creating this ill wealth in darkness

I am forced to believe that money is every thing

When in short supply and when it just makes ends meet
Beyond that it burdens more than what sins do

Now it strikes me

I would rather deposit (drop more precisely)
In any temple (and other places of worship) collection boxes
Which can be done without making my identity known
May be the benefit of this bad currency will feed the needy
May be the money will be used in meeting some social cause
May be the amount will help some needy
To get better medical attention
May be the wealth, though ill by nature,
Will help some schools come up

I would have thanked the Government
For making me realize the real worth of money
For making me appreciate the pains of others
For making me understand the money has other better uses
Than just to add to my comforts
Let wisdom dawn on affluence generators
So that they create wealth by right means
And let the generate riches be shared
In right proportions with those
Who took part in the process of asset-creation
I wish the Government all success
In the purposeful implementation
Of this dirty cash curtailing effort

Bashyam Narayanan

Mosquito-Bite Free Goodnight - From A Mosquito

I am a mosquito thriving in a tropical country
We, mosquitoes, feel highly disturbed
By the crusade against us
Attempts are always on to eradicate us

The reason quoted is that
We propagate diseases
You say we spread malaria, encephalitis
And so many others including the disabling polio

You learned people know that
We have not created any of them

But it so happens when we suck blood from any of you
The disease causing pathogen comes along with the blood
And it is passed on to another person, if we go for his or her blood
You will admit we are not really the culprit
But the person who has already hosted the disease causing agent
Blame him or her, not us

You have not protected your own people from an infection
But conveniently pass the blame on innocent and silent blood suckers

A lot of research is going on in
Arriving at the most effective repellent against us
And in most of the tropical countries
Night through your own people are inhaling
The repellent laden air
We wonder in this process your own folks will end up
With new health disorders with the ingestion of
These newly discovered repellent chemicals
And you will not hesitate to blame us
For this mishap created by your own researchers

Keep it only with you that
We are also developing resistance to most of these repellents
And soon none of them will work against us
Leaving you all to sleep in fools' paradise

Instead of chasing us
Chase out the disease-causing agent
And if still not possible
Protect yourself against being stung by us
With rightly designed physical barriers
Never go for chemical means to drive us out
Not only you will fail, you may end up with new disorders

Mosquito=bite free good night

Bashyam Narayanan

Mother's Day

Second Sunday of the month of May
Marks the Mother's day
But tell me without a mother is there a day
Day dawns with her sun sets because of her love
There is no comparison to a love of a mother
She walks extra, talks extra, so that all
Feel the pleasure of her care
Her only pride possessions are
Her children and their father, who made her a mother
She has no expectations from them
But expression "I love you mom"
Once a while and here and there
For these words
She would do anything to please you
And far beyond too
She might not be near you
But there is always a place for you in her heart
She might have fallen sick
But her motherhood never
She might have been dead and gone
Her motherhood keeps on
Watching you and your growth
We call earth "the mother earth"
Not because we all came off her womb
But because we thrive on her kindness
We get the life support system from her
It is not the birth that determines the motherhood
It is the nurturing care with love that marks the motherhood
On this mother's day let us resolve
To honour the motherhood in all mothers we have around
Try to emulate her caring kindness
So that human race is sustained and is alive

Bashyam Narayanan

Move With Time, Awaiting A Pleasant Surprise In Each Of Your Position In Space

Time is not what is shown in a clock
Time is not what the second hand passes
Time is not what the minute or hour hands show
Time is also not what our calendar indicate
Time is not the day, the week, the month or the year
Time is not sun rise or sun set
Time is not the morning, noon, afternoon, evening or even night
Time is indeed the point or location
You occupy in the space
Me, you and every one and every thing
On this surface of the earth
Are on a continuous move
As the earth rotates on its axis
And keeps moving around the sun
We all keep moving
And we do not know or even the clue to know
Whether we reach the same location in space again for a second time
It may look similar
But, it is all relative position with respect to the
Position of the other objects on the space
Duration for a thing to complete is thus
Is also not the time measures we employ
In absolute terms,
It is this the distance in space you traveled
Between the beginning and finishing of an event
It is also true you do not travel back as there is no reverse gear
In this universal path
Blame not your time, and
If anything to blame it is your position in the space
Since you are never stagnant
Your position will soon change
And things will soon be different and in your favor too sometimes
Move with time
Awaiting a pleasant surprise in each of your position in space

Bashyam Narayanan

My Best Half

I would like to differ
From the common expression
Better half
When it comes to mentioning
My wife
I prefer calling her
My best half
Reason is simple
We match well
And we are so balanced
That we are just opposite
On many great qualities
Since I know my worth
I credit her with all good things
And thus she becomes
The best half of me
Not the better half
As we normally connotate
We are married for
Thirty six plus years now
Believe, each day
I find something or the other
New good quality in her
And this continues and will continue
Me, on the other hand
Think, say and do some blunder or the other
And get an unpleasant comment
A well organized
Futuristically thinking
Worldly wise
Financially smart
Creatively active, and more especially
Tolerating-me, she
And me, the just opposite
Go well together
All because of her
No doubt, she is
My best half

Bashyam Narayanan

My Choice, Of Course

To read or ignore this
Is your choice
To understand or misunderstand this
Is your choice
To look good or otherwise
Is your choice
To be happy or sad
Is your choice
To smile or frown
Is your choice
To be enthusiastic or otherwise
Is your choice
To go forward or backward
Is your choice
To dream or to be lost in the past
Is your choice
To stay at peace or in discomfort
Is your choice
To believe or disbelieve
Is your choice
To add life or strife to your years
Is your choice
To count on your strength or mourn on your weakness
Is your choice
Whatever be your choice
Penning down this piece is
My choice, of course

Bashyam Narayanan

My Dear Alcohol

My dear alcohol
How nice are you to us
Your ingestion takes us to heaven
We float with confidence
We feel we have solutions for
All problems
Your circulation within
Makes us understand
The purpose of our living
What magic you perform
Within us is a still wonder to me
Medical science says a
A number of things
You can do to us
While you are present
In our blood stream
I do not understand a word of it
But, yes, I experience

Such a good person like you
Cannot harm us
But, not less frequently
I hear a number of
Uncomforting things
About you

You are quoted often
A reason for a number
Of road accidents
You, I, understand
Affect the human liver
You, probably, do not know
How important this organ
Is for human beings
My knowledge, though, limited
Says that the liver has a major role
In digestion of food
They say you enlarge liver
And you have the potential

To cause liver cancer
Which can be fatal

The one great strength of yours
Is that you make a person addicted to you
And make the person dependent on you
You do this especially to
Our poor fellow folks, who
Do not earn enough to feed
Your hunger when you are inside
Most often they are the
Ones, who become the
Most blessed of your grace
And bear the brunt of having consumed you
In good faith

Our efforts to
Prohibit or restrict
Your human consumption
Failed miserably
And the painful episodes
Associated with you
Still continue unabatedly

Take it from me,
We do not find fault with you
And your nature

It will be unwise on my part
To request you
To develop a distaste in us for you
On your first consumption

Though I can request you this
Can you change a bit yourself
Intoxicate your consumers
In their first drink itself
So much that they cannot
Even lift the glass a second time

Bashyam Narayanan

My Land Is Just The Other Side

My land is just the other side
But I wonder when again I will be back there
I am not too old to understand
Things happening around
I used to play with other kids in the street
Hiding and seeking
Sometime with bat and ball
Some of us calling ourselves
With the names of the cricketing heroes of our land
We were taught our mother tongue in the school
We were taught the glories of our island nation
Our plays get interrupted not by anything else
But by warring planes and at times cross shooting fires
We too had big temples for our traditional gods
Which we used to visit on festivities
Often cautiously prepared for any eventuality
I do not know what prompted my parents to leave
Our beloved land
In a boat across the sea
Which was away by a three hours walk
With whatever belonging we can carry
I remember that long walk
As I was particular about holding my school bag
And small statue of Lord Buddha
Which was awarded to me in school stage performance
We reached the other shore
After a riskily shaking boat travel
Over an apparently angry sea
On our arrival we were guided to a camp
Where I saw families known to us
Though camp authorities made all attempts
To add comfort to us
We hardly feel homely
No home, no felt-comfort, no school, no play, no temple
Though living, no life
We experience death while living
Some of us stand as a chain holding hands
On the sea shore
Looking at the sea we cry

My land is just the other side

Bashyam Narayanan

My New Found Dad

I belong to a household
Which was considered rich and affluent
In the neighborhood
My grandfather, grandmother, mother and brother
Were at home
I used to hear my schoolmates talking about their dads
And I did not have one at home
An uncle used to visit our home regularly
All at home treated him with love and respect
Mother and that uncle used to spend a lot time together
My grandparents kept me and my elder brother
Away from them
I carefully avoided talking about dad
As I watched my elder brother
Getting beaten up one day
When he was insisting that
He should be taken to dad
I was comfortable with the friendly uncle
Who visited us regularly
And with whom mom too was pleased
My elder brother showed some dissent
Whenever I talked good of uncle
He came invariably with excellent gifts
He never once missed to be with us
In all celebrations
Let that be festivals, birth days, anniversaries
He would be there
He would see to that my birth days
Get very well organized
And he would bring his friends too, male and female
All went fine till I passed school final
And was about to enter a professional college
I purchased the application form
And got stuck when I was to write my father's name
Mom told me to ignore
Managed to get me admitted
After a dialogue with the principal
But this issue got deep into me
And was determined to establish my parenthood

Every day I spent at least half an hour
Discussing with my grandparents and mother
And when I entered second year
I got a clue that the uncle who visited us regularly
Is my father
I was shocked to hear the story of my mom
And of her broken marriage, out of which
Was born my elder brother
I came to know that
My mother developed relationship with this uncle
And I was the result of this
Socially unapproved relationship
I started taking special interest with uncle
Who, by then, was a very powerful political leader
And had a large following
I was proudly reading news items about him
And was watching excitedly television clips where he figured
I did not know whether uncle noted the changes occurring in me
He might not have marked the struggle
I underwent while refraining from calling him dad
During this period
I happened to overhear mom talking to uncle
Requesting him to marry her formally as his wife died just then
I saw first time uncle getting wild with mom
And made harsh exchanges which all in the family heard
He walked off hurriedly even without bidding bye to me
After that his visits became less frequent
And later he practically stopped visiting
Once I went to his office
He gave me appointment
He behaved gently with same love and affection
I consciously did not talk about mom
I thought mom could meet him now
Told mom accordingly and that day
We all, mom, me, my elder brother, grandparents went to see him
He not only denied appointment
And came out to shout at us
Accusing mom of plotting against him
Choosing indecent expressions about her
Which her offspring would not tolerate
First time I hated him
And could make out that he only is my dad

I resolved at that very moment I would prove that
He only fathered me
And would make a judge of a court declared
We did not make attempts to meet him any more
I finished my graduation
Got a decent placement at the instance of my grandfather
When I became confident of meeting the financial implications
Of a law suit against uncle in establishing my parenthood
I began consulting lawyers
And I settled with a suit in a state level high court
Asking uncle to accede to my claim that
He is my father
He was powerful then and went to the extent of
Ridiculing me of a dutiful son
Who is fighting to save the face of a shameless mother
I appealed to the court
That uncle should undergo a deoxyribonucleic acid test
As compared against mine
So that his biological contribution towards my birth
Can be scientifically established or rejected
During this time uncle lost his political position
As he had to face a very damaging allegation
The court ordered him to undergo the test
After repeated notices from the court
His blood sample was collected
Experiments were conducted
Deoxyribonucleic acid findings
Indicate that he is the biological father of mine
I look back
I liked him when I knew him as uncle
I dislike him when the world came to know that he is
My new found dad

Bashyam Narayanan

My Poor Little Heart, It Is Time You Too Spoke

Oh, my poor little heart
You started beating
From the twenty second day
Of my conception
And since then you keep beating
Ensuring uninterrupted, uniform
Supply of nutrients, oxygen, medicines, and what not
To the entire range of cells

I have no clue as to how
You managed this wonder task
Without any complaint
You never rested
I do not know whether you know
That you only keep me alive
By this great marvel of yours

I care about my looks
I care about my people around
I care about my occupation
I care about my bank balance
I care about my holdings
I care about happenings around

I still do not know
As to what I have done
To take care of you

I often disturb you
With emotion-driven hormones
That make you pump blood
At different rates than usual

There are occasions
When some of my unacceptable intakes
Trouble you with additional tasks

Some of my food habits too
Act against your well being

My addiction to taste
Make me go far heart-unfriendly items
Which over a period time
Lands you in irreparable damage

We nurse a faith
That you feel for us
You tell us what to do and what not do

It will be nice for you
And benefit both of us
So that we together remain healthy
Till the time you beat your last
If, instead of murmuring,
Speak aloud and
Prevent us from
Doing things that will harm you

Oh, sweet little heart
It is time
You too spoke

Bashyam Narayanan

My Sweet Little Kid Says

My sweet little kid says
He is employed and it pays
Well, ahead are great days
Cautiously glad, in private I amaze

Sweet little kid, my child
Spot reactive, at times wild
Suppressed feelings, being mild
Are the ways for relations to build

Had he picked up all these
Which alone will put him at ease
I do not know, this troubles my peace
And I pray he grabs this gainful cheese

This is a world of competition
Success should come in repetition
Then only you are for recognition
And are in the way of elevation

Stay away from unhealthy habits
Nurse not ill feelings even in bits
In your race these are falling pits
Steadily forward even if through slits

Shy not challenges in your way
Success through them make you happy and gay
Ever remain alert night or day
Ensure great service as it does pay

Love and respect people all around
Irrespective of from where they ground
As only in human bond you are bound
And the main in you is always found

Bashyam Narayanan

New Martyrdom

New martyrdom

There is a war
Against black money
Weapon new currency
Soldier common man
Age no bar
No physical fitness
No military training

But all know what to do
Simply get old currencies
Changed to valid tenders

Again there is a bottleneck
They will not get more than
Four thousand rupees a day
They also know who their enemy is
They also know that
They have to bear with the
Inconvenience of waiting in long queues
And later coming to know that
There are no more cash to dispense or
You will get only less

It is no doubt a economic war
And there could be victims
As it happens in any war or battle or struggle

A report from Maharashtra says
A seventy three year old man
Fainted and later died
He was standing in the queue
That was waiting for exchange of currencies
His wait in the queue for a hour or so
Ended up in his dying
And dying for country's cause
And deserves all honours
That are offered to a victim on the battle front

Let the nation pray that his soul rest in peace

And we will carry on the fight against dirty cash
And we will soon register victory in this war

We only wish we do not lose any more warriors
In this war against ill gotten wealth

We Indians will bravely face the difficulties
Will help really-deserving others in meeting their expenses

Will prove to the money hoarders that
We are against any ignoble means of making money

Remember always the Thane man
Who, in this economic warfare, attained
A new martyrdom

Bashyam Narayanan

Nirbhaya, The Fearless

Nirbhaya

You can stay really fearless
Which your very name means
As you have gone far away
From the beasts in the human form
We, men put down our heads
More in shame with nothing could be said
To console your near and dear ones
We, women put down our heads
More in pathos, with nothing could be said
As fear engulfs us with potential threats all around
You wanted to live with great purposes in mind
But, that thirteenth evening had an evil design
We call untamed animals wild
Your death revealed that there are still wilder animals
Moving around and waiting for a prey
Your death also revealed that
We are not at all in a civilized society
Your death gives the world a new phrasing
Men are mortal, and they only make women mortal
How much we all wished
That you recover from trauma soon
And prove that you belong to a gender
That can stand embarrassments and challenges
We cannot stop after praying
Let your soul rest in peace
As we need to reaffirm ourselves telling
Let our souls too be at ease
With a fond hope that all men will prove gentle
On this earth which you departed from

Bashyam Narayanan

No Destination Is Too Far, Provided....

No destination is too far
Provided
You keep moving towards it
Regardless of your speed

It was a vow
To walk 370 long kilometers
Linking two pilgrimage towns
In South India
Srirangam and Tirumala

Left Srirangam one evening
Raining, still walked
Taking rest during nights
Walking the entire day time
Night halts anywhere
It was either a temple,
School building, Government office
Lodge, roof top of a hotel
Or even a cattle shed
Uncertain food intakes
Drinking water shortages
Suffered injuries
Cramps, biting footwear
But one thing was ever on-going
That was walking
Reached the destination
On the 10th day night
Looking back it was
Highly satisfying

Undertook similar walks
But of smaller distances
110 kilometres and later
155 kilometres

One simple lesson

No destination is too far

Provided
You keep moving towards it
Regardless of your speed

Bashyam Narayanan

Not A Doomsday But A Boons-Day

Mayan Prophecy – The doomsday

I do not know
How many of you watched
And came across
Programs and
TV clippings on the above

Mayan prophecy
Indicates that
21st (some say 23rd) December 2012
Will be the day
For the beginning of a new era

And it means
The present era will end
All pertaining to that will perish
I, you, everyone and everything around
Will not be there
After that fateful date in December 2012
If the above prophecy is true

How do you plan your departure?
I have some suggestions

Let us all resolve that
We will extend love
To everyone and everything around

We will put aside all
Much extended future plans
And focus only on living happily
These remaining days
With whatever we have
And whatever we can earn

We will be healthy throughout
Till the time the
Vital blow of doomsday hit us

We will not grudge or complain
We will remain honest and sincere
And not nurse any ulterior motives
In any thing we choose to do

We will garner all our
Strengths and potentials
Direct them to achieve
Common good

We will not harm anyone
Nor think in terms of hurting any

“No need to be smart any longer
As we all are soon to be smarted by nature”
Should be our understanding
And guiding value
In all our actions and deeds

If we could do all that
The day will not really be
A doomsday
But a boons-day
As we would have understood by then
Our worth and purpose

Bashyam Narayanan

Not Far Not Near

Not far not near
No destination is far
No destination is near
It is you who perceive them so
Your perception
Makes destination drawn near
Or makes it drawn far
A determined travel makes you
Reach destination any far
It might have been perceived it to be
A reluctant move makes you
Miss the destination any near
It might have been perceived it to be
Problem lies in
In our knowing not where we are
And where we are heading for
Define these
You will be at the destination any far
Doubtful you are
You cannot be at the destination any near
No destination is nor far neither near
You only make them so
Mental blocks are mightier than road blocks
Emotional set backs stronger than obstacles
Attitudinal lapses weaken you
Vision mission mismatch pulls you down
Struggle avoiding makes you miss the path
It is all in you
No destination by itself is
Not far not near

Bashyam Narayanan

Nothing Else Belongs To You Except The Passing Pulse Of Time

Nothing else
Belongs to you
Except the pulse
Of each passing second

You cannot hold on to it
Nor can store it
It is just fleeing

But you can recall each moment
When you have something
At that time to rejoice

So never waste a second
In an unpalatable manner
As time is like the
Food that just entered
Your mouth

You bite, chew
And get the feel of its taste
in a wonderful mix
Of saliva and
Digestive juices

Once you swallow
The food is no longer there
You cannot and
In fact, do not like to
Get back the swallowed food

So too, time once passes
Has passed for ever
You cannot get back
Even the previous second
Just trickled

So, as you enjoy food
When it is in your mouth
Enjoy time
Assimilating energy
And nutrient from
Each bit of happenings around
Instead of losing it
Without any gainful use
To you and
Others nearby

Remember, the most precious
Possession you have
Is your time
With each second slipping
Become wiser
More learned
Enhance your knowledge base
Ensure happiness
To you and to yours

Let you not regret
Having wrongly spent a second
As, such a regret simply amounts to
Your having swallowed
An unpalatable
Tasteless food item of
No nutritive value

Bashyam Narayanan

Nothing Ends, Every Thing Is A Beginning By Itself

We often feel that
This is the end of it
And call it a day
We need to realise
What apparently ends
Is a thread for a new
And unknown beginning
Even death, the ultimate termination
Is not an end
If you believe in rebirth
The soul departed is going
To take up a new shape
In its attempt to meet and grab
The unmet dreams in its previous form
Even in case of no-rebirth-situation
It marks and paves the way for
A new beginning
For those left behind
To start living without the
Deceased person
To follow a legacy or otherwise
To fulfil the commitments
Of the departed soul
As can be seen in the natural system
Every thing gets recycled
With no ultimate and real end
It is circle
With no end and no beginning either
To be positive and optimistic
And to help us proceed further
To face the realities of living
It is time we realised
That
Nothing ends, every thing is a beginning by itself

Bashyam Narayanan

Nudity, No Vulgarity But Some See Divinity

A remote village
In this part of the country
Is unique
As it has a woman
With no belongings
Including a shelter above her head
A robe over her body
Sun, rain or cold
She remains nude
Though, thought to be mad initially
Her worth came to light
Over these years
She has no civilized look
With unattended and clogged hair
Falling along her shoulders
Upto her waist
No cleaning of her body
No brushing of her teeth
She nurses no skin ailments
She is neither bad smelling
She asks for food
And accepts whatever given
She eats only once in a day
She is at present seen as god
People worship her
Reaching her from far and wide
But she registers no happenings around
She talks gentle
She is not going to temples
She also knows not
That people are worshipping her
People have a lot good to say about her
She just smears the sacred ash
On the forehead of those who bow before her
She listens to their problems
But, definitely looking blank
With apparent disregard
Irrespective of their nature and extent
At the end of it all

She will say what is going to happen
Without any emotion
She demonstrates that she is nothing special
And adds things are so with her
As nature wanted that way
In her nudity
People see no vulgarity
But sense divinity

Bashyam Narayanan

Observations Of An Octogenarian

Observations of an octogenarian

An octogenarian, aged eighty seven
Physically in some discomfort, but mentally strong and even
Has been striving to keep his living space a heaven
Has a number of things to say,
Which, when practiced, will our living soften
He is none other than uncle R Mahadevan

Listen to him in his own words

All your intensions good or bad, are subject to criticism, objection and observation.

Your attitude determines the altitude.

Ignorance is pardonable, negligence is negotiable, but deliberation is punishable.

Doctors are supposed to treat the ill, but not to extend ill treatment.

Your destiny will lead you to your destination.

When you do not understand, you always misunderstand.

You cannot quench your thirst by thinking of water, but only by drinking water.

Too much of thinking may result in confusion and indecisiveness.

You cannot judge one's sincerity from his words, but from his deeds.

Worship, relationship, friendship and hardship.

Be free, fair, frank and fearless.

If you can be a lamp, you can throw light on others.

Do not deprive your desires to please others.

Service to humanity is greater than service to God.

You cannot escape from your faults and sin by shouting or protesting.

Always be courteous to others.

You can observe many formalities and courtesies without any cost, but many fail to do that.

Your determination and hard work lead you to peace, success and happiness.

Satisfaction is stepping stone for happiness. Be happy with what you possess.

See God within yourself, if you could not find, go in search of Him.

Good and bad are the results of companionship. Associate with people of qualities not of quantities.

If you want to be always clean, keep away from the flirt.

A seed sown today fetches a lot tomorrow (yield) .

Never think or say "I do not care what others think of me".

Do not lie, steal, borrow or be greedy of others.

Do not conceal facts for petty benefits.

Since body is controlled by mind, keep it clean, steady and strong.

Beauty concealed is more attractive than what and when exposed.

Always keep mind, body, words and deeds clean.

Before you polish or clean anything, remove the stain first (applicable to anything you say or do) .

Nobody should wish to be a father, who cannot protect the prestige of fatherhood.

To save or protect a sinner, do not abuse the innocent.

When you cannot regain what you have lost, you should retain what is left.

When you do not have anything, you do not wish for anything.

One's creations are good, but preservations and results are not satisfactory.

We have done our duty, but in many cases, it is a hidden or unknown beauty.

Try to observe, serve, reserve, preserve.

In this modern world, no human being deserves to be worshipped or flattered.

Collected from the voice of a bitterly grieved person, who has attained old age. He had every thing in life, now, he says, he is left with his life only (feeling) . He has lost his son, but has not lost the sun from his life (practical) .

Bashyam Narayanan

Oh, Mother Earth, On Your Day

Earth,
Mother Earth
In the big cosmic space
She is just a drop
Of about 7900 miles dia
Solidified on the surface
Still holding a lot
Molten hot lava within

She has been making this clear to us
By a number of ways
And this time she is so revengeful
That entire North Europe is facing her wrath

Let us not examine
When this droplet
Got separated from
Its origin
Though scientists puts the earth as
4.54 billion years old

But, let us celebrate her birthday
Today, the 22nd April

She is supporter of
Everything that stands upon her
And every thing thriving beneath
Either living or non-living
Mobile or immobile
No one knows for precise
The entire life support systems she is housing
All depend on her not only for a basic living
But also for other luxuries
She helps them grow, get aged and decay
Everything goes back to her
Only to come up again in a new mould

She gives birth to everything
She nourishes them

She has been supplying all that we need
And our demand keeps increasing every second
As we bring into use new devices and facilities
We are also discovering new things beneath the surface
And held within her
That can be of use to us

We term those, who cannot use the down under resources
Under-developed
We take pride and credit
For having consumed more and more of these
Un-replenishable resources

Will she be able to sustain this supply for any long

We need to understand
That we can sustain this growth and development
Only if we help mother earth
Keep supplying all the resources
Which we are putting to use right, left, top and bottom

On this day let us resolve
To make effective use of the resources drawn from earth
And to do everything possible
To restrict unmindful indulgence

Oh, mother earth
We stand before you humbled
We have no words to thank you
As we cannot fittingly express it
For all the good things you have been supplying

We bow before your immense tolerance
To all the thoughtless misdeeds
We have been doing

We pray that you soon cool down
As millions are under stress
Because of your Iceland outburst

As a kind mother
You help us understand means

And implement them to
Gainfully replenish you
So that you can support
All living systems
Above and beneath your surface
For millenniums ahead

Bashyam Narayanan

On Mother's Day

On Mother's Day

Mother

More a feeling than a relation

A feeling mother only knows
None others, even other mothers
Can even fathom
What a feeling of care and love
Is through a mother's mind

Your mother can sense
Your pain even before you perceive it
She can make out your thirst
Even before your system reports it to you
She knows you are hungry
Even before your stomach tells you that
She knows the dangers ahead
In your path even before you visualize them
She would have bled for you
Even before the knife you are holding makes it cut
She can notice the thorns on your path
Even before you run over them
She know the pits ahead in your route
Where you step in and fall
She knows each stone in your way
Which has a potential to make you stumble upon
She is all knowing
When it comes to difficulties
Her children might face in the days to come

It took decades, to be specific,
More than half a century
For me to understand mother's greatness
As I lost her way, long way, back
I am witnessing the care
My children get from their mother
We may be deprived of anything
But not of mother's soothing affection

May be children these days
Realize less of these
But sure they end up appreciating later when grown
And attain parenthood

A mother is a mother
No one can replace her
As she expects nothing
For the love she showers

Bad children do come
But never never a bad mother
Not my words
But of Adi Shankara

????????? ?????? ?????????? ??????? ? ??????

