

Poetry Series

Green Peace
- poems -

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Green Peace()

I'm an ardent lover of books. I love scribbling poems, painting, dancing and making new friends.

Poetry has always been my passion since childhood and I wanted to see my name in this succulent genre of y is my highest pleasure and I've scribbled poems about nature, man, feminism, metaphysics, ontology, beauty etc. Emily Dickinson, Wordsworth, Arun Kolatkar are my top priorities.

Total Articles Published 730 (seven hundred)

Myriad poems and articles were published in many English newspapers like: 'The Indian Express', 'The Maharashtra Herald', 'The Times of India', 'Asian Age' from 1996

to 2004, few of them are 'The Birth of Christ, ' 'Pets Parlour', 'The World is her Oyster'.

Poems like 'Unconscious Walls' was published in 'Poet', July 2004 (an International

Journal) and 'Generation Gap' published in 'Replica' April –June 2005 (a National Journal)

'Growing Up Once Again', 'On Getting A Tsetse's Sting' were published in 'Women's Era' Feb

2004 (First Issue) & June 2005 (Second Issue) respectively

A New Road

different roads to reach'Him'
ample ways to meet the 'Gateway'
all vehicles in heavy momentum
on the move attaining dignified dignity

from where arriving?
where finally reaching?
who knows?
endless seems the peregrination

one after another
a continent of roads
some interlinked, some parallel
which ones the shortest, fastest, nearest?

in the journey to Infinity?
a new road, a new birth
nevertheless it continues
with ample twists and turns

which ones to suffer them?
to whom will it be a smooth excursion?
which road will be the ultimate?
from the cycle of birth and death?

Green Peace

A New Wonderland

No more mosquito sucks or dog bites
Fear of the approaching leopard that tears the flesh
Or any threat of a dense forest or cathedral
Want to remain undisturbed, silent
In a new, happy world
Remain untouched by a rose or thorn
Immune from ecstasy or mourn
Don't wish any warnings, restrictions, bondage-
No anger, nor rage
Drank water was glared
Loved art but was censured
In hunger was bit, scratched, whipped
Extracted all labour, pittance
Tried to emulate, envying always
Looked forward
Making to look down dustbin disdainfully
And left to die as fern leaves.

Green Peace

A Rose, A Car

The simple joys of life are nicer
A rose, a rain or a river
They're natural thus beautiful
Uncorrupted, pristine, eternal
They're the life and so pure
To any mental ailing perfect cure.
The cashew nut, the cigar, the car
In the hands of a dictator they affiliate more.
Artificiality and sophistry
In revival of fortunes they cause only melancholy
At last beyond the influence
They 're confined, socio phobic, so artificial
All true pleasures, delight, happiness of life forever denied.

Green Peace

A Rum Sort Of Peace

the mundane world rolls on
silently roars the silver ocean
colourless yellow feelings sleep furiously
boundless, free, spread all over

without any contour
and an essence of percolating peace dawns
so ginormous is 'His' creation
ethereal beauty prevails

e v e r y w h e r e
of the 'Unseen, Unknown Architect
How thank 'Him' for his unique opus
that fetches eternal ecstasy to mankind?

Green Peace

A Storm

the salvation sublimated
the attractions have annihilated
the belongingness merged into wholeness
the shadows of my dark desires converged into a gargantuan ocean-
the silence emerged no more woolly babbling

only gazing and realisations
neither longings nor expectations
such 'Thine' weird, astounding transformation
from a futile desert to fruitful plantations.

Green Peace

A Tribute To Mother Teresa

A helping hand,
To the emancipated,
To the hated,
To the poor,
To the sick,
To the unfortunates,
To the downtrodden,
To the orphans,
To the widows,
To the disabled,
To the crumbled
To the oppressive and confounded.

The help you rendered,
The comfort and feelings you blended,
The sympathy for the destitute,
The care and concern to the wounded
as healing substitutes.
The honour, the love. the affection, the blessings
that were showered on you,
Are just too less in these words to describe you.
The unpretentious life you led,
The hapless and the hopeless with whom you dealt,
Honest, selfless service was your mission
A countless times I bow down before you, oh mother!

Green Peace

All That Is Not Given Is Lost!

Won a prize
Of five hundred rupees 'Pizza'
Told, invited the neighbourhood
All came took just a piece
Relished -- Enjoyed --- Thanked -- Blessed --
Happiness of heart and others too

Got a prize of five thousand rupees, ' American Cuisine'
Didn't tell any
Grabbed it
Ate it to heart's content
And store it for years
Stale -- Pungent -- Odour --
None could nibble it later
Not even the rats.

Green Peace

All That Makes A Difference.....

Different roads, different countries
Different cultures, different customs
Different rites, different rituals
Different lingua franca, different food
Different marriages, different celebrations
Different colour, different caste
Different knowledge, different psyche
Different religion, different Gods
Different beliefs, different dogmas
Of the Same Humans across the globe
Which one's right?
Which is perfect?
Is there anything absolute?
Who rules the roost?
Who drives whose destiny?
Like the ever changing blue waters of the rivers
And melting into nothingness the rainbow
Life is transient every spur
Not a homogeneous solid mass
But semi liquid, dismembering and moulding new shapes every time
Who will attain salvation?
From this gobbledygook, muddling, bewitching conundrums of life.

Green Peace

An Unborn's Words

I remain for decades in darkness
Unconsciously only lapped
Then of ardent 'labour'
Strove to get out
This place was suffocating, smelling, compact!
So small an area
How low a society!
No education, no religion, no renunciation
Only harped to rich consumption
But the efforts for liberation
Have I more sinned against than sinning?
For it causes someone's death too
Somewhere misery, agony, woe
But is it my fault only?
Or someone's ardent desire
To invite me to insurmountable anguish of the world
I find not any peace anywhere at all
Only clutch, neither a rise nor fall but,
Lie here in unconscious conscience.

Green Peace

Antitheseis

Familiarity brings contempt,
Love brings hatred.

Hope brings despair and despondence,
Happiness brings sorrow.

Joy brings grief,
Liking brings disliking.

Curse brings blessing.
Disharmony brings peace and harmony.

Pessimism brings optimism,
Disinterest brings zeal.

Pain brings healing,
Repining brings satisfaction.

Wrath brings mercy,
Wantonness brings compassion.

Harshness brings delicacy.
Cruelty brings sympathy.

Ignorance opens the doors of knowledge,
Faithless brings pledge.

Blithe brings woe,
Friend brings foe.

Request brings order,
Challenge brings surrender.

Fortune brings distress.
Failures are the stepping stones to success.

Green Peace

Art And Artist

Some hands write novels, poetry, lyrics
Some hands carve idols
Some shape statues
Some hands design buildings
Which artist greatest?
Which art noblest?
All human creations
Yet vary their value
Men destined for different fates
Someone the tip of the hat,
Someone the crust of humility.

Green Peace

At Sixes And Sevens

Somewhere decorum, somewhere pandemonium
Somewhere parsimony, somewhere bleeding heart
Somewhere love, somewhere hatred
Somewhere revenge, somewhere forgiveness

Somewhere bondage, somewhere liberty
Somewhere eccentricity, somewhere selflessness
Somewhere egoism, somewhere humility
Somewhere complexities, somewhere simplicity

Which ones to permit the soul?
To acclimatise and dominate
Life keeps changing every spur

Discrepancies are inevitable
To be water or a rock?
Will it attain a pool of boundless solitude?

Green Peace

At The Butcher's Shop

Was standing at the butcher's shop
Saw the butcher slaying the legs
Shrieks --- Blood --- Redness---
Anger --- Cruelty -- Death ---
Cold ---- Stiff --- Hostility ---

Washing -- Cleaning --- Sensitivity ----
My emotions overflowed
Felt numb of flesh, dumb of spirit
As if consuming ignorance
Passion --- Wrath --- Arrogance ----

Through one, many, all
Evolves collective apathy, enmity, revenge--
Why not efface them?
Never slain, never consume them
The lust, the greed, the crave that feeds on man.

Green Peace

At The Railway Station

A glance on the railway station,
And you will find a lot of confusion.
Men and women pale and white-
No man to hear their trouble and plight!
Parents caring for their children and luggage
And talking in their own pitiful language.
Coolie's are waiting, everyone is waiting.
Perhaps it is the train arriving!
Coolies are running to the nearest compartment,
Gentleman scolding, "It is the reserved department.'
When the train is about to depart:
The coolie asks for his charge,
Gentlemen are fed up of paying them in large.
Their journey begins happily,
And I return home to make a note of
the experiences quickly.

Green Peace

Awaken The Soul

Awaken the soul
Which for centuries have slept
Blissfully ignorant in lazy lassitude

Awaken the soul
From the slumber that has haunted it ruthlessly for ages
And stabbed the spirit mercilessly
From its active performance
Of immortal deeds basked in selfless, serene opus.

Awaken the soul
After all, tomorrow is another day
To erect monuments of immortal intellect
And leave some indelible impressions on the sands of time.

Green Peace

Benevolent Tears

Dark clouds scattered everywhere
Dried ponds, rivers, oceans
Par unquenched thirst of million birds, beasts, humans
Cannot bear the agony of nature
Thus a tribute to its melancholy pours down in torrents
Overfills everywhere
Green grass greets the grasshoppers

On green stalks fire red roses brightly dance
Green leaves attached to ripe yellow fruits
Hearts gladden, souls solace
The Descend of ecstasy, gaiety, charm
In the golden farms
The yellow light scattered everywhere
The air of fulfilment, solemnity, tranquility that's rare.

Green Peace

Bird -- Man

Be it at the drain or at tree -
Clean, pure with wings and beaks remain any distinction free
Neither caste nor class-
Similar lot the entire mass-
Neither education, nor status, prestige conscious
Sheep of the same herd, neither jolly nor serious

Man born is an animal
Educates himself becomes socialised
Belongs to a caste is class conscious
Different qualifications, different identity, different pass-
Touches cow dung, enters graveyard, eats meat and wine, becomes impure
Magical mantras recited, sprinkled holy waters automatically becomes pure once
again
Man is man, different from bird, beast, bee-
In bondage and yet carefree.

Green Peace

Black Snow

If mother be than son smaller-
If ant be than elephant bigger
If fire be colder
Ice hotter

Darkness be light
Light darkness
If hare be fiercer
Lion be calmer

Ascetic be mundane
And materialist abdicate the shilling
Everything would seem invertendo
Sorrows would be happier, happiness woe.

Green Peace

Boating With Them

It was pouring cats and dogs
Fully drenched I returning from the piano class
Suddenly saw I, gathered a group of tiny tots
Busy making and floating paper boats

Sat down with them
And danced, sang, sailed the blue boats
In ecstasy I realised that had
Happily embraced my inner child

When emotions ran footloose and wild
Down with a sore throat, influenza, pneumonia
Yet awaiting another shower
To join the kids in their mollycoddled gaiety and gala.

Green Peace

Calamities

Earthquakes or volcano eruption,
Famine or flood
Are some of the natural calamities
Which cannot be stopped by any human ability.
In earthquakes houses and property are destroyed.
In volcano eruption lava is erupted.
In famines flood is not found,
In flood water reaches up to the
unlimited bound.
Rain, wind, sun and cold,
Are four gifts from God!
These may be helpful or may perish
In human life's relish.
Such are the calamities of nature-
They may be destroying some lives
also in the future.

Green Peace

Ceaseless Pursuit

Ceaseless pursuit beyond the unknown
where its start, where destiny?
what its struggle really awaits?
Does it really fulfill the deep breathed desire?

To what extent and how much?
Anticipate greatly
But ends in emptiness weightlessness only
This insanity of mankind

Leads him perhaps nowhere
All attained pearls perished in the midway voyage somewhere
Thus O Man, O Youth, O Son acclimatise affirm to these few blessed blessings of
love, forgiveness, mercy and cheer.

And progress ahead slowly, steadily, confidently as a king-
To attain something truly worthwhile
Who knows what tomorrow brings
Before much is lost in the melancholic pall in the long miles.

Green Peace

Chicken Soup

Rich, red boiling soup.....
Spicy, saucy, thick, streaming
And the chickens wailing in pain
Their legs, chest, throat all amputated they bleed and groan.
Garnished with salads and nuts ornate all over
Served in furnished, fantastic cutlery
be it at luncheon or dinner
In every other accident or death it's
lament, misery, malediction
Here at harm, hurt, murder
delight, pleasure, celebration!

Tongues water, passion grows, heart craves for more appetite
Emotions that sprout of violence, revenge, fright.....
What an inanimate commodity
involved in such brutal treatment
Then what rapport, feelings, thoughts
is for an animate living being meant?

Green Peace

Childhood Instinct

A tiny tot
Playing alone
In the park
Amongst other kids

Suddenly dragged someone's yellow car
To drive on
They snatched it away from her
In her swaddling clothes she woolly babbled

As if wanted to drive her microcosm's destiny
Gradually she headed
And threw a forlorn footwear at them
Who's justified?

She or they who didn't even let her share
Their tempting, toy
She didn't like to be the butt of the joke
And so paid them back in the same coin

Blissfully ignorant children are
Yet guided by the divine instinct
That demarcates the right and the wrong
The good and the bad

The pious and the vile
The reward and the punishment
The friend and the foe
The hostility and the cordiality.

Green Peace

Class

The soul knows her class
Its comfortable in it
Abandons the other
Be it higher or lower

Floats with identical pals-
Together rises and falls
Acclimatizes to the coterie
Refinement, sophistication free

Fears the others
High norms, culture its barrier
Taciturn, meek, dumb
Passive, deadlock as a stone.

Green Peace

Commonness

None can deny that they too feel the scorching heat of summer
The freezing ice of winter
None can deny that they too feel the vacuum of hunger
And sometimes feel the fire of anger.

None can deny that they too feel the same pain
Happy on the same gain
Bleed if something pierces-
Sorrow flowed by the ardent tears.

None can deny that they too feel the same greed
The same need
The same envy
The same irony!

None can deny that they too attach the same stigma of criticism
The same disdain
The same sentiments
The same expenses.

For we are all humans
The same homo sapiens group
The same love- hatred- shared in mankind
In the same debts bind.

None can deny that an informal feeling descends
Of this commonness, sameness
An identity is established
Of the fair and dark humanity.

Then why these walls?
Of the sameness
Of class, caste, religion?
Division--- Distinction--Competition---

None can deny the same similarity
And yet a difference.
That marks its essence
Of this embedded commonness

Note: The writer expresses the commonness of feelings shared among the same human community. This is collective unconsciousness wherein descends the informal feeling as if all people are my own and everything is my own property. Then why prevails these walls of class, religion etc? Again these walls only drive the essence of embedded commonness. They become separate again and yet one.

Green Peace

Cool Coolie

Turbaned head
Red and white clothed
Benignly asks
'Should I help? '
To reach the
r i g h t
compartment
The train is on time
Arriving on platform number one
He covers long distances
Spots the compartment
Carries the load
Undisturbed, untroubled, unrisks
Keeps the luggage
Takes his fee
Departs
How noble service!
Humble obeisance
No orders, no requests, no curse, no advices
Benevolently appears
Helps the mass
Unasked, unanswered
To reach the destination
Bears the weight solely
But nameless duty
His unique dignity.

Green Peace

Dear Mr. Toothpick

Dear Mr. Toothpick,
You are present in the biggest five star hotel to the smallest scullery
Helping humans hospitably
By cleaning the teeth mercifully.

Alone you exist, thin and bare
In the heat, cold, rain, hailstorm and for us care.
You overlook, discard the thorns
And polish, glitter the pearls.

How noble is your service!
Without you something is largely Amiss
Do take care of your health and be happy
Ever ready with your amusing antics at luncheon, dinner or a tea party.

Green Peace

Dearest Prince

Hi, how are you today?
I've seen you since aeons
But never found any spur
To greet, peptalk, ask about your well-being
You shine eternally
Then sleep for the night
Again march ahead with your flash,
To enlighten even the darkest corner of the
scullery
Do you never even wish to have a siesta?
And forget to rise the consecutive day
Or wake the members of your kith and kin?
Explaining your tour routes to them
What's your age?
Are you everyday the same sun?
Or the age old tiresome fellow?
To engage your bones, flesh and burn the
midnight oil
To toil for the next day
You do your duty selflessly and bid a
goodbye at dusk
Darkness that envelops in the mountains
and at husk
Then at next morn again you outshine
To be orange at dawn, a golden plate at
nine.

Green Peace

Death

Oh death! Why do you come so early to those who hate you?
And why so late to those who are awaiting you?
When you come and go away
You leave behind a miserable, sorrowful and ruinous way.
By your departure you leave behind only
pain, shock, misery and grief
You do so in a span so brief.
Oh death can you not change your
law and come at the latest hour?
So that people live a healthy joyous life
and be ready to accept your power.

Green Peace

Death ----- A New Life

Attacks --- Accentuates ---- Appall ---
Battles --- Bemuses ----- Bemoans --
Maims ---- Marred ----- Wastes ---
Dismembers -- Mangles ----- Devastates ---
Cold ----- Icy ----- Snow ----

Death the emperor of all truths---
Destroys the present consumed, consummate life
And grants a new life
Hence death the inevitable light-
The Destroyer and the Preserver---

The seed of a new life
Whose potential tree would be the taking body itself
Thus death isn't a death at all
But a new life.

Note: The process of death is described as it attacks, maims and finally devastates. It is a destroyer and a preserver since it endows a new life, killing the present one. Hence death isn't a death at all but a new life altogether.

Green Peace

Depressing Disparity

Woollen garbs, cosy bed
Satin pillows in hand teddy red
Kurlon mattresses spread all over
Six blankets kept for the one prince to chose its colour

Pizza or Hamburger easy at hand
Coke, Cola, Citra not ban
Teeming millions with no permanent roof over their head
Remains no choice where is forced liquor and bread

Infinite are ill clad with only a torn rag in the biting cold
Snow falls covers them full fledged
Tolerance equalizes heat and cold
Fortune displays its multifarious folds

Why this disparity?
Forced pain and forced happiness everywhere
Who realises whose pain?
Seek happiness, peace in vain!

Green Peace

Devotion

Devotion comes from within
which cannot be hidden.
Devotion means dedication, ardour and concentration
To know what is devotion you need realisation;
A devotee detaches himself from greed,
anger, selfishness and worldly pleasures.
To come in contact to God without measure.
Devotion cannot be taught,
Since it is an internal arising expression and thought!
Devotion is not at all a load!
But to reach God a wonderful mode.

Green Peace

Different Rights

The same tree stands
Its fruit distributed differently
Some buy in baskets, in boxes dry fruits
Myriad kids hop, jump throw a few down
Jump, run away as people badger
Bite the sour juice
Remain content, with it only
Flowers in bouquets, baskets parcelled to some
Some take its fragrance in air
Or keep the dried petals within the pages
What differentiation with natural objects
Then what of man made artificial commodities?

Green Peace

Education

Education is a wonderful gain,
By which we can succeed when we are in need and pain.
If, in our life we remain uneducated
We will never attain knowledge but will remain simple stupid.
Education teaches us how to become great,
How to dedicate in an infinite way and to make the right choices
Education teaches us how to love everyone equally:
Without teaching us how to love everyone equally:
Without having any formalities
It teaches us to be large hearted,
And serve the world in countless ways.
It teaches us to be kind and helpful,
Also sympathetic and cheerful,
And to help someone in their trouble!
It encourages us not to lose hope at all
Because every climb has a fall.
Don't lose hope in the dark
And avoid all selfishness and greed,
This is the only path which leads
To the path of perfect happiness
This we can achieve
only when education is received.

Green Peace

Electronic Pain

Days in childhood, in vacations
we spent at giggle laughter
Discussed the pickles
Found the solutions
Climbed the trees
Scribbled, scratched, drew
Now everything electrified
No use of pencils
On the computers they draw and paint
Games on it too or else
The video games
Where are the fluffy dolls?
Showcased, shopped, bracketed
No smiles, no laughter
Pip---Pip, Pip-----Pip, Swish-----Swash
As if every thing's melted
And they became history
Reminiscence them only to reap its joy
And be satiated
That we didn't lose anything
As the new borns are today.

Green Peace

Emptiness- 1

pleasure --- delight ---- happiness---
all around celebration
and yet this haunting emptiness----
void--- incompetency ---- loneliness ---
among crowded hordes of myriad mass
why this incompetence?
this lacking glory?
this depression, demoralisation, despair----
the unknown mystical melancholy that drowns the soul---
that cannot dare raise its ugly head up again
raise it upwards!
to the highest level
to bask in the celestial aura
of Eternal, Heavenly, Blissful Ecstasy.

Green Peace

Emptiness -2

A sense of wastage-
Guilty consciousness peers-
Optima 'self' denial
Everything self yet nothing

Deeds for self and others are almost same
No expectations, no name
Ego submerges in the mighty ocean of wholeness-
And descends emptiness.

Green Peace

Euthanasia

Abuses -- Backbite -- Tantalise--
Hurt --- Harm --- Envy ---
Stare -- Glare --- Terrified ---
Secrecy -- Despair --- Disgust --
Demoralise -- Deprive -- Deny---

Compete -- Conflict -- Censure --
Pester --- Turmoil --- Trauma--
Blackmail -- Predicament -- Pain --
Symptom --- Diagnosis --- Treatment --
Swell ---- Burst ---- Die ---

Green Peace

Exhausted Inquisitiveness

The fire of curiosity, of festivity gradually dwindled down
The adoration, glamour, colour got exhausted
It's the same image on every image
The same decorations

The same mob
Identical songs blared
Similar fervour, enthusiasm, mettle
What's new, rum, remarkable?
What makes the difference?

Follows the cycle of regeneration tirelessly
Exhausted are the minds, mirth, muse
The dog tired humanity
That's crushed by the wheels of humanity.

Green Peace

Figures Of Speech In Fiction

Be as wise as serpents, as harmless as doves
Where let the edifice of life be pity, mercy and love.
Life is a bubble
Entangled with thorns and troubles
In life's forest we wander lonely as a cloud.
Where it takes the shape or form of a cloud.
Variety is the spice of life.
Sometimes we may experience the kind cruelty
of the surgeon's knife.

Fortune smiled upon me.
When the winds were whispering into me.
'Thousand saw I at a glance, '
The murmuring bees upon the flowers danced
There is a miniature of the tiger and the ape in his character.

So I asked him am I your keeper?
To err is human, to forgive divine,
'I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.'

One should respect grey hair.
Who look forward for your concern and care.
Is life worth living that depends on the liver?
She is the joy of her mother.
There is no one so poor as a wealthy miser.
But can he spend generously his earned treasure?

Oh I pity on the beggar in torn rags!
His empty tummy and bags.

I am a citizen of no mean city,
Being a child I have no liability.
O liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!
'Frailty, thy name is woman's fame!
The child is the father of the man.
The proper study of mankind is man.'

Green Peace

Fleeting Faces

Wanted to touch the fluffy white clouds
But realised it is unattainable.
Wanted to fly, but was bounded.
Mollycoddled in fantasies and fairy-tailed world
Went to delve them out
Found them only fallacies.

We're moving in islands
Thus dwindling in realities and white-lies
What's hidden behind the smiles
Tragedies, predicament, dilemma, tears
Might change tomorrow:
No consistent facts.....
Everything revolving in 'ifs, buts, exceptions'-
'Even-thoughts'

Life's like an ice-cream
Steady yet soon melts
Exists, but gobbledygook existence
In the intransigent seasons.

Green Peace

Flexibility Of The Soul

Flies -- Attaches --- Feasts---
On pals --- parties --- picnics ---
Individual -- Social --- Mass ---
'Becoming' and the 'Being'
An effort --- a performance ---- an attempt ---
Love ---- Affection ---- Contempt----
Attraction --- Affiliation --- Admiration ----
Praise ---- Familiarity --- Ovation ----
Dejection --- Disease --- Doubt-----
Despair ---- Depression -- Deadlock ----
Wailing --- Agony ---- Death -----
Unburnt ---- Untwisted --- Undissolved ---
Eternal survival, no temporal mortifications----
Beyond every other physical perishing manifestations
Now no more attachments, no affinity
Turns away wholly, purely towards divinity.

Note: The poem is about the flexibility of the soul, how in life it attaches to the different parties and organisations and after death loses its affinity and becomes 'Eternal'. 'Becoming' means getting attached to and 'Being' is what it is. Its a journey from the present to the future. 'Becoming' doesn't require as much attention, perfection as much does 'Being' spotless, perfect seeks.

Green Peace

Flexible Soul

Learnt German, French, Spanish, Japanese
Acclimatised to the changes quickly spacious
Came to live in an eighty storied building
Then shifted to a two bedroom, smallest flat

Could travel in air conditioned cars
Petrol finished had to squeeze into the bus
Someone offered wine
And forced to smoke

Politely refused.
Forced to flirt, abandoned the pub
Advanced style, sophistication
And put handcuffs to immortality before embracing them ever.

Green Peace

Fortune

Luck, fate and fortune are the three birds
of the same feather.

The three feathers reach the culminating point
when fine is the weather.

Man is the architect of his own fortune.

To be fortunate self- confidence, hard work
and patience will prove to be a boon.

'We make our fortunes, and call them fate.'

To make a good fortune it is never too late.

'Shallow men believe in luck,

Wise and strong men in cause and effect, '

'Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry.'

To the weak, unsuccessful, fraud and misfortune
their fate is like a calamity.