Bashyam Narayanan

On The Day Of Ramzan

On the day of Ramzan

Muslims all over the world
Completed a month of
Fasting-throughout-the-day

More than anything else
They enjoyed the pleasure

Of being kind to others
Of being concerned with the welfare of the unknown
Of availing the opportunity of giving
Of reaching out to help the poor
Of having understood the pains of others
Of sharing whatever they have
Of discovering new ways of being useful to others
Of feeding the fast
Of capturing the gains of fasting
Of being considerate and passionate
Of being resolved and determined
Of having felt the oneness of humanity
Of realizing the worth of healthy eating
Of loving and caring
Of knowing not pain in giving
Of knowing what all they gain is only for giving
Of giving without being asked for
Of recognizing that giving is joyful, and not holding
Of having stepped ahead in the spiritual path
Of enlightenment and thus enlightening others

Let others too
Learn this art of giving
So that the future world
Finds a humanity
Enjoying a harmonious living
In peaceful co-existence
Every one appreciating the concerns of
Every other one

On This Birthdy Of Mine

On this birthday of mine

I look back through the sixty six years
I have passed on this wonderful world

No great things accomplished
No great assets accrued
No proud legacy left behind
No significant educational scales surpassed
No demonstrations of immense love
No useful messages for others to follow
No peaks to cherish nor falls to blemish
No big gains nor loss and pains
No great character
No mark left on society professionally or otherwise
No reaching out to help
No big dreams cherished and
No grand chases

A gentle stream it was all these years

All around me tolerating and accommodating me
Helped me in being what I was and am
Lived my life accepting only those coming my way
Remained in a shell, as some observe
Have not done memorable services to any
I may claim but, not have nursed ill thoughts too frequently
Though others are the best to judge me
I venture this for I feel self-examination
May help me know me better

I believed in systems
Not often interfering with happenings around me
I believe that people are capable of deciding
Their own actions and they know better
Their reasons for taking a particular course
I believe that they know their accountability
And hence perform their best on their own
Better I do not intervene, even when I happen to be the beneficiary

I never guided people unless otherwise asked for
I never helped people unless otherwise asked for
I never advised people unless otherwise asked for
I never judged people unless otherwise I was asked to judge

No regrets so far in what all I have done
No looking back with reticence on my acts

I wish I remain a least polluted stream
With my water being available for others
To consume with least hesitation

I wish I remain a compatible company
With my sharing views
Not hurting anyone

I wish I remain an unassuming guy
With my words and actions
Displaying my heart

I wish I remain ever harmless
With my intentions
Eyeing on collective good

On this day
I seek your blessings and wishes
I go ahead my way
With health and happiness, as it means to me

Bashyam Narayanan

On This Last Day Of Year Fourteen

On this last day of year fourteen

It is worth recalling
Your great deeds
Your accomplishing noble tasks
Your nursing wonder ideas
Your holding on to positive outlook
Your reaching out to help someone
Your enjoying a literary marvel
Your submerging in the ocean of some musical note
Your having taken a weighed and purposeful decision
Your taking pleasure in a food of great taste
Your having visited new places and people
Your having hosted great togetherness
Your being part of a well-performed team
Your having led a group successfully achieving wonders
And so on so forth

Start preparing yourself
For a great year ahead
With incredible tasks
In all spheres of life
Let it be
Professional
Personal
Financial
And importantly spiritual

And let you resolve that
You become a far better person
Than what you were
On the last day of year fourteen

Bashyam Narayanan

On Your Wedding Anniversary

On your wedding anniversary

Bear with me
For not knowing
As to for how long
You both have been in this merry

The way you exchanged gifts
Exchanged courtesy, kindness and love
The way your attires glowed
It looked you got married only yesterday

You are the best couple
I ever know
If I say this you may think
I am exaggerating, but truly not
You are the best couple on your own
Every other couple just claim
That they are the best

You are made for each other
Do not think it be a false feather
This is also true
Others just claim that they are 'made for each other'

The very fact you celebrate this day
Says that you the best couple
And made for each other too

I have nothing more to wish
But you celebrate this
Years after years after years
And stay all along
Together in unison
As the warmth and the sun

Bashyam Narayanan

On Your Wedding Day

On your wedding day
It gives me a chance to say
And wish that united you stay
For many, many, many more years in gay

I know the love between you
Stays fresh as the morning dew
Glittering in the bright sun's view
It will ever have its glamour and hue

The day you were solemnized
As husband and wife, was indeed recognized
As a new value system got institutionalized
For the entire human race, though personalized

It was a different path altogether
From the day that year you both became one-for-the-other
But you both in unison made your way to gather
Experiences of life whether pleasant or with issues to bother

You created new values to living
Ensured continuity of human being
Implanted great characters in your offspring
Your efforts praiseworthy in their upbringing

You two are a model family builder
It is not just made of brick and boulder
But built by the right mix of love tender
With strict adherence to great values to ponder

We all need to thank you, great couple
For holding high the stay-ever-in-love principle
That makes your residence a temple
Where your bond makes divine presence twinkle

Bashyam Narayanan

Paper Boat Memories

My childhood was on that part of the subcontinent
Where it rained during
October and November
When the locally known
Northeast monsoon used to bring rains

Our broad residential street
Runs east west
Houses stay together sharing a common wall between
Terraces of these houses
Are of varying heights
Still we managed to climb down and up
And reach other terraces
Once we were on one

There is an outlet for each terrace
For draining out rain waters in the terrace
Onto the street in front of the house
These rain drain runs from west to east
Along the street flooding at times
The entrance of the house

It is so designed that
Rain waters pour into a built up drainage at the east end

That was the time we used to think of paper boats
We waited for the rains to stop
And for the terrace drains stop emptying waters

Paper for making boat was not available like that
We had to look for pamphlets
We had to look for old news papers
We at times tore off sheets from our school copy books

The paper boat was designed
Based on the rain fall and
The expected depth of the stream in front
After ensuring that the boat could cover a long distance
We floated them

And engaged in a race contest

Each one following his patent
Helping the boat negotiate well
En-route obstructions like small stones
Or a sudden high current narrow path ways

We waded through the muddy waters
In the process getting a part of our dresses
Drenched with the mud carrying waters
To the displeasure of my parents

Some even carried an umbrella
While running behind the floating
Paper boats

This play never lasted for more than
Seven days in the entire year
In spells of two or three days
Never once a boat crossed at a time
Ten houses in a row
Some boats had a provision
In the form of a knife like projection
Beneath them to handle
Any wild marine life in the waters
Though nothing could really be there

Once my dad noticed the troubles
I faced with paper boats
Bought me small brightly coloured metal boat
Wherein a lit tiny oil lamp
Made a a light weight wheel rotate
By the draught generated by the exhausted hot air
And propel the boat move in a big water container

There was no need for rain
There was no need to follow the float
Just light the lamp in the boat
Float it and it kept moving
Round and round in a water bucket
Till the time the lamp is burning

And I did away from
Paper boats once and for all

Paper boats are in memory still

Bashyam Narayanan

People-In-Love Stay Hurt Ever

Some friends of mine
Consider that
I may be a solution-finder
To some of their problems
I know I am not smart
I know I am not very thoughtful
I know I take hasty risky decisions
But still there are people
Who feel they get some comfort
In sharing some of their problems
A friend of mine
Came to me with a personal matter
To get some semblance of solution
It was indeed very difficult
To decide which way to go
He was narrating
He received a call
And a feable female sweet voice
Tells 'I want to marry your son'
My friend was aware
That his son fell in love
With a colleague of his
And the girl belongs to a different faith
His son was explained
How traditional customs will get affected
By this option and hence
Was told to settle down
With an arranged matched alliance
His son seemed to have fallen in line
With this proposal from the parents
And my friend was in search of suitable alliance
Marriage has not fructified, though
This love-related conflict apparently got softened
When he got this call
It was full six months later
So, it looks affair is cooking still
My friend was mentioning
That this was first time
He happened to talk to this girl

She was telling she broke an engagement
As she was not able to leave her beloved
And she has no other go but to talk
To my friend to explore
The possibility of getting married to his son
My friend told her what all his son was tutored
Against getting married across traditions
Wished her well and the strength to
Change her mind to settle down
With the suitable alliance from her own community
The girl cried, sobbed
And repeatedly was telling that
She will be happy only with her beloved
And was mentioning that my friend's son
Will only be happy when married to her
My friend made it clear
That he cannot and will not
Give a nod to this proposal
And she disconnected
My friend was mentioning
What pained him most was
That cry
Of that girl, totally unknown to him
And the guilt feeling
Of having hurt someone hurt
He was asking how to go about this
I maintained silence for quite long
As if I suggest one way
The communities get hurt
And if I do the other
The lovers get hurt
He waited and left
Saying that since you heard this
I will soon get a solution
I did not, however, tell him
Communities soon get relieved of the hurt
While people-in-love stay hurt ever

Bashyam Narayanan

Perform To Become A Monk And Yogi

We perform our duties
Assigned to us
More often than not
Either with anxiety or expectation
Over the rewards or otherwise
Of the product
This ends up with
Either not meeting the requirements
Of the beneficiaries or customers
Or in presenting them with a product
That is beyond their expectations
Both ways
The beneficiary or customer
Accepts the product of our efforts
With a certain bit of reluctance

Krishna talks about a performer
Who performs for the sake of
Performing only
With no anxiety or expectation
On the rewards or otherwise
Of the performance

He says such a performer can also be called
A monk, who, in fact, renounced all
Result-oriented action
And he is also a yogi
Well focused and involved
In what is being performed

Krishna further adds such a person
Should not be categorized as the one
With no fire of desire
For innovation, improvement and
Envisioning and for developing
Systems that will prevent possible
Deviations from the product quality

Such a performer

Should also be not categorized as the one
With no sensitivity
And reacting sense to
Take corrective actions
With regard to process flow
In case a beneficiary or customer comes up
With a complaint on the product
For its non performance
And for its non-conforming to
Specifications desired by him or her

Bashyam Narayanan

Phones Are For Talking, Not For Tapping

Phones, all these years,
We were thinking,
Are for talking
And now we understand
That phones
Are for tapping only
People talk their phones
And simultaneously
People tap others' phones
We tap the phones of
Our political rivals
Whether within or
Without the party, but
We do not tap those of
National rivals
So that many mishaps
Would have been averted
But, yes
After a blast
After dozens of people die and
After hundreds of them hospitalized
We turn alert and
We are able to trace back
And to find the
Crucial links of the
People
Who were behind the calamity
Our political heroes should stop
At baring at each other
And should stand united
In insisting on
Tapping of those phone
Which transmit plans of attacks
Well in advance
So that the planners themselves
Get caught and
Do not wait for
Damages to occur
National security is

Vital and more important
Than the
Political popularity
Of our politicians
Tap those phone
Before it is late

Bashyam Narayanan

Planting A Kiss On The Wrong Cheek

Great gathering
Welcome speech
Presidential address
Special speakers
All praises
Laurels won
List of achievements
List of benefits to the society
Nature and number of beneficiaries
The vision
The mission
The efforts
The perseverance
The compassion
At the end of it all
A shield
A medallion
A citation
A cash award
The recipient
Thanked all
And added
All the good words said of me
Were possible
Because of the contribution
Showered on me
By the nature
By the people working with me
Or for me
By the people who participated in my programmes
By the people who were benefited
By the assistance and help from so many others

I feel this appreciation is like
Planting a kiss on the wrong cheek

Bashyam Narayanan

Points Of Contact

Points of contact

We travel and keep moving
Each time you move ahead
You should have stepped at a point
Ensuring the grip of the point
You might have pushed ahead
And you make your next step
After reaching the next point of contact
You push ahead
Exerting the force of the push
On the point of contact

The more frequently you
Meet the points of contact
The faster is your movement and going ahead

The point of contact acts as fulcrum
That ensures your push becomes a movement
Thus, you will agree,
Points of contact
Help you move
Regardless of the direction
And regardless of the destination

Quality of your movement
Depends a lot on the
Quality of the points of contact
A slippery, less firm point of contact
Makes you slip
And end up with failure
Your journey terminating not
Helping you reach the destination
Despite all your skills
And efforts towards pushing ahead

You understand that
Points of contact need your attention
They need nourishment

Maintenance and care

The Point of contact need not be
Just a material or stone
Or a step in a ladder or staircase
It can also be a person
Who helped you in your movement
Some time, some where and some how

It is also a requirement
That you be in touch with them
Demonstrating your care and love for them

Your life journey
Either through vocational career,
Or through domestic living
Or through places
Require the blessings of points of contact

Take care of them
Nurture them
Ensure that they are fit and strong enough
To carry your weight
And help you go further ahead in life

Bashyam Narayanan

Prefer To Feel Embarrassed And Forward You Go

It's an embarrassing situation for you
When you are caught unawares
Of having done a thing
Or having spelt out a thing
Which you should not have
Done or spoken

You, of course, have the choice
To feel embarrassed or not

People of lower orders normally choose
Not to feel so
While people on the path of improvement
Choose to feel embarrassed
For they see opportunities
In such situations

You might have acted so
Or spoken so because
You were not aware that
You were not supposed to do so
In this case
You will come over the situation
Pleading ignorance or innocence
At the same time
In private, you feel relieved
Having learnt a lesson
And come to know a new set of rules

There is also a chance that
You might have acted so
Or spoken so
Having taken a conscious decision
Even though there is deviation from norms
And at the same time
Thinking that no one will come to know of it
Here, you make attempts to cover up
Coming out with reasons
For having done or spoken so

If you have the mind to examine,
You will come to realise
That by feeling embarrassed
Either you learnt something new
And are clear of your roles and responsibilities

Or you discover new ways of
Doing or communicating
Despite its non-conformance to
Existing rules and norms
There is also a possibility
That the rules get revised
And your ways become the norms

More often than not,
We do not do things or speak out
In an attempt to avoid
An embarrassing situation
And thus miss possible
Opportunities for improvement

So, act and express
And if in a discomforting moment
Prefer to feel embarrassed
And forward you go

Bashyam Narayanan

Prepare The World For The Pleasure Of Being Fair

Many a people do not live
They are just alive
It is not, believe, not a lie
But as true as the blue sky

Not that they can't try
They are always lost in a cry
Over spilt milk and fry
Their enthusiasm in thoughts dry

Never take that this does mean
That they are weak and mean
They are as strong and clean
As each one in any clan

Make them understand and feel that

My things are mine
And they are like a mine
Unexplored and a lot remain
To be discovered and made fine

And that

My things are much more
Than what surface above the floor
Rigorous search brings them to the fore
As exercise only makes you sweat more

Teach them how to be assertive
Help them become sensitive
Quite sure, they grow positive
Productive and thus effective

The ultimate is to make everyone share
The things, they think, are rare
And only for them, and to prepare
The world enjoy the pleasure of being fair

Pulling Life On The Mercy Of Others

The smoky restaurant on the roadside
Was waiting for its first customer
Ready with local South Indian menu
The owner was turning impatient
Pulling out and pushing in
His cash box
Hotel waiters standing close
To their areas of service
I was watching all of them
Positioning myself outside the premises
I was too keen to see their first customer
This hotel serves you the best
Among all the such outlets
In this part of the city
It may be business strategy, I do not know
The quality of the food initially served
Turns less acceptable to me as time passes
That is why, I come very early in the morning
So that I get the good stuff
I took off my eyes from the staff
And looked left and right on the road
For a prospective first eater
No one has to come yet
My hunger kept growing
And mouth started watering
As I lost in my plight
I saw a customer to my delight
Stepping up the restaurant and to my pleasure
He took a seat and he ordered too for a regular menu
I know I have to give time for him to eat
And then only my time to eat comes
I do not require keeping a look at him
I go by an audio signal which marks his finishing eating
I started watching the vehicles crossing fast in front of me
The people who go for a morning walk
The vegetable vendors and the milkmen
A paper boy almost rode his bicycle on me
I was smart in negotiating his rashness by jumping to safety
I heard the sound I was waiting for

The fall of the banana leaf with a thud into the dust bin
This leaf served as an eating plate for the first comer
My job now is to jump into the bin
And to eat the left over on the leaf
Some small slices of food items
And the left over spicy side dishes are enough
To take care of my hunger
At times it happens that I stay for more leaves to fall
One good thing is that this shop is newly opened
I do not face competition from other friends of my tribe
Though I bear the look of a Pomeranian
I am only a street dog pulling life on the mercy of others

Bashyam Narayanan

Rain Water And It's Harrvesting

Water is the basic need
For all, irrespective of type or creed
Animals and plants of any breed
Thrive on this essential liquid feed

Bhagirath, our mythology says
Sits on a penance and prays
For Ganges to set her grace
On earth to make it a heavenly place

Ganges water descends for common good
The human race gets enough food
All other needs of a livelihood
And all living things plunge into a merry mood

Similar is the situation when it rains
This heavenly nectar cures all our pains
For each raindrop, which is for our gains
There is a Bhagirath among us on penance

Rain is indeed a hard earned wealth
Shows righteousness to be in good health
We will be fair and do way with matters of filth
So that it rains for days in a year one fifth

We need to create means to harvest
This natural gift, even if to invest
As its storage will prove its best
When sun turns harsh and the rains resist

Rain water harvesting shows our wisdom
We will face water shortage seldom
And it paves way for freedom
From wars waged on water in the kingdom

Bashyam Narayanan

Reach Us Back Safe And In Tact

Nice to know you will be back

It did not strike me
When you left
That there would be a vacuum around

I did not mark earlier
That you were filling up
Lot many things in our life

And I do not know
Whether such a gap and shallowness
Would be created
If I happen to leave

When you are nearby
Your worth goes unnoticed
And when you are not there

It did not take much time
For me to realize that
Everything around me
Was only you
And as you leave
Everything disappears

It was much longer
Than what time units say
And it was really tough and testing
For me to manage and
Live with your absence

How nice to know
You will soon be back

It has already started
Showing up that
You are there
With everything around

Brightening up and waiting for
Your magic touch which
Helps them glitter

Winds cooled down to greet you
On your arrival
Sun is less harsh
Clear night sky
Holds a bright moon
That spews additional chillness
To the already cool night
And the brightest Mars
Shining located very close to the moon

The problem with me, indeed, is
The discomfort of your absence
Has swelled and become less tolerable
As that discomfort
Will soon get eased

As wisdom says
A nearing comfort
Makes an existing discomfort
Highly intolerable

Everyone and everything here
Await your arrival

Reach us back
Safe and in tact

Bashyam Narayanan

Read And Just Not Recite

My grandson
Has been watching us
Doing some sort of prayers
Daily at a fixed time

He has also seen that
Most of us reading
Contents from a book

One day morning
I was in the prayer room
And was chanting
Hymns from my memory

I saw him going here and there
But ensuring that
He made no disturbance to me
Nor he made any noise
He has observed earlier
That I got angry with people
Who raised their voices
When I was in prayer

After sometime
He returned to me
With a book
That had no connection
With the hymns
I was reciting

Threw it on my lap
And in a stern voice
Said
Read and just not recite

Bashyam Narayanan

Read This Once A Week And Rejuvenate

Written by a 90 year old

This is something we should all read at least once a week! ! ! ! Make sure you read to the end! ! ! ! !

Written by Regina Brett,90 years old, of the Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio.

'To celebrate growing older, I once wrote the 42 lessons life taught me. It is the most requested column I've ever written.

My odometer rolled over to 90 in August, so here is the column once more:

1. Life isn't fair, but it's still good.
2. When in doubt, just take the next small step.
3. Life is too short – enjoy it..
4. Your job won't take care of you when you are sick. Your friends and family will.
5. Pay off your credit cards every month.
6. You don't have to win every argument. Stay true to yourself.
7. Cry with someone. It's more healing than crying alone.
8. Save for retirement starting with your first pay check.
9. When it comes to chocolate, resistance is futile.
10. Make peace with your past so it won't screw up the present.
11. It's OK to let your children see you cry.
12. Don't compare your life to others. You have no idea what their journey is all about.
13. If a relationship has to be a secret, you shouldn't be in it...

- 14 Take a deep breath. It calms the mind.
15. Get rid of anything that isn't useful. Clutter weighs you down in many ways.
16. Whatever doesn't kill you really does make you stronger.
17. It's never too late to be happy. But it's all up to you and no one else.
18. When it comes to going after what you love in life, don't take no for an answer.
19. Burn the candles, use the nice sheets, wear the fancy lingerie. Don't save it for a special occasion. Today is special.
20. Over prepare, then go with the flow.
21. Be eccentric now. Don't wait for old age to wear purple.
22. The most important sex organ is the brain.
23. No one is in charge of your happiness but you.
24. Frame every so-called disaster with these words 'In five years, will this matter? '
25. Always choose life.
26. Forgive but don't forget.
27. What other people think of you is none of your business.
28. Time heals almost everything. Give time time.
29. However good or bad a situation is, it will change.
30. Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does..
31. Believe in miracles.
32. Don't audit life. Show up and make the most of it now.

33. Growing old beats the alternative - dying young.
34. Your children get only one childhood.
35. All that truly matters in the end is that you loved.
36. Get outside every day. Miracles are waiting everywhere.
37. If we all threw our problems in a pile and saw everyone else's, we'd grab ours back.
38. Envy is a waste of time. Accept what you already have not what you need.
39. The best is yet to come...
40. No matter how you feel, get up, dress up and show up.
41. Yield.
42. Life isn't tied with a bow, but it's still a gift.'

Bashyam Narayanan

Realize The Big Ocean In You

How many times you might have crossed
Me without even noticing the happening
Down under

While you hurry up there upon the
Bridge above me
With a number of
Uncertainties in mind
I am flowing slowly and steadily
With a clarity of mind
As to where I will be reaching and when

I am none other the Brooke
With a very clear water
Gently crawling towards east
In the midst of the pine tree land
Of New Jersey

Where is time for you
To look at the spineless tadpole
Kicking on my clear surface
Or to glance at the glow worm
Whisking around the dark green bush
On my ever wet banks

Have you ever seen me helping
Squirrels, hares and others
With very clear mineral water
For which you pay
When bottled and sold

No big game animals appear these days
But a number of small gamers
And at times even snakes
Take refuge on the comfortable
Wet sand along my flow

Why do not you
Come once

Follow my track
See how
I keep growing enroute
And at the end of it all
I become a very big river
Only to be called
A little later the biggest ocean

This journey of yours
Will help you realize
The big ocean within you as well

Bashyam Narayanan

Relieved Again Was I

A summer afternoon
Sun hidden in clouds
That formed a thin screen
Over the entire sky
Dispersed sun light

Crows flying in a formation
As I was witnessing
Through a window from
The sixth floor
Doves fluttering from
One window to the other
Hot wind blowing but
Adding some comfort to
The sweating and mildly drenched body
And wiping off some sweat inside

Busy traffic down on the roads
Exhausts' spewing
Screaming brakes
And sudden halts
Sleepy gulmohar leaves with
Yellow little flowers on top

My eyes shifted to a bee
As it passed near my face
With a zing and a sharp sound
How quick and smart it was
I stopped watching outside
But inside the balcony
My eyes following the fast bee, our hero
Oh, my god he got stuck
Onto to a spider web
A net spread to catch a prey
"Our hero bee is a prey now"
Was my inner cry

No he was not letting that happen
Struggling with his legs

And trying to get out of the web
A big spider in the middle of the web
Woke up off its sleep
Because of ripples in the web
And fast approaching its prey

Struggle on one side
Chase on the other
Spider almost reached its prey
With its legs placed in a position
Over the struggling bee
Spider lowering its body
Onto its prey for a fatal bite

It was a fraction of a second
Our hero succeeded in
Breaking the web and fleeing
Bee came off but took sometime
Before getting his original speed
A disappointed spider went back
To the centre of the web for its
Afternoon nap

Bee again flying around me
In merry and gay
How relieved was I

I looked back and recollected
"For what I am here"
On this sixth floor
Yeah, it was a hospital
My daughter admitted
And was laboring to
Deliver her first kid
Walked towards the
Labour room

And my wife nagging me
"Where did you go? "
I had no answer, but
Before I started answering
A nurse appeared and

Said to both of us
"Congrats, it is grandson"
Relieved again was I

Bashyam Narayanan

Remembrance Days

Remembrance days

Remembrance days in our tradition
Are ritually loaded
The house would start preparing for the day
From the previous day itself

The eldest male offspring of the departed soul
Would perform the rituals accompanied by his brothers

Remembrance days are observed
On the same day of lunar phase
In that particular Tamil month
On which the person died

Since most of teachers in our school
Belonged to our traditional ways
Even school teachers knew which teacher
Would be observing whose remembrance days
And on which day in that month

Cleaning would start the previous evening
In our tradition we used to feed a special food
At least to two persons following our tradition
One representing our departed forefathers and their wives
And the other representing our demigods

These orthodox persons were identified and informed by our
Home ritual priest and master

We boys would be given two sets of
An gingelly-oil filled small vessel
And a paper pack containing soap-nut powder

This oil-soap-nut powder kit were to be given to the person
Who would have the 'feast' in our house next day

We often faced problem identifying the right person

We had the luxury of availing holiday on the remembrance days
As teachers knew that we had a function that day
And as my dad was also a teacher in that school

So no need for us to prepare for the classes next day

We used to roam a lot before getting the packs delivered
Our street ladies also knew our mission
And once they saw boys with hand-held vessel-paper pack combination
They would direct to the exact location where it had to be handed over

We would come home late offering all excuses for the delay
The previous night food would be simple
And we all would be forced to go to sleep early
As the ladies at home were to get up early next day

Rituals would start very late
It would almost turn noon when it would start
The children at home would be served a breakfast
Away from the site of rituals
Mostly it would be buttermilk soaked rice
Which was the previous day's left over

Children were not allowed to witness the rituals
We would spend the time in the upstairs
Making fun among ourselves
Someone would sing
Someone would tell a story
Someone would organize a drama
And the one person who unfailingly kept entertaining us
During remembrance days was our eldest cousin sister

She would dance
As she was getting trained in classical dance
But the issue was that
She kept performing the same number
For at least three years

We used to get the smell of smoke
From the ghee-supported ritual fire
We would be waiting for ritual performer
To come up to the terrace to offer

A ball of cooked rice for the crow
And we knew that it was the concluding part of the ceremony

We were not supposed to get down on our own
Unless and otherwise we were instructed so
A female member would appear and tell us
That we could go down for eating

We would all prostrate before elders
Who would sprinkle rice grains over our heads
Marking the shower of blessings from the remembered soul

No doubt, the food items were used to be special
And worth the waiting

Bashyam Narayanan

Resolve To Make The New Year 2013 A Happy One

Next dawn is New Year
Let it not be a usual dawn
Make it fresh
Add some more pleasing colours
Add new gentle fragrances around
Add less known comforting shapes
Allow new great thoughts spring in you
And great but attainable dreams
Allow refreshing new wisdom descend on you
That will keep you happy
And will make you instrumental for
Happiness of others around
Let you refine your mindset
So that you become a contributing and
Problem solving team member
And an inspiring team leader
Taking your team members to realize tougher goals
Let you see in you a great lover of
Nature and all beings around
Let you realize in you
The divine touch
That helps actualize your very self
Let you extend your kindness
Let you enhance farsightedness
Let you evolve ways to see comfort with everything
Let you earn a new long lasting peace
Let you stay happy, healthy, safe and productively active
It is not that a New Happy Year is going to dawn
It is you who are going to make the year 2013 a happy one