'Fate is not the ruler, but the servant of providence.'

The seeds of success will flower by the waters of
diligence, confidence, obedience and intelligence.

'Where there is a will there is a way,

But Rome wasn't built in a day.'

Fortune made in a day

Very soon goes away

As for fate, you who are learned should know

Man's effort can equal the wonders of fate.

Venture far, but not too far,

Be bold, but not too bold.

Green Peace

Friendship

Friendship is like a bunch of flowers tied together,
Happiness and solitude for some auspicious moments rather.
Friendship bears the sorrows and happiness of two souls,
It also bears misfortunes and disasters in various moulds.
Life is like a mystery to be thought,
Friendship is essential for it to be solved.
Friendship is like a sand castle which often breaks,
Friendship should not be made just for the sake.
Friendship is a sweet thread of love and affection
Life without friendship is like a boat without a rudder,
Friendship and kindness, cheerfulness gaiety mark the border.
A caring concern and a friendship that's true
Makes it heavenly to be with you.
Your warm understanding is a special gift.
That always gives my spirit a sudden lift.

Green Peace

From Salient Admirers

You are a jewel in the crown,
You are with us through ups and downs.
You are a ray of hope in the dark:
Your encouraging words are as sweet as a lark!
You teach us physics, chemistry, biology,
You can study children's psychology:
Angels, triangles, algebraic expressions,
Of course, colourful chemicals and illustrious illuminations.
We love, respect and honour you.
For such a big debt, how can we forget you?
You are kind, lovable, considerate and merciful,
We owe you an ocean of gratitude.
'Teachers Day' will COME AND GO.
But your importance will never be low.

Green Peace

Futile

Empty yearnings
in the vast, dry deserts
for a few drops of water

Green Peace

Generation Gap

They copied but we xerox
Our forefathers wrote letters,
Youngsters e-mail
Women were disheveled, disarmed,
Girls model, parlour, potter
Females rinsed,
Eves today mix, swish, swash,
Sagacious scholars counted on fingers,
eggheads now compute them
Birthdays were forgotten,
Today grand celebrations, cheer, spank
Dhotis, kurtas, sarees, blouses prevailed
Now Jeans and Tops, Mobiles and Masterminds
Distance conquered, world has been so piffling
a place to exist in
Gulfs within minds have been abominable
Dismembered, mangled, Crushed souls
Divided, partitioned, psyche; no unity of Being.

Green Peace

Greed

Greed is the disastrous animal of man!
which obliges, cripples man to be immoral, selfish and cruel.
Wish, want, will, desires are the elements of greed.
From which man can never be free.
Greed is a vicious circle of life.
Without whose entrance man cannot survive.
Greed rises from the want of money or materialistic pleasures.
To destroy greed we have to limit our desires.
To drive greed from within we must perform
meditation and salvation.
The ultimate end thus leads to happiness
and pure satisfaction.

Green Peace

Grief

ON 27 Dec 1995 I met with an accident,
For which my parents were full of sorrow.
Which no one could lend or borrow:
But everyone was amazed and grief stricken
Shocked and were badly shaken,
On the same day I had a great brain operation!
For the same reason everyone was in a great tension!
Then I started recovering slowly
And everyone's face started glowing.
So we should believe and be greatly thankful
to my life's saviour,
And to those who helped us by their
kind and helpful labour.
So luck is very unpredictable,
Depend on the 'Saviour' who is highly reliable.
Believe 'Him' by whose grace works
Miracles in the universe
From the functioning of an infinitesimal insect
To the ginormous world
Sorrow, grief, misery, agony are all types of pain!
By which out of these you never have any gain!
But only pain and pain!
Which creates a lot of grief and tension.

Green Peace

Happiness

What is happiness without any pain?

What is happiness without any gain?

Happiness is contentment.

Happiness may also be a wonderful achievement.

Happiness can be defined as satisfaction

Which we get after doing a noble action.

Happiness can be achieved by doing selfless deeds.

By this we can sow the 'Humanity seeds'

Love one another as I have loved you,

Follow this golden principle and you will find,

Happiness awaiting you with arms

open and welcoming you.

Green Peace

Happy Days In The Rain

The streets clear,
its the joy sheer,
the houses fill,
and all movements are still.

The frogs croak,
the dried plants soak,
yes, its the arrival of the rains,
water everywhere as some crops
are drained.

Vegetation enriches,
rejuvenates new life for the fishes,
children can't play anymore,
watch the clouds and rain and become a bore.
rains come and soon they go,
nature exhibits its glorious show,
rains give life, prosperity and vegetation,
its absence causes doom, death
and destruction.

Green Peace

Harming The Soul

This bubbling anger on others why?

This malicious greed on someone's treasures why?

This burning envy on pupils endeavours why?

This red revenge on person flows why?

This harm of own, pure soul

So 'mean', paltry by others deeds it turns though must be 'High'

Rest thy soul in solemn purity

Uplift it to the highest Divinity.

Green Peace

'His' Existence

in every flower that blooms
in every fruit that swells
there's an unknown indescribable sweetness
whose mirth beyond comparison
whose sublimity remarkable
whose solemnity lies in purity imperishable.

for in every atom there's the spirit of 'He'
'He's ubiquitous in every particle of the air
that transforms things prettier, brighter, beautifuler
were 'He' not present anywhere,
things would turn darker, duller, uglier
there wouldn't be any spirit at all

Of life, mellow fruitfulness, vigour,
things would be passive, dead, inactive
'His' Presence alone--
that drives a force in inanimate objects too.
that makes them move artificially so.
in every bee, bird, beast

'He's' mingled
in every mole to a mountain
thus Love 'Him' from the bottom of your heart
Praise 'Him' truly
Thank ' Him' earnestly
Give Glory to that Great Gracious God!

Green Peace

Home To School

Love -- Care -- Affection --
Touch -- Understanding -- Communication --
Pleasure -- Joy --- Happiness ----
Burlesque --- Antics --- Brightness ----

Formal -- Neglect -- Insensitiveness --
Slap --- Stick --- Strict --
Fear -- Despair -- Misery --
Passive -- Mischief -- Agony ---

Notes: When the small child is sent to school he/ she faces a totally new environment characterised by classroom, teachers etc. The difference of home and school is brought out by the use of parallels.

Green Peace

Human Values To Be Perished

Who is noble to pay respect which springs from within?

Respect cannot be hidden.

Who is grateful to have the past gratitude?

Respect is the best human sentiment which has no other substitute.

Who is charitable today?

How many does to you a kind word say?

Charity means an act of generosity

Charity is an act of liberality.

Charity underlines kindness,

Also hospitality and frankness.

Charity transforms man into a human being

It is just a noble and humble understanding

How many are to the poor and needy merciful?

How many are to the unfortunate, down-trodden and helpless pitiful?

Who does love one another selflessly?

Without having any selfish motives and without greed

Who does have affection for one?

Only bitter hatred but love for none.

Is anyone as humble as a sea rock?

Pride has made them to others sneer and mock.

Is anyone as Gandhiji honest?

But left to burn in the lava of anger, jealousy

Greed, selfishness and turn them ugliest.

Is there anyone who is backbiting?

Who is to all the wishes and desires of the
unfortunates and orphans fulfilling?

Is there anyone left who is spotless?

Unmoved by the pain, sorrow, grief, agony and is immensely joyous?

Science and money have crippled and deadened man's sensibilities

He has erased himself from humanity and responsibilities.

Green Peace

Humanity

Can it take a shape?

Does it have an essence?

Nameless -- Weightless -- Colourless --

The mist of tranquility

That wafts the fragrance of nobility, altruism, humanity

It carved into an idol-

It has an aura

Name -- Weight -- Motley --

The aroma of Divinity

That binds together mankind in the bond of devotion, asceticism, purity.

Green Peace

Ice Cream

The ice of all heat.
The poor and old's treat
Every child's dream
Colourless ideas, no distinction
The same ice-cream caravan but,
Buyers differentiation
The white, fluffy soft ice
Be it of high or low price
The passion escalates, absorbs the scorching irritability
Ever new, ever fun filled, ever transient reality
Temperature increases, ice melts-
Life's like ice and cream taste varies
Moulds so brief, so apt, so deft.

Green Peace

Ice Ice Ice Cream

Heat heat all around
Summer only found
Waters dried, souls parched, thirsty tongues
Creamy chocolates, ice- creams in full swing throng
Ice-cream cold, colder, coldest
Pal of every child, till the oldest.
Cools down the warmth, the hotness the suffocation
Of the pauper and the monarch, the largess benediction

Green Peace

If I Were A Tree

Were I a tree, I would from the worldly
pleasures and treasures remain free,
I would be unmoved by the calamities
(rain, earthquake, flood) of life,
Providing fruit to the beggars or poor I
would their tears wipe.

I would prevent soil erosion and
pollution,
I would to mankind give all problems
solution.

Were I today not there on this earth,
Man would starve for food since their
birth.
I attract rain clouds to bring rain
I give everyone happiness but who
does realise my pain?

For his own interests he cuts me down,
I am cut into pieces and in agony I
groan!

Green Peace

Immersion! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

The day the thoughts dashed the ground,
Rowing ambitions produced no sound.
Where emotions paralysed
Only tears but had dried.
Everything had come to an end,
The tragedy could not be mend.

Lost! lost! lost!
Everything is lost!
Nothing more left,
With my unfortunate pathetic fate.

I have lost my child,
In the mouth of the ancient wild
I have lost my parents
The sky above forlorn and the ground snatched
I have lost my life's partner
Who loved, understood and compromised and was my supporter.
Seeping wounds of darkness dawned at the rise of the day,
Where in agony, anguish, misery and melancholy they lay.
Never will they come back.
From the path they had come, they have gone back.
None can wipe their everlasting tears
None can bring them solace from tears.

Green Peace

Immortality

Immortal I want to be,
By giving vision to someone who would be able to see.
His darkness would flee.
And from all mercy and helplessness would he be free.

He would visualise the snow-clad mountains
Of the Himalayas
The fountains, the peaks, the hills, The Statue of Liberty and Bengal's Bay,
The thick forests of Gir jungle.
The Ganges whose delta forms a triangle.

The chirping birds, the fluttering butterflies:
And at the slaughter house the innocent,
harmless creatures cries
He would wonder at the moon and the dazzling
stars at night.
Also in the hour of dusk he would rise
by the sun's light.

He would see the sparkling sun like gold,
Ever refreshing and never to be old.
Green emeralds, golden yellows, pure reds,
red rubies, sunset oranges.
Life is an intricate network of all tragedies,
comedies and fabulous fallacies.

He would juxtapose antithetical views
the happy and the sad,
The good and the bad;
The bliss and the sorrow:
The friend and the foe.

The revenge and the forgiveness,
The dull and the brightness,
The give and the take,
The join and the break.

The hatred and the love or affection,
The wrath and the compassion,

The miser and the generous,
The free and the superstitious.

He would also notice the murders,
assassinations, stabbing infanticides,
Polygamy, polyandry and poisoning,
Oh why give sight to see such violence,
hatred and repining.

I live after my death by my eyes.
How I feel it is of the hour the highest price!
I hope one day the recipient will also be the donor
And help someone, someday see all the colours.

Green Peace

Impersonal -2

At home a box which doesn't play --
The broken synthesizer --
The wireless communication --
The dull sound of air cooler --
Passive -- Impersonal -- Formal --

Incessant cuckoo's song --
The flowing of various Ragas
Conversation plain and effective
The cool breeze that soothe the day labour
Active -- Intimate -- Informal --

Notes: The material things become formal and no longer entertain mankind as compared to the natural pleasures of nature.

Green Peace

Incompletely Full

Reached tasks till their goal
Success -- Honour --- Congratulations --
Limelight -- Ovation --- Celebrations --
Attainment -- Accomplishment -- Achievement --
Vacuum --- Loneliness --- Spinelessness ---

to join in a new mission-
endless pursuits, endless voyage
to meet the ends
life awaits to encounter the cold Chariot
but adventures infinitely gulps man down.

Green Peace

Ineffable Pain! ! -2

Words on lips, cannot utter
See the malicious evil, yet cannot do anything
Want to repent for the sin
Barriers surrounded

Affluent luxuries all around
Cannot even enjoy a bicycle
Cola, Kingfisher, Royal brand in full swing
Education, ideals fear to touch them even

Jewellery, satin dresses, pencil points in dozen
Morality peeks
Eager to repent

No ways found
The freedom of the soul the greatest
Lame before it any rules, regulations, restrictions.

Green Peace

Inexhaustive Force

aeons since the rivers that flow fiercely
the sun that shines steadfastly
the stars that shine silently
the earth that rotates unnoticeable

the trees that bear fruits, flowers spontaneously
from where comes this inexhaustible mettle?
who controls them all perfectly?
without any appearance?

it proves the existence of the mystic Muse
the omnipotent, omniscient orator
somewhere sporadic its mist
in its beauty, truth, eternity.

Green Peace

Innocence

White, fluffy snow like innocence
Formless, odourless, religion less
Content in its lofty tent
Closed other precarious debts

Meditated upon its collected pristine aroma
But when wanted to delve its meaning, worth
Alas! it was lost
Totally transformed into tangible tar

The windy roads of conscious realised
That it rode away far away
Into the pure chariots of simplicity
Where it would seek serenity in the golden bays
Which masked not, but was immersed in divinity.

Green Peace

Innocence Stolen

Apple was an apple
Rose a rose
Bird a bird
No difference between the wild lion or the mild herd.

Didn't know what's money-
What's called marriages
And that everyone ought to marry-
Mind was as soft as velvet, cool as ice, pure as a lily.

Didn't interpret good- bad, dark- white,
Everything was the same
All covered under a realm without any name
Day after day comprehended life richest to its core.

Interpret many meanings of a single idea
Replaced by gravitational grave the gaiety and gala
Simplicity replaced proof-
Extrovert remained aloof
Smile, laughter haunted by worries and dilemma of life's memories sweet sour

No more the same innocence
Endurance or escalating elegance
Day after day everything lost somewhere
Untraceable in the air
Is this advanced education?
Scarcely reaps optima pacification

That steals its purity
Embedded, embellished in artificial sophistry
The woe is indescribable
Never erasable
That's eternally immemorial
That creates ripples-- bubbles---whirls---

Green Peace

I'Ve Become A Material

Man's life dwindles in history's shadow and reflection
Truth and deception
From innocence to rationality
From illusions to logicality
From actions to expectations
Fully classically conditioned

Nothing performed simply
But develops the cause effect hierarchy.
Lost its true naturalism, simplicity
Became an artificial, synthetic commodity
Sweat absorbed by air-conditioned
Thirst quenched by Coca Cola.

Feelings consumed by the wire-
Information broad casted in the air
Things work on its utility
Service equals productivity
Reduced from natural to material
Its true essence denial.

Green Peace

Joyful Creation

first took the child the pencil in hand
and scribbled
then wrote alphabets
sketched
and drew
moulded, embroidered, wrote novels

gave birth to twenty
tried communion with the Infinite
which form of joy is greater?
for all of them represent creation, process
all Thine own creations
yet why different degrees of satisfaction in these creations?
do they depend on past birth deeds?
which deeds go with which creations?
which highest, noblest?
which lowest, crudest?
how determine Thee?
is any creation of repercussions free?

Green Peace

Last Pain

How much more pain can this fragile soul bear?

Hostility-Repugnance---Antipathy--

Every time, everywhere rejection, despair, depression and my chains of pain
lingering always

Forced with draws, misunderstandings, dejection

No love, concern, sympathy

Formal kindness, helping, hospitality

Life runs into a cold death and wasteland----

Lifeless, warmth less, frozen still slumber.

Green Peace

Less Yet Full

'He's Ageless, Timeless, Space less
Sinless, Spotless, Measureless
Passionless, Desire less, Anger less
Motionless, Emotionless, Ovation less
Speechless, Ego less, Voiceless
Feeling less, Fearless, Fatigue less
Yet is placed on the 'Highest Seat'
'He' whom with hands folded and flowers we greet
Soft, Smooth yet hard, rude as iron.

Notes: 'He's' less of everything and yet full is the entire irony in which 'He' has been described.

Green Peace

Look Up Once

in the midst of the storm 'He' helped me cross the river
and from an accident recover
showed me the right direction always
enjoyed in my happiness and satisfaction.

in the midst of the storm
'He' motionlessly, agelessly sweet seems
'He' has created the fruits to eat
and flowers to delight.

water to quench the thirst and the sun bright-
breeze to soothe the labour-
nightingale to console the disaster

praise 'Him', love 'Him' thank 'Him' once-
Look up to Him who is there to embrace you in the midst of the storm
mercy, benevolence, forgiveness of the kind 'Father'

Green Peace

Lost Horizon

Silent is the night
The trees are dark
Silent silvery moon's walk
The oceans tide.
Blinded/ weakened vision
The accomplished mission.
Unfearing fears that succumb me.
Where I can only betrayal and deceptions see.
Falsity prevails everywhere
Where is honesty, bravery and care?
The unthought thoughts,
The mind clots
The unheard cries
The untold lies
The unwept tears.
Fearless fears.
The deadened, paralysed nature,
The forthcoming tomorrow the future
Helpless, lonely in predicament am I?
Who can hear my passionate cry?
I feel I am diametrically lost
In nature's flow I am only lost.

Green Peace

Lost Spirit

within each breath
return the lost essence
which resides in lethargy, lassitude, fatigue
for which is awaited appointments and anticipations
which dreams but cannot fulfil them ever

which is engrossed in a deep, sombre slumber.
within each breath
return me the lost spirit
of enthusiasm, simplicity, purity
which has sublimed since eta

which makes feel inhumane, mundane, muddled
which maims the soul and bleeds
within each breath
return the lost mettle
to start a new voyage

to reach the prescribed destination
to fulfil every action
vested in decorum, determination, dedication
which would bring out the true self

to be what is 'really'
to be meant what truly it is
to unravel the mask, to peel off the coverings
within each breath
to realise the 'ultimate', 'Infinite' Self.

Green Peace

Love

Love is a human sentiment which comes from within
Love cannot be bought by money-the strongest weapon.
'Love one another as I have loved you',
Love from the core of heart, even if you love a few.
Love everyone infinitely, selflessly and equally
Without having any selfish motives and doing nay formality.
True love grows deep with the passing years.
It is difficult to love everyone and anyone selflessly.
But by doing so you will soon be able to spread
Joy, peace, happiness and brotherhood everywhere automatically.
Love everyone little but love everyone long,
In the long run of life let your reflection of love not be wrong.
Lovers are like melons
Shall I tell you why?
To find one good one
You shall a hundred try.
Oh my lover
I still love you
How can I forget you?
Ever cheering, ever adoring, ever new.

Green Peace

Make Me 'Natural' With A Beautiful Mind

away from materialism
make me 'natural' with a beautiful mind
no pecuniary expectations always
that crushes the innocence nocturnal

make me simple with a beautiful mind
avoid pouring any complex strategies
that sprout dilemmas, depression, anxieties.

make me pure with a beautiful mind
efface the escalating impurities
that pollutes the head and soul
remove me from deliberate, distorting scepticism

make me 'good', 'worthy', 'honest' only
drink, filter these black spots
clean them to spotless
make me only
a true, modern, scientific human being consciously.

Green Peace

Maths

Algebra and Geometry are the two branches of maths
Which makes us think and we are in a fuss!
It is the best subject of education
For achieving good marks we need
dedication, determination and devotion
Algebra is well known for its equation,
Geometry for its proofs and theorems.
If we practise these subjects regularly
And master these coming out with flying colours
We will be someone like Aryabhata or Pythagoras.

Green Peace

Memories Of A Simple Time In Life

The cloudless sky
The sunless air
The blue less water
The seedless flower.

The scentless fruit
The speechless tree
The leaves of the feeble grass
The harvest colour of crops like brass.

The waters of the shores continuously cleansing it
The waning moon
The silver lining on the houses, roofs, shore
By the glorious shining moon whose silvery core.

The feeding herds of nature's solitude
The haunting cliffs, valleys and its beatitude
The fruitful orchards, farms, gardens,
The smoky white horizon.

The memories of a simple time in life
Invites happiness, joy, ecstasy,
Such ecstasy beyond measure
For its spiritual uplifting
Lightening the soul and fulfilling enlightenment.

Animal pleasures have exhausted
Now springs heavenly bliss
Serenity -- Tranquility --- Peace---
The memories of a simple time in life
Fetches eternal, glowing, glittering happiness.

Green Peace

Minds

Minds know what minds know
Minds don't know what minds know
Minds don't know what minds don't know
Shared beliefs, ideologies, cultures
Distanced psyches
Silence melts in silence
It speaks louder than words
Mysteries of the mind
Where beginning, where end?
All appear a whole, twitching, muddling game
Silence means a lot
And continues the enigma
Of separation and fusion.

Green Peace

Miraculous Benediction

In my life there is the fierce tiger
The meek mare
The largess river
The miserliness of the deserts bare.

In my life there is the softness of the flowers
The hardness of the rock
The love of the mother
The hatred of the enemy's mock.

In my life there is the bitterness of the gall
The sweetness of sugar
The roundness of the ball
The flatness of the square.

In my life there is the black coal
The white snow
The cool cucumber
The hot fire.

In my life there is the dumb statue
The rapid lightening
The fat elephant
The thin water.

In my life there is the harmless dove
The harmful snake
The silence of the dead
The loud thunder

In my life there is the blithe of the bee
The dull ditch water
The free tree
The bondage of the ruler

'His' different manifestations
Of immense love, benevolence, benediction
All multifarious yet bonded in one unity
'His' driving divinity.

So divergent they are-
Yet operating in the same world
So far, so near
'His' mirth as glittering, glamorous gold.

Green Peace

Misery Misery Everywhere

Misery for love,
Misery for hatred,
Misery for birth,
Misery for death,
Misery for grief;
Misery for the shock:
Misery for the pain,
Misery for agony,
Misery for anguish,
Misery for anxiety,
Misery for depression,
Misery for frustration,
Misery for woe,
Misery for foe,
Misery for envy,
Misery for acceptance,
Misery for wrath,
Misery for curse.
Misery for despair and despondence,
Misery for repentance,
Misery for poverty,
Misery for unemployment.
Misery for the greed,
Misery for mutiny, riots and wars,
Misery for child labour
Misery for dowry,
Misery for divorce.

Green Peace

Money

Money can buy costumes but not beauty
Money can buy idols but not devotion
Money can buy books but not wisdom and knowledge
Money can buy bed but not rest and sleep
Money can buy medicines but not health
Money can buy wealth but not health
Money can buy clothes but not shame
Money can buy food but not hunger
Money can buy flowers but not freshness and fragrance
Money can buy land but not home (made of human hearts)
Money can buy honey but not sweetness
Money can buy somethings but not everything
Money can buy luxuries but not happiness.

Green Peace

Morning

When the dawn breaks at the early hours
and everyone sleeps,
gradually the orange coloured sun out peeps.
The birds start chirping and flying
The calm breeze starts blowing.
The cuckoo sings a sweet song
To listen whose song we do long.
The cock cries out cock-a-doodle do
Listening to whose cry we realise it is time
now to awake and be ready soon.
Morning thus is the most calm and quiet hour
of the day
In which although we work burning our oil
We remain joyous and gay.

Green Peace

Multiple Selves

Sometimes boss
Somewhere employee
Someday, someone's friend
Somebody's nobody
Dog paddling across several identities
To find a new self every time
Polish, patronize, potter
Within the shadows of my mind
Difficult it becomes
To identify who am I?
What remains remains
'He' alone knows
Who am I
Everytime a mask I wear
But real face remains intact
None can transform it
Multifarious mentality

Green Peace

My Balloon

I love my balloon
My big balloon
My blue balloon
My ball balloon.

How playful it is
Without it something I miss
The joy, the gaiety
The buoyancy and elasticity.

The spur of celebration
The moment of glorification
Of excitement and passion
Relieved me from the tensions

My burlesque balloon
My bright balloon
My brisk balloon
My brilliant balloon

The balloon flew up into the air,
Songs of festivity in their full blare
It is in itself the joy, cheer and pleasure
Unmixed by the sorrow or materialistic treasure.

Green Peace

My Idea Of Happiness

The day I smiled at those who at me frowned,
Saved the lives of the drowned,
Befriended my foes.
Enlightened those in despondence and woes.
Transformed the ruthless into merciful,
The treacherous into pitiful,
Served the unfortunates and the downtrodden,
The widows and the orphans.
The disabled and the crumbled
The oppressed and the confounded.
I sang the song of peace and harmony,
of bliss and tranquility.
The waves of happiness flowed unto me,
I was as free as a bee.
Talked to the flowers and trees,
Memories flowed like seas,
I stand here at the end of the day,
To see all folks content, happy and gay.
Happiness given is happiness gained
In life which is short, long is the art.

Green Peace

Myself To 'Thyself'

Playing with the butterflies, squirrels, birds
Embracing the fruits, flowers and seeds
The identification then remains stagnant
For quite some years
Then with the members of the community
Would like to attach
Cling on and cherish them
In the neighbourhood by the country
Befriending, helping, empathising
Expand the 'self'
No more walls now
A free, vagrant vagabond strolling past
The villages, cities, continents
Loving every face of man and woman
Black and fair
Rich and poor
Feeling every creatures pain own miseries
Healing their woes, agonies, malaises
In 'summum bonum' and ecstasy
All relations bound in a garland
Of 'Humanity'
Not a less or more
But the centre of the core
Of that radiating circle
Whose centre is in the middle
Without any circumference
Just an atom in the world
Still yet everything.