Bashyam Narayanan

Romance, Love, Sex, Dislike And Dispose

Romance is a fascination
For a person, normally of the other sex
Expressed or otherwise
Irrespective of the other person
Having a similar emotion
It remains often gentle
Waiting for an occasion
To demonstrate the passion
When given a green signal
Romantic expressions surface
Which need not be anything material
But just can be a word, wink, wave of fingers
And a similar lot subtle things
Which only the partners understand and enjoy
Romance can even be maintained
Between people unmet
Exchanging these signals remotely
With no one else knowing what is on between them

Love follows romance
When people meet in person
It requires physical presence
Direct conversation
Exchange of gifts
Not necessarily physical intimacy
Expressed romance, established love
Grow fast
Both the partners longing for other
Intolerance towards separation
Restlessness if the partner is not available
Unexplainable anxiety
Irritability all these manifest
Self questioning on the genuineness of this feeling
Rehearsing a dialogue while preparing to meet
Why, at times, a strong dislike towards partner
Also surfaces
Relishing the mutual dependency
Romance and love often strike
Between those, who have a lot mismatch

With regard to a range of qualities
These are blind and at times termed irrational

Sex, the biological process
Is where all the above lead to
It is the final expression of these
And this physically intimate act
Is the climax and designed by nature
For reproduction of a genetic mix
Of the people in love
Scientifically it is the culmination
Of a wide range of physiological
And psychological requirements of
Two opposite genders
Leading to an emotional dependence
Between them
This dependence makes them feel
They are made for each other
Irrespective of what others feel about them
They live in a world of their own
Sometimes, brushing aside
Even the social resistance and disapproval
There are occasions where they have sex
Taking all precautions against
Conceiving a life which is a blend of their genes
This is the case when there is
Expressed disapproval from their families
And the society
And when one of them, if not both,
Has a family of his or her own

Community and social pressures at times
Are so strong
That people in unapproved relationship
Find it difficult to go ahead their way
With no one to fall back upon
With no one to stand in their support
They are made to feel
It is better they part with
This feeling gets expressed earlier
In petty quarrels on very trivial issues
And slowly assumes the shape of dislike for each other

Distrust engulfs them to the extent
That given an opportunity they will run away
In case of people with power and money
They even plan to eliminate the other

And probably this is what has happened
In case of two women
One committing suicide
And the other found dead mysteriously

Romance, love, sex, dislike and dispose

Bashyam Narayanan

Sail Through Your Emotions, Don'T Sink

Life, people say, a journey
Indeed, it is a journey through emotions
Life turns dry
If it is without that

Emotions steer the course of life
It drives you take directions

As in a journey there are stops or stages
We too come across in this
Inevitable life journey
A number of junctions
With an emotion stopping us
To take the appropriate direction

A journey could be smooth
And less cumbersome
With emotions not stopping us for long
And demanding tough decisions

Emotions are not absolute
Their nature and extent
Varying with previous journey experiences
As a kid the emotions go unregistered
And the stops do not long last
Journey goes on smoothly for most of us

As we advance in the journey
The emotions become strong
And they get registered
Making us spend long time
In identifying the so called right directions

Checking emotions and not yielding to them
Is indeed a wisdom
And not many are successful
In making this happen

It is well advised

Not to allow your emotions drown you
But to develop in you a float
So that you sail over them

Seeking divine guidance
Developing a taste for artful creations
Looking for opportunities in challenges
Schooling your mind against
Wild and negative thoughts
Heartfully laughing in testing circumstances
And out-of-the-box thinking
Are the prescriptions
For sailing over emotions
So that you will enjoy living

Save yourselves
Sail over emotions
Sink not into them

Bashyam Narayanan

Sarojini Nagar Market, Keep Your Shape In Tact

Twenty five years after in a market

I wonder how many would have experienced
A visit to a market place
Erstwhile a regular place to visit
After twenty five years
I would have gone there hundreds of times those days
When I stayed in this historic city
We were wonder struck then
When we say its enormity, variety
And more than anything else, its customer care
Let that be school books for children
Let that be vegetables
Let that be a fridge or TV
Let that be special requirements for festivity
Let that be a single unique item
We used to rush to this market
Minding not the distance of about two kilometers
That separated us
Whosoever, visited us in this city from our native town
Were taken there for shopping
Say a thing, it is there
Even after this long gap
The market practically remains the same
Its layout, most of its buildings
Shop specialties
Even footpath selling items
Edible vending shops, all the same
The one important change is that
Those days people were not seen talking with mobile on hand
The other noticeable change is that
Many women were seen in tight jeans
Despite all that
What hurts me most was the thickly crowded
Long vegetable selling portion has practically disappeared
But still the market has not changed
Long live Sarojini Nagar Market
Keep your shape in tact.

Bashyam Narayanan

School Inspection

School inspection

District education officer

Makes arrangement for inspection of government run schools

Once in a year, often sometime in the month of July

It was my final year in the school

The usual instruction would be to come clean

To the school and in the uniform

I was well prepared with the dialogue of a village preacher

In a drama to be staged in the class room

At the time of officer's presence in our class

My class teacher was confident of my performance

And hence he allotted this one page long English script

To be delivered in appropriate pauses and

With a confident-winning body language making a culprit repent

Just at the time of leaving home for school

I realized that I did not the school dress code,

Namely, the white shirt and the brown shorts

My eldest cousin came to my rescue

He offered his white shirt

But it was long enough to reach my knees

And shoulders hanging both sides

Sleeves longer my hands disappearing within

He folded up the shirt from inside both sides with hurried stiches

And made it match my height

He folded the sleeves to such a height

That my forearms were visible

He made temporary adjustments on both shoulders of the shirt

So that they did not hang out too much

Shirt got ready in five minutes

But what about trouser?

He said "you are old enough to put on a doti

And no one can question it"

He wrapped in white doti with a help of waist belt

The long shirt masking this troublesome arrangements inside

And I was asked to leave for school

I was walking every inch to the school

At each step adjusting my shirt and doti

But forgetting not to rehearse the dialogue

Thank God, I reached the school

By which time I realized that
So many were watching my plight
And my first time experience with doti-draping
I sat in my seat never venturing even once to get up
So that my attire stayed safe in their respective position
I avoided greeting my friends
As I nursed a feeling that they were exchanging mischievous smiles
Around my dress and appearance
I had to get up when the inspector entered the class
When my class teacher signaled
I stood up and delivered the village preacher's dialogue well
To the satisfaction of my teacher and the inspector
The entire class applauding my effort
I did not mark anything
As my hands were busy attending during the entire time of dialogue-delivery
The slipping doti from the waist
All ended well, both my village preacher's role and doti tightening
I started feeling free at last
And walked back home with nothing to bother over my dress and appearance
It took sometime
Before I was unwrapped off this unusual uniform

Bashyam Narayanan

Second Slaughter

Second slaughter
She was India's daughter
A little over two years ago
She was brutally assaulted
Her human dignity demolished
She succumbed to the injuries
She sustained while
She protested against her
Physique being invaded by
Beasts who originally guised to
Help her reach her destination
Late in the night
Her death left a scar
In the entire male behavior
And the accused
Got convicted
Waiting for a fitting punishment
In the name of journalism
One of the convicts
Was interviewed
And the video reveals
His real inferior inhuman intention
He narrates step by step
The entire process
Of invasion and insult
To the innocent young female
The whole country and the world
Kept unaware of the identity
Of the assaulted and dead
But this video
Tells all about that
Making her known by name
And other details
The "brave heart" which stopped
Pumping
Is known by name
And the insult is complete
And she cannot be
Harmed any further

The already crushed brave heart
Has undergone
By this inhuman journalism
A second slaughter

Bashyam Narayanan

See In You A Ganges And Realize Your Creative Potential

Rishikesh Haridwar

We had been to a trip places

On a two days' programme

It is more a trip to Ganges

Than to the above places

Thrill is the quantum of water

And its flow

We had a dip in its chill high current water

Temples and a number of religious centres

All have a message to convey

All have a point to make

All have a soothing effect

All have a comforting environment

But it is all Ganges all around

People believe it will wash of your sins

Probably Ganges seems to be in a hurry

Threatened by the nature and extent

Of sins I may be required to wash off

This is the first ever time

i attempted to have this holy dip

I do not know as to

Whether at all my sins have been cleaned off wholly

It looks to me

It is not enough you physically dip in its waters

You need to dip your soul into it

Its free huge flow

Indicates the ability of each soul

Capable of cleaning anything in its way

Capable of performing great deeds

Capable of assisting other life systems to survive

Capable of reaching our anywhere with no need for invitation

Capable of flowing downwards and serving the needy

Capable of illnesses of both mind and body

Capable of enriching self and the rest others

This trip makes me see in me a Ganges

Which has great creative and productive potential

Bashyam Narayanan

Serve Others

All our efforts aim at
Improving the level of happiness
At individual levels
Hardly we find time
To put in efforts voluntarily
And selflessly towards
Even slightly improving
The level of happiness of someone
Totally unknown or a stranger
It need not always be a grant of fund
Or an offer of alms
A push of an automobile experiencing
Starting trouble
An extending of an arm to hold
A tumbling person
A word of kindness
To a kid who just fell, stood up
And preparing to run
Helping a co-passenger by passing on
His or her change to a bus conductor
And get back the travel ticket
Giving the right direction
To a path finding stranger
Helping a blind cross traffic
Offering to hold a baggage
Of a troubling kid's mother
A number of similar others
Are also known as service
You may not have marked how many of others
Came to your help even without your asking
If you get habituated
To serving others
You stand a chance of realizing your worth
You stand a chance of stepping into a spiritual path
You stand a chance of receiving divine guidance
You stand a chance of becoming a good leader
Your serving others voluntarily
Really amounts to your paying rent
For the house, even if it is your own, you live in

As many a people with many a talent
Built that and gave the shape it has
So, do serve others
Counting not on the feathers
The service is going to add to your crown
As the very opportunity you got to serve
Is itself a crown

Bashyam Narayanan

Shared Dreams And Dark Lane

Shared dreams and dark lane

There is a dark lane
En-route from a temple I visit in the evening
To my home
This lane in the late evening has dark patches
Developed beneath trees with thick branches
Despite street lights being on

I prefer this route
Simply because it reduces my walking distance a bit
And the road has little vehicle traffic

Recently I have started noticing
Couples of young boys and girls
Below the dark shadow of the trees
Invariably on motor bikes
I used to pass by them
But not even once I could make out their identities
As it is dark all around

They may be there as it could be preferred place
For exchange of romantic whispers
And for sharing cherished dreams
And for envisioning a collective future
And for paving way for happy togetherness
Without anyone knowing who they are

A security guard in one of the blocks there
Once cautioned me
As I was to enter that dark lane one evening
He said that people under the cover of darkness
Would consider me a nuisance
And may not hesitate to harm me even

It was a little over eight 'O clock that evening
Street lights were off
And the lane was in total darkness
As I was to enter I thought it better to take

Some other longer route
But it was also dark there

I continued to walk despite zero visibility
But managed well as I was familiar with the path
I was about to cross a road junction
And as I did I came to know that it was all dark all over

I went ahead
But before I could realize what happened
I toppled over something
And fell full length on my chest ahead

Luckily I was not hurt and there was no sign of any injury
Gathered the strength to walk back and
See what came on my way
I went very close and had a close examination

Even in that darkness I made out
It was a girl lying flat on her back
And I tumbled over her projected feet

Something told me to leave the scene as immediately as possible
And I started walking on my way
But suddenly I thought I should do something
So that I helped her, if she was injured
Who knows, I may even save her life

I went near and started tapping her feet gently
And telling her to get up
I saw no sign of movement in her
I struck her feet with force
Now shouting "please get up"
Seeing no response I continued tapping and shouting

"Ah, what is happening?"
I heard my wife shouting
And everything became clear
It was all a dream
Thank God, I was not in the dark lane
But was in my bed room

Bashyam Narayanan

Small Little Sweet Successes

Minister cut the ribbon to declare
The highway across the sea
Dedicated to public use
Congratulated the project team
On this great success
Really speaking it is the culmination
Of small little sweet successes
That occurred over a period of time
All along the project period
It may be a small drawing
May be a complicated calculations
May be the right mix of bonding materials
If a car coming out of assembly line is a success
It is all because
Of small little sweet successes
That occurred over a period of time
All along the assembly line
It may be just spot welding of a handle
May be pushing in a seating cushion
May be a tightening of a bolt
No big success is possible
Without small little sweet successes
Occurring at regular intervals
And one little success
Paving way for the next small one
Thus while celebrating an accomplishment
Big or small
Thankfully we need to look back to those
Small little sweet successes
Which all combined to reach
This final stage of large success
Let us know how to identify
Those small steps that help us
Reach a height
And let us celebrate each
Small little sweet successes

Bashyam Narayanan

So You Are The Man Without Ticket

So you are the man without ticket

It was the second year in graduation classes
It so happened that during the lunch break
I missed the company of my other three friends

As I was in the library
Looking through previous examination papers

Second year in graduation was a bit tough
We were to write four English papers
Three language papers and
Two papers on one of the ancillaries
As University examinations
More and above
The load on major and the other ancillary
Kept on increasing as the college
Regularly conducted tests and examinations
To make us updated with all the subjects

I was in private preparing for the
University Examinations
With the help of earlier years' question papers
To predict the trend of likelihood questions

I was just out of the library
And a classmate came rushing to me
To say that the other guys were frantically looking for me
And suggested that I immediately go to the theatre
and mentioned its name
At a distance of about ten minutes fast walk from the college

When I decided to do that and started walking
There were ten minutes for the second session classes to begin
I walked fast to the theatre
As I was approaching I understood it was a new release

I was wondering how these guys opted to view that
The director of the film was known

For making the film look more like a drama than a film
He strongly believed that
In telling a story with less real life situations
And every character would have to deliver
Some lengthy dialogues
I knew my friends would not select such a film to watch
And especially on the day of release

I reached the gate and it was all closed
Stood there for five minutes for any of my friends to appear
So that I would join them, expecting them to hold a ticket for me too

Nothing was to happen
I thought it would be wise to go back to the college
And I knew our professor has to start a new lesson
And the thinking was that at least let me not miss it

Practically I ran back to the college
With gasping I was the door steps of the class room
Professor said looking at me
To my wonder as to how he came to know the episode
So you are the man without ticket

Bashyam Narayanan

Solitaire, A Teacher

Solitaire is a card game
Developed for playing
By self with no opponent
The fact is you are
Playing your own self
This is what
Solitaire teaches you

You shuffle cards
You distribute them
Upside down
Over eight or ten rows
Not knowing which card
Lays where and in what order
Keeping only the top layer open

You start arranging
Cards in descending order
As you move an open card
The card immediately under
Opens up
The card opening up may or may not be
Matching your requirements
While opening up card
Depends on your luck
Card moving is totally
Left to you and
A lot depends on your skill
But you keep playing
Till the time either you win
By accumulating suits in order
Or when you get stuck
With no more moving of cards possible
And you lose the game

Life is like that only
And as in solitaire you play it alone
Though you seemingly have partners
And you must know that

You are all alone playing your game
You act on visible opportunities
And as you act upon this
New venues opening up
One by one
Either to your surprise or shock
Still you keep playing the game of life
Expecting each time when you act
There will be favourable changes
And with further scopes for gaining

The only difference is that
You quit the game in solitaire
But in life the game leaves you
At its discretion
Leaving you to wonder
Whether you are a winner or loser

Bashyam Narayanan

Solve Problems With Your Creative Cue

Problems, no issue
Solve them with your creative cue
Reach heights which others did not pursue

You are born only to win
If not realized, it is a great sin
It is a fact, not just a design
To make you work hard and take pain

The creativity in you should be awakened
Otherwise, the already tired you further weakened
Realize the strengths in you, your focus sharpened
You can go quite a far, so stay determined

Do not just depend on your abilities,
Fine-tune your approach to opportunities
A lot of them waiting, not they are difficulties
But steps to success and crowns to your dependabilities

Keep an open mind to the problems you face
They are to be understood deep, not just the surface
Collect opinions of others and ensure gainful interface
All problems have solutions; it is what you will phrase

Always nurse in you a desire to excel
Enthuse others too to get into this cell
So that all collectively purposefully marshal
To achieve beyond universal and goals very special

Enter not into an argument, but in discussion
As we are here only to share a vision
Not to prove a point should be our mission
All points, we all know, deserve admission

Decisions are ways to realize a collective dream
They should be clear and transparent like a stream
Every thing smooth, following a natural theme
Without hurting, you are sure to win the cream

Shake up the creative abilities in you
A lot hidden and so far did not come up to view
Redefine problems with your creativity giving a lot cue
Solve them and reach heights, which others did not pursue

Bashyam Narayanan

Sorry Dear, I Just Tolerate It

An advertisement that drew my attention
A dancing blonde
A sports woman
A robot with in-built female system
And, why even an airhostess
All break the wall of decency
And stand before a man
Who sprays a deodorant
Over his bare chest
Criss cross
Probably emptying the entire content
Of the scent-bearing-tin
All look at him romantically
Message to all men
Attract women with this,
Leave alone, retaining the one
To whom you belong
I would have it
Was my decision at the first sight
When me and my wife
Went for shopping next time
I signalled my desire
Towards this fair-sex-friendly product
Without hesitation
She went for it,
Though grumbled over its pricing later
I started using
With enough due care
So that it lasts long
After some days of this fragrancing exercise
I asked my wife
As to how she likes it
She said
Sorry dear, I just tolerate this
And added
I also came to know how readily
Men get fooled

Bashyam Narayanan

Sparrows Too Go Unspared

We gallop in development
Minding not what we leave behind
We vow to protect environment
We observe World Environment Day
We launch Project Tigers
We pledge to ensure survival of wild life
All these go to indicate
That our activities are going to have
Negative impact on other living systems
We have come to talk about sparrows now
And celebrate, nay we should observe,
World Sparrows Day on 20 March
These tiny brisk little ones
Are nice to watch
And they nowhere compete with you
As their share on our resources
Is negligible
We did not even spare them
An earlier report says
These cute ones
Have practically vanished
From cities
Where it is ensured that
Everyone is in a communication network
Through tall microwave towers
Erected over all possible locations
These communicating waves
Are fine for men and women
But threaten the very existence of sparrows
We feel now that we need to protect them
But how can we do that
With those towers emanating
Dangerous life-threatening microwaves
That have telling effect
On the survival of sparrows
If we are really serious about sparrows
Either these communication networks
Are to be disbanded
Or a separate micro-wave-free

Sparrows' world is to be created
We really need to re-examine
Our ways of communication
If we seriously long to hear
The chirps of Sparrows again

Bashyam Narayanan

Sri Devi

A travel
From Sivakasi
A place in Southern India
To Ville Parle
A suburb of Mumbai
The financial capital of India

Born beautiful
Photogenic look
Sighted by a photographer
Fourth year in a film
And a number of films
As a child artist
First time a heroine
At an age thirteen
This hit took her
To another hit
At an age fourteen
In both the above
Had a role between
Two who were great stars
In the making
A number of hit films
In the regional language

Stepped out of the state
Acted in memorable roles
In other languages
Around the state

Got a chance to
Act in Bollywood film
No looking back
An acquaintance
That hurt families both sides
And had to walk out

Against odds
Worked in a number of films

Many of which proved hit
Making the once child artist
A national figure
And indeed a female super star

Father died
Mother fell sick
Her conditions worsened
Because of a wrong procedure
In an expensive healthcare abroad

Money money in many ways
Still happiness from nowhere
Mother died
Sister eloped

Left alone
Only with name and fame

New acquaintance
Against the desire of the family
On the other side
Committed to that
And both entered into
A family relationship
Two daughters
The elder one
Now aspiring to be an actor
Awaiting a film release

Super star in her fifties
Appeared in two films
Which too were well received
If not great hits

Decorated with a national award
Just five years back

Recently in Dubai
Attending a family wedding
Died of cardiac arrest
Proved later it was not so

Accidental drowning
Is the cause of death as now
Nothing is clear
As to how this super star died
Remains a mystery
A detailed medical examination
Of her dead remains
Failed to say how this
Unnatural death shaped up
It took almost four days
For her mortal remains
Reach her mother land
Leaving millions of her fans
In a shock and dismay
More than what they felt
When they heard she died
And her much probed cadaver
Reached the cremation ground
At Ville Parle
After a 6 km long journey
With her fans paying their
Last respects
Standing the entire route
And she got consigned to fire

What a journey
From Sivakasi
To Ville Parle

Bashyam Narayanan

Star, Still A Kid

Star, still a kid

A national function
National Child Achievers' Award
For demonstrated excellence
In far-reaching talents
In art, science, mathematics
And for skillful display
Of courage and valour

President, Prime Minister and
A host of great dignitaries gracing the function
Minister for Human Resources Development
Herself reading out the citation
And presenting the awardees
The medallion and the certification

A kid of nine years
Chosen for the award
For the ability to solve
In a very short interval
Problems in mathematics
Requiring complicated calculations
And for the skill in reciting
From memory voluminous
Ancient scriptures

The child came on to the stage
The Minister read the citation
Decorated the kid with medallion
The President and the Prime Minister
Walked up to the kid
And greeted her
When asked how she feels about this
National Award
The Awardee started telling
In her own style and in a broken shrill voice
Today is Thursday
I will reach home by Saturday

I am in fact on the wait for
Monday to come
I will attend school that day
To show this medallion and certificate
In the school assembly
And on top of it
My class teacher will put a star
Against that day in my diary
For having won this award
Which is the greatest exciting thing for me

Yes,
Star, still a kid

Bashyam Narayanan

Steer Through This Ocean Of Emotion, Which Is Your Own Creation

You are on an ocean
And on a small boat
Exclusively for you
You the lone passenger

You know what all could be there down under
The vast expanse of water

The marine life
Its varieties
Their beauties, strengths
And even their wild behaviours

You know also the
Great hidden treasure
At the bottom of the seabed

But you are always worried
About how to go about
Reaching the invisible shore
And you do not know
How far it is and in
Which direction

Rising waves raise fears in you
The unseen big marine animals down under
Occupy your thoughts
And threaten your very existence

There is shine
There is shower
There is cold
There is storm
But, you need to stick on
And to proceed till the time
You reach the shore

You are unaware of the
Nature of the shore
Where you will be landing
And in what shape

The above is the description
Of birth and death cycle
In Oriental thinking

The ocean personifies
The emotional turbulence
That occurs in you life through

Emotions are as strong as ocean
And they have the powers
To sustain livelihood
To create and to destroy as well
A check on emotions
Is the way you steer through
The ocean of life

Nurse those emotions, which are
Creative, proactive and productive
And do away with those
Which can drown you
And can be destructive

Seeking divine assistance
For safe landing on the shore
Is what these philosophies preach
Orienting yourself towards
Spirituality and self realization
Help you perform worldly duties
Without emotions
But, with passion and devotion

Steer through this
Ocean of emotion, which is
Your own creation

Bashyam Narayanan

Still You Believe Marriages Are Heavenly....