Green Peace

Mysticism

save me from all sinister glares-
something that always hears
that mocks, tantalizes, pans only
the simplicity ornate, embodied involuntarily

along with the feats, heyday heavily pregnant with sophistry and artificiality
they wander this paradox!
save me from this overwrought, perplexing astonishment
save me from all lampoon judgements, criticism, queries

that bleed my soul
and make me what I'm not
save me from the windy contradictions
that seems awaiting like a vast devastation.

Green Peace

Nature

Nature is bestowed with diversity
A diversity which has certainty
The sun shines and the birds sing
And the orioles fly with golden wings
The tree grows and fruits ripen
And the children eat them with their hearts gladdened.

Green Peace

Nature Imagery

Like to watch the changing shapes of the clouds
Of the moon merging in the blue cloudless canopy
the detachment and yet the attachment feeling that dawns
indescribable silvery its beauty
and the formation of new stars and the falling ones-
and the seldom appearance of seven stars in a row-
the transformation from a caterpillar to a butterfly
life appeals its changing seasons
nature nature everywhere
life embedded in it
either cannot be subtracted
it would be life without air.

Green Peace

On A Tsetse's Sting

Vehemently repugnantly stung
thoughtless, careless, aimless hunter
stung sharp and fingers swollen to
cylinders
a frisson of horror
the pain was progressively indescribable
heavier went its dignity
penetrating blood, skin, skeleton
and became numb, standstill as lead.

Submerged into a boundless pool of
quietude
smoothly stared and waited
frozen half to death
which past revenge, enmity did it
fulfil?
Did it satiate its simmering wrath?
And what did it attain?
Hearts jumping with fury
to convey hopeless venom
to the wicked inspiration
who conceived him?
knowing its aftermath?
Is it a pleasure or result of thoughts
impure?
Will it turn its destiny or seek dignified
demur?
Eternal sinner.
How turn his failure
into benevolence, forgiveness, cheer?

Green Peace

Parched Soul

kill this wild ambitions
that to insanity drives
which feeds on illusions and fallacies
no truth, or realities.

Kill this hammered greed
of, for, by, money
which is by all evils aftermath
of which no remedy.

kill this penetrated anticipation, envious comparison-
which only escalates desires
as the red fire-

degradation only no voyage or uplift
kill all these negations
which only beckons depression
and just shower pure peace
peace-- peace-- just one single piece.

Green Peace

Peace

Soul that craves for peace-
Peace of the body and the spirit.
The mind is not at liberty to soar to any exalted form of expression.
Its affinity to flow downwards-

Perseverance, endurance exercises to scale heights
Heights of excellence-
Purity- Serenity- Solemnity-
Peace- Bliss-- Tranquility-

Misery steals its original unstressed essence
And makes it pregnant of tensions
Misery- Claustrophobia- Cancer-
And a drowning feeling of depression, deterioration, death.

Green Peace

Perambulator Pulling

Born with a silver spoon in mouth
Cosy, pink, rosy, soft bedding
To remain there moving, playing, smiling to the world
A total room, an identity, an individualism of one's own

Right from the spur the heart beats
Love, affection showered with an air of dignified approbation
The kid crawls, walks, dog paddles islands
All alone and forgets to be an escort to the silvered hairs, emaciated, ailing
shades.....

Green Peace

Perfect 'He'

who is guilty?
man or his environment
to commit misdemeanors
who produces this environment?

society or man himself
is everything operating by itself?
where is then God lost?
Has it lost its power?

Its superhuman, super divine mysteries
why doesn't it descend down
in some form-
be it bigger or smaller

and prevent lugubrious mishaps
all around scattered and henceforth erupting
continuously like the active volcanoes
that throws its devastating lava

is God dead or consciously passive?
who imprinted those fortunes
of the present life which is dependent on past deeds
has present life's noble deeds no value?
is everything weighed in the past?

how this doctrine?
who wrote them?
did 'He' investigate them?
are they gross truth?

how true?
who knows what's right or wrong
any perfect mortal teacher or only perfect eternal 'He'

alone can determine evil and virtue
all mortal souls are imperfect somewhere
and that makes the difference.

Notes: Miserable to see all the mishaps of murders, suicides, rapes, deaths all around the writer has several feelings, expressions and questions erupting which led to this poem composition. This poem is ironical in the sense that at the beginning it blames God and finally ends praising 'Him', making 'Him' remarkably praiseworthy.

Green Peace

Pets Parlour

Infinitesimal, wooden, musty cages
Beautiful, multifarious birds
Silently weep and perch
Alienated from the healthy, broad environment
To satiate human desires
Materialized their freedom
A sort of sadism inflicted
Miserable existence
Their movement, delight, happiness trapped
No tree, no nest, no lakes
Howsoever gorgeous be the cage
Yet cannot replace the natural, green habitat
No joy, no chirp, no song
For wanderings long
But a pestered survival
To hopes, cheer, pleasure burial.

Green Peace

Poor Soul

Poverty of the body, not the soul
Rich of the flesh, not the spirit
Poor is the soul which hasn't any education
Any character, any ethical rules, any determination.

Which attaches no religiosity
No rites-- rituals--- worship---
For whom everything is sanctimonious
Masks in hypocrisy shuns the pious

Poor is thy soul which knows nothing-
Is a pretender at core not worth of anything
Enrich thy soul by seeds of education
Education needn't be formal

That education which makes man a human
From animal instincts towards the divine
Then lament never even if you are poor
For cultivated, enriched soul is far richer.

Evil---Poorer-----Poorest-----
Divine--Richer-----Richest-----
Its the true Monarch, the Emperor
Of big life's deeds the Small Carrier.

Soul claps, sings, dances
Ecstasy, Meditation, Salvation
Wiser, Prettier, Fairer
Intellectual, Purer, Holier--

Soul whose the richest
He's the wisest
For burnt not, twists not that ' Entity'
Which exhales in eternity.

Green Peace

Poverty

Poverty makes its entry
Without anyone's permission-
Accumulates somethings-
Sublimes before utility's exhaustion

It languishes for the deprivation
And wishes to emulate the riches-
And starts its struggle thoroughly
But failures mount up before it anywhere reaches.

Green Peace

Precious And Beautiful Gifts

Green, gargantuan park

Scattered everywhere the tiny tots

PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS

OF THE HEART

With their funny antics, woolly babbling, scuff-lings

And in ecstatic bliss they play together

forming one large circle

Where prevails no differentiation

Of colour, caste, class, religion

The tiny tots are the

PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS

OF THE HEART

Who fear neither fire nor water

Pain or pleasure

Bondage or separation

Everything appears alike

To the mystic playgroups

Who enhances beauty to the park

And makes it like a praiseworthy piano

Adorable and adored

Loved by one and all

For their foolish wisdom

And snow white pristine innocence

PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL

GIFTS

OF THE HEART

In multifarious garbs

Some can jump, run, walk

Scribble, read, write

Colour, sketch, dance, sing

Play with barbies, balls, cars

Can lap chocolates, cakes ice-creams

BUT.....

Many PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS

OF THE HEART

Dared not even open their eyes, ears, mouths

Are fettered with myriad manacles
Their petulant childhoods are dismembered
Can't they too wish, aspire, dream?
Like the no blesse oblige?
Why do humans itself deprive the joys?

OF THE

PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL

GIFTS OF THE HEART?

Make them work in hotels and factories

LET THE PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS
OF THE HEART

Realise their golden reign
Of care, concern, love, benevolence
They do deserve like the other children
LIVE AND LET LIVE
And merry the world around
With gay children
in multitudes.

I believe that THE PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS OF THE HEART ARE CHILDREN GOD'S GREATEST GI couples are childless today. So children are our joys and happiness. Children of today are our youth and future tomorrow. But there are teeming children whose childhood are nipped in the bud and are engaged in child labour. Let's not make children work and better the world!

Green Peace

Realisation

very few people had gathered
and the light broke out gradually
at the horizon
the light of enlightenment, knowledge, salvation

who can realise its gravity?
comprehend its necessity?
some say dark, some light
some adhere to reasoning, some prefer fright

who falls in which class?
which one worthier?
are all the same?
whose value greatest?

Green Peace

Reflections Of Joy

The flower in the garden smiled-
The multifarious birds when chirped
When given alms to an ill- clad
Or received an infinitesimal unexpected gift

They all gave joy
Some flickering, some solidifying
But all eroded in distant horizon
None remained in eternity.

What glitters now are reflections
That sometimes gave joy
Indeed made the day
Their degrees, qualities, quantities varied

Did the same event fetch every time the same joy?
They escalated, became zero, decreased
The everlasting joy of reality
That abides in selfless services and creativity

Which freely stand as monuments of ageless intellect
Monuments of its own magnificence
And will be ever things of beauty, the joy forever-
Admiration, reverence, tributes always hostility never.

Green Peace

Reverend Mistress

White, Whiter, Whitest
Whitely you lap and taste
Play jocundly in multifarious garbs
Sometimes silent, sometimes violent

Roll, roll, roll
Ive, Dissipate
Distinguish, Differentiate, Determine various fates

Hold myriad lives
Scuff, Sprint, Splutter, Stutter
Spiffy, Skittish, Smoulder

Aren't you bugged?
Of aeon's long activity?
Of mere ascending and descending?

Fixed destiny
No other choice, or break the humdrum curriculum
Don't your bones break and feel frustrated?

How ginormous is your form?
How often do you transform?
Who guides you?

From where do you come, where go?
Do you either know?
By your ethereal beauty how many could you seduce?

By your fathomless song
What do you want to convey?
Are you mourning humanity's miseries?

Or own tears of Thine diurnal course and dilemma?
Will it have an impact?
On the great Architect and Designer?

Green Peace

Roads - 2

Trees planted on this side and on that side
In rows and the road stretches
This curves it to many roads
Which road would humans choose?
Freedom of will but restriction in
Freedom makes all the difference.

Green Peace

School Days

School days had its own way of life indeed!
Helping one another as a sort of kind deed.
We attained valuable, wonderful knowledge
From our remarkable teachers,
Truly they were excellent discipline preachers.
We enjoyed parties and picnics,
Also we had frolics and funny antics.
The earnest service of our teachers,
Never will we forget after our departure.
The sublime and sweet speeches of our principal
Made us most cheerful and joyous after his arrival.
Debates, dramatics, elocution and quizzes were
The other extra- curricular activities.
By which we had personality development
and other characteristic abilities
School was the temple of learning,
Where the teachers were candles and
The students were the lamps.
Under the shade of knowledge we were
From the evils protected and safeguarded,
Where happiness was multiplied and sorrows divided.
Love, compassion and kindness were the basics of teaching
Which will remain ever fresh in our hearts with a grateful meaning.
After schooling we have to face this big bad world,
For which we should be brave and bold
School days had its own way of life indeed.

Green Peace

School Rickshaw

Tiny tots
No thoughts
Uniformed, Bagged, Tiffinboxed, Waterbottled
In microcosm molycoddled.
Childish, pettifoggy, peremptory
Yet sent out to be a small soldier in
The gargantuan, outer world
Squeezed as if chickens in a van
Tearful eyes, woolly babble, scream
Picked up from homes, left to schools
Regularly he ferries them deligently
Father of the child
Unknown love bond
Whose father?
Whose child?
Yet benevolent
In the coming and the going
yearning,
Priceless, guided duty
Leads the path, nameless somebody.

Green Peace

Sea

The same sea
Different forms
Sometimes silent,
sometimes violent
When will overflow,
when remain stagnant
When tides occur,
when privation
When benediction,
when destruction
Fog when fills everywhere
Silver seas and white skies
Merge together into one whole
No solid differentiation
As humans standing in a map
Appear the same
Regardless sex, caste, class, creed
Tumultuous battle
As if seeks liberation
From some predestined curse
But yet is bound
And will remain in bondage eternally
Natural white foams scattered
everywhere
Even where eyes cannot reach
Untaught, joyful, ecstatic play
Is it the same 'He' who created
A sea and a grass?

Green Peace

Sea Beauty

Water water everywhere
Immeasurable depth as a human mind
Colourless, multifarious
Green, white, blue
Big rise
Small rise
Big fall
Small fall
Sea unravels
As destiny
As sea changes its course
So does destiny
New hopes wrapped in past despair
Come rolling forth
Like a rainbow of shells
And the glitter of golden bangles
WHAT IS A MAN?
Before the fathomless, boundless sea.

Green Peace

Seeds Of Humanity

Cast aside the jewellery, ornaments and perfumes,
They are only fake and external decoration and costume.
Arise, awake in thy humanity
Respect one's self's dignity.
Be cheerful and humble
Also content and noble
Avoid pride and selfishness
And also jealousy and rudeness
Be simple and frank.
Not to understand oneself of high status or rank.
Ever sweet, ever encouraging words of yours in life.
Should enable others to their tears wipe.
'Love one another as I have loved you'
In the silence of your heart let not anyone become an object of hatred.
Can you not hide your praises and confess
to the world the sins you have committed.
By this you will cultivate the seeds of humanity.
And also honoured and respected.
Avoid pride and anger,
Sacrifice your life to help the needy,
downtrodden, unfortunate and poor.
Consider no human being useless or unimportant.
Everyone in this society is needed and equally wanted.
Avoid hypocrisy and false pain!
By which there is no gain.
Flow the rivers of kindness and pity
And also peace and tranquility.
No wonder the distance has been conquered.
But the gulf between the minds of the people have expanded.
Cast aside the jewellery, ornaments and perfumes of falsehood.
They are only fake and external decoration of womanhood.
In the silence of your heart let the seeds of humanity be sowed in one another
You will soon realise happiness and bliss.
Surrounding you with a greater circumference and border.

Green Peace

Separation

The spur I was separated,
From my beloved
I was all alone
Useless it is to be born.

Where shall I go?
My life to whom I owe?
My thoughts crystallized
My imaginations paralysed.

My emotions struck
I was transfixed
I was like a fish out of water,
Like a soap without lather.

I thought only of you
You were the diamond among the few.
You were my contemplation
My concentration and meditation.

The love you gave me
From the superstitions you freed me
I am in agony
In anguish

In melancholy,
Complete disharmony,
In dissatisfaction
And frustration.

Green Peace

Shame

Give me the shame Oh mother earth!
To think, feel, evaluate as a woman
Make me not too mollycoddled
So as not to realise the aftermath
Of what would have already occurred-

Molestation- Rape-Pregnancy-
Shower the instincts necessary for a girl
To make her feel what she really is-
To slip her every nail, waist, tip of the hair-
Make her feel a cultured, civilised, traditionalised but yet smart, stylist woman.

Green Peace

Ship Of The Open Air

Barren, unsophisticated high seat-
Yet can glance the palaces, towers, sky-
The ship of the desert
Linking people and destiny
Freedom of thought and bumpkins feel the fresh air, ecstasy

Scented, sophisticated low seat-
Restricted vision, see the front and eyes on toe
The quadwheller of the city
Closed windows, restrictions
Rigid, stereotyped, smell the fuel.

Green Peace

Small God

went to the Shiva temple
with a bottle of Ganges water
and honey and blue flowers
started worshipping
Lord Shiva
at that spur
an ill clad infinitesimal boy
in dirty garbs and ruffled hair
came and sat in front of
the Shiva Linga
Is it 'He' in his form?
Trying to distract my attention
from satisfying a natural 'God'
than an inanimate statue
or an extra distraction
standing as a barrier
in the way of rites, rituals and prayers
and not being able to reach the destination.

Green Peace

Social Mobility

Tall sky scrapers, grilled, barred, curtained
No ray of light within
Wired, cabled, electrified
All joys, happiness, aspirations
Soft toyed, computer ed, fern leaves, artificial roses
No time, space to water the real soft ones
Never do bathe your countenance
in the fresh, pristine air and the marvellous bounties of nature.
Caged cocktails with kingfisher and roasted cashew
Smelt, Felt, molested mistresses
White collared, rode in cielo
Been with the kingpins, crushed the
paupers under wheels of the car
Lived in high buildings
And yet no room for 'humanity'

Green Peace

Social Space

One bedroom flat
Wired, telephoned, talking machined, CD ed, VCded.
Cooler ed, micro oven ed, fax machined,
camera mobiled, interneted all within
Barbies, donald ducks, teddies
Embellished with embroideries, marble
Decorated with synthetic plants, flowers, fruits
Little space left for dining, resting, chatting
Humans have no space to express their inner
urges, melancholies and dilemma
The world has become so infinitesimal a
place, so piffling, so pettifoggy
Some where in time commodities have replaced man
And transformed him too, into a commodity with life
Day comes to end
And unfortunately man himself finds no space at home
And saunters vagabonded in the wilderness
Of life, left all alone like a noble savage.

Green Peace

Spacecraft

Motionless like a still bird
Floating in midair
Flying across continents, oceans, islands, bays
Submerged in a pool of solitude

Conceiving a new mission
Visualising only countries of white clouds sailing behind
Alien rum seems everything
Gets acclimatised gradually the air of dignified recognition

A huge rise, a gargantuan descend
However high man scales
He will look down sometime, someday
Either sooner or later.

Green Peace

Speechlessness

Words heard are sweet
Words unspoken are still sweeter
What to whisper about?
All known facts, realities
Everything at the tip of the tongue
None ignorant about infinitesimal thing
What to utter?
Histories, geographies, sciences discovered and invented
Libraries of ever flowing vast knowledge
Everything captured and stored
What to discuss?
God, man or a bee
Its rum to digest the psyche of a man
He differs so much from the other two
Remaining singularly plural
So alike and yet different
So similar yet distinguishable
How many heads can be counted
To account a different mystery
What all flying colours
The idiosyncratic specie
With a beginning and no end.

Green Peace

Spicy Food Of The Body

Hunger of the stomach
Love of the souls,
Prayer of the conscious,
Action of the hands.

Noble thoughts of the mind,
Wisdom and knowledge of the mind,
Longing of the heart,
Greed of the tongue.

Foul language of the tongue,
Kiss of the lips,
Anguish of the eyes,
The clatter of the teeth.

Sweetness of the voice
Movement of the feet,
Fragrance for the nose,
Words for the ears.

Green Peace

Strange Friends

They hop, they skip, they jump, they play
They group, they gather, they guess, they gossip
They select, they scrutinise, they speculate, they sermonise
All form different crowd
None intermingle precisely together
The same person forms different groups
Yet not the same always
Part for the whole
Whole for the part
The growing difference.

Green Peace

Success In Failure

Failures infinite in life
Despair-- Demoralisation--- Depression-
Hence success by mere thoughts
At least momentary happiness-- bliss--- ecstasy--

To reap the joy of the implausible
The unattained fulfilment of the feat
Which proved to be defeat
Thus success in failure.

Note: With umpteen failures in life where there's no success at all a bit of momentary happiness can be gained by thinking of it.

Green Peace

Suffocation

The jolted anger that never bursts
The mind that is crippled by fears,
The agony in the form of tears,
The revenge that in the mind lingers.

In neglected spaces
The mind is dipped in tension,
Always depression, depression and depression!
Those unheard cries,
Of falsehood, entanglements, bondage and ties.

Where love is murdered,
And unity surrendered,
Where frankness is shattered,
And aims, ambitions and aspirations plastered.

In neglected spaces
Life becomes a knife,
Pain, melancholy and bitter tears to wipe,
Life is a marvellous pilgrimage,
It is a mirror and reflects your own image.

Green Peace

Telescope

How would appear the entire designed universe
Whose guidance will prove fruitful
Whose friendship be ever trustworthy
Which plant would endure health
Which animal's flesh, milk prove to be edible
Which perseverance would reap success
Who to land first on the moon
Who to sail the English channel
'He' knew them all
And could see everything before
And so with right intensions placed everyone
Most appositely.

Green Peace

Ten Minutes At The Window Pane

Ten minutes at the window pane,
When it was pouring cats and dogs rain,
A marriage procession studded with costumes and jewellery
Followed behind by an ill-clad beggar entangled in misery.
On one side barren land,
On the other greenery, orchards and trees.
Someone yet practised slavery,
Another employed in freedom, equality and fraternity.
Old were dressed young,
young ones in their clothes long.
Animals were loved and cared by someone's mercy.
Slaughtering was the effect of other's cruelty,
Children were encompassed by music, toys and books,
Child-labour prevailing somewhere betrayed their innocent looks.
Girls were loved, understood and treated with concern,
Greed for dowry did also make women burn.
Doctors, engineers were too busy to realise nature's beauty,
Unemployed guys had forced leisure like a calamity.
Extreme happiness brings pain,
Extreme sorrow brings pain,
My mind is flooded with thoughts since time immemorial
What a curse is extremity in human survival!

Green Peace

The Balloon- 2

The red coloured spotted white-
Which is every children's right-
Sab green, harvest yellow or be it snow white
The heavy treasure being so light!

That which spots delight, pleasure, gaiety
Blithe, cheer, ecstasy
That which makes everyone always happy
The non material ovation that effaces grief, sorrow, misery.

The dauntless, gaseous deity-
From privation, dearth to affluence, infinity
That spreads its rich majestic corsets of celebration, jubilation and piety
Its overwhelming, unsatiated, benevolent, evergreen duty

The ever glittering crown of all joy-
The ever seasoned toy-
Of 'colourless, ' 'ageless' girls and boys
The extrovert and the coy.

Notes: The balloon has been described as a benevolent deity. 'Colourless, 'Ageless' boys and girls means every boy, every girl without knowledge of race, caste etc and its prevalent since time immemorial.

Green Peace

The Birth Of Christ

Years ago many,
In Bethlehem's manger, on a starry night
Was born a light, Jesus where he lay.
Mother Mary and Father Joseph stood by him,
'He' was the Father of the fathers,
Forgiven all cruelties with none did he linger.
But people nailed him to death on the 'CROSS'
His love proves 'His' greatness,
'He' stands by the divine grace,
Enlightenment attained, that shines on his face.

Green Peace

The Book

The book is a knowledge bank,
Whenever necessary gets poured like water in a tank
You quench our thirst for knowledge.
In student life and also in college;
You teach alphabets like A, B, C....
And also have books of psychology and philosophy.
During exams we burn our midnight oil
and read you word by word!
During exams our relations with you are
furious and frustrated.
For excellent results we pray to Lord!
You give us wisdom, cleverness and such other qualities,
Your story-book pages are full of mysteries
children like and read you a lot,
You are like ice-creams and crackers
commonly sold.

Green Peace

The Changing Seasons

THE SPRING

The river is flowing
The sun is shining
The trees are swaying
The children are enjoying

THE SUMMER

The river, ponds and pools have dried up
The clouds have been by the sun swallowed up
The cuckoo is singing a sweet song
The birds, beasts and trees are dying
But it isn't raining!

THE RAINY SEASON

The trees and flowers are blooming
The farmers are happy and smiling
Thundering and lightning are the characteristics
of this season.
Famine and flood- the curses of this season.

THE AUTUMN AND THE WINTER

The temperature is moderate and the breeze
is sweetly blowing.
Everyone is in a mood of gaiety and cheering.
The temperature suddenly drops and everyone
is in woolen clothes.
Finally we roll into the New Year forgetting
The sorrows which we had to in the past year bear.

The changing seasons prove
That life is transitory

Nothing lasts as monuments of eternal edifice
Only our deeds can leave an indelible impression on the sands of time.....

Green Peace

The Colourless Cuckoo

Isolated, lonely, alone
Apart, aside colourlessly known
Yet a music, song for the world
Unseen, unheard, tales told
The dryness of scorching heat and the dogs days warmth
And the spirit, muse that it unknowingly, namelessly pourth,
Somewhere invisible yet succulent, surfeit, existence,
Detached yet poignant attachment- what honourable significance
Colourless yet colourful of multifarious steadfast tones-
Spreads the cheer, blithe, gaiety consoles the torn.

Green Peace

The Dawn Of Life

The dawn of life is old age
Which appears when one looks like a sage.
A body like a bamboo, silvered hair,
criss cross wrinkles and a body of pain.
They try to find happiness but in vain.

Innumerable success and glory they had one day
But today they have none to say
a kind word or to them repay.
It was like the water squeezed from
the wet clothes,
But none to bear the burden of the dried coats.

Thus the dawn of life is a sad tragedy.
Which was once in their youth a comedy.
This dilemma consists of frustration, grief, agony,
sorrow, misery and pain.
In which man achieves nothing but experiences
only grief, shock and pain.

Man is the most eccentric animal on this earth
He treats everyone not like a master but a
servant since his birth.
Death too prolongs for such woeful old people
Who are by the societies harsh words
and emotions crippled.

Green Peace

The Distant Traveller

Sometimes appears at the grass-
Or at the window pane of the house
Yellow-- Golden yellow just as brass
Whose friend is it kills the mouse?

All courage mustered up to befriend it
Paralyses at its appearance
Education at stake captures the senses
The aroma of fear, anxiety, perplexity it sprouts
Skinny, shiny a lout

In the woods or at the road-
Is always a police, a doctor, an examiner-
Slides, curls, dominates the emperor
The light load.

Green Peace

The Euphoric Peregrination

The suave gait in the thin, long lanes
Leads to the incredible, remarkable peregrination
Runs--Soars--Scales
Heights above the mundane layer

Visualises countries of white clouds
Clouds, clouds everywhere as if tangible
Engineers, doctors, caretakers seated
In the same row

Moving towards the common destination
No differentiation remains
Of race, religion. caste. class. colour

The same flight
Carries myriad, multifarious fates
Who's the tip of the hat, who eats the crust of humility?