Our only daughter is our pride
Graduated in flying colours without a guide
Won a seat in Management, as she so did decide
Went ahead with a programme in marketing side

Her progress in studies was fantastic
Her plans were far stretched and truly futuristic
Her desire was to grow into a woman majestic
Ignoring others comments, even if sarcastic

We thought it was time she be given in marriage
As it is Indian custom to get the daughter married in right age
We came across a family that held a good image
We came to know the family is well knit in traditional cage

The boy, an engineer, working abroad
In our interaction we discover in him a mind broad
We thought he is the boy and requires no further prod
There was no reason for us to doubt any fraud

With friends and relatives around, marriage was solemnized
All got only good things to say and all were pleased
With the bridegroom and his family that further released
Us of all anxieties and worries, we thoroughly eased

We happily saw off our daughter to the foreign soil,
Where her husband serves and which is peaceful with no turmoil
We kept track of their welfare and we heard nothing that would spoil
Our moods, we felt our daughter and her husband are in smooth sail

Months passed and our daughter started discovering
The other side of her husband and his family, who were bothering
Her for money and other favours, but she told us she is gearing
Up to set things right with the strength of her educational bearing

Alas, one day we heard that our loving pregnant daughter was thrown
Off by her in-laws from a dashing car in the mid town
Suffered multiple fractures and hospitalized and down
With coma, paralyzed and most of her organs down

With no one attending to her, either in-laws or husband
We rushed to her, attended and brought her back to our land
She recovered a bit, at times feebly smiling at those who stand
Around her, unable to move or shake with them her hand

She delivered safe her little cute daughter, the only solace
But she could not hold the infant, feed or embrace
She is our everything and was once shining with grace
Which this marriage, did totally erase

We do believe that marriages are made in heaven
But some can drive you to hell

Bashyam Narayanan

Suffocating Me Means Suffocating Yourself

Nature has created me to support
Combustion and thus help you
With heat and energy

I rush to the spot, wherever
You strike a spark and
Create a flame or fire
Let that be the tip of a cigarette
Or a gas burner
Or an engine

I enter you as well each time you take a breathe
Go into your lungs
Hurriedly pass through your tissues
Reach your blood
Get passed on to each cell of yours
For generating heat and energy
So that you keep performing
The mental and physical tasks assigned to you
And your body has its metabolism in tact

I do not require to say
I keep you alive, active
And kicking
Ensuring also
A life with comfort

You pray to your Gods, but
Have you ever thanked me
Leave alone worshipping me
As I ensure your survival

The same molecule of me
Now in this writer's mind
Was circulating in the body
Of the most celebrated leader of
The most power country of the world a month back
And six months ago
Was struggling to help a poor child

In a poverty ridden nation
And before that was
Breathed in by a glamorous actress
Along with the costliest deodorant she has applied

But my job was the same regardless of whom I entered

But, of late, you generate a number
Of other unwanted things
Like smoke, gases, dust and emissions
And let them airborne
Which suffocate me
And I am finding it difficult to reach
The point of combustion, fire and your tissues
With my original strength

You need to check such activities as
Suffocating me means
Suffocating yourself

Bashyam Narayanan

Sweat Is Sweet

Sweat is
A metabolic outcome
Of an exercise
In a bio system
Human sweat is salty
But it is really sweet
As once you sweat
You are going to gain

It indicates the effort
That goes on inside
More the sweat
Greater the effort

Sweat is not always
The water droplets
Seen on the surface of a body
It may be within
And it could be a emotional outburst
But ensure such emotions are
Positive, proactive and creative

Whatever it is
Sweat is synonymous with effort
Greater the effort
More the sweat
And sweeter the gain

Often we think of
Doing away with sweating
And you naturally are
Doing away with the effort
The gain of such an effort
Cannot be that sweet

We take pride in not having sweated
In achieving a gain
But such a gain is not
Really a gain

Sweat, but, enthusiastically
With love and affection
Towards the effort
With the understanding that
Sweating is no suffering
Let it be a voluntary struggle
With clear goal and destination
In mind
You will understand that
Sweat is sweet

Bashyam Narayanan

Take A Pain And Make A Gain

Only if there is a pain
There is a gain
And if there is a gain
There was a pain

Nothing like
Painless gain or
Gainless pain

If there comes a gain
With no perceived pain
Wait, do not worry
Pain is on the way

And if there is pain
With no apparent gain
Wait, do not worry
Gain is on the way

And if you are preparing
For a painstaking gain
You know for sure
The extent and nature of pain
And if you are planning
For a painless gain
You know not for sure
The extent and nature of pain

Many unexpected pains
Are because of the
Painless path you took
For a gain, for which
You are not really, eligible

Suffering is indeed the result of
Of such painless gains

Bashyam Narayanan

Take Me As I Am Or Watch Me As I Walk Away

I might not be
Someone's first choice
But, I remain a great choice

I may not be rich
But, I am valuable

I do not pretend to be someone.
Who I am not
Because I am already good
At being me

I might not be proud of some of the things
I have done in the past
But, I am proud of
Who I am today

I may not be perfect
But, I do not need to be

Take me as I am or
Watch me as I walk away

Bashyam Narayanan

Take The Human Race To New Heights Of Sophistication

Nature blessed me with
Great many things

The one gift I rate quite high is
That
You came in my life as an offspring

You gave me
All those pleasures
Unknown to me
Prior to your arrival

Your each movement was a marvel
Your each stage of growth was a milestone
Your each progress was an ecstasy
The first clear word spelt out by you
Was no less cheering than
What all great musicians would have done
In a soothing harmony
Your first independent step
Made me feel that I landed on the moon
Your first declaration that
You felt hungry
Made me feel
That a most sensitive kid is getting groomed
On your first day in the school
I was rehearsing
To welcome a genius back home
Your first flawless recitation of a rhyme
Elated me to that high
That I was creating a great actor
When you first located the
Lost-for-long key bunch
I saw in you a world class detective

Each first of your progressive step
Made me more and more proud

And wonder more and more

You continue to remain a pride
And you will ever be my pride

Even your dismissal and disapproval of my
Age-experience-biased views
Leave me to wonder how
Smart you are proving
I get amazed at each step of yours
And you remain a pride

The one thing I would pray the almighty
Is that
Let the admiration at the progress
Of my genetic down stream
Remain ever till that time I depart
Giving way for
A better carved genetic order
To step in
And take the human race
To new heights of sophistication

Bashyam Narayanan

Teachers' Day - My Learning Still Remains Incomplete

Teachings started towards me
Almost sixty years ago
But my learning is still incomplete

On this day
The Teachers' Day in India
I would like to bow before all those
Who taught me something or the other
And to those who are teaching me at present
And to those who will teach me tomorrow
As I wonder this may be the last time
I talk about and thank teachers

My schooling started at the age of five
I entered school with a bruised lip
After falling flat face down
While rushing through the leading front steps
Tears swelling lips bleeding
I was guided by that first ever teacher of mine
To write the first alphabet of my mother tongue
Elders in the family standing around and blessing
Srinivasan, my first teacher
Remarked at the end "a bright boy"
I managed to maintain this image throughout
My learning period under him

A lot many came in my life to teach
From this elementary school to the college
Teaching a range of subjects
Languages to mathematics,
Science to history,
All sincerely aiming at making us possess
At least that much knowledge to pass an exam
And win a degree

After years seventeen of academic learning
I got exposed to a world
Where yet another set of teachers were
Waiting to teach me

Academic learning is only a gate pass
For an exposure to universal teaching
Where there is no syllabus
Or lesson planning

Everyone came across turned out to be a teacher
And had surprise lessons to teach me
They also taught in a hurry
Giving me least time to grasp

Learning is still on
With new teachers appearing
At regular intervals
My learning, though, remains incomplete

Bashyam Narayanan

Test, Test And Test At Its Best

Lest your ability will be put to test
Must, you skills be at your behest
Least, should be your desire to rest

Quality let always be your theme
Punctuality let ever be your scheme
Reliability let your work be the realm
Integrity let output be at your helm

Customers are your valuable kings
Accustomed be thou to their things
Succumbed be not thee to false rings
Accompanied be thee by noble thought string

Go ever by standardized practices
Low never be your valued treatises
Slow never be your enthusiastic exercises
Glow be there ever in your pleasant premises

Your test findings a million worth
Your valuable numbers can changes bring forth
Your noble efforts have no equals south or north
Your analyzing skills before all doubts vanish like froth

Samples come and samples go
Persons of your sort out of mind never go
Come on as it is time your value you show
Team up and let the world before our talents bow

Let your testing continue the same way
Let your abilities grow passing each day
Let your knowledge broaden into a wider tray
Let your fame reach everywhere as sun ray

Bashyam Narayanan

That Boy

That boy

Evening around seven
I was in a temple
Chanting hymns and
Invoking gods

Normally I used to keep eyes closed
During the period of divine calling
This gives me a focus on
What I am chanting
Also I insulate myself
From the visual inputs

That day I happened to open my eyes
For a few seconds
I saw a boy standing quite in front
It took no time for me to realize
That this boy had some physical challenges

I continued my chanting
The boy's mother practically dragged him
And took him away

I was unable to close my eyes
But I was chanting
The boy has a gait
With both legs stretching apart
And he was also not able to keep
His hands straight and
His arms were held up with upward bends

The boy must be of three years
And my eyes followed him
I saw other children running around
Playing and making fun
But this boy was walking with difficulty
And he was not able to talk
I could make this out

As his mother understood him
By the signs he made
With his upheld arms
And untamed fingers

Though chanting
My mind was on this boy
What was that he was suffering from
That made him so physically
How his parents would have felt
At the time they came to know
That this boy would have this
Challenging and differently abled limbs

I was crying within
Hoping that my prayer would help him
Recover from this testing physique

Her mother went out of the temple
Allowing the boy to come out on his own
She appeared in the temple entry
With a two wheeler
By which time the boy was out on the road
She helped him to get up
On to the front leg space of the vehicle

I was happy to see the boy
Holding on to the handle bar
And she drove away

I was telling my gods that
If at all my prayers mean something
Let this boy become normal soon
Even if it is meant a miracle
Or let this boy gain enough physical
And emotional strengths to face the
Challenges ahead in life

And let his parents be blessed
With the power to help the child grow
Into a man of substance

Bashyam Narayanan

That Child, My Mentor

That child, my mentor

Morning

On my return from the temple
After chanting prayers for half an hour
I was walking contemplating
On the contents of the prayers
Thoughts suddenly switched over
The chores ahead for the day
The places, offices and people to visit
So that days to come
Will go smoothly
I was ecstatic over my skills, knowledge and what not
And over my negotiating strengths
I allowed me to feel great and confident
That I will be able to sail through my life
Independently and without anyone driving it for me

My thoughts got a break
A cycle bell ringing
And the cyclist overtaking me
But riding the cycle very slow and steady
Almost bracing my right shoulder
Just keeping its pace matched with my speed of walk
I saw that baby girl
Probably of three years
Sitting on the back of the cycle
With both her legs safely kept away on side footrests
Her long frock's glittering border fluttering
Apparently enjoying the breeze blowing across
And posing confidence
Leaving everything to her dad, who was riding the cycle
Waving her hands this way that way
And singing a song
Making me realize that she is the happiest
Among the two of us

I was awakening to the fact
That the prayers chanted by me

Just were mentioning this
Leave everything to God
And He will drive your life
He knows where to take you and
He will take you there safely

And that child moving away me
Whose face I did not even see
Is my mentor

Bashyam Narayanan

The Biggest Theft

The biggest theft

I was ten or eleven
When this happened

It was a holiday
Not a Sunday but a less intense festival
And so not much edibles
As it used to be in other festivities

Not much home work
No need for preparing for a test
Or examination next day

It was late afternoon
I located to my pleasure
A coin of one eighth of a rupee worth
On a depression in the wall
Which used to be a place for a candle or a lamp otherwise

I looked around
For some one elder in the family
Who might have left the coin there
None seemed to be claiming
None seemed to be knowing about that

After making sure that
None was watching me
I laid my left hand on the coin
Carefully picked it up
And quickly moved out of the house
And started walking towards the nearby market

I came across none in the street
As the sun was still harsh and bright
En-route I was confirming the worth of the coin
A number of times
Because I never before had a free hand
To spend for myself a cash of such denomination

Initially I thought I would spend this amount
Over a period of time, say over a week
But the problem was as to where to hide
The cash in hand
I took a decision to spend the entire money
In a single go so that problem of balance did not arise

I approached a shop
And extended the coin to the keeper
He simply asked "what?"
Took some seconds
For an answer
As I did not know what to ask for
Gathered strength to say at last
"Ground nut cakes"
"For the entire amount" shop keeper
"Yes" my hurried answer
"Sure?" shop keeper quired
On my confirmation
He packed the cakes in a paper piece
And gave the same to me
Over the row of bottles arranged on the counter

I opened the pack
I saw eight jiggery-based ground nut cakes
Each one of about one square inch
And about half an inch thick
Took one piece
Started eating and by the time I finished it
I was inside the temple
As I walked my way inside the temple complex
I finished the second one
It was so sweet and wonderful
But the number of cakes frightened me
As I started wondering as to how at all
I would be eating all of them
As there were six more cakes

I sat in the shade one of four pillared raised structure
And could two more
Leaving the pack with four cakes

I knew I should not take them home
As there would be questions
As to how I could buy so many pieces
I was determined to some how
Finish eating all of them
Even it took some time
I thought I would give a break
So that I developed some taste
For one or two more pieces
I walked further in the temple
And as I reached the other end of the temple
I had eaten one more
With threatening three still remaining

An idea struck me
I would part with a piece or two
With a friend residing in this part of the town
Luckily I knew his house
So went to his place straight
I reached his house and asked
The elderly gentleman sitting in the
Front portion of the house
"Is Kittu at home? "
"Who are you? " he asked me
Without telling about my friend's availability
But, he added
"He has gone out"

Without wasting time
I took a piece of ground nut cake
And gave it to him
"Please pass on this to him"
And started walking fast home
I practically started running
Though I heard him shouting more than twice
At me to tell him as to who I was

The remaining two pieces
Were no more a challenge to me
And I managed to consume them
Before I reached home

After an absence for more than an hour

It was a tough task for me the next day

To cover me up

When I heard Kittu was narrating to some one

About a fool who visited his house

And left a ground nut cake for him with his dad

Without telling who he was

Bashyam Narayanan

The Birth Day That Came Immediately After Marriage

The birth day that came immediately after marriage
We were married in the first fortnight of September
It was an arranged marriage
My mother's elder sister came out with this alliance
As she was related to them through her husband
A distance of about 1100 kilometers separated us
He did not mind his being absent in our engagement too
As he believed his parents would not select
An un-matching life partner for him
He made his presence in the engagement after persuasion
I chose my husband from a range of proposals
I preferred him for his simplicity and unassuming traits
As the rest others were imposing a number of things
Which were beyond our affordability and acceptance
In an attempt to get to know the other
We spent a lot time talking about each other
Events in the childhood
College days
Friends
Office, the work therein
Eating habits and similar a lot
I did not know that
He did not care to note my birth day
Though these details were available to my in-laws
My birthday came
My expectation of a greeting from him went a waste
He was getting prepared to go office as usual
Minding not my awaiting
He left for office bidding me bye
None at home took a note of my birthday
I was not of course used to great celebrations
But, there would be some kind of wishing
Nothing like that from any corner
Came evening and came he from office
I minced words to convey to him that
It was my birthday
No excitation, no greet
But a silent reception of the information
I went further to say

That I needed some hairpins
He enquired as to from where I may get them
I detailed him the way and the shop from where he may get
He followed my suggestions
Came back with the hairpins
But, yes he got the right ones
I thanked him for this birthday gift
Which, according to him was bought for ten paise
One tenth of an Indian Rupee
What a gift
What a birthday

Bashyam Narayanan

The Clock Is Clicking

The clock is clicking
It is clicking to show just then
A time span of one second
Has become the past
The clock is clicking

Each click means a step
Towards your progress and growth
Optimistic wisdom says
The clock is clicking

Each click means a nail
Onto your coffin
Philosophical wisdom says
The clock is clicking

Each click means the arrival
Of a child in India
Population expert worries
The clock is clicking

Each click means the committal
Of a crime
Police personnel observes
The clock is clicking

Each click means a travel of 2.5 km
In space of the earth's surface
Astromer estimates
The clock is clicking

Each click means a change
In fortune of an individual
Astrologer announces
The clock is clicking

Each click means the admission
Of a heart patient
Health specialist heaves

The clock is clicking

Each click means the drain
Of my battery
The clock cries within
The clock is clicking

Let the clock be clicking
Let any one have his or her inkling
Let us be lively and kicking
Let nothing stop us becoming a king

The clock is clicking

Bashyam Narayanan

The Dateless Day Of September

All the gods of
All the religions
Of the world
Called on a meeting
Held on
12th September
7 years back
Because of the
Previous day's
Heinous act
Which took away
Thousands of lives
And brought down
The hope of the
Entire human race
On the possible
Accommodative
And accomplishing
Human understanding

All gods
Were apparently ashamed
Their heads down
With no words to exchange
One, of course,
With tears and crying
"I am not able to stop
This from happening"
No other god
Dared to console him

The secretary god
Stood up
And took permission of
The chairman god
To present a resolution
And read
"People on the earth believe
That we have created them.

While we will not debate on this,
We want them to
Understand that
It is they, who, empowered us
With so many strengths
They did not give us the powers
To stop them from doing
A thing that could displease us
The yesterday's happening was
The most disheartening one
And none of us expected
That such a thing in our name
Was in the making
To mourn this event
We all unanimously agree
That from now onwards
The month September's
Eleventh day
Will remain
A dateless day henceforth."

Bashyam Narayanan

The Earliest Event In My Life

The earliest event in my life

We do not know many things about ourselves
Especially when we were babies
We used to hear from elders in the family
As to how we looked, talked and behaved

For everyone there could be an event
Which he or she has registered for the first time

This event in my life is one such
I could make out it was an afternoon
I was sitting on a broad sill in front of the house
My mother and a cousin sister of mine
Were attending to me

They were looking at me at different angles
And they were attempting to improve my looks
By applying talcum powder all over my body
So that I looked fair

When they were touching my face with a puff laden with powder
I found it difficult to breathe
Despite my protests against their attempt these facelifts
They went ahead

They dropped a golden chain around my neck
They dressed me with a new dress
Kept changing the dress till the time they were happy with one

I heard father shouting at them
To stop these decorations
And it was time we moved

I was too small and probably had not started walking my own
My sister lifted me up to hold me on her waist
All started walking in hot sun
In the rough un-topped road
Reaching a junction where I saw dad negotiating with a

Bullock cart service provider

I remember the travel in that cart
Which kept moving with crackling sounds on the unpaved road
We reached the bus station
I was sweating profusely
And I noticed all others were too

We boarded a bus
With my dad guiding my mother and cousin to get in first
Later he jumped on to the moving bus
I was watching all these sitting in comfort on my mother's waist

The bus went fast
It was wonderful to see houses, trees, light posts
Disappearing fast behind
I was watching things ahead and back
Got tired soon and probably went into sleep

The next thing I could recall
Was that we were in a place
Which now I know was a studio
Big wall drops with a range of drawings
A tall big mirror, bright lights, make up kits and many other things
My mother and cousin got busy all over again
In making me up with talcum, comb, and other facilities
Not normally available at home

They were satisfied with my looks
The man there suggested that
The dress I was wearing would not suit me
And he preferred me to pose nude for the photo

I was seated on a circular polished table
With no dress on
While I was in full facial and exposed skin make up
With a golden chain around my neck
With hair combed up into plait with a decorative band
Showing up above my head
And all possible fittings of the waist rope
But with nothing to cover my bottom

My cousin sister was asked to stand by the side of the table
With her right hand resting close to my exposed left thigh
Photo session was over

I do not remember how we all returned home

There is still this photograph
That makes me rewind the happenings
Around this first ever self-recorded event in my life

Bashyam Narayanan

The Element Of Determination

I will be the last leaf
To fall
From this tall tree
This fall

Was my thinking
When I chose to strike
Three months back
On a much extended
Branch of this oak tree
By the side of the road

Things started changing
Over the period
And there was
A steady dropp in temperature
Many leaves much above me
And by the side of me
Changing colours
From yellow to purple
Waiting for the ultimate fall

But I am yet to change
Maintaining my original green
Active still producing
Carbohydrates with my chlorophyl
Despite the weak solar input

I was very happy
As most of the leaves
Have fallen
Changing the colour
Of the lawn beneath
From the grassy green to
The leafy yellow

It so happened
That I was the lone green leaf
In the entire tree

Left unturned to yellow

The very next afternoon
A scientist, botanist must be,
Reached over me
Standing on a ladder
Examined me with a
Magnifying glass
Ran his fingers over me

And to my dismay
Plucked me from the branch

Though crying within
I was glad
I am the last leaf
To fall

"Dr Wilson, what could be
There special in this leaf
Which managed to stand green
And strong so long
With no signs of falling
Even at the peak of
This fall"
Said Dr Van Buren,
The botanist

A portion of mine
Was bleached
A portion of mine
Was digested in acid
My extracts
Were chromatographed,
Electro-phoresised
Atomic absorption spectrographed

Dr Wilson
Phoned up to
Dr Van Buren
"There is nothing analysed
Abnormal and special

With the contents
Of the leaf sample
Given here for analysis.

But, I could sense
The element of determination
In this leaf
Which made it
Strick on
Despite all odds”

Bashyam Narayanan

The Fire Of Desire

Keep alive
In you
The fire of desire
As it only
Brought you to this
Wonder world
And so many
Other great things
Let it be
Any break-through
In science, art or literature
There was a fire of desire
That caused
The event to occur

Keep alive
In you
The fire of desire
But be on guard
To have good control
As the fire
Has the potential
To engulf you
And to devour you
History has
A great list of heroes
Who succumbed to
This very
Fire of desire
Still it is worth
You keep alive
In you
The fire of desire

With lot dreams
In mind
With lot milestones
To cross
With lot wins

To accomplish
With lot days
Ahead
Keep alive
In you
The fire of desire

Bashyam Narayanan

The First Tenth Year Of The Millennium

First tenth year of the millennium
A number with which
We normally do not want to be associated
But what to do, the number will be with us
The whole 365 days
We are mature enough to understand
That numbers do not, cannot, do a thing
It is we, the members of the society, do
As we used to do earlier
Let us welcome the New Year
With renewed hopes
With refined outlook
With redefined goals
With renovated skills
With regenerated resources
With rejuvenated youthfulness
With reinforced enthusiasm
With reaffirmed conviction
And take ourselves forward
Towards higher levels of
Love
Understanding
Compassion
Kindness
Fairness
Tolerance
Simplicity
Divinity
And other noble qualities
That will imbibe in you more altruism
And greater social acceptability
Let me not fail to wish you
A happy, prosperous, healthy new year 2013

Bashyam Narayanan

The Glow Of Darkness

The glow of darkness

Darkness, in our normal understanding
Is bereft of the revealing light or perception
We are unable to make out or perceive
Things in darkness
And often prefer to blame it
And come out of it

Darkness is nothing new to you
You are in dark while you sleep
And you were in dark in your mother's womb
Though you seem to be in light
More often you are in dark
As most of the things seen and perceived
Are in guise
So, darkness and your non-ability
To see are ever with you
Whether you know it or not

But, darkness by itself is perceived
And realized instantly with no aid
Even the visually challenged person
Can perceive darkness and understand it

While in darkness
At the same time, we try to
Perceive things so far you have
Never attempted to look for
Your inner vision in fact helps you
A great number of things
Which you might have seen
In bright light and broad daylight

You will agree darkness
Triggers the functioning of
Other sense organs and
They come to your rescue
In case you are in some trouble

Extending this understanding
Your wisdom comes to life
And you attempt to visualize
Less perceived things while being in dark

As an old Sanskrit script says
The person who sees inaction in action
And action in inaction is wise
And performs in totality
We end up with a corollary
That the person who sees light in darkness
And darkness in light
Sees things in totality

Your vision broadens
Your understanding widens
Your wisdom sees beyond
Your realization gets fine-tuned
When you feel you are in darkness

Darkness gives you an opportunity
To see the oft-unseen
To realize the oft-unrealized
To feel the oft-unfelt and
To perceive the oft-unperceived

Attempt is not to eulogize darkness
Attempt is not to glorify ignorance
Attempt is to make you understand darkness
And to draw your attention that
While in darkness you keep yourself awake
And trigger your innovative initiatives
To see out-of-the-box possibilities

Do not curse darkness
And it will be wise to see a new light in it
And appreciate its glow

Bashyam Narayanan

The Kid Only Kept Me Alive And Helped Me Stand The Pain

I was holding the tender
Left hand palm of the
Little child lying by my side
Seeking the kid
To bless me with strength
And a part of his enthusiasm
So that we keep alive
And see the light of the day

It must be early morning now
And I was able to hear shouts
Of people arrived at the spot of the mishap
We were survivors of a
Recent train accident

I saw the same kid yesternight
Playing with his mom
And dodging her efforts
To feed him with the most nutritious food
She could best afford
I do not know what time we went off in sleep
In this three tier air conditioned coach

But all came to a halt with a big bang and great jerk
All settled with cries of help
Emanating from all directions
And the cries also died down over a period to time
I was trapped between two berth slabs
The berth in which the child is sleeping
Getting crushed close to mine
But the kid was not injured and still sleeping
After some initial cries immediately after the mishap

I was holding that child's palm
And praying all gods known to me
To help us come out
I was in great pains and was unable to

Move my legs while hands were free

Prayers of mine were answered
When I saw an acetylene torch
Cutting the ceiling and molten hot
Metal splinters started showering from top
I made shouts so that they could exercise caution
Which they did
And entered a pair of asbestos gloved hands
I carefully grabbed the sleeping kid
And handed over to the rescuers
Telling that the kid was fine
And requesting them to take a good care of him
I did not know what happened
After the child was handed over

When I became conscious
I smelt the disinfectant laden hospital environ
And I heard doctors discussing about me
I understood I have lost both my legs
And they were wondering how I
Withstood the pain of such a crush
At the same time saved the life of a kid

They did not know
The kid only kept me alive
And helped me stand the pain

Bashyam Narayanan

The Language With Largest Vocabulary

It has only seven letters
And has the largest vocabulary
There is no dearth
Of expression
For any situation or emotion
One same thing
Can mean a million things

King Solomon deciphered
Ants' impression using this language
Indian mythology has it that
A much revered teacher
Taught all his disciples
Using this language
Clearing their all doubts
On any subject

It is not written
It is not spoken
It is not heard
But has in-depth meaning
And a lot application

It is not formally taught
As it has no syllabus
People pick up this
In their life paths
Some do not just pick this up
But, make excellent use of it
And successfully overcome
Difficult and challenging maneuvers

This language came into being
Long before the creation of this universe
Yes, it is not a just a global language
It is a universal language

This is in use world over
This is a common language

But often not used
This language has no grammar
No problem of spelling words wrong
There are no present, future or past tenses
There is no subject, predicate or object
As there are no sentences framed with this language

When used the person can still keep smiling
Often understood as a consent granted

Even the just new born is
As much as much eloquent
With this language
As the person who is preparing for departure

There is none to teach
But the language is learnt

The language is quoted as golden
As it can hurt no one

Much learned people resort to this
When they are to negotiate
Challenging situations

Some great philosophers
Teach their students
Comprehensively with the use of this language

By using this language
You are sure to win
Great many things
Use this wonder language
Effectively and appropriately
The language of silence

Bashyam Narayanan

The Last Gaze At You, My Dear

The last gaze at you, my dear

When we first met
In the midst of relatives
Parents of both of us
Busy talking about each of us
Our strengths
And our weaknesses
And how well we would make
A great match
Each one making up the lapses
Of the other
Each one living together
In total harmony
We got married
Experienced each other's
Greats and follies
For thirty six years
In the process me bearing
Two sons in a row
And third a daughter
How many heights we scaled
How many dips we suffered
Somehow both managing well
Each situation
Most of the time
Very close to our satisfaction
And very close to the delight of
Nears and dears
And now you lying there motionless
Waiting for the rites to be completed
So that you will finish your last journey
And get consigned to the fire
Our first son will light
I will never get a chance to see you again
The most loved person of mine
Let me recollect the full
Story of ours
Before you leave once and for all

And hence this
Last gaze at you, my dear

Bashyam Narayanan

The Last Thing I Have, To Offer You

Not long back
I was standing tall with
My branches spread
Upwards, downwards and
In all directions sideward

It was green all around my trunk
My leaves glittering in the bright sun
They fell just after winter
Only to strike again with full vigour

I used to blossom in yellow
With pendant like red dots in the middle
And my flowers shared in secret
The whispers of young lovers in my town
Some offered my flowers to their gods
And felt blessed by the divine
These flowers attracted insects
And colourful butterflies
Who returned intoxicated
Totally nectar drunk

I bore cherry red fruits
They were feast to sparrows
Squirrels and crows
Children of the town
Squeezed my fruits
And enjoyed the sweet flesh
Coated over the big seed inside

My branches housed nests
With young birds waiting for
Their mother's return to feed them
And my thin branches helped
These young birds launch their
First flights under their mother's guard

At times over my dark rough bark
Snakes ran up to the nests

To prey on the eggs and young ones
I was happy never once these snakes succeeded

My roots were ever busy
Tapping soil nutrients and
Sending them up to each of my tip

My leaves waved and ensured
Regular flow of oxygen rich cool air
Adding comfort to those who chose
To rest a while beneath my mammoth shadow

It was all pleasure for me
To see many around me in comfort
With whatever I can offer to them

All these came to a sudden end
When an unkind lightning struck me
I received the shock of my life
A hot wave ran through the entire me
From the top to the root bottom

And what happened
All functions in me
Came to an abrupt end
My leaves turned yellow and brown
To leave me and they fell in silence
My branches dried and turned black
The fruits did not ripe
I started drying up with no more
Supply of water from the ground

I am stark naked standing like a
Threatening skeleton
Birds, insects and people
Do not visit me
Am I turning useless

But let people know I have some thing
Also to offer
Delay further not and cut me
Burn me and enjoy the warmth

Of my heat and of my burning heart
The last thing I have, to offer you

Bashyam Narayanan

The Latest Lesson Of My Grandson

Four year old
Daughter's son
Just started talking
In some kind of comprehension
Returned from school
The other day
And there were some guests at home
Some of who were to
See our grandson first time
And it was my daughter's role
To introduce each
Of the guests
To her son
She is your aunty
Say 'Hi' to her
Which my grandson did
He is your 'Anna'
(Anna in Tamil means elder brother, it can be cousin too)
Say 'Hi' to him
Which my grandson did
This your grandma
Say 'Hi' to her
Which my grandson did
This went on
Till the time
All the guests were introduced
It is our practice
To give the child
A handwash immediately after
His retrun back home from school
And I took that charge
While I was helping him
In getting a wash
The fellow asked me
In a low voice like whisper
Are there no good person
Among our guests
Startled I asked him why
And he replied

Just today
School miss said
That all of us should
Grow to become a good person
Mom said these people are
Either grandpas, grandmas,
Uncles, Aunties, Annas or Akkas
But she said none
To be a good person

Bashyam Narayanan

The Lord Said That The "i" In You Is Really Me

The me in me is quite troublesome
And I know all the problems
I face is because this me
It has been a longing desire of mine
To get rid of this me

I said one day to Krishna
Let all my prayers I have offered to you
Help me getting a grant from you
Krishna said
Say that and it will be granted based on its merit

Krishna, I need only one thing
I do not require anything materialistic
My requirement is you yourself
I request you to occupy me
Totally vacating "me" from me
And you will take care of
Everything happening around me

Krishna did not answer
But, said
Hold on, your demand is quite on the higher side
Anyway I will consider it
Presently I am occupying someone else
And so I am not free to move into thee

Turning curious, I asked Krishna
Who is he and where is he?