Green Peace

The Everlasting Evening

The evening breeze of the sea
Exhilarating affect it had on me.
The soft sand under my bare feet.
With a wonderful sense of curiosity
I had gone to the sea greet.
I love to smell the sea,
To be as free as a bee
To take in great lungfuls of the cool air,
To see the vast blue expanse of the water's layer.
The cloudless canopy of the sky.
Colourful views of artists, poets, lovers, gals and guys.
The huge flaming orb of the setting sun
Indeed it is wonderful and wild fun.
The evening that went away
I was refreshed, delighted and gay
May such evenings always welcome me,
And leave me in infinite solitude and glee.

Green Peace

The Ganesh Festival

Ganapati Bappa Moriya
Purche Varshi Laokar Ya.
The festival fills and spreads the air with
the smell of festivity.
Everyone is lost in the moods of speculation and reality.

Ganesh's wide forehead depicts wisdom,
And he himself epitomises prosperity,
good fortune and freedom.
The small eye indicates an eye for detail,
Even students enjoy this festival who burn the midnight oil.

His lending a willing ear,
Symbolises all the sorrow, agony and
misery which he will be able to hear.
He is invoked to remove obstacles and achieve success

While his vehicle, the rat symbolising
sagacity, prudence is no less:
The out sized nose or trunk signifies prestige,
By his ubiquitous features all are to be devoted obliged.
The tusk stands for strength.

He puts his toe down so as not to overburden the creature
but keep him warrant.
The tongue in its recesses speaks little.
He to the devotees their wishes and desires fulfils.

The large belly implies secretiveness.
His forgiveness to the deceitful and insane proves his kindness.
Ganesh, the God of learning and wisdom,
Every year the Ganapati fever gripes
the cultural capital of Maharashtra kingdom.

NOTE: The Ganesh Festival is a very important religious festival of the Hindus in India particularly in MAHARASHTRA (Mumbai &Pune)
The Ganesh festival was started by Lokmanya Tilak(a great freedom fighter) and is being celebrated with great show, pomp and religious fervour. It is a 10 day

long festival celebrated at public places & even at homes. The first & last days of the festival are marked as public holidays.

Green Peace

The Joy Of The Morning Charm

The sun's rise,
The bird's chirp so precise.
The cock's clarion,
The drowsy puppies union.
The rustling of the trees,
The humming of the bees.
The tinkle of the bells.
The morning of the shell
The husking of the corn,
The cry of the new born,
The joy of the flowers,
The dew drops showers.
The fluttering of the butterflies:
The blue skies:
The peaceful breeze blowing-
The lambs lowing-
The new-mown hay,
The fields green and gay.
The milking of the cows.
With his noble bows.
It is time to be,
morning-the moment of joy, peace, glee and harmony.

Green Peace

The Monk Speaks

I thought he won't be envious
Acquainted with him
Saw that he had full bloomed envy
Left him

Befriended others
Realised their greed, lust, hostility
Slowly silently withdrew
Yet another group

They too suffered of repining restlessness, shortcomings, egoism
None in the universe is spotless snow
Every he, she possesses it

None can renounce
Or throughly washed lily be
No human is truly human
But humans in its mask

No repentance expiation
Of anyone's any time's evil deeds any sort
He's every man and every woman
Nothing extraordinary, rum at all

Green Peace

The Mystic Drum

When the mystic drum beats within-
The fear is no longer fear
It is swallowed down by courage
Shyness is replaced by dauntless mettle.

Pan effaced by paeon
Selfishness gulped down by altruism
Greed dissolves to sacrifice
Ignorance crowned to glittering, glorified knowledge.

Pride collides to utmost humble nobility
Very own's microcosm transformed to greater, wider one brotherhood kingdom.

One becomes all- all- all-
No single identity exists
Such loud is the mystic drum's sound
The sooner it beats the better.

Green Peace

The Pain Of Growing Up

To smile at the rural maidens
To pluck flowers of the garden
Is no more the same attitude
The spirit speaks rude.

To adore the butterflies
To watch the skies
To touch the dew
To gaze at the peacock blue.

The innocence has vanished
Its place has been taken by rationality
The crushed pain
Of the sprouting simplicity.

Skepticism has more privilege
The dwindling faith's advantage
Tantrums turned to rage
Scaling high stages.

Happiness changes with every phase of life
Eternal, transient seasons
Life is short, art is long
Happiness is a mere episode in the tragicomedy of a man's life.

Green Peace

The Pink Puzzle

Once was drinking Gelusil
A liquid that aids digestion, effervescent in acidity
Suddenly some amount spilt on the floor unnoticed
A colony of black ants scurried up to lap the pink river
All of them drank it full fledged to their hearts content
And submerged into a pool of relief and pacification
From Burping, Nausea and Gastro Esophagus Reflex Disease
No more complaints and visits to the family doctor now
So from then, intentionally spread Gelusil after meals
To give a piece of serenity to my infinitesimal black pals.

Green Peace

The Prison

At your own peril
By your wrong deeds enter the prison
The Crime --- The Sin --- The Evil---
When fortune fails
That's embedded in those walls---
Which murmurs, whispers, wails.

At your own peril
By your wrong deeds enter the prison
The Agony -- The Revenge-- The Restlessness---
The Blood --- The Thirst --- The Repugnance---
The Hostility -- The Apathy --- The Otherness----
Depression --- Despair ---- Frustration nevertheless

At your own peril
By your wrong deeds enter the prison
The shrieks of violence, malefactor, malfeasance,
The Turmoil --- The Tension --- The Turbulence---
Ongoing conflict between the skin and spirit
Irrationality and wit.

At your own peril
By your wrong deeds enter the prison
The footsteps of mistakes, misunderstandings, misdemeanor
That pays the enormous price
Conscience, Consciousness debt
That by the mortal, physical departure can only be left.

Green Peace

The Rainbow

The rainbow appears in the blue sky after the rains,
It is a vista of hope in the dark and pains.
The rainbow comprises of seven colours i.e. vibgyor.
Each is significant in its own manner.
Violet signifies royalty(bravery and loftiness) .
Indigo underlines authenticity.
Blue highlights peace
Green the colour of vegetation and prosperity.
Yellow signifies brightness
Orange the colour of asceticism.
Red remarks bravery and temper.
Night follows the day,
making all cheerful and gay.
Darkness follows the light.
Encouraging all, to the evils fight.
Happiness follows the sorrows
Which none can lend or borrow.
Sometimes sun and sometimes rain
Buffeted all alone in the mighty ocean of
grievances and pain
When all the hopes dash the ground and arises
a feeling of low.
After the rains up above the sky shines the magical rainbow.
It is a lantern in the dark.
Its appearance is as sweet as the words of a lark.
Its colours are each of a different meaning
It is in disguise to us a blessing.

Green Peace

The Sea

The foaming heads of the great waves-
The sea marching ahead unexhausted
A clean beach
Million pilgrims bathing, taking holy dips in them
Motley garbs, sentiments, sects religions
All become one--
A great approaching wave exhausts all courage----
Armed to the teeth yet zero at the bone
And the despair, broken fragments of shells.

Green Peace

The Seasons Of The Year

THE SPRING

The river is flowing
The sun is shining
The trees are swaying
The children are enjoying

THE SUMMER

The river, ponds and pools have dried up
The clouds have been by the sun swallowed up
The cuckoo is singing a sweet song
The birds, beasts and trees are dying
But it isn't raining!

THE RAINY SEASON

The trees and flowers are blooming
The farmers are happy and smiling
Thundering and lightning are the characteristics
of this season.
Famine and flood- the curses of this season.

THE AUTUMN AND THE WINTER

The temperature is moderate and the breeze
is sweetly blowing.
Everyone is in a mood of gaiety and cheering.
The temperature suddenly drops and everyone
is in woolen clothes.
Finally we roll into the New Year forgetting
The sorrows which we had to in the past year bear.

Green Peace

The Seven White Horses

The seven white horses,
Went galloping on the terraces.
Each went with such determination
As if armed to the teeth with inspiration.

One signified as if it was brightness or light,
Then the other was a symbol of speed and endless fight.
The third led the path of encouragement,
Fourth was full and basked in confidence.

The fifth horse was a honest runner,
Success showered on the sixth and seventh
Who were the winners.
Each with its talent and trait
Made the race a glorious and victorious event.

Green Peace

The Swing

Be it of a rope, bamboo or gold
The tale of ecstasy isn't old.
By the breeze
Swirls up and comes down again.
In every rise a new adventure, a new mettle
Reaches the zenith and touches the ground
Yet efforts to ascend the higher invisible steps
And join the infinite
Ceaseless peregrination of man continues
For in every man
A higher psyche to meet 'the Oversoul'
Attain sublimity, serenity, summum bonum
And never look down again.

Green Peace

The Tiny Life Savers

A gargantuan elephant was driving a car
Suddenly collided head on with a truck
And was unconscious, bleeding profusely
Was admitted in a renowned nursing home in the I.C.U.
There is a clot in the brain
It has to be operated
Such grave news spread like wild fire
And all the creatures gathered to boost the moral support of the elephant's
family
Blood has to be given to the elephant to save him
From the ginormous pain and trauma
Dinosaurs, Hippopotamus, Leopards, Camels all flocked together in armies
But alas! none's blood group matched
An abyss of silence, woe, misery descended
Perhaps they would lose their best friend
A ray of hope shined when two ants marched
Their Blood Group A+ matched with the ailing elephant's
He was thus saved, is hale and hearty now and owes an ocean of debt
To the tiny life savers.

Green Peace

The Typewriter

All machines at work
Produces the same sound
The same output
Man forgets his own voice, his own conscience

Inculcate thine own voice
To hear it in any situation
In bondage and during choice
To guide it in every time, place, position.

Green Peace

The Unknown One

Somewhere in the abandoned dark
Sweet song as a lark
Never can see where it is
Without its lyric something we miss
Alone yet how meaningfully engaged!

Music is always its image
When will come and when will go
Blissfully ignorant, never come to know
Black as coal yet what a divine gift!

Unknown, unseen flies over giving souls a lift
Unnoticed, unlamented will always sing a song
It's preciseness of unlearnt tunes
Will never go wrong.

Green Peace

The Withered Flower

The flower has withered away
In its own way
on the outcome of the day.
The crimson petals have withered away.

It had blossomed to its fullest,
Its colours were the brightest!
Its fragrance was the sweetest,
Its shape was the finest!

Humans too can live a life like the flower
Gratitude, blessings, kindness, sweetest memories
and sacrifices to shower.
Live not in years but in deeds,
Sow of love, peace, harmony and happiness the seeds.

The flower has withered away,
But not in a useless way
It has blossomed in a life shortest
But its qualities had been fulfilled to its fullest.
Humans also can live a life to the fullest,
Enriched by your qualities brightest.
May you also spread the waves of humanity
Or what is life? a curse, a cruelty

Green Peace

Things And Their Possessor

The pen is made for the writer,
The arms and ammunition is the costume of the soldier,
The musical instruments awaiting the musicians,
The diseases waiting for the cure of the physicians,
The game is played by the player,
The song is sung by the singer,
The machines are designed for the engineer,
The axe, saw and the tractors are mercifully
lying for the farmer,
The constitution of the universe is studied
by the cosmographer,
The unknown future, the horoscope, the zodiac
is predicted by the astrologer,
Politics welcomes ministers,
Cases are won by lawyers,
Author is the possessor of the books,
Models are attracted for their looks,
Hilarious, lugubrious news are collected
by journalists,
GDP, GNP, ND-PM, NNP and national income
are calculated by an economist,
Money is wealth and treasury made
for an millionaire,
Scarcity, filth and poverty is the banner of a beggar,
Things and their possessor can never be separated,
They are ever full, ever one and ever saturated,
Love, compassion, sympathy and forgiveness
are for one and all,
We shall be a united liberation and
united nation and never from unity a fall.

Green Peace

Things Without Their Essence

What is a flower without its fragrance?
What is a teacher without his encouragement or diligence?
What is a mother without her affection, mercy and pity?
What is a child without his obedience, honour and gaiety?
What is a tree without its shade?
What is a fan without its blade?
What is a candle without its light?
What is a sun which is not bright?
What is a pearl without its shine?
What is a drunkard without his wine?
What is education without its examination?
What is a doctor without its medical operation?
What is a cuckoo without its melodious music?
What is a musician without his enchanting lyric?
What is a soldier without his determination?
What is a devotee without his devotion?
What is a book without any knowledge?
What is a brother without his pledge?
What is a pen without its ink?
What is a philosopher who doesn't think?
What is an ocean without any waves on water?
What is a boat without its sailor?
What is a judge without his law and order?
What is a criminal without his crimes and ultimate surrender?
What is a car without any petrol?
What is a lover without any heart or soul?
What is a ball without its rotundity?
What is a player without his joy, cheer and sincerity?
Things are meant for what they are
Without their traits who will for them have any care?