Krishna made a smile
Did not answer and vanished

Days, weeks, months, years went by
I have been talking to Krishna all through
But I did not hear him saying a thing

The other day
I did call on Krishna

And renewed my demand
This time Krishna responded
Hi do you not know
That I have already occupied you
And I only am running things around you

Krishna, is it true?
I am not able to realize so
Things seem to have changed
I feel the same way as I used to feel earlier
I talk the same way as I used to talk earlier
I perform things the same way I used to perform earlier
I get saddened or gladdened the same way I used to get earlier
No change at all
I cannot believe what you say

A smiling Krishna said
I know you are going to say that
Now you renew your prayers
Requesting me to grant you this knowledge
Lord further said
That the "I" in you is really me
Once you land upon this realization
I will move on to another person
Who is waiting for my occupation

Bashyam Narayanan

The Me In Me

The me in me

The me in me
Feels, sees, hears, touches, speaks
And does all that I do
At the same time
The me in me
Becomes joyful or otherwise
Pleased or otherwise
Enthused or otherwise
Depending on its assessment
Of the event occurred
Or the situation in which I am

The me in me
Is my friend and my enemy too
It consoles me when I feel I am in trouble
And cajoles me when I am hesitant
It cheers me up and jeers me as well
It judges on people, things and happenings
And drives me to act
On the basis of its evaluation

Of late, I am of the opinion
That I have been taken for ride by
This me in me
And I need to stop it somewhere
I started requesting
The me in me
To free me of its clutches
And it says
It is upto you to go free
Or to stay locked up in me

I am unable
I am undone
I am bonded

I long for freedom from

The me in me

Bashyam Narayanan

The Milestone Marked Nine

The milestone marked nine

I am by the side of a metro bus stop
Under the shadow not-so-fully grown gulmohar tree
Whose trunk is still protected by a tree guard

Crows and mynas perching on this tree
Often bless me with their droppings

But I remain in my shape
I may be a little over one foot tall
Wide enough for any person to rest on me

People, mostly elderly, sit on me
Preferring me to the tall stainless stool
Beneath the shelter
As they are confident of not tilting dangerously

I used to see dreams in the eyes of most of the people
Who wait for their bus to come

Some plan a future
Some ponder over the past pains
Some visualize their daughter's wedding
Some think of a comfort after their son's employment
Some plan for their retired life
Some have a dialogue with their unseen gods
Some keep talking over their mobile phones
Some sit on me minding not the bird dropping on their shirt
Some do not mind the spider spinning its web
Just above their head on the tree branch
Some smoke
Some keep munching fried peanuts
All keep busy themselves

Some may not have even noticed
This silent observer
The milestone marked nine

Bashyam Narayanan

The Missed Matinee Show

The missed matinee show

That was the time
When it was not even a year since my mom died
People around sympathized with me
I enjoyed a lot freedom than even before
I was frequently feeling I could do mischief
And still could go uncaught and unquestioned

One Saturday afternoon
No school after lunch break

I heard a lot good about a film just released
So tempting the description about that film was
That I should watch the same at the earliest
The film had the best of actors that time
Playing the lead roles
The story line quite appealing
With a good number of emotionally challenging turns
Scenes were very well picturized
Dialogues were meaningfully made
Reviews were impressive
Boys, who had seen the picture already
Had only great things to say

I wanted to make use of this half-day off from the school
For going to Tiruchy and visiting the theatre

I impressed two of my friends with this idea
in between classes before the next teacher arrived
And they also got ready for this venture

We would not tell anyone about the programme
None of our parents and people at home would know
We would manage funds ourselves
And we would make this possible

Not that we were belonging to well-doing families
We knew that we could not get enough money

In the short span of time between so-called lunch and departure
So our plan was to run to the theatre
At the town five kilometers away
But we would ensure that we have sufficient funds
For theatre entrée fee and for the travel by bus back home

We would run through the temple
And one of us would join at the end of the temple

I went home and hurriedly finished eating
Collected coins from my petty savings
And was glad that it would just take care of
My planned expenses that afternoon
And without telling anyone at home and was on the mission

The other guy joined at the temple entrance
And we both were running through the place of worship
Missing to stop and worship deities in between
Which we normally do while visiting temple

We were surprised to see the third boy
Waiting at the other end of the temple
We continued the running
Without a word exchanged

After having gone some far in the hot sun
The newly joined wanted to say something
But, we stopped him
As such discussions would delay our reaching the cinema hall

We had gone quite far
And the boy insisted that he had something very important to say
We all stopped for a while

He started confessing that
He could not at all collect any money
Me and the other guy with money verified the funds we had

We were disappointed as
It would not meet the expenses
If all the three of us were to go ahead with the scheme

We did not talk any further
We all started running back
With the same speed
And parted ways to go back to respective homes

I was at home sweating profusely
With the mission unaccomplished
I would not forget this episode
The missed matinee show

Bashyam Narayanan

The Music Teacher

Music teacher

Long long ago
So long ago
No one knows how long ago
But I know it was
More than fifty years ago
There was a music teacher,
A beyond fifty years old widow,
Would come to our house
Almost every other day
To train my cousin sister
In presenting a set of carnatic songs
This was a requirement those days
That a girl to be married
Should be in a position to sing
Before her would-be husband
And his accompanying relatives
There were also occasions
When girls got rejected for the reason
They did not make a pleasing presentation
Of such songs
Our music teacher was focusing
On three songs only
So that my cousin would
Perform well at least one of the three songs
When she presents herself
As a prospective bride
This particular teacher had fame
That when she taught a girl
The girl would soon get married
We boys in our early teens
Used to make a fun around her
That there would be a girl waiting to be married
In that house
Which this teacher would enter
The teacher was well ahead of times
As she defied the prevailing norms of those days
With regard to dressing by a widow

Widows of those days would normally be seen
In white or very light colored attire
But she would ever be seen in dark sari
Well attended hair, just enough facials
And a less prominent forehead mark
Ever in swift gait
Holding an umbrella
Walking distances in afternoon sun
While most of our lady folks would be
In an afternoon nap
At times, it would also happen that
The girl, who she would train,
Would not pick the tunes right
But daughter down the line in the house
Would pick up the lessons better
Than the one for whom it was meant
My cousin did well in her first presentation itself
And got married immediately within months
The music teacher never came to our house after that
Though she attended the wedding
The beginning of married life of my cousin
Marked the end of visit of the music teacher

Bashyam Narayanan

The One Game We All Play

The one game we all play

We play games
To show our valour
And mainly to win

We do not mind going for coaching
If we feel we do not have the
Required strength to win

We play games
Either as a team or individual
The attempt is to demonstrate
That we are better talented
Than the team or member
Against whom we play

Nations enthuse people to play games
So that they add pride

Some games are played with
Gadgets and protective accessories

We have spectators to watch
The way we play
We have umpires and referees
Who ensure rules of the games
Are strictly adhered
And it is all a fair play

We play games indoor or outdoor
We play games in daylight
Or under artificial illumination

We score while playing
And the score achieved by a team or individual
In a specific time
Decides the winner

We telecast the games
We comment on the strengths and weaknesses
Of a team or individual

We conduct national and international
Tournaments to declare a team or individual
As champion

Irrespective of skills, race, gender
We all play a game
Which is played mainly to lose
It is an individual game
With no specific rules
With no umpire
With no spectator
With no commentator
With no TV coverage
With no scores
With no trophies
With no victory stands
With no top scorer
With no "player of the match"
But we play

Most of us like to play this game
Indoor and in closed doors
Decency and civilized ways
Do not allow this game being played in the open

There is no season for this game
It can be played any part of the day
And any part of the year
Summer, winter, monsoon seasons
Have no bearing on this game

The one requirement in this game is
Complete transparency and intimacy

Rules for this game
Vary from individual to individual
Rules also get refined
With the experience of the players

There are no restrictions to employ
Any method as both the players
Are determined to be the loser

Duration of play depends again
On the individuals

The game ends
Most often to the satisfaction
Of the both the players

In other games players declare
That they are retiring from playing
There is no retirement in this game
As players advance in age
They understand it is more a mind game

Outcome of this game
Are further more players

You guessed it right
It is the game of love

Bashyam Narayanan

The Poor Decorative Platoons

We were there even before
The first guest arrived
We were not, of course, the host
We were colourful
Attractive to most of the guests
Children looked at us with awe
Even some senior guests
Talked to the host in praise of us
The hall got filled with guest
Young, old, men, women and children
A videographer capturing all happenings
A photographer creating a capsule of stills
A lot noise around
We were witnessing gossips,
Romantic glances,
Secret affectionate exchanges,
Fiery arguments,
Friendly approach for new business deals,
Discussion on weather, politics and so on
But we were never a part of these
But silently watching all these
With a bang came the occasion for celebration
All gathered around
Wished the couple on their
Fiftieth wedding anniversary
Some youngsters fell at the feet of the couple
Seeking their blessings
Some shook hands with the couple
Some greeted them with gifts
And some with bouquets
Some read out a citation
Some sang while some others danced
We were just watching
Time came for dinning
Some held glasses with drinks of their choices
Some turning more confident after intoxication
Some men venturing making fun of ladies of their liking
Some happy with a cup of soup
All were busy with their plates

Some mothers feeding their reluctant kids
Some continuing the discussions while eating
Some being gentle consumers
Some devouring with less pleasant gestures
Videographer and photographer covering all these
Aroma of the food items filled the hall
Function nearing an end
Guests leaving one after another
Hosts thanking each personally for their presence
All left the hall
Switching off lights, fans and air conditioners
Minding not our being left out in dark and suffocation
Dawned and entered a new set of workers
For a new celebration
'Clear all these' was an instruction for a supervisor
All on a sudden
We were pulled down
And thrown into a large dust bin
Some of us were blown out by a strong wind
And we were in the middle of the road
Each passing vehicle making us air borne
With its accompanying flush of wind
No one to take pity on us
The poor decorative platoons

Bashyam Narayanan

The Power Of Advertisement

That little boy looks for his kitty cash holder
All around his house and at last finds it
Shakes the same to ensure the availability of his savings
Moves off the house, travels in a tiny little boat
Holding tight his belonging and keeping it
Off the sight of the old boatman
Walks off the boat holding the kitty tight with both his hands
Steeping up the bank
The bankman with all love and respect opens a locker
For our little hero and gives him all hopes for its safe custody
How I wished I am holding an account in that bank

A romantic couple move around a fridge
She empties an ice tray from the freezer
Throws a piece of ice onto her beloved
He wastes no time in reaching another ice tray
And in turn places an ice piece on the cheek of his beloved
And this ice throwing game goes on
Till the time they reach the bed
Where they understand that they have something more to do
Than just getting cool with the ice
And this realization comes to them because
They own that fridge
I would have gone for that cooling device
Had I not got one at home

That just above middle age man is riding a cycle
Under a tree from where not leaves,
But currencies falling one after another
The man moves on narrating the fund support
He enjoyed from the financial services
Depicted as the above tree
He got his daughter married
He got his son well educated
I curse myself for being not wise
In going for an investment in that firm

An old man gets an excellent medical treatment
In a well equipped hospital at the hands of experts

He is fine now
But he refuses to go home
As the hospital charges are so low
How I wish I soon fall sick
And get an opportunity to be treated there
For the pleasure of self
And of my people

A man passes away
But, his wife seems undisturbed
She is sure of all funds
For her to run her family
To educate her children
And very importantly, to get beloved daughter
Decently married to a very handsome boy
She stands before her husband's photo
With tears welling in her eyes
Thanking the prudence of her husband
In choosing such a considerate life insurance company
However, I wonder still why there are so many widows
Finding it difficult to make a living, leave alone
Their educating their children
And ensuring their good living

There are many such presentations
Which has no bearing on real life
And how fair it is on the part of those, who advertise
With so much deviation from actual happenings

Bashyam Narayanan

The Quantum Of Solace

When in distress you look for solace
But, know there is always a certain
Quantum of solace, in place,
In your mind space,
Reach it in peace and in no pace

That zone which can comfort you
In difficulties is within you
And get hold of it as and when you need
The quantum varies with people
Based on their impressions
Of the occurrences outside

You can enhance this solace domain
By trying to understand you, especially
Your nature and your reacting-to-situations pattern

Quantum of solace is least among those
Who wants to be special
Because of their haste
And note, not prompt, responses to demands

Quantum of solace improves
With weighed responses
Assessing situations objectively
And not self-biasedly or subjectively

An attempt to understand
Your standing is the essence
Of enlarged quantum of solace

Real mentors are those
Who have a very large solace quantum
And indirectly share their solacing space
To those who ask for comfort

You can do that too
And achieve that level
Where you require no solace

As you stay ever in peace
Irrespective of situations you are in

A self-directed exercise
To examine yourself
To scan your thoughts
To trace your dreams
And to develop skills to direct them,
Instead of their directing you,
Will make you yourself
A solace to others, who need comfort in distress

Bashyam Narayanan

The Saturday Myth

My daily routine is
To offer morning prayers
In a temple
Run and maintained by a
Board of Trustees
That Saturday I went
With all devotion and enthusiasm
But only to see a display
That the temple will be non-functional
As mother of one trustees
Passed away and temple will be open
For public only after the obituary rites are over
It struck me then
There is a myth in this part of the country
That Saturday obituary noting
Does not go single
Some such reporting will also be soon heard
Returned home with disappointment
And telling myself that
Someone else too is dead somewhere
By the time I reached home
I received a call
Informing me the demise of
A first cousin of mine
Who is younger to me
Myth or message?

Bashyam Narayanan

The Soul In Me Is Really Hers

I do not know how to make my eyes, which
Move impatiently around
To have a glance of her,
Understand
That she herself is my vision

I do not know how to make my ears, which
Long for hearing
The sweet voice of hers,
Understand
That she keeps singing inside me

I do not know how to make my heart, which
Throbs for an
Intimate togetherness with her,
Understand
That each of its pulse is triggered by her thought

I do not know how to make my hands, which
Are gnawingly desirous
Of caressing her
Understand
That I am yet to recover from the
Scintillation of her previous touch

I do not know how to make my lips, which
Restlessly bother me
With their thirst for a passionate kiss of hers
Understand
That I still hold on to
The taste of the previous experience

I do not know how to make my olfactory nerves, which
Consistently seek to get
The smell of hers
Understand
That the entire air
Is laden with the scent of her fragrance

I do not know how to make the soul inside me, which
In solitude
Cries for a heartfelt union with her
Understand
That the soul in me is really hers

Bashyam Narayanan

The Ten Commandments Of Communication

The ten commandments of communication

Verify your ideas before clarification, as to whether the contents of your communication will really serve the purpose of your communication. Consult others, where appropriate, the communication plan. This will help you decide the audience-based right content, flow, duration and location.

Make clear to the audience the true purpose of communication. Make it known to the audience as to what you want them to do after receiving the inputs from you. It can be just an act, can be an attitudinal change, can be drawing a strategy or plan of action.

Ensure you are in the right set of environment for the communication. Communication is not effected just by words and gestures, but also by the quality of place where you communicate.

Take into confidence your audience. Encourage them to come out with their experience in the subject of communication. Accordingly polish your ways.

Be sure where to emphasize and where to dilute. Check yourself the overtones and emphasis on messages conveyed, as audience may not notice.

Avoid being theoretical all through. Give practical examples. Enthuse audience to come out with problems, connected with the subject and offer, if possible, practical solutions.

Follow up with what you communicate. Ensure audience is with you through the entire communication. Give no impression that you are evaluating their ability to absorb.

Demonstrate that you practice what you preach. Your past experiences may come handy.

Communicate for tomorrow, based on previous learning, enabling the audience visualize new horizons on the subject of communication.

Last, but not the least, seek not to be understood, but to understand. Be a good listener too.

Think Good, Act Good And Help The World Live Good

Your thoughts
Form a cloud
When saturated
And get frozen
Bring down onto the earth
The Shower of activities

Your actions, thus showered
Believe
Add life on this soil
And help grow
The plants of
Pleasures and joy
As long as your thoughts
Are not contaminated
And seeded with
Anger, envy, distaste
Greed and many others
I leave it to your imagination

As an acid rain
Laden with pollution
Harms the soil
And the soil-dependent plants
Your contaminated thought clouds
Generate a rain of actions
Laden with vengeance and
It is definite to destroy
The entire human race
Nurtured by your action

Exercise caution on your
Thoughts and keep them
Ever associated with
Love, affection, honesty
Faith and confidence
So that you never turn
Into cause for concern
In the care of this

Beautiful world with
Wonderful people and
Other marvelous living systems

Think good
Act good
Help the world
Live good

Bashyam Narayanan

Think Noble, Talk Noble And Get Nobel

Noble are those
Who have self evolved
Humane values
And who stand by what they value
Not necessarily nobility
Of a person is assessed
On what they own or acquired
On whether they have power and authority

Any way present day requirement is that
A person needs to be rich and powerful
For he or she to be declared noble

□

Nobility enhances with popularity
The more popularity the greater nobility
The cumulative effect of
Power and popularity is
Immensely reflected on
The hurry in which one gets into
Noble cadre

Thus a person with
Self evolved humane values
Popularity, fame and power
Assumes greater nobility
In the society

But note the fame one acquires
Through notoriety
Does not and will add to his
Nobility scale

The person may even create
Controversies without, of course,
Affecting the social harmony
And remain noble

What about acting on your noble ideas
It looks from one of the recent

Nobel awardees
That you need not act
On your ideas
Just keep talking about them
In all possible gatherings
But ensure that the crowd accepts
Whatever great things you have to say

To become a Nobel Laureate
You require to do only these
Think noble
Just talk noble
And get the Nobel

Bashyam Narayanan

This Be The Last Time We Use The Phrase 'slumdog'

We, as Indians, have reasons
To be proud of having
Created history by the film
"Slumdog Millionaire"
At the same time, we, as human beings,
Have to have hung our heads for
Having created slums

Slum, as it means
An overcrowded area of a city,
Where the housing is in a very bad condition
And people live in unhygienic conditions
With no basic facilities

And who created slums,
Not the people residing there
But those whose greed has brought
These slum dwellers into these
Unfit-for-living conditions

The technicalities employed in
Filming this movie deserve all praise
While the different ways of living
Of the slum dwellers equally deserve attention
Of the entire human race
For correction and improvement

The film was declared to be
The best-directed
While the slum tribes have no directions
And they have no one to direct

The film was declared to be
The best film
While the slum where the film was shot
Is the worst place
For any human being

Let the recognition of the film

Bring to light the plight of slumdogs
To the fore
And let the human race do everything
Possible to move these people
Out of the slums, wherever they are,
And to help them live a decent, if not better, living

We shall be doing a great service
If this becomes the last ever time
We use this phrase "Slumdog"

Bashyam Narayanan

This Day Last Year

This day last year
20 June 2012
We saw off a soul
His mortal remains
Got consigned to ritual fire
He was a man
Always after perfection
Childless, he was
Hence a home ever clean
Gentle and soft
In his approach
But knew when to be harsh
As he witnessed deviations
From his self-evolved norms
He earned enough
To maintain a good social status
Kept himself fresh and nice
And his wife too matched him
A happy couple, they were
Always seen together, as if
Made for each other
She fell always in his line
However, he only drew the line
Things were all fine
He has to relinquish his services
After attaining the age of sixty
Non-pensionable his job was
He ran the show
With same vigour of fragrance and colour
But his retiral benefits
Diminished at a faster rate than expected
Though worldly wise he appeared
He proved less money-wise
His unsuspected faith on his friends
Made him lose quite a sum
And his life troublesome
He was assisted to launch a business
And that venture too failed
With his failing health

A summer season fever
Came on to him severely
He was to be hospitalized
For near three weeks
But he never recovered
And before his physical inability
Became a burden to others
He breathed his last at the age of seventy five
In the afternoon of 19 June
And was cremated
This day last year

Bashyam Narayanan

Till The Last Minute

You deserve credits
For you have been connecting ages
I know things of the past,
Long long-ago events
Because of you
I also know that generations ahead
Will come to know about this present
Only with your help

How much I become dependent on you
For the simple reason
That you help me communicate
And make me understood by others
The way I want them to
Understand me

Though I used to feel
I am being understood by others
In the same way
I understand myself
Later, I realised, more often than not,
That they have not understood me,
But, in fact, misunderstood me,
Which I could make out
From the reactions in response
To my communications

I do not know,
Whether I too have been
Misunderstanding others
In the same way
They have been doing me

It is all because of the guises
You can take
You look blue to me
While others see you as red
You smell jasmine to me
While others feel it as

Some other fragrance
To me you look opaque
To them transparent
And so on..
Though shapeless
You can assume thousands of shapes

Oh, my dear mother tongue
When I am going to do away with you
So that I am understood right
And I understand better

I hear you telling something

'Yes, when you breathe your last'

Bashyam Narayanan

Time And Space

Time and space
Decide each happening
Significant or otherwise

Let us look back
Events all through our lives
You would agree
Events and things
That had an impact on us or otherwise
Happened just because of this
Meeting point of time and space

Each one of us
Came on to this earth
Because of the time and space synchronizing
At a time when millions of sperms
Were on a race to meet one single egg
Time and space only made the
Fertilization and development
Thus at the time of your conception
There was a probability of a meagre
One part per millions
With much greater possibilities
Of someone else being conceived

Extending this, you will agree
A thing to fructify or
An event to occur
The probability is quite low
If not a part per million
A part per thousands

You can be sure that
A thing or event will not
Evolve or occur without the role of
Time and space

Be also sure that
There is no point to blame others or

Curse yourselves
For your unaccomplished desires

But, understand that
Time is unripe and
Space is unoccupied
And that is why
Dreams do not fructify
Despite all your efforts
Skillful advancement
Towards goal

Keep trying
With all your knowledge and skills
With the focus on your goals
And aspirations
But, wait
Let there come about
The appropriate conjugation of
Time and space

Bashyam Narayanan

Tiny Ants We Are, But Our Souls With Yours At Par

It was our routine
We move around in batches
Locate places from where
We can collect food items
Our food habits are simple
We do not need to cook
As we eat raw
We do not add spices to our food
We also do not mix food items
We are satisfied with one item
And we eat it stomachful in one go
And very importantly
We eat only when hungry
No in-between in takes
We walk, walk and only walk
We do not use any vehicle
Our tribe is known for
Organized non stop working
Recently we were in a marriage hall
We were busy material handling
And the foot item we were shifting
Was a ready-to-eat item
And we would keep it stored
In our safe custody
For consumption later on rainy days
Everything went as planned
We were almost moved all we wanted to move
The last batch of our ten people
Were moving fast through a foot path
And before they could cross
A large footed man stamped on them
And all the entire batch of ten crushed to death
We all witnessed in sorrow
The demise of our people
For no fault of theirs
"We, tiny ants cannot do anything about this.
Once I witnessed hundreds of our men
Got drowned in milk when the pot containing it
Just titled and got emptied"

A senior citizen in our group lamented

Bashyam Narayanan

To A Friend Terminally Ill

To a friend terminally ill

I wonder how you chose me as your friend
For what all I did to you troubled you
You are a great friend as you intervened
Me with your wisdom and
Prevented my fall into the pit of my foolishness
You minded not my indifference to your advices
But kept persuading me to take only the right path
I do not remember to have done even a single
Deed worth recalling and remembering

Nature played its havoc on you
And is determined to snatch you away
You know I am incapable of doing
Anything to stop this separation
I thought that I only ditched you
But your own blood mutated malignantly
Paving way for your painful departure
In one way, it was also good as I know
You are to depart; I will start caring a bit more
On my ways of doing as there will be none
To check my ruthless routes

I know, you have pains, but do not cry
But you see, we cry, simply anticipating pains
You are in light and enlightened
We in darkness not knowing where to look for light
You are ready with your baggage
We still searching, and if found, loading it further heavily
You play with death, a real friend, who has been
Gaming hide-and-seek in each breathe since we are born
And who is the ultimate friend
But we are afraid of him and believe
We can once and for all evade him
You know you are at the exit
We do not know where are we, who knows
We may be closer to exit than you
You are free from the shackles of life

We are bonded to the fear of death
You personify the glory of reality
We glorify the fallacies of the unreal

I do not require to say "Do not worry and
I will take care" as you know
I cannot do that as effectively as you have been doing
You know pretty well things happened,
Happen and will go on happening whether
You are there or not
I do not think you need words of consolation
As you know words are only words
And many a time they are not meant
I will not shed tears as I know
Your soul cannot stand it
I will not make efforts to remember you as you know
Your soul will be around me ever
I will not be talking about you
As you will be talking through me

I will meet you there, how soon or late I do not know
Not to burden you, as I have been doing
But to hold you in my heart

If you believe in another birth
Be careful not to choose a friend of my sort

Bashyam Narayanan

To A Mother In The Making

I thank you on behalf of the entire human kind for having chosen to become a mother.

A great mother you should be as you ensure the continuance of a genetic order, a wonder design of nature.

You are not only the mother of child you bear, but a global mother taking care of all with your kindness and affection to the little one, you are helping to land.

You are already a mother, as you became one from that moment, when the little one established itself in your nourishing womb.

You must be proud, because there are not many, who climb to this pedestal of motherhood.

You are lucky to tell the world loud and clear, that the human bonding is still there, as you bear the sign of it.

You are proving yourself the symbol of love, perseverance and patience.

Caution but, do not become possessive of this great gift to the world.

The child you bear is a gift you give to this waiting world.

Whether it be a son or daughter it makes no difference, but ensure in it are implanted your nobler thoughts.