Green Peace

This Money

This money
Of which income?
Of which education?
Of the doctor or the sweeper?
These clear white spotless, scented, intact, printed notes

Are all the same
Is there any difference of their utility?
That marks the qualification

Then why these walls?
That demarcate pride, prestige, status, dignity
Whose prejudice?
When hostility?

Why adhere such inconsistent dark thorns
That crush the sensibility and bleed the soul-
For they're impermanent
Yet mark permanent marks on the real status of the soul.

Green Peace

Those Three Hours

Those three hours at the examination
Displays one's skill, practice, perseverance and determination.
Armed to the teeth with knowledge:
Of million students from various schools and colleges.
Those three hours determine the students future fortune,
Which will prove to be a bane or boon.
Attention, concentration reaches the peak,
When one does to perfection seek.
Innumerable formulas, answers, exercises and constructions to learn,
Which students do by their midnight oils burn.
Weariness, tension and palpitation increases by leaps and bounds.
Ambitions, aspirations row in the heart but produces no sound.
At the operation theatre those three hours
Awaits God's mercy, grace and compassion to shower.
Those three hours at the operation theatre,
Death or to sanction life is the will of the creator.
The kind cruelty of the doctor's knife,
Gives to the patient a new, fresh life.
The pains he suffered, the trials and tribulations he went through
Is beyond description to the Almighty's magnanimous point of view,
Those three hours at the theatre, magic show and circus
Highlights stars fun, art, glamour, fitness, stamina and entertainment.

Green Peace

Three Wishes

I keep three wishes ready
Wish they could be true
One would be for the world like the HEAVEN ABOVE
Devoid of pride, greed, envy, poverty and misery

Another would I wish for eradication of
UNEMPLOYMENT, ILLITERACY, RAPES, CHILD LABOUR AND DOWRY DEATHS
Last but not the least I would pray for
Happiness all around and could I do something everyday

That would remove
A little sadness
From the world's vast
Shore and bring joy all around.

Green Peace

To Death--With Love

Arrives at the earliest hour to someone who's unsatiated, fears, withdraws
Arrives at the latest hour to someone who's awaiting anxiously to embrace it.
But it embraces all
Never any sort of fall

Given to release at the appointed hour with its battalion marches forward
Never retreats or awaits backward--
The truth of all truths--
The marking destiny for a new life.

Cold--Icy---Dumb---
Stiff---Swift--Numb---
Attack soon to those in poverty and pain
Those who infinite times knock your door in vain-

Those in predicaments, premonitions, dilemmas
To whom life is a living death
Those who fear to struggle the winds, storms, battles of life
Come soon yet not so soon.

Given to release be not a bane, but a boon
Let them taste the heat and the cold
Acclimatise the misfortunes, be strong and bold
Be not a death to anyone, anytime in life.

Enjoyment---Celebration---Cheer---
Arrive only when they give you an affectionate call
And death at death--when all is still
Let them to their hearts utmost desire everything fulfill!

Exhaust them in whatever they live
So that never fear, avoid, insult you
The inevitable light
Let them fulfill all their duties and rights.

Green Peace

To 'Him'

'You absorbed my fears
silenced my overwrought, anxieties
pacified me fully-
effaced my doubts, misconceptions

blew within the spirit
to stand up and struggle
and spread the message
of love, affection, mercy, forgiveness

always you forgave man's sins, vile deeds
you have done much for humans which is indescribable, ineffable
the transformation in humans is only possible
because of your heartfelt, immense love

humans owe 'You' wealth not materially
but of 'non material' human values
'You ' are truly great
'You' who borne our light life's weight.

Green Peace

Tomorrow

The day that will rise tomorrow,
In happiness, misery or sorrow.
With the whispers of faith may I face it with courage!
Either in peace, pain, shock or rage!
Be as quiet as a sea rock:
As merry as a cuckoo-
Ever in red, black or blue.
Let thy words harmonise someone,
Who is in melancholy left alone.
May you serve the poor and broken ones,
The emaciated, depressed and destitute.
Where no whispers of faith is preached
sublime, soft and sweet flute like promises be reached.
Where the fear of death, disaster or danger,
Your whispers of faith be a peaceful, profound prayer.
Be an instrument of healing in this world of suffering and pain.
May ever never your striving efforts go in vain.
May the day, that will rise tomorrow
In happiness, misery or sorrow.
By the whispers of faith
The chariot of your life move.
Smoothly as a boat on a tranquil lake!

Green Peace

Transience

They were together friends in the garden playing hide and seek
A sweet fragrant breeze floating in the air made them fall asleep
Woke up to find themselves low and meek
Departed how they and didn't a bit weep?

As if it was a dream
Nothing real everything fairytale like
Life now, death now-
Does anything appear eternal how?

Green Peace

Two Friends

Mr. Georgy, Mr Porgy
Both were great friends in the field of apology.
Mr. Georgy frowned if questioned.
Mr. Porgy answered him with suggestion.
Both of them were ignorant in the beginning
But when they started studying they
found life very interesting.
Mr. Porgy learned in a few days
But when Mr. Georgy saw this he started losing his senses.
Mr. Porgy explained that some learn soon
and some learn slow.
Those of which learn slow
understand it thrice the more.
Sometimes lose and sometimes gain
For fantastic results we have to take some pain.
In a few days Mr. Georgy became popular in the city.
Mr. Porgy, Mr. Georgy both understood apology in reality.
One day both of them died out of heart attack narration,
Now they are in the heaven discussing
the happy- active life with attention.

Green Peace

Unconscious Body And Soul

Open yard of land
On that sleeping a black dog
Eat -- Drink -- Sleep --
Unconscious -- Unknown -- Unlamented --

Million men scattered everywhere
Who only eat, drink, sleep
Illiterate -- Irrational -- Ineffective --
Unreasonable -- Unable -- Unconscious ---

Green Peace

Unconscious Walls

From the waters of Washington
Once stepping into States
The flag hoisted on the ship changes
As the waters change.

No mark, No fence, No boundary
Yet unconscious external walling by humans
And walling ever prevails
Between rich and poor

High and low
Fair and dark
Men and women
Caste and creed

Language and culture
Nationality and status
Everything has its distinct colour, shape, taste, norm
And never one homogeneous whole.

Green Peace

Unconsciously Conscious

Outer drapers hang over
No more interests linger
They have been exhausted in timeless satiation
External beautification thrives in mere superficial exhibition

Now vests inner glory-
To organise, rectify, purify
Await its glitter as the shine of the church glass-
Before it gets corroded, rusted, as brass--

Green Peace

Walling

The Great Wall of China-

Galore of Walls:

Apartheid, class, creed, sex, nationality

Walls are walls

But the walls created in the minds

Cannot be demolished.

They stand invisibly,

Lead to social stratification.

Green Peace

Walls -3

In one sec
one day
one year
centuries
were built

A room
Rome
Asia
World
Divisions of streams, rivers

Oceans though meet
The same, yet
Similarly divisions into class, caste
Creed for convenience
Easy flow of goods

And services
But all meet in the same stream of humanity
But they're walls
Artificial
Natural things

Have walls
Then why can't
Man
Make
Walls?

Green Peace

When Blood Sprouts Out.....

Thin -- Slimy --- Fluky--

Thick -- Thicker-- Thickest--

Heavy-- Drown -- Drench---

Blood -- Red Blood -- Flood---

Passion evokes something sensuous

More to it is the feeling of violence

From head to leg it flows quickly--

As if a flowing river red portrait

Pain --- Turbulence-- Death---

Does that only mean the red colour?

What does it hold more?

Warmth -- Bravery --- Revenge--

Body -- Senses---- Instinctual---

Not far and above the spirit, the soul---

Its the body that produces it

And that gives that glamour, that vigour--

That odour, That colour--

Without which it turns into a

Stiff-- Stagnant--- Still mummy or some boneless brown powder

Blood makes the body, protects, carves, enriches the soul that's vibrant and yet weak.

Notes: The psychological process of blood sprouting out is discussed here. Blood is first meant only of, for the body and something sensual disregarding the soul or spirit.

It becomes paradoxical at the point where the blood protects as well as enriches the soul without which it would be neither a body nor a soul but only a mummy. In the first four paragraphs blood is only sensual whereas in the last it becomes contradictory where it not only protects but also gives the soul its soul like essence.

Green Peace

When Shoots A Boil.....

Light---Heavy---Lead--
Red---Redder--Reddest--
Mole--- Bee---Balloon--
Creeps-- Acclimatizes-- Anarchy--

Pauper-- Rich--- Emperor--
Neglect-- Attraction- Attention--
As if arrived a dignitary
Sows-- Reaps-- Blossoms---

Ache-- Mourn-- Agony---
Hot --- Hotter --- Hottest--
Solid --- Semi solid -- Sublimation--

Emotions Stiff--- Body Crystallizes-- Soul Paralyzes--
Peers ----- Pains ----- Pestors -----
Astounds ----- Admonishes -- Abdicates ---

Note: How it creeps, slowly sows its weeds and in advancing time it rules over while blossoming as if the arrival of a VIP persona. Its the psychological process involved when shoots a boil.

Green Peace

When The Untimely Time?

Busy, aged fool
Unpredicted, untimely time
When thou cometh, when goeth?
Knoweth no man himself

Noble deeds, mission why not begin soon?
Why rectify, rotten repugnance in late adulthood?
A fruit is a fruit, a weed a weed-
Since time immemorial, cannot be changed their essence.

So now from today sow diligent, sober seeds
That would certainly its fruit once reap
Wait not for time to reap
But let time take its own mellow turn.

Why not begin early?
Waiting for late, if that time never comes?
Or it ends aggravatingly soon?
Time thine self right from a fraction of second

For time will tell
Who is the winner, who the loser?
Who the emperor, who the pauper?
Time takes its own apposite tide just at the right spur, not earlier or later.

Green Peace

Who Am I?

Who am I?
So happy but shy
Can I not hide my good deeds
And confess the sins I have committed?
For if I do so I will be hated.
Who am I so great?
That cannot follow, the truth's weight,
Who am I so proud and jealous?
Do I know the courteous principle?
Have I served the poor and old?
No moment for them, but rude enough
in this material world.
Why am I so selfish and miser?
Have I fulfilled the needy's desire?
Who am I so short tempered and greedy?
Have I always spoken the truth and
remained in purity?
Whatever sins I have committed O Lord,
Forgive them and help me to remain
Spotless in this material world.
Let me each day do something that will
remove little sadness from the world's vast store.
Lord, I am but a small boat, buffeted by waves
Floating on the ocean of your mighty shore.

Green Peace

Whose Love Greater?

humans
momentarily enjoy all temporal happiness
long
misery, agony, grief they renounce You
then
why, love mortal menace?
God's
eyes there's pacification in your ecstasy
and
pain, pester, turbulence in your sorrow
then
whose love is worthwhile and who the greater?

Green Peace

Work

Work is beauty

Work is reality:

Work is mode and not a load

Work is good: which we need for our daily food.

Work is grace and not at all a press!

As a lamp cannot burn without oil,

So a man without work will be spoilt.

Work is not a pain,

But a wonderful gain.

Dignity of labour should be considered by all.

By this there always will be joy, victory and never a fall.

Work is indeed a benefactor

Without which we would be left like a solicitor.

Green Peace

Worthiness

The medal remains the same
The wearer changes
He isn't eternal
Worthiness with time's revival

Then, now, after,
The medal hangs on
As if for display
Now its true inner reverence, potentiality eroded, diminished, decayed

Rusted, faded mass lays here
Its glory, glitter wither
None's absolute exaltation
Sometime eulogise, sometime decadence.

Green Peace

You Are Precious

Dear beloved teachers, you are as sweet as honey!
Never can we buy your kindness with money.
You care for us from childhood to teenage,
And your love grows by the ages.
You give us light in this big bad world,
Always striving to make us shine like gold.
You teach us languages, social sciences and biology,
You study children's psychology.
From student life to life in college,
You give us valuable, wonderful knowledge.
Your knowledge is like a river flowing
and your enlightened ever glowing,
You convert your words into action
And teach the students some religious foundation
Ever smiling, ever welcoming, ever helping
Ever kind is your face
Whose appearance gives us inspiration in the long race.
You help the poor students in their need
And thus make their life successful by your kind deeds.
The earnest service of you teachers
Never will we forget after your departure
Your teachings are the foundations of this nation
Without which to grave problems like
Ignorance, illiteracy there are no solutions.
So, thank you teachers for your service to us.
Never can you be forgotten by us
'Teachers Day' will come and go
But your importance will never be low.

Green Peace