Let that be Ram, the great son and the loyal husband

Let that be Sita, the personification of patience

Let that be Shiva, the perfectionist

Let that be Krishna, the granter of happiness

Let that be Buddha, the peace-loving guy

Let that be Christ, the painstaking path finder

Let that be Shakti, the symbol of energy

Let that be Arjuna, the great warrior

Let that be Karna, the great giver

Let that be Bheeshma, the great son and the protector

Let that be Einstein, the great scientist

Let that be Shankara or Ramanuja the spiritual path finders

Let the child be any one
You are our great mother

Let your positive attitudes flow through its brain cells in the formation
Let your philanthropic views fill its small heart
Let your far sightedness invade this little one
Let your all-giving mind become part of its attitude
Let all your and its father's good features constitute this colourful butterfly still in
the cocoon.

You will not entertain any bad thoughts now.
You will not consume anything that may hurt this little one growing in you.
You will not make the kid suffer the shocks of adrenaline that your blood stream
gets injected because of your anxious moments.

Nothing to worry.
All will be fine, as it is and as it was.
You may know with the arrival your arrival child there are two deliveries. One
birth is of course of your child and the other is that of a great mother.

Awaiting the arrival of a mother

affectionately

Bashyam Narayanan

To See A Day Better Than The Day Yester

To see a day better
Than the day yester
Is the desire with which
We all get up

This hope and longing
Gives the dawn
A colourful brilliance
And the day kicks off

As day advances
We come to realise
That it is only
Yet another day

As you retire and sleep
You refresh your dream
To see a new bright day

This cycle goes on and on
Till the day you sleep that long
With no more day
Ahead for you

You, however, depart
With the same desire
Finding a new flesh
To be borne somewhere

And to get up once again with
The same longing
To see a day better
Than the day yester

Bashyam Narayanan

To The Child In The Coming

We have been waiting
For almost nine months now

You were born, in fact
The day, when we came to know
You have been sown
And you have been established

Trust you are grown
Full in shape
With strong bones and muscles
And a kind heart

I know your mother's blood
Supplies you all that you need
Make good use of the supply
And build yourself

You know the whole world
Is waiting for your arrival
With lot of love and affection
And with an expectation
That you are going to be different
And special and capable of
Achieving greater and nobler things
Than those which we have achieved so far

Are you a boy or girl
We do not want to know it now
And it makes no difference to us
For what will matter are the
Great thoughts that you are
Going to nurse and your actions
Those realise them

Welcome to this world of wonders
Welcome to this world of love
Welcome to this world of passion
Welcome to this world full of

Opportunities for you to explore
Welcome to this world waiting for you

Your arrival is yet another proof
To the fact that God has faith in human kind
Your arrival is yet another proof
To the fact that Natural systems still prevail
Your arrival is yet another proof
To the fact that Love is the essence of survival
Your arrival will add yet another ray
To the glow of innocence
Your arrival will mark the beginning of
A New Era, new thinking, new hopes
And it will pave way for new
Sweet dreams not only for your parents
But to the entire mankind
Your arrival will make new sparkling marks
In our horizons indicating brighter and
Most prosperous days ahead

Come with an open mind
Come with a heart that is kind
Come with a lot of passion
And fashion a new generation

Bashyam Narayanan

To The New Prime Minister

Congratulations
On assuming the highest executive office
Of this great country

You won the elections
With your eloquent deliberations
And with your ability to communicate
To the Indian masses most of whom
Are less learned and not capable of understanding
The worth of their votes

You need to be doubly praised
As you convinced the entire lot
In the requirement of a purposeful change in governance

The success is not in just becoming
But in behaving

You had wonderful things to say
You had great missions to convey

While wishing you all the very best
We wish to see in you a different Prime Minister
We wish to see in you a delivering Prime Minister
We wish to see in you an effectively performing Prime Minister
We wish to see in you a sensitive Prime Minister
We wish to see in you a well weighed decision making Prime Minister

Your slogan 'More Governance - Less Government' is appealing

You do not much guidance in governing
As you proved your worth as a charismatic Chief Minister

We know you will ensure that there is
No political interference in governance
No publicity oriented schemes
No vote-bank pleasing and enhancing designs
No popular proposals without technical back up

We all know you will ensure that there is
Harmonious governance
Empowerment for people down the line
Tolerance to criticisms
Determination to timely deliver
Strict monitoring with regard to implementation
Funding for all proposed plans
Respect for the country internationally
Right mutual understanding of neighbouring countries
Enthusiasm among implementing agencies
Impartial treatment
Interest in continual improvement of systems
A fire of desire to excel
A feeling of security among people of all regions
Strong will to grow with everyone on board

We could make out that
You will be working as if this is the last chance to serve

We wish you a
Healthy, happy, great and accomplishing tenure
Delivering to this greatest democracy
Growth and prosperity as far unheard

We very much wish
You will be instrumental in identifying
And developing second line leaders
Which none of our earlier leaders ventured

We are sure
That you will make us proud Indians

Bashyam Narayanan

To The Soul That Just Departed

To the soul that just departed
We are here to take care of the
Tasks left behind you
Rest in peace

But at the same time
We wonder whether we would be able to
Give the touch you used to
Carve the way you used to
Serve the product the way you used to
Win over the beneficiary the way you used to
Convince a doubtful consumer the way you used to
Speak out the phrases you used to
Deliver timely the way you used to

We miss you for your smartness
We miss the weighed kindness you showered
We miss you for your wisdom
We miss you for your thoughtful directions

You will definitely take a birth again
As you had a lot ambitions
As you had a lot plan for those whom you loved
As you feel that you had a lot love yet to be shared

But take a birth that ensures
Your reaching unmet goals
Be kind to people in your chase
Be smart but never smart those who believe you
Expand the extent of your love
Never give room to the belief you only are right
Know where you lack
Never cover up your weaknesses
Instead strengthen them
Do not take things to head
But have a heart that accommodate a lot others
Enjoy living but remember that others too have this right
Try to understand the untold opinion
Do not read between the lines

Involve others in your decision making process

Be a generous person

It is not going to make you poor

But it will indeed make you rich

Bye for now

Will we meet again?

Bashyam Narayanan

Tough Questions

Tough questions

Question turns tough
When an answer leads
To further questions
Or when there can be more than
One answer to it
It also turns tough
When any amount of answering
Leaves the question unanswered
Such questions go beyond our understanding
And defies our scientific explanations

Two such questions are
Who are you and
What are you?

You have a wide range of answers
For the first question
You are not wrong when you answer the first
That you are son or daughter of so and so
That you are father or mother of so and so
That you are the spouse of someone
That you are grandson or granddaughter of so and so
Your answer mentioning the connecting link
With inherited and acquired relationships
Cannot be wrong

You are also right
When you answer that
You have a qualification in a particular field
You are a professional of a particular discipline
You are an employee of an organization
You are the boss of a group
You are the sub-ordinate of someone
And so on
These are professionally related answer
And they cannot be wrong

You may answer identifying yourself
With a particular community
With a set of friends
With your role and position in a socially active group
These are socially based answers
And these too cannot be wrong

You may like to answer by identifying yourself
With a particular faith
And as a disciple to some leader of the faith
These are religiously, and spiritually if applicable, related answers
And these too are not incorrect

But really speaking the
Absolute correct answer is something else

Coming to the second question of
What are you?
You may have answers in similar lines above mentioned

Normally people tend to answer this question
In a professionally linked base
Here again this answer, though apparently is right
Has not revealed your real worth

You can be very close to answering right these questions
Is by calling yourself
An operating system of a robot, your body
Whose physical, mental, intellectual and emotional capabilities
Are determined by a
Permutation and combination of
A set of amino acids
Those are specific to human race

You know this answer also is incomplete
You keep exploring answers
As no correct answers have been arrived at to these
Tough questions

Bashyam Narayanan

Tribute To J N Tata On His Birthday 3 Mar 2011

Business is meant for
Wealth generation only
This deep-rooted adage
Was shaken and thrown off gear
This day in 1839
When Nusserwanji Tata
Was born in Navsari of Gujarat

It was a differently bright
And quite a colourful dawn as
It marked the beginning of
Socially-considerate
Industrialization in India

The country leaders were
In a struggle for political freedom
At the time when Tata grew
And was mature enough
To take a lead

He thought politically freed
India should also turn
Economically independent
And technically advanced

His gnawing desire and cherished vision
Was an economically strong
And technologically sound
Independent India

He knew also how to make it happen
The only way was
To make India industrialized
And to make Indians trained in technology

Winning independence may be difficult
But not impossible
But, holding on to that is possible only if
Adequate economic foundation is ensured

And with scientifically tutored man power
To pillar that democratic mansion

Business's live-wire is wealth generation, no doubt
But its life preserver is the
Support of the people around
Who directly or indirectly
Helped the business establish and run

He professed
Sharing of
Generated wealth with neighbourhood
Is an essential component of business
He introduced this
So far little known theme in business

What not he did
For the nation
To make it grow in the real sense
Establishing industries
Educational institutions
And formatting schemes for
Flow of wealth
Into the welfare of the
Needy common man in
Nearby areas of his business sites

Words turn inadequate and short
In praising this tall
One-man planning commission

His contribution towards
Employee welfare is remarkable
And far ahead of his times
Provident fund schemes
Profit-sharing bonus concepts
Medical care to his workmen
Are only a few in the list

Environmentally conscious Tata
Sowed the seed for
Compensatory afforestation way back in 1904

When he wrote to the Commissioner of Central Province
Expressing his reclamation plan by planting trees
Compensating the loss of green
If it happened they cleared vegetation
While doing a prospecting operation

And Indian Parliament enacted Forest Act in 1980

We can keep on telling many, many things
About this great visionary

On this day marking his 172nd birth anniversary
Let us take pride
In being associated with the
Efforts towards realizing his dreams
And let us resolve and reaffirm our commitment
To keep this legacy up and high
And we will do everything to
Uphold the status of Tata Steel as a company
For others to emulate
In employee and neighbourhood welfare
In staunch business ethics
In safe, sustainable, environment-friendly ways of working
And in compassionate corporate governance

Bashyam Narayanan

True Love

I love my wife
She loves me
I love my children
They love me
I love my friends
They love me too
I love my colleagues
They love me
In all these love 'affairs'
There is an under current
As in all these
There is or are some common points
Where we meet
If the common point ceases to exist
Probably we fall apart
Closer the association
The common point has a very large base
And is sustained
So that the affairs continue
Very likely we work together
For achieving some goals
True love is
A kind of emotion
Which keeps you enthused
And helps you perform
With the best of your potential
There is no in-return relationship
In case of true love
It flows down in all directions
Submerging the beneficiary
With nothing but love
The oft-used word love
Can be demonstrated
By sharing, shouldering,
By accommodating, accepting,
By expressions, gifts
True love is just felt
True love does not cry
When the other is pain

But goes unasked for relieving the same
True love does not just offer
A shoulder for you to lean upon
It works out the means to ease you
Love is emotional
True love is promotional
Love is blind
True love is a visionary
Helping the other to build a future
Love is god
True love is spirit
That keeps you driving far
And beyond your expectations
Love needs someone to be present
True love can be felt even in absence
Love hurts
True love heals
Love hates
True love does only love
And for the loving sake
Let us love
But let us truly love

Bashyam Narayanan

Trump Triumphs

Trump triumphs

Results show
Though not yet fully over
At this point of time
Hillary lags behind
By almost 30
She has to win
All the remaining electoral votes
If she is to be the President
Which possibility
Seems not so bright

Likely Trump is on top

And he is next
President

Immigrants, of course, illegal
Separatists
Fanatics
Terror aspirants
Have to take a re-look
Into their goals
And less humane aspirations

They must
Join the rest Americans
Support the nation for it to
Grow in all respects like
Peace
Harmonious living
Tolerance
Respect for other views and faiths
Economics
Education
And what not
That makes a nation, a real nation

With its people
Being confident
Being satisfied
Being comfortable
Being strong to face challenges
Of the unknown future
Being collective in demanding conditions
Trump seems to have the power
Of uniting his people
Of harnessing their potential
Of taking the nation forward
Of keeping the American legacy well above

And
Of holding other nations in his fold
With his helping the global citizens
Realize their potential
For their respective nation building

All the best to you, Trump
The President elect
For a great tenure
In service of America, in particular, and
In service of humanity, in general

Bashyam Narayanan

Try A Cry

Crying is an emotional outburst
Of a discomforting situation
Accompanied by shedding tears
And sobbing, which may last longer
Maturity demands that we check our cry
As it showcases our weakness
Factually speaking crying can strengthen you
Since you expose your emotions the best way
While crying
Crying out has a potential to dilute
The emotional impact on you
Yes, you are well advised to cry
To handle a perceived problem better
Children cry
These cries are instantaneous and
Immediate in response to most often
A physical discomfort
As we advance in age, we manage well
To stop or abstain from crying
Girls and women cry out more readily
Than boys and men
Examine yourself as to when
You cried last time
It is a demonstration of perception of
Utter helplessness
You may guise in laughter, anger
But the real you can be seen in your cry
Cries draw more attention than
Expressions of other emotions
Cries may make others understand better
Cries have the potential to bring out
A notable mental balance
Cries may accompany ecstasy among some
Triggered by an overwhelming accomplishment
Know that you cry not because you are weak
But because you want to strengthen yourself
Fail not to cry
If you feel the situation demands
Fear not to cry as it may shield you against threat

I wish you do not come across
A tough and demanding situation demanding a cry
In the same breath I want you to note that
Nothing is more soothing than a cry
Try a cry
Next time if you need to cry

Bashyam Narayanan

Twenty Year Old Friendship

Twenty year old friendship

It was this month
Twenty years ago
I came across you
And took you with me
Since then
You are my conscious keeper
I looked at you
For anything and every thing
I look at you
As soon I wake up
I look at you
As I take my breakfast
I look at you
As I leave for office
Whenever there are challenges
I look at you
And you always give me a breather
And you used to say
There is time still
When I look at you in the event
Of an unfavourable situation
You smile with your hands spread
And say
You should have done something about this
Much earlier
Whenever I am in a rush
Whether it is to attend a meeting
Or to catch a flight, train or bus
I look at you
You will say either there is time still
Or you should have left earlier
It is difficult to say
As to when I have not consulted you
Every now and then
I look at you
And you never failed me
You were prompt although

To give me the help I need
I will not say you kept me on my toes
But, yes, you helped me keep my times
Any event, joyful or otherwise
As soon as it occurred
I would look at you
You kept me telling indirectly
That things keep pace with time
And change
Your message was always
That time is the best healer
And is the best in sorting issues
As you know time puts things
At their right place
For all these I have done nothing to you
But to feed you
With a small disc
This feed is good enough for you
To keep yourself performing
For months
You might have fallen sick
Thrice in these twenty years
Never once I spent
More than the consultation fee, which I pay
To my medical practitioner
I see of late
You are running slow
Because of this long twenty years' running
May be, soon I will stop
Consulting you
And I am planning to put you to rest
My dear, twenty years old Titan watch

Bashyam Narayanan

Ugly Demonstration Of Affordability

Ugly demonstration of affordability

It is a 2000 students studying school
In a developing economy
It is a great feeling to see kids of
Varying ages crossing me
As I went to dropp my grandchild

While it is a pleasure to watch kids
It was paining me more to see
How these kids reach the school
Not less than 1000 automobiles
It can be a bus, car, two-wheeler
All crowding the entrance of the school
And all creating a traffic jam
In the main road adjacent

No one seems to be disturbed by this
A closer look made me realize
That it was more demonstration of affordability
Than really giving comfort to the
School attending kids
I saw more number of parents and elderly
Than the students themselves
Cars come with two or more
To dropp a kid
Two wheelers carried both the parents
To dropp their beloved kids
Three wheeler Autorikshaws, vans, mini buses
And so many countless vehicles
Crowd the school
At a time when
People rush to offices and workplaces
In the main road

We are thinking in terms reducing
Carbon dioxide emissions
While we introduce emissions
By using vehicles for a jolly drop

What message we are giving children
Is also to be examined
May be, child lives with the feeling
That this comfort will be ever available
As their parents can afford

Affordability is an individual assessment
But the demonstration of affordability
Is not expected to damage the collective sustainability
Surely, we cannot afford children
This comfort
As the world is thinking in terms cutting
The emissions by around twenty percent

Let parents give a rethinking
To this
Ugly demonstration of affordability

Bashyam Narayanan

Unattended And Left To Be On His Own

Morning

Dad gets up what time

I have no idea

Mom gets up to get busy

In the kitchen

All moving here and there

Dad gets ready

Starts his bike with a kick

Mom climbs up on its back

With a huge bag

Carrying lunch for both

Both wave hands

And the same sentence

"Stay good and eat in time"

And they leave

A grandma at home

Always on bed

Most of the time sleeping

Rest coughing

At times I run to help her

With a glass of water or to

Fetch her medicines

She is, in fact, at home

To take care of me

No one at home to feed me

I eat, on my own, the rice

Kept in casserole at my reachable height

I finish eating with

Food paste smeared all over my body

I do not know what

Other children do at home

When left alone like this

I do not know when this
Struggle of mine will end
Maybe, when I am put in a
Boarding school

I will grow big like my dad
Study well and get a job
But, am determined to marry
Only that woman, who will not
Go for work and
Take care of her kid
Not the one like my mother
Who leaves her kid at home
Unattended and
To be on his own

Bashyam Narayanan

Understand, Accept, Accommodate If You Feel You Are Humane

The same single object

I see

You see

She sees

He sees

They see

But, no two has the same sight

The same single musical note

I listen to

You listen to

She listens to

He listens to

They listen to

But, no two has the same enjoyment

The same single scent

I inhale

You inhale

She inhales

He inhales

They inhale

But, no two has smelt the same way

The same sip of wine

I have

You have

She has

He has

They have

But, no two has tasted the same way

The same touch of feather

I feel

You feel

She feels

He feels

They feel
But, no two sensed the same softness

Sensory organs register varying
Stimulations among people
Perception of these stimulants
Further vary depending on
Intelligence,
Emotional factors,
And other factors associated with
Acquired knowledge and skill

The extent and nature of response to
Emotion-biased situations
Vary far widely depending on
A range of other factors
Which defy description

We see a reason
As to why people judge differently
And act or react in a manner unimaginable

For harmonious co-existence
We need to understand this
Not that we do not know this
But often we are unable to
Demonstrate this understanding
With kindness, empathy
Love, care and what not
And end up with emotional outbursts
Leaving behind burnt hearts

Understand, accept, accommodate
If you feel you are humane

Bashyam Narayanan

Understanding Is Only Misunderstanding

When you say
"I understand"
You simply confess
That you are only trying
To understand
And you affirm
To guard against
Misunderstanding

Though this may not be true
In a technical discussion
This is always true
When attempts are made
To evaluate issues
Pertaining to minds and emotions

Let us admit
We have not understood
Any one and
Any of the thought processes
Associated with any individual

How many of us
Have understood our parents?

How many of us
Have understood our spouses?

How many of us
Have understood our brothers
And sisters?

How many of us
Have understood our sons
And daughters?

How many of us
Have understood our customers,
Employers and employees

Bosses and sub-ordinates

More you are confident
About these understandings
More likely
You have misunderstood them

Do not ever claim
That you have
Understood others
As you now understand
That
Understanding is only
Misunderstanding

Bashyam Narayanan

Unthought Of Calamities

Most saddening was
The news of a young enthusiastic boy
Studying a professional course
Meeting with a road accident
And succumbing to the injury thereto

God is kind they say
Is He really
This question comes to mind
As the boy died
Not because of his fault or rash driving
He was an innocent pillion rider
Which he became as some one
With a bike offered him a lift
Again, the bike rider too was not at fault

Do you call it fate or ill luck
If the cause and effect theory holds good
What was the cause for this fatal effect
What wrong did the boy
Or his parents do to end up with this irreparable loss

It is no less harsh than a tsunami for this
Well-knit small cute family

And do any of us have words
To console them
And even if you choose to talk to them on this
What will you be able to tell

One lesson is written on the wall
What is there in store for you
And what shock is awaiting you
No one knows

Let us keep seeking the divine's grace
For adequate emotional support
Which will harden us
To face such

Unthought of calamities

Bashyam Narayanan

Unwanted Afreen

Three months old Afreen
A baby girl to a mother in teen
Was done to death as her father was keen
In having a baby boy, leading to this troubling scene

What did this baby girl do wrong
To face such a punishment deadly strong
Her mistake was only to have been borne
To a father who for a boy did long

Indian independence is at stake
As we recall Gandhi's statement that India can claim the real cake
Of freedom only if a woman has the courage to take
Up walking alone in the street even in midnight stark

We, Indians need to redefine
Our freedom only when we stop making design
To kill a female fetus even in confine
And not to do away with her by any chance she comes out fine

Let us come out of social stigma attached to this gender
She only gave you birth and all that you needed while in tender
She saw you grow and miss not a chance to wonder
At your growth and her love to you worth a ponder

Not that you do not need a son
But a daughter is no less to him and as a person
She will love you far beyond your horizon
And will always love you despite your qualities awesome

Let this be the last time
We hear such a heinous crime
Taking away the life of a girl at prime
Let us vow to support the fair gender's claim

Bashyam Narayanan

Valentine's Day

Valentine's day
A day for us to open up
To show up our love
To demonstrate our care
To extend our share
To express concern
And to do all those things
Which go to show
I belong to others
And others to me
A way to stay in harmony
With everyone and everything around
Living or otherwise
Cutting across age, gender, race
Religion, creed or make
So that we go forward
Achieve together great things
Contribute to the sustenance of
Peaceful living for all
In this wonder world
Let each day be a Valentine's day
Let each hour be a Valentine's hour
Let each minute be a Valentine's minute
Let each second be a Valentine's second
For this to happen

Bashyam Narayanan

Varying Moods

Varying moods

Our moods swing
From one extreme of joy
To the other extreme of sorrow
With the environ changing

Colour and shade can change
Sound levels can change
Sound modulation may change
Temperature outside may change
Wind speed may change
Harshness of sun may change
The bright moon may go under cloud
The person you are interacting with may change
The words, tone and language
Of the person talking with you may change
The news you heard may have an unexpected change
And many, many things keep changing

Each change or the combination of the changes
Trigger a mood variance
Closely examine
Moods vary not
Because of the changes outside
But because of your perception
Of the changes

You perceive that the change outside
Can have an impact on you
In your favour or otherwise
So, you start reacting accordingly
Effecting a mood change

Perceive objectively
Regardless of its impact on you
Act appropriately
Keeping your cool and
Effectively guarding against the

Varying moods

Bashyam Narayanan

Wait, Things Are Shaping Up

I approached a sculptor the other day
For carving a statue of
Gautama Buddha
He asked me a number of questions
Some of them were far stretched
Though I answered all of them
I was thinking within that
All these details were unnecessary
He could read my mind and said
These details were needed to help me
Come out with what exactly you were looking for
He suggested my coming to him
Two weeks later
Why so long and he said
Wait things are shaping up

Two weeks later
I saw practically no progress
He showed me a granite block
Which he said he would carve
As Gautama Buddha
He suggested me to visit him
Two weeks later
"Do you not think we are delaying? "
I asked and he said
Wait things are shaping up

I went to him as suggested
No change at all
The block was under water
And carving had not started
He said that this curing process
Would help him understand
The quality of the block
And he opined
That we were lucky in
Selecting the right granite
And he suggested my visiting him
A week later

"Yes, I know you are wondering
As to why it is taking so much time"
How he could say even without my telling that
He continued
Wait, things are shaping up

A week later
No great change
But the block got castled here and there
No where near my expectations
"Come after three days and see"
But, he assured
Wait, things are shaping up

I made four visits later
At intervals of three, two and one days
I could not make out head or tail
Of what was happening
But, each time I returned
Hearing his words
Wait, things are shaping up

I was wondering
Are things really shaping up
Or am I being fooled
I did not visit him for
Full three months
As I was sure that
I would not be able to appreciate
The progress that the sculptor
Would be claiming to have made

One day, there was a call from him
"Come and see your Gautama Buddha"
I was not excited
I visited his place in all reluctance
And was preparing to hear
Wait, things are shaping up
But, what a surprise
Saw my Gautama Buddha
In a shape and carving
Beyond my belief

And I was not able to control my excitement
"I know you are wondering how this could be possible
But, you know, I was telling each time you visited that
Wait, things are shaping up"

We all do prayers seeking some change
And we wonder as to when the change would fructify
God, like a sculptor is shaping things
But, he never tells
Wait, things are shaping up

Bashyam Narayanan

Waiting For That Drop From Heaven

Waiting for that drop from heaven

I am a ten year old boy
And I belong to a state of the country
Which has a thin population density
And which has no perennial rivers

Kings constructed tanks in their capitals
Of kingdoms centuries back
And we depend a lot on these water resources

Summer is extremely hot here
And it hardly rains

The state has a number of mineral resources
And our livelihood is mainly working
In these mines

This year it is unbearably hot
And weather forecast suggests
That the days ahead will be hotter
And even the scanty monsoon will break late

You may not know
We walk kilometers for a bucket of water
Regardless of genders and age
All of us are busy looking for water resources
And cover by foot minding not the distances
To fetch water for our survival

At this age mine the children in other states
Will be studying and going to school daily
But here we too go out in the early morning
Not to a school, but to a weak water resource
For fetching water

Walking is not that easy
As the sandy patches we walk through
Get hot soon☐

Affect our normal walking

Regular bathing and washing clothes
Are distant dreams for us
I leave it to you to imagine
How well we can manage
handling of natural human rejects

We are to be satisfied with that much water
That will suffice our cooking and vessel washing exercises

I heard people pray for rains
But I wonder whether they pray for our benefit too
Something told me that we should also pray the rain gods
Exclusively for us

I floated this idea to my parents
Who rejected this outright
Shared this view with friends of my age
They laughed at me
Prayer and rains do not go together
They declared

I thought I would do it alone
But how and when
What is so great about that
I decided that I would keep chanting within
'We are in great pain
Come down Oh beneficial rain'

I waited for the night to set in
We all retired for sleep
I lied down on my mat

And kept awake
Chanting in murmur the mantra
I coined
I did not have a track of time
And continued the chanting
I should have slept sometime later
When I did so I did not know

I could not believe when my parents
Woke me up shouting that
It had been raining for hours by then
And asked me
What did you do to make it rain
As you were telling about praying for rains

I said
I was telling gods
That we were eagerly
Waiting for that drop from heaven

Bashyam Narayanan

Waste Must Be A Waste

Waste must be a waste
We declare something waste
If we find no use of it anymore
A number of such wastes
Were once bought at a cost
And we might have even felt
That many of our problems
Are going to be solved by that buy
As time passes
We realise that in fact
There came newer troubles
After our buying that
We soon find it to be waste
With no more use from it
Waste has no place in nature
As what gets rejected from one system
Becomes a raw material
For the other system to synthesize
Or a feed for its very sustenance
Waste is a discovery of human system
Why should we generate a waste
That cannot be recycled and reused
We have no right to do that
If we believe in natural laws
More we get sophisticated
We declare more things as waste
Let us examine our growth path
And see whether we are really advancing
Generation of the so-called waste
Is not any thing other degeneration
So we need to ensure
Waste must be a waste

Bashyam Narayanan

Water, The Matter

Water

Is the one source from
Which all living things originated

Our life and living depend
Largely on its availability

Ancient civilizations got established
And flourished near
Perennial water sources

Without water, no need to emphasize,
We cease to exist
Anything we possess
Assumes no significance without water

Our knowledge about the universe
About the natural laws
About the animal kingdom
About the plant kingdom
About the happenings around us
And our dreams over the future
Our means to realize them
Draw a naught if water is not there

Though, we know this for long
We need to do certain things
That we and the generations to come
Do not suffer scarcity of water

Attempt is to make you appreciate
The significance of pure water,
As we have already contaminated enough
And we have jeopardized the
Build up of water sources
In the name of economic growth
And development of living comforts

The person who realizes this

And does something about
Ensuring availability of this life-support
Becomes an established soul
And spiritual person and guide

Not these words are mine
But of Yajur Veda
Which further says
Who knows the origin of water
Knows himself

Do our sciences have a clue
As to when and how
The first molecule of water
Came on to this planet of ours

Probably the one who knows this
Is God

Bashyam Narayanan

We Are Tiny Little Birds

You may find it difficult to mark us
When we happen to fly single
We are very swift and
We do not fly long distances
And do not fly high

At times you might have seen
A formation of our group
In tens and twenties
Crossing you in jet speed

We thrive mainly on your left outs
Spilt grains
Minuscule worms and insects
And no where we compete with
Any of your consumables
Because of our petite size

Our feed and consumption is so low
That you practically ignore us

We stand unique
Compared to crows, pigeons, mynas,
Eagles and others
Our make is the best symmetrical structure
You can see in the entire bird kingdom
Our beak, body, wings,
Eyes, legs, etc are appropriately sized
And matching with each other

Our chirpings so gentle
Feeble, least noisy
And many of you fail to notice
That we too can create sounds

We are not black, not while, not green
Not yellow, and we do not sport
Any striking stripes

You may like touching us
To have a feel of the yellowish brown
Dust-layered sort body of ours
You would have never done that

We nurse in us a pride that
We are not identified by the looks
Of an organ
But are by the entire bird as a whole

Your tribe does not long for
Eating our meat
Because we hardly house any flesh in us
Thus we are never in the hunter's chase

We wonder whether you people
Have noticed that we are not frequently sighted
In your cities
Yes, we started moving out to a safe haven

We experienced shivering vibrations often
Our observation was that
We experienced that whenever
We passed near a tall tower
That came up first in the locality
We kept our corridor away from the tower
And in the process we lost almost
One twentieth of our resourceful area

Suddenly and soon
A good number of such towers
Sprang in different parts of your city
And our habitat started shrinking
To the extent that we decided
To leave your premises

The towers you erected
Are tall and it looks they keep emitting
Waves that put our body
Into a very disturbing and
Unbearable vibrations
This is non-stop occurrence

All through the day
And all days

Tell us
Can we stay on in this
Probably life threatening environment
Any further

We move away
Giving way to the waves you generate
From these tall towers

What exactly these towers do to you

Bashyam Narayanan

We Can Also Fly

A winter afternoon
Just snowed and
Everything white everywhere

I was waiting in one of the busy
Airports of United States of America
To board a flight to New York

Delayed flights
I was wandering in the lounge
Afternoon turning to twilight
So soon, was my wonder

Checking in,
Security checks
Announcements
Calling people by name to board
All were busy

And I was waiting for
The announcement for
Boarding my flight
Overlooking the aircrafts
And people boarding thereon
Through the tall glass panel

And I happened to see
Two sparrows
Chasing one another
And perching on cables
And wires those were running along
The walls of the lounge

Did I hear them talking
It looked like that

One sparrow telling
'Why they are so busy'
The other answering

'They have rescheduled
Most of the flights and
They are trying to accommodate
Everything within a particular time'
'Oh, I see.
But how come they are not taking
A note of us'
'Why should they take a note of us'
'Because, we can also fly'
'You only can fly
But they make others too fly'

Bashyam Narayanan

We Four

We four

We became four
When we joined the graduation class
In the same college

We became four
Mainly because we hail from the same town
And we were travelling together most of the days
To and from the college

We were day scholars
We used to discuss the lessons taught
We used to spend leisure time together
We used to watch movies together
We used to undertake evening walks together
We used to visit temples together
We were punctual in our engagements
We used to play cards together

In the initial year I was residing in the norther part of the town
I used to get a lift in a cycle at times
En-route home from the bus stop
I used to one of my friends' house
And help solve problems, specially in maths
At a speed that amazed my friends

We did all mischief that people of age attempt
We made fun of others and girls travelling with us
We smarted demonstrators, lecturers and professors
We bunked classes to watch movies
We used to do reasonably well in the class

We managed to get hold of the post of monitors
So that attendance marking was in our fold
One was in charge of language classes
One for English, one for major and ancillaries
And one took care of social and moral studies
We used to grant attendance even those

Who absented, provided they paid for it
In the form of lunches in the hostel, films, ice creams
And other edibles, for some, a smoke

We used to have lunch together
And the time gap between lunch and start of second session
We used to listen to songs played loud in the hostel

We planned strategies for forthcoming tests and examinations
So well that we scored well above average
In the class, for the teaching staff
It never looked we were gang as we were seated apart

Of the four I was rated high by the teachers
I came out almost always with right answers and in time

I belong to a bit more orthodox family
Than the families of the rest
I was not supposed to consume any edible
From any road side vendors
After my becoming one among them
I started drinking hot, rather very hot, tea from
Tea shops that normally very decent looking people avoid
I was not good at holding the hot tea containing glass
And with great hesitation I used to sip
Always fearing the hurt and burn of the near boiling tea
These tea shops were our meeting points
At times very late in the night
When we were preparing for an examination
Sipping the tea and discussing the subject went together well

One of my friends was a bit affluent as both his parents were employed
He used to get pocket money
Which concept any of our parent cherished
He was the person who would spend often
In our entertainments

For me, he was special
As he was the one who advised me against
Going for smoking and for non-vegetarian foods
In the final year of graduation
We managed to go to Bombay, now Mumbai

On an educational tour

I have a lot of episodes to quote
Where we demonstrated we would ever be together

This friend of mine
Arranged a photo session where we four pose
In special attire, me with a mustache special drawn for the occasion
When our parting time came
After the final year examination

We lost touch over the period
I had no clue where and how they are

We three attended marriage functions of two
One attended that of mine

Trust you all keep well, my friends
I cherished your company in those
Nothing-to-worry about years

Whatever it is, we remain
WE FOUR

Bashyam Narayanan

We Live, But With No Existence

We live, but with no existence

We belong to a land
Beautiful and bestowed with
All wonderful natural resources
A very cool mountainous land is ours
It drew attention of
Many saints in the past
Previous millennium saw
A number of great sages
Staying in our land
Discovered new spiritual understanding
And established institutions
For enhancing the path of enlightenment
The terrain invited a lot of tourists
Because of its snow laden landscape
And its vegetation less common
In other parts of our country
We took pride of being part of this land
And belonging to a much visited place
Things started changing over a period of time
In the last two decades or more
We, belonging to particular community,
Were chased out of the land
Because we were minority
And forced into the other part of the State
For no mistake of ours
Many lost their lives
Many lost their families
Many lost their parents
Many lost their sons and daughters
Many lost their brothers and sisters
Many lost their homes
But all lost our identities
Our governance has not
Worried about us for the simple reason
That we stood this storm and managed
To survive and that
We are too little in the greatest democracy

To decide the fate of any governance
We cry within
As we are left to stay
As a refugee in our own land
With no real belonging
Away from a soil that once was
Our mother land
We live, but with no existence

Bashyam Narayanan

We Need To Believe As We Need To Live

We need to believe that
The days ahead are as bright and colourful
As the eastern horizon
On a clear dawn

We need to believe that
The opportunities awaiting our exploring
Are as many as many
The number of starts that glitter
On a clear dark sky

We need to believe that
We have the skills to
Create and sustain
Systems with all intricacies
And to terminate them
Adequately harmlessly

We need to believe that
We have the knowledge
To judge right as right
Wrong as wrong
And to take appropriate
Measures if we are on the wrong foot

We need to believe that
We have all the resources
To build a humanity
Cemented with love and affection
And to protect
All the living things around
Keeping others in tact

We need to believe
That we will leave behind
Enough of natural resources
For future generations
To enjoy and explore

We need to believe
That we have the capability
To motivate the entire human race
To understand and act on the importance
Of universal brotherhood and global welfare
Turning the world a fair place
And a heaven

We need to believe
That we need to believe all the above
As we need to live

Bashyam Narayanan

We Never Meet

We resist our desire to
Get near and go for a
A tight big hug
We maintain a distance
Between us
And that helps us go long
And pretty long
Not that we do not long for the other
We are intimately together always
We are even only in togetherness
But we keep a distance
And we never meet
This gap helps us a lot
In having our individual freedom
But we are always together
We understand that
For an intimate
Life long relationship
We need to have this gap
A safe distance between
We know each other so well
And this vital gap
Helps each other to accommodate
The other's varying moods
And emotional curves
The gap and the distance is important
As this not only takes us forward
But also others who depend on us
For their life journey
You can visualize the calamity
If we happen to meet
Or get closer a bit towards the other
Or even get farther a bit from the other
We are the rails
On which trains world over run
And if we meet, you will have no fun

Bashyam Narayanan

We Survive Not On Any Other Resources, But On The Expressed Taste For Music

Marriage getting solemnized
All in appropriate attires
Greetings
Friends in great excitement
Relatives exchanging welfare
And development or otherwise in
Respective families
Photographers, video-graphers
Busy and directing targets for proper posing
Me, alone, present at the request of the
Bridegroom's father
Who, at a distance, was busy
With his traditional rituals
Just fifteen minutes before
He only received me with all enthusiasm
And made have a sumptuous breakfast
I was seated in a select location
With enough air circulation
And was watching everything going on
I was forced into listening to
The instrumental music played live
The traditional manually air-blown instrument
Creates strong sounds of music
Masking all other sounds
And a music-drawn mind
Will not miss to make out the notes being played
Me, having a taste of music,
Was naturally drawn to that
And I was enjoying the same
Failing to note the happenings around
But the musician gives a break and
Allows his percussionist comes out
With a speedy beat to mark the completion of
A particular special traditional event
This helped me to assess the standing of the celebration
Marriage got solemnized
I approached the musician

And told him about those notes
Which I enjoyed very much
And thanked him for a nice presentation
I must indeed thank you,
He said, as
No one really takes note of us, the musicians
At these functions
I only wish your taste for music stay for ever
And let that be made known
We survive not on any other resources
But on the expressed taste for music

Bashyam Narayanan

We Will Do All That, Do Not Worry

We will do all that, do not worry
A friend of mine
His father died
After being hospitalized
For a week or so
Our office colleagues
Visited his family
To extent our condolences
It was a fortnight back
And he joined duty
We were enquiring him
After the rituals that followed
It used to be thirteen days' long rites
In his tradition
He was mentioning about his
Five year old son's observation

He said

I was preparing for the
Eleventh day function
As I was dressing up
After a bath early in the morning
My five year old son appeared
And said in all innocence

Dad
Do not worry
We will do all that
Which you did on your dad's demise
When you die and depart

Bashyam Narayanan

Welcoming You

Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Love and affection
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Care and attention
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Colours and scents
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Dreams and deeds
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Heaven and its attendants
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Splendid wonders and lot to ponder
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Problems, but with definite solutions
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Sweets and spices
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Grand future and its plans
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As you join me
After two months

Of freelancing
Of unquestioned indulging
Of any way, any how living
Welcome to a great togetherness
To a great dream sharing
To a great open minded thought mixing
Welcome, welcome and welcome

Bashyam Narayanan

What A Rape-Representative

A regional party it is
Till recently it had national role to play
By being a part of the ruling alliance
It is a party led by a lady
Elder sister is how she is being addressed
So simple she was
Three years since the party is ruling the state
And the lady leader heading the government
The recently concluded parliamentary election
Saw a majority of the contestants of this party getting elected
Her government has so far demonstrated
Least tolerance to criticism
A professor was sent jail
A police station was raided
A student got beaten mercilessly
Party workers' behavior is also undemocratic
The list is ever improving with
More and more events getting reported
But, our lady leader says it is all media-woven fabric
But the recent videoed event
Shows a representative of her party saying
That he had been a goonda for long now
And he would teach his political opponents
A lesson, which can be a deliberate physical attack
And he will not mind sending his boys
To rape the family members of the opponents
And destroy them as a revenge
Believe, he is representing over a six lakh voters
And he is a honourable member of parliament
The party is still examining the video footage
And yet to decide the action to be taken on him
It is a shame that a representative
Chose to address the public for a meaningless applause
With such a down-grade utterance
What a rape-representative

Bashyam Narayanan

What Bhagavad Gita Is Not

What Bhagavad Gita is not

It is not a book

It is not a religious dictum

It is not just for chanting

It is not just for reciting

It is not even an advice

It is not a suggestion too

It is not for just understanding

It is not a prayer

It is not for a particular group's consumption

It is not limited to a faith

It is not for only believers

It is not for taking you to heaven after death

It is not for making you dear to your god

It is not for your worldly growth

It is not for making others love you more

It is not for making you win over your "enemies";

It is not for making you dream a lot more

It is not for widening your empire

It is not for belittling your ambitions

It is not for brushing aside your emotions

It is not for making you understand others better

It is not for clearing real life obstacles

It is not for just making others comfortable with you

It is not for making you have an easy go of life after reading it

But what exactly it is

Read it

Understand it

Practice it

Experience it

You will see you are evolving

You may come to know what it really is

Bashyam Narayanan

What Could Be Your Achievement

What could be your achievement

Your position

Your property

Your power

Your managing skills

Your wealth

Your happiness

Your health

Your fame and name

And so many other skills

None of the above

These all will vanish

And will go into oblivion

Once you depart

And you are on the path

Of disappearing

As each second, minute, hour, day

Is racing you nearer

To that ultimate end

All the above

Will go and you are

Likely to be lost

From the memory of

Your own near and dears,

Leave alone the world

All your materialistic acquisitions

Are likely to lead to family feuds

And there will be total discomfort

Among your own people

History is replete with such cases

You will, in fact, be cursed

For all the earnings you made

Be it by fair means or otherwise

We have seen small possessions of
Even great people
Created warring situations
When they came up for auctions
With regard to their realisations

Materialistic achievement is no
Achievement at all

Your achievement could be that
Which will make others remember you
For years, if not centuries, ahead

This achievement is possible
With your thought process
A process that will help others,
When they put your thought processes into action
Can enjoy a living
In total harmony with the nature and surrounding
In total love for all living things around
In total peace and happiness
In total control of everything happening around them
In total satisfaction of having lived

Your achievement is
That thought process
Which you leave behind expressed
Written or oral
In an aim to help
The future world live
In totally fearless and free society
With no hatred or threat
With no doubts regarding their future

Your achievement is
Your positive, productive and futuristic
Thought process
And make all efforts
To earn this great treasure

Bashyam Narayanan

What Do We Do When We Make Steel?

This impression attempts to present an ideal work arena (of an integrated steel company) , where human values and touch have special emphasis.

WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WE MAKE STEEL?

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That united we stand tall and reach
Far beyond others' imagination breach
And that we make a steel not of iron and its mix
But of a strong will moulded in our sense six

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That our vision is clear and fixed far
Moving ahead in a steady pace towards
Dashing and clearing all obstacles ajar
Each milestone crossed, planned at par

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That making steel has not hardened our heart
We demonstrate human love not in part
But full and gainful to any one we chart
To serve leaving them feel an independent lot

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That though profit alone sparks the business
Fuel is our customer delight, steering our righteousness
Acceleration our desire, brake our wakefulness
Road our work ethics, grip our togetherness

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That, if you take good care of people
Train them, and enthuse them to tackle
Odd occasions and situations of debacle
Steel gets formed on its own like a miracle

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

When we mine, we do not explore and excavate minerals
We, indeed, dig out and bring to the world new talents and minds
Our blast furnaces do not knock off oxygen from iron oxide
But blow off the worthless ego deep inside
Our steel melting processes do not involve metal hot mixing
They are engaged in a more beneficial minds-and-hearts mixing
Our mills are not designed to press and run over billets
They bring hearts together and help reshape a collective dream

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That this is not just a Steel Company
But it is an enthusiastic Zeal symphony

Bashyam Narayanan

What Does Christmas Mean To Me

Christmas just over.

I always remember this event in my life on Christmas.

As a child I was in a town where we had no idea of non-Hindu celebrations or festivals. Any religion or festival we knew was those associated with the big temple located in the middle of the town. We hardly moved out of this square-walled town as kids, but for watching movies and that too under the watchful eyes of our parents.

Dec 25, later I came to know it is Christmas, invariably fell in the middle of holidays that followed half-yearly examinations. The temple would also be busy with a 20-day long festival. Guests used to be there to witness temple festivities during this time. As kids we would be happy as these guests showered love, (may be an obligation) on us, which parents hardly did.

That year, I developed a special love for a guest as he came for the first time. He took me as a guide in all his temple visits and bought for me edibles, (even a cup of hot tea offered free in a tea sale promotion outlet) , but he made it sure that I did not carry anything home to the envy of other kids at home.

He was preparing to leave the town one late evening and looked at me suggestively I would accompany him to the one and a half kilometre away bus stop. I was expecting this and I agreed, looked at my dad for approval, thanks he too nodded.

I was practically running behind him, a tall man. I saw him off after directing to the right bus. He did not forget to drop a 10 paise coin in my pocket just before boarding the bus. Happily I was walking home back. En-route I saw a small crowd around a person singing and the crowd repeating the same. It was in Tamil and I was able to understand that it was in praise of some God. I joined the crowd as the music drew me near. I also sang, but loud enough, to attract the attention of the person in the middle and he asked me to get closer to him. I enjoyed singing with the crowd for sometime.

When I realized I should leave, the main singer asked me to hold my palms together, filled them with, say about 10 pieces of, chocolates. Never once before I came across that many sweets in my hand. I walked towards home finishing chocolates one by one. I had still a few remaining and I gave them to my eldest

cousin sister. Naturally the question, from where I got them, followed. I narrated and sang a bit of the song I learnt in the process.

She said "My dear fool, It is Christmas."

Bashyam Narayanan

What Is And What Is Not Love

Love is not
Always exchanging pleasantries
It requires greater love
To stand by and support
During unpleasant and
More demanding situations

Love is not
Always being presented with
Most desired gifts
It requires greater love
To understand why a gift
Did not come up
And in the right time

Love is not
Always the unison of
Two bodies to copulate
And co-create
It requires greater love
To appreciate when the loved one
Is undergoing a stress
And requiring just a caress

Love is beyond, far beyond
Satisfying these
Emotional, materialistic and
Physical requirements

Real Love
Helps the other
Grow spiritually stronger
After each demonstration
Of 'Love'

Love is
Nothing but the
Unmasked naked hate

Love is
To feel the liberty
To say "I hate you"
To the person loved
And only to declare the next moment
"I love you"
With a passionate kiss
And allowing a similar liberty
To the person loved

Love is not a lost liberty
But it is its demonstration

Love is
Freedom to share
Anything one has
Including the very self
At the same time
Not pitting efforts to share
With no expectations
From the person loved

Love is not a bond but
A freedom to be bound

Love is
An ecstasy
Only to be felt and experienced
Normally not explained
Beyond the realms of understanding
Enjoyed only by the persons in love
Keeping them high
And above

Love is not a burden
It is a float

Love and be loved

Enjoy liberty, freedom and ecstasy

Bashyam Narayanan

What Is New And Just Born

What is new and just born

The one, which just began ageing and moving towards death

What is dead and gone

The one, which just began reshaping

What is telling a truth

The presentation of such facts and in such a manner

With universal welfare in mind

What is lying

The presentation of such facts and in such a manner

Leading to global disharmony

What is beautiful

The one, which enlightens the artful intelligence

What is ugly and obscene

The one, which aims at triggering sensual indulgence

What is a joy

It is the sorrow just denuded

What is sorrow

It is the joy just denuded

What is love

It is that emotion which feeds

The spiritual thirst of the another

What is hate

It is that emotion

That cremates the very self

Who is bold

The one, who stands upright for

Self-evolved values

Despite being threatened

Physically and emotionally

Who is a coward
The one, who has no
Self-evolved values
And bows down to
Physical and emotional challenges

Who is learned
The one, who makes use of
Whatever his/her intelligence has acquired
And adds values to the knowledge
Refining the same for common good

Who is unlearned
The one, who just remembers
What all his/her intelligence has acquired
And makes use of the knowledge
Only for self elevation

Bashyam Narayanan

What That Little Boy Was Praying For

Evening
Sun is almost set
Its weak beams still
Making road side sand grains glitter
I was on a walk to a temple nearby
A scratching brake of a bicycle
Made me look up
A boy of not even ten years the bicycle rider
Stopped his bicycle
In front of the temple entrance
Not getting down from it
Closed his eyes, clasped his palms
Started a prayer
He was in that posture
For much longer than
What a passerby normally does
Turning curious I continued to watch him
Forgetting for a while my purpose of this walk
Since the boy was in the middle
Of that narrow lane
A car stopped behind him
A bike passed by him
Sounding a shrill horn
A street dog barked at the bike
Car also gave a horn
Nothing left in the boy any sign of disturbance
It would have been a full minute
Before the boy woke up to realities
And started his ride
Without even glancing those
Who were watching him
I left the scene and entered the temple
What that little boy was praying for

Bashyam Narayanan

What To Offer To Whom

What to offer to whom

Offer your apologies to God,
your discipline to your children,
your tolerance to your spouse,
your respect to your dad,
your pride to your mom,
your heart to your friend,
your faith to your conscience,
your feelings to your relatives,
your love to your siblings and
your gracefulness to all others.

Bashyam Narayanan

Where Have Gone My Other Friends?

Where have gone my other friends?
We are known for organized working
We ourselves do not know how many of us are around
But, we are thorough and systematic
We move loads, which weigh far beyond
What each of us weighs
Our co-ordination is so wonderful
That we keep pushing large weights
And dragging them far beyond imagination
Our paths are well defined
We never intersect
On this double lane one way up and the other down
We do not change the lane
And we do not halt without reason
So no traffic jam and congestion
We do not see the path
We sniff and follow the scent to be on the right track
We do not know how and who designs our path
We do not question
Never troubles were on our own
Intrusions by outsiders cause some disturbances
But, practically it takes no time for us
To fall in and follow the original path
Thanks to olfactory sensitivity
We never fall short of our goals
We always reach our goals
May be, some delay here and there
But, our scaling the goal is certain
All said and done, I am now out of my path
The need for water made me change the path
And I drifted a bit towards a spot
That showed signs of bearing water
And I am lost, as I am yet to trace the path
As the scent of our tribe cannot be sniffed
May be, because the forty plus hot environ
Desensitized my smelling sense
I keep on moving, though not knowing
Whether any where I am near the path
I sighted, to my relief, that spherical head

With a pair of projected probes
Yes, I got the path and the destination too
But, I am not sure of the scent
Which is unique to our tribe
As I got close to the just located path
It took no time for me to realize that I am wrong
The person seen by me is not of ours
He is a big head black ant
While I am a flattened head brown ant
I stood at a distance respectful of the size on other end
And he too disappeared into the pit,
Perceived by me as our destination
And which got developed between the tiles pasted in that bathroom
My question remains unanswered
Where have gone my other friends?

Bashyam Narayanan

While Making A Living, Also Know How To Live

We were schooled
We were disciplined
We were taught
We were examined
We were trained
We were graduated

All these aim at and help us
Making a living
Once we started enjoying
The benefits of our efforts and skills
And the price of the products
Carved off by our labour
The desire for getting more
Grows strong and stronger each day
As we feel having more
Will help us make a better living

We continue to be path of
Making our lives better
Spending most of our times
In bettering the ways of our living

Most of us have gone that far
That we spend more time in
Making a living
With no time at all to really living

This is like
Spending time in adding facilities
To your bed room
Like air conditioning it,
Changing the mattresses
Adding cushion
Colouring the walls
Facelifting the room with a range of others
But having no time to sleep
It is quite similar to cooking such items
Which we cannot eat ourselves

We should have a wisdom
Where we should stop making a living further
But start really living it

While making a living,
Also know how to live it

Bashyam Narayanan

Who Else Other Than Me Know What I Am Thinking

I think mainly based
On my impressions on
The happenings around

Likely and very much likely
None other's impression
Will be similar

Hence, none other thinks
The way I think about an event

My level of understanding or otherwise
My level of value adding or otherwise
My level of experience to an earlier similar event
Are unique to me
And no one can make out
The thoughts processed in me
Based on these

I know some evolved people appreciate
The uniqueness of one thought
And make no attempt to judge on that

Some, however, claim foolishly
That they know who is thinking what

Please appreciate the fact
Who else other than me know what I am thinking
Understand this please
Accept this fact and
Accommodate me, even if found foolish

Bashyam Narayanan

Who Is A Beggar And Who Is Not

Take your coin, I am no beggar

In our country
Beggars are less uncommon
They are there anywhere
Except
Cemeteries
Burial ground and
Cremation yard
They beg you so pathetically
That you are forced to drop a coin
Pavements invariably
Irrespective of the city
House beggars
You can make out them
By the way they look
Women beg
Pointing to us the little child
They carry on their waist
Old ladies too beg
And they station themselves
Against you in your path
Making it difficult for you
To step ahead further
While you are on a wait
Either bus stop
Rail station
Park or beach
Some one or the other appear before you
Begging
Truly speaking
It hurts me to turn away someone
Asking for alms
Without getting them something
Some hold the view
That they need not help beggars
As they are not the one
Who made beggars beg
Begging should be discouraged

And to do that
Beggars should not be helped
Is some others' view point
I am not quite sure
Whether to help beggars or not
I normally dropp a coin of least denomination
In the begging bowl or in the opened up palms of a beggar
Provided I have the coin
If I do not have a coin to part with
Or if I do not have the mind to help
I muster the strength
To tell the beggar
That I have no changes to spare
This morning
I was rushing to the office
After getting down from the bus
I saw a middle aged male
Who was rolling down on the tar topped road
Sitting on roller-fixed wooden plank
Pushing with the help of has hands
It appeared he had no legs
I decided to help him with a coin
As I got nearer
I came to understand that he was polio affected
Both his legs becoming non functional
Of late, thin and feeble
I ran my hand through my left pant pocket
Got hold of a coin of a better denomination
Than the one I normally prefer to drop
Stood by his side
As he was enjoying a puff of a lighted cigarette
On his lips
He did not lift his face
Having waited for some seconds
I decided to dropp that coin
I did the same
And started going towards office
I heard the rolling of wheels
When I looked back
The person on the wheel-fixed plank
Pointed his right index finger
Towards the dropped coin

About four metres on the backside
And said curtly
Take your coin
I am no beggar
As I reached the spot
And picked up the coin
I felt too small of me
And in fact, beg for the knowledge
As to know
Who is a beggar and who is not

Bashyam Narayanan

Who Said What Is There In The Name

Just change a letter
In the name of a person
Who just now made history
By winning an election
In the most powerful
Democracy of the world

You end up with
A person
Who keeps threatening
The very existence of
The mankind
In the name of
Protecting the interests of
A particular believers

The former rose steadily
To what he is today
And won the hearts of his
Fellow countrymen in particular
And of the world in general by his
Inspiring words of wisdom

While the latter
Sprang to limelight and
Drew the attention of the world
By massacring thousands of lives
In a single attack
In the very land of the former

If the former is democratically elected
The latter is demonically nominated

If the former is in an attempt to
Strengthen the bond of human love
The latter is severing the same
In the name of faith and following

If the former is for development and growth

The latter is all set for destruction and death

As the same plant
Strikes a rose and a thorn too
The human race has
Both the former and latter

Yes, rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
And thorn is nothing but a thorn

Who said what is there in the name?

Bashyam Narayanan

Why At All I Came To This Earth

Why at all I came to this earth
It must be two years now
Since I am with you all
I really could not make out
How far my parents were happy
On my arrival
I knew I did not get many things
Which I wanted, rather needed
For a total growth
And emotional support
I started noting that
My parents did not like each other
Often they argued on matters
Which were beyond my perception
They too were running short
Of many things, probably
I have two elder sisters
From their talking
I came to know that
Our family was in great trouble
One evening my mom took me from home
And for the first time
We were travelling in a vehicle
Rushing us to a new place
My mom left me with some one
And that some one handed over me
To some other one
Thus I kept on moving from hands to hands
Leaving me to wonder
Where this changing hands will stop
I was a bit comfortable with the
Little girl, the last lap,
Who really attended to my needs
Better than even what my mom did
But some where some thing happened
I started feeling pain on my head
Which persisted and kept on increasing
I could not talk about this
But, cried, cried and cried

The little girl attempted to comfort me
But, it did not relieve my pain
The girl became angry with me
And started beating me
I could not register what went on further
I was in a new environment
Definitely much cleaner and better
Than any of the places I lived so far
All in white
People were attending to me
And giving me what all
They feel I needed
But, here I could not move
All the time in bed
I used to think how nice it will be
If I could spend all my time like this
Things did not happen that way, though
As I could see myself from the above
All these people in white
Keeping busy around me in the bed
I tried to tell them
See, here up, I am very much here
I know, this is death
As my elder sisters told me
You will go up and up
To God's caring hands
Once you die
I am going to Him is what
I understood
But then, tell me
Why at all I came to this earth

Bashyam Narayanan

Why It's So Only To Me?

Why it's so only to me

I was getting ready
To go to office
Dressed up
Reached dining table
For breakfast

I heard my wife
"The milk got spoilt
The bread got charred
Why it's so only to me? "
You were telling something

I asked my wife
"Just thinking something"
She said, making me realize
That I am now blessed
With the power of
Hearing what others think
"Why it's so only me"

With this thought dominating
I stepped onto the road
I would not have made
Even 100 steps
I heard a voice
"My master is wonderful
He gets me anything
I can think of
But the problem is
He will not allow me
To piss on this good looking lamp post
Why it's so only to me? "

I saw a dog being guided
By an elderly gentleman
My sense is so sharp
It can decipher what animals

Can think
But again the puzzle
"Why it's so only to me? "

I reached the bus stop
I saw a middle aged lady
Running to catch
A bus already on the move
The door of the bus closed
And the bus left without her,
Who was gasping
"Late again today
Why it's so only to me"
I could make out
It was her thinking

My bus came
I boarded the bus
And the driver greeting me
Passed my pass over the sensor
Took a seat

Followed me a youngster
Inserted a dollar currency
In its slot
Dropped two quarters
In their slot
But ticket did not pop up
"Probably one of your coins
Is not OK.
Insert a fresh quarter"
Youngster did that
And the ticket popped up
"Oh God, why it's so only to me"
I heard his thinking
As he took his seat

The bus took off
But it was to be stopped frequently
Either against signals
Or against requests for stopping
"What the hell today

Why it's so only to me"
I could hear the voice
Of the driver
And I knew it was his thinking

My stop came and I got down
While walking towards
Office entrance
I ran my hand through my pocket
My id card was missing
"Why it's so only to me"
I was telling myself

And picked up my cell
So that I can request my wife
To bring my office id card
What a surprise
She got down from a bus
And handed over me
My card
I had nothing to say
But to embrace her
And planted a most affectionate kiss
On her lips
To the envy of all standing around
And watching this drama

"Ah, what is happening?
Get up and you said
You have to go to office early today"

This harsh awakening voice of my wife
Made me realize it was all a dream
Laughing within I slipped down from bed
With the answer to puzzle
"Why it's so only to me? "
And the answer is
"It's so with lot many"

Bashyam Narayanan

Why This Date Each Year

The dawn of this date
The eighteenth March
Drowns me in sadness
As on this day in the year nineteen sixty
My mother, in her early thirties
Left us for heavenly abode
Making me and my sister
Suffer all these years
The lack of mother's love
I did not know that day
How much I missed her
But, as I became a parent
And as I started observing
The demonstration of love
By my wife to our children
I realised that
This day marks the heaviest loss
I could suffer
How I wish that every one
Here on earth
Is fortunate and lucky
To enjoy mother's love
As long as possible
And how I wish that every mother
On this earth
Stays alive and keeps showering
Her love on to her children
As long as possible
You understand as to why I question
Why this date each year

Bashyam Narayanan

Will There Dawn Wisdom And Help Us Live In Peace And Freedom

You will bear with me for not being
Able to tell things coherently
As I am too immature to narrate things
But I chose to tell
Because of the plight I am presently in

All started, may be, two months back
We were living in a decent home
Not definitely, a luxurious one
True, we were in some comfort
We were asked to move out as
The army was assigned the job of chasing away, those,
Who they call "tigers"
Once tigers are out, we can be back home
Was what I was given to understand
We moved to a camp, dad and mom carrying heavy loads
Of our belongings
We were asked to shift to another, another, another camps
Each time we shifted, the belongings shrinking in size
Dad would go out in the morning
Only to collect ration for next day's eating
And mom would move around to gather
Vegetable litters for cooking
This went on for a week
I could see the helplessness of parents,
Who were dreaming of getting me
The best food, dress, education and a number of other things
One evening dad did come back
Only to tell that he may be absconding
As the police expressed doubts
Of his being an informer to
The outlawed group

Next day morning dad was not to be seen
Mom is quiet
And she was repeatedly telling me to be quiet as well
Some people came to our camp

And they were enquiring about
Dad's whereabouts
Finally they took away my mom too

It is now seven eight days
Since I saw mom last
No news about her too
I could not comprehend
As to what would have happened to her
People in our camp
Look at me differently
I do not know how to take it
Are they kind to me
Or are they sympathizing with me
Or are they pitying me
Or are they afraid of me
Even kids who used to smile at me
Keep away
All stopped enquiring me about my welfare

One thing is becoming clear to me
The people in power
Want to erase our entire race
Cleansing our mother land
Of her own sons and daughters

The phase ethnic eradication
Is beyond my understanding
But is it not that
The process will eradicate the
Entire human race
The earth belongs to all
In an equal measure
Whether rich or poor
Whether speak a language or the other
Whether follow a particular faith or the other
Whether white or black in colour

This is so simple to understand
How come the matured and learned
Fail to think in this line

I am still here in this distorted land
With no future visible nor the present in hand
Will there dawn wisdom
And help us live in peace and freedom

Bashyam Narayanan

Will This Be My Last Breathe

Will this be my last breathe
A question or doubt
That occurs to us
At times and the frequency of which
Becomes more
With advancing age

The anxiety is not out of way
As we witness people
Dying suddenly of a number of
Disease conditions and
System disorders
Leave alone,
People in large numbers meeting their ends
In man made accidents and
Natural calamities

No one knows for sure
How, when and where the
Death would conquer him or her
It can be while sleeping
It can be on an operation theatre
It can be while partying
It can be any time, any where and any how
And one day
Any one has to depart

It is natural
When this thought strikes
One would quickly take a relook
Of the entire life path
The tasks unfinished
The dreams unrealized
The goals unaccomplished
The wealth left behind
The love and affection of dearest ones
And range of things
That impacted his or her living
Positively or otherwise

These days, the person struck by this thought
Would, very likely, think about the
Possible financial benefits
From the life insurance funds
To the kith and kin

One fact, most people miss to note
Is that
When this is really the last breathe
There need not be any more worries
As all worldly things associated with the person
Become insignificant immediately after this
If at all, any one is to worry
Are the people left behind
The nearest one worrying maximum
The extent of worry dilutes
With the distance of association
Peripheries not even making a note
Of one's departure

Least worrying person
Is the one who departs as
Nothing really happens to him or her
Who is going to breathe last
The physical pain associated with death
And emotional pain of moving away
From belongings vanish all on a sudden

Traditional wisdom points out
To one simple thing
Keep your cool
Know and feel the fact
That you are relieved of all
Attachment and bond
Associated with this body
You are not the one to worry any further
It is for people around you to do that
As they will be the one to stand
The impact of your departure
You cannot in any manner contribute a thing
Towards alleviating their pain

Breathe your last in peace and comfort

Bashyam Narayanan

Winspiration

Winspiration

The inspiration
That drives you to win
Is
Winspiration

The question of winning comes
When we play a sport
Where winning is the ultimate goal
Defeating the other team
With a better scoring
And by fair means

This winspiration, of course,
Covers a broader range
And it includes
All games we play in life

In sports
The winning team can just walk away
From the scene and the losing team
But in life games
We need to be day in and day out
With the people with whom we play
And be with them
On a continuous relationship

Winspiration in fact provides means for us
Not only to win a game
But also gives
The people, whom were won,
A feeling that
Really they are the one
Who have won
Thus, winspiration
Creates an environment for
Win-win situation rather
A won-lost or lost-won situation

Continue to play life games
Win-inspired so that
There are only winners
All around

Bashyam Narayanan

With So Much Riches Standing Tall, Proud And Around

Pre-fall afternoon
Dispersed sunlight through
The rain-non-bearing white clouds
A less busy traffic
But a very important road
Of one of the top ten cities of
The most advanced country

People looking rich
And demonstrating their richness
By enjoying their lunch
In the open
On the pedestrian pathway
Both sides of the road
Devouring a wide range
Of cuisines
Gulping sips in between
Of their favourite beverages

Walking along
Made me feel the show of
Prosperity and the glory
Of the nation
With tall sky-scrapping
Business houses
Cars of others' envy
Passing in dignified style

I was to believe
That this nation
And its people
Have no taste of poverty
As anything a human
Could think of having
They have

As I was walking on the
Very clean and neatly paved
Platform

I heard some male voice
Singing loudly
"Let this day prove to be
More prosperous
To you
Help me with a quarter (\$) "

The male voice
Coarse but in sustained pitch
Thrashed my belief
I had no doubt
Many of the people
Enjoying their food
Would have heard this cry
Of a fellow human being
Seeking help and support

It was not much longer before
I came off this shock
I saw a display
"Single mom
Struggling with the kid
Will any one help? "
And a thirty plus woman
With a kid
On a pavement
And by the side of the
Colourful chrysanthemum

It has become a regular scene
On one side of the platform
Decently dressed
Eaters with laughter
And the other side
Close to the road
Seekers after probably a disaster

Had it been my country
The sight would be less hurting
As most of us
Are yet to see our ends meet

If our country is less fortunate
This country is most unfortunate,
Which is not able to take care of
The miseries of
A handful of have-nots
With so much riches
Standing tall, proud and around

Bashyam Narayanan

Yet Another Story

I was one of the bright students in the school
I was waiting for a proof in this regard

School final examination results came
As they got published in the news paper
The results usually appeared in the local news paper
And in a special evening number

Not everyone could afford to buy the paper
A generous person used to get the paper
Stand in the middle
People around shout a number
And the person with the news paper shout back
To say pass or fail
Four of my street mates went there
Only to find that I only passed the examination
The results got verified next day morning
In the national English news daily
Where also the same were confirmed

And within a week of the publication of results
The marks obtained in the examination
Were sent by registered post to the student
As per the address mentioned in the school
We had no other means to get the marks

We all gathered in the main post office that morning
To receive the secondary school leaving certificates
With the marks obtained in the final examination
As these were sent in the name of the student
Post master asked us to fall in line
And in the alphabetical order of the names
Not a big crowd, but more than fifty of us stood
Daring the warming up sun
My turn came after a wait for twenty minutes

I opened the cover
And hurriedly turned the leaves of the certificate book
To the page where obtained marks found a mention

We gathered to compare the performances and
Yes, I proved to be one the best students of the school,
If not the best,
As I ranked third in the school
My street mates preferred to stay home
As they have not passed the examination

I was walking alone towards home
Not really knowing how to react to this success or otherwise
When I reached home
And shared the news most of my cousins got excited
As none of my elder cousins has scored so much as I did
When they passed out their examinations in the previous yrs

My dad was taking his lunch
I showed him my marks
He simply said
You are putting me into trouble
I must make you go to the college
I have no clue as to how I am going to manage such expenses
He was, however, happy to part with sum of six rupees
Five rupees for application form
And a rupee for my travel to Tiruchy
A town where St Joseph's college is located
I went there by noon with the certificate containing the marks
Purchased the application form
Filled it myself
Submitted and my marks were verified
And the clerk said
You will be admitted as you got good marks

The admission card reached home by post
In my father's name
After thinking and rethinking my dad
Sent me again to the college with the admission card
Original Secondary School Leaving Certificate
And an attested true copy of the mark sheets
This time with one hundred and one rupees
Hundred rupees the college fees and
One rupee for the travel

But he had to say

See, your further studies
Depend on your obtaining scholarship
As I will be applying for National Merit Scholarship

I was awarded the scholarship
And went on to study six years in the same college
Up to my post-graduation
All through scholarship
Is yet another story

Bashyam Narayanan

You Are Much More Than What You Think You Are, You Have Much More Than What You Think You Have

You are not
What you think you are
You are just the force
Operating a robot
Whose physical and
Chemical dimensions
Are determined by
A permutation and combination
Of certain amino-acids
You are not
What you think you are

You are not
What you think you are
You are not a female or male
You are not a daughter or son
You are not a sister or brother
You are not a mother or father
You own not a thing
You belong to one
Nothing is yours
None is yours
The only thing you own
Is you

As said elsewhere
You are born a daughter or son
Only to the nature's desire
To ensure continuity
Of a particular
Genetic system

Your emotions are thus unreal
Your pleasures are unreal
Your pains are unreal
Your sorrows are unreal
All keep changing

With your change with
Your attitude and out look
The only thing unchanging and real in you
Is you

You are placed in this robot
And operating it
Just to accomplish the
Unmet desires that you
Were nursing
Earlier in yet another robot,
Or in previous birth,
As some learned say
And if you so believe

Remain just a witness
To what all happening
Stay emotion free
Stay fear free
Stay in confidence
Stay in peace
Stay in balance
You will see
Great things got
Achieved by your
Effectively operating
The robot, wherein
You are placed

You are not
What you think
That you are
You are much more
Than what you think you are
You have much more
Than what you think you have

Bashyam Narayanan

You Can Stay In Perfect Bliss, If You So Choose

It is all fine here
I do not see anything
Nor do I hear anything
No hunger
No sleep
Ever wakeful

All of us here
Do not wish or long for anything
Things are fine around
And we are in great comfort

The dull light available
Is good enough to make out
What is happening

How come everything,
Everything means everything
Including me and mines, near or far
Has become totally insignificant

We have nothing to worry about
We have nothing to plan or act
We just keep moving here and there
In the thin air

Only thing we do to each other is to smile at each other
Regardless of the other taking note of it or not

Once a while we understand
That someone has left
For taking shape
And once again that someone
Will hear, see, cry and laugh

Travel to this world was smooth
Staying here is wonderful
I do not know how long will I be here
As I will also go to a shape anytime

Is what my understanding says

All of you will one day or the other come here
And that time you will recall
What all I said above

I will not invite you here
As you feel you are safe there
I will not say you will also be in comfort
As many of us feel
All depends on how much
Attached are you with things around you
The more attached there
The more difficulties here

But, note, your coming here
Is definite and inevitable
But no one knows
When, how and why

Nevertheless, do not be afraid of this world
It is wonderful, painless
You can stay in perfect bliss
If you so choose

From a just departed soul

Bashyam Narayanan

You Did Not Say That

You did not say that
Still I could hear that
You did not show that
Still I could read that
You did not offer that
Still I could take that
You did not ask that
Still I could give that
You did not dream that
Still I could scheme that
You did not mean that
Still I could feel that
You did not smell that
Still I could scent that
You did not question that
Still I could answer that
I could do all that
Because I deeply love that
Which in you wants to hide that
But your speaking eyes expose that

Bashyam Narayanan

You Have Fallen In Love With Me

You want me to say I love you
But I won't say that
As I simply love you

You want me to say I will die for you
But I won't say that
As I have given up all for you
Including my soul

You want me to say I will care for you
But I can't say that
As I do not take care of my very self
After your acquaintance

You want me to say let's dream together
But I can't say that
As I do not sleep at all in your memories

You want me to say I will do anything for you
But I won't say that
As I am undone after your taking over me

You want me to say you are the most beautiful
But I can't say that
As I do not see anything else, but you

You want me to say the world is nothing before you
But I won't say that
As I am off this world in your presence

I won't ask for anything from you
I won't want you to say anything
I won't demand you to promise anything
I won't seek to know from you anything
As I have understood
With all that you wanted from me that
You have fallen in love with me

Bashyam Narayanan

You Have The Right To Feel, You Are Successful

Success, sweet success
Success, it is waiting for you
To own and hold on to it

Success of any kind
Has easy access
If you are after it restlessly

Success is not indeed the end
It is the beginning of a
New chain of successes

Simple it is to be successful
So simple, you wonder how many of us are not at it

It all depends on what you feel
Success means to you
You may school your thoughts
And train your emotions
To feel successful on everything
That happens around you

Your retention of all your
Physical, mental and social abilities
Is indeed your success

Your ability to make friends
And help them out in times of need
Is indeed your success

Your ability to keep your cool
In emotionally competing events
And situations
Is indeed your success

Your ability to make your ends meet
Come over challenges, emotional or otherwise
At the right time and in a rightful manner
Is indeed a success

Your ability to stand up
And hold on to your values
Is indeed a success

Your ability to be able to
Discharge your assigned responsibilities
Is indeed your success

Your ability to objectively assess
People and events
Without painting them subjectively
Is indeed your success

Your ability to stay most of your time positive
Progressive and productive
Creative and innovative
Is indeed your success

Your ability to hold on to
Your original traits
Without succumbing to the temptations
Of becoming someone else
Is indeed your success

If this forms your scale to measure success
You have the right to feel
You are successful

Bashyam Narayanan

You Made Us All Proud Again

You, the Scientists of ISRO, made us all proud again
By launching PSLV C23

I do not understand the technicalities of the launch
I understand, but, this attempt will make an Indian access to Mars
I also understand that this launch vehicle carries
With it five foreign satellite
My understanding is that India has entered an elite group of nations
To have this special technology and to have mastered fuel engineering

Satellites and space science have
Great role to play especially in communication

I only wish this venture goes a long way in helping India
Come out of it's a good number development issues

Let it alleviate our poverty
Let it show us the way for better agricultural practices
Let it enhance our mineral exploration activities
Let it give us disaster prediction well in advance
So that appropriate steps are taken to minimize loss
Let it serve the purpose of protecting our forest cover
Let it help us manage ground water resources
Let it make us understand better the water shed management
Let it, as it has done, improve timely communication
Let it develop us India into a name
To reckon in any advanced space research
Let it simply improve the quality of life in India

The successful launch only shows
That we are advanced scientifically and technologically
That we are capable of meeting challenges collectively
That we have our own means to realize our cherished dreams

Prime Minister has rightly said
Our saints had developed
Supplement scriptures (Upanishads)
And our scientists have gone far to develop and launch
Satellites (Upagrah)

Let this research be ever on
And let India have a honourable space in space

Let all other Indian scientists make the world realize
That we are second to none

You made us all proud
Keep this spirit up
All the very best to your future endeavours

Bashyam Narayanan

You Need To Learn A Lot From Us, The Tiny Creatures, Cockroaches

We were a colony
I had no head count and
Cannot tell you how many were there
We must be in thousands
We were too crowded was the fact
No one can walk, all of us practically crawling

Our living conditions compare no where
Near the ways you live
Not that we were in discomfort
That is the way we live

This colony got established over a period
We were sure of getting food
Any time any quantity
We were thriving on whatever left over by you people

Our colony grew steadily
Along the road to its full length
It was not known to you people
That there existed colony of ours
Under your own nose

One of your lads
Stumbled in our colony
When he was cleaning the unauthorized canteen
Run on the footpath
Whose kitchen rejects were our feed
He was frightened at the sight of our crowd
And yelled

A war like situation came up
And our colony was invaded
By an army of people
With broomsticks, long flat wooden panels, etc.
In addition, they fumigated our colony
Making us rush out in the open

Young ones managing to run with their guiding mothers
Elder ones even flying

We were not sure as to where
We would be shifting
We crawled here and there
Crossing the road
Minding not the heavy traffic
Some of us got crushed too
We were fleeing for life
We got spread so much
The entire passers by had a feel of our unique scent
Some of them even holding their breathe
And some using out their handkerchief as respiratory protection

There was no need for this invasion
We were in no competing with any of your things
We were making a living of your left over
We were not seen in your midst

It is alright, if you want us to vacate
But, it hurts if you take measures to eliminate us
We were created by the same nature
That created you
We assure you
Despite your dislike and distaste for us
We will survive as we are determined

You should appreciate the strength
And steadfastness with which we survive
Even the toughest of conditions
Will not eliminate this gene

You need to learn a lot from us
The tiny creatures, cockroaches

Bashyam Narayanan

You Need To Thank God

You need to thank God
Because
You are able to open up this piece,
Read, understand
And appreciate or discard

You read it
Because you saw it
For which again
You need to thank God

You read it because
You are familiar with a language
You understood the contents
Because you were able to apply
Your memory
Squeezing your neurons
For which again
You need to thank God

A fraction of a second
Is sufficient enough to totally disarray
The large number of systems
Performing in you

They are in tact
Which only made you
Read this
Yes
You need thank God

Do not look for
Miracles to happen
And wait till that time
To thank God

Each second passing
And your being conscious of
The happenings

By itself a miracle
And
You need to thank God

Bashyam Narayanan

Your Child Your Pride, Your Grandchild Your Guide

True

Our children are our pride
They give you
Immense pleasure
With their glowing innocence

And

Such newly discovered expressions
Which you have not experienced earlier
Their growth
Is always showering on you
A sense of satisfaction

Their intelligence
Is always rated by you
To be much higher than
What you possessed in your childhood

Their observations are
Special to you
And you waste not time
In executing corrective or preventive actions
To satisfy their needs
And you do that all with great pleasure

There comes a gap
As they mature
And you are relieved to see
A new childhood again
When your grandchild comes in your life

You see a still higher degree
Of innocence
And intelligence in this generation

You feel your grandchild
Has much greater potential
To achieve than
Your own child, leave alone

The very your own self

As you have gained
Some more maturity
Than what you had when you reared your child
And have crossed
Hurdles with deeper troubles
Your association with the new arrival
Gives you more pleasure
Than what you had with your child

Not only that
With a renewed syllabus
In the study of life
Your grandchild looks a professor to you
Had you seen a teacher in your child

Your grandchild guides you
Through a research project
On this subject
And confers on you a doctorate
Or rejects
Based on your self searching skills
And learning abilities

Your child your pride
Your grandchild your guide

Bashyam Narayanan

Your Dreams, Let Not Them Remain, Only As Dreams

Dream
A visual
That flashes or that runs in a sequence
Instantaneously
Synchronizing sounds
Created nearby and captured by the dreamer
With the scene dreamt
Dream is not real
But dreams are for sure based on realities
You cannot dream a thing
Without any knowledge of it
You definitely have some knowledge
But may be it is vague and yet to show up well and in full
I do not know whether all ends well
But I know all horror dreams end well
The relief of the dreamer at the end of
A hair-raising dream evades expression
Life is just a dream
Your status at the end of your life
Is only real
Some people say
Some enthuse you to dreaming
As dreaming helps you realize
Your potential though our dream-come-true efforts
There is definitely a link between
Real life and dream
Life or living is indeed
Your negotiating your dreams
Through and with realities
With the ultimate aim of
Making your dreams fructify
In their full form, or falling short and
At times better than you dreamt
In the process you come across
Traffic jams
Road blocks
Diversions (please)
And a host of others
If by any chance

You end up with a dead-end path
Your dreams remain a dream

Bashyam Narayanan

Your Grandchild Has Tougher Lessons To Teach

When your child was born
You might have learned certain lessons
As he or she was growing
The child would have been
Teaching lessons
Which you were not learning
From anywhere else
You would have found the lessons
Tough and difficult to absorb
As basics and fundamentals
Language used by the faculty
Methodology of teaching
Were quite different
Most of the time unstructured
Unmindful of your moods
The teacher would have kept you
Loaded with lessons difficult to decipher
The classes were far unique and
Very specially different
From any of the formal institution
Which were preparing you
For making a life
The lessons here aimed at
Making you live fully alive and aware of
Absolute realities
You would agree
Learning these never made you tired
And you were enthusiastically looking for
New lessons to come up
By the time
Your child has grown up
And stopped teaching you any further
Your grand child arrives
Now the lessons turn tougher still
Despite all the experiences in life and living
Your learning is quite difficult now
The teacher is in a great hurry
And often keeps changing
The course of lessons

You find new reasons
For things happening around
And you see yourself
In new enthusiasm
Which you feel will help you live
Longer still
With enough energy, strength and skill
In spite of the fact that
Your grandchild has tougher lessons to teach

Bashyam Narayanan

Your Proximity Means A Lot To Me

Your proximity means a lot to me

Yes, it means a lot to me to be with you
And to be intimately close to you
Not just a physical togetherness
But with a soulful oneness with you
You have been the drive of my life so far
But here and there I missed you
As I chose to act differently from your direction
You never let me down any time
You kept your watch on me
Not uttering a word
Though you maintain a silence I know
What you expect me to do
That will please you
Your directions are not always worldly wise
Your directions are not always fetching
Your directions are not always rewarding
Your directions are often different from acquired wisdom
Your directions are not taught in any school
We understand them from the experience of not life, but of living
Still your proximity means a lot to me
It leaves behind a great satisfaction
After being with you and after having acted upon your direction
When I look back
I understand that
Actions performed as per your directions
Never made me regret them
Though at the time of acting
I needed lot strength than what I require
When I am acting on the path of acquired wisdom
Your proximity means a lot to me
Oh my love, that is hidden deeply in my heart
And you are different from
The wisdom planted in the mind
And gathered in life

Bashyam Narayanan

Yourself You Shape

Yourself the stone
Yourself the sculptor
Yourself the chisel
Yourself you shape

Bashyam Narayanan