

Poetry Series

**leonard daranjo**  
**- poems -**

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# leonard daranjo()

Teach Communicative English in my personal capacity. I reach out to students of all backgrounds. I help them to come to grips with their communication problems.

I believe that people should - in whatever way they can - try to make a positive difference in the lives of others. When one uses his/her talent to help others, the true meaning and beauty of life comes out.

I am also involved with Genpact - one of the leading BPOs - as a consultant. Here also I train job seekers. I try to bring them up to an acceptable level of communication competence in English after which they are provided jobs in Genpact.

I am an outdoor person. I am absolutely passionate about nature. I try to document everything I see in the natural world in the form of Poetry.

I love reading Eastern and Western Philosophy and Literature and appreciating art. I am also an avid Jazz enthusiast.

I love people who are humorous or the ones with a great sense of humour.

Enjoy:

Listening to Jazz

Reading African Literature and Western Literature and Eastern and Western Philosophy

Delving into the English Language and devising new and innovative ways of teaching it to my students.

# (1) Celestial Visitor - Photographic Impression

.....I .....

Spearing darkness  
An eye blinked flash  
Celestial aberration  
Dribbling droplets of fire

.....II.....

Celestial javelin  
Slicing the night  
Showering shards  
Of iridescent light

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# (1) Art Is An Octopus

Chiselled in stone;  
Pencilled in a diary;  
Splashed on a canvas;  
Organised in sound;  
Trapped on celluloid;  
Arts octopoid revelation,  
Is funnelled through an artist who,  
With cat-eared alertness  
And sponge like receptivity,  
Plumbs the depths of our known world.  
Like a pearl diver,  
He resurfaces every now and again,  
Displaying gems missed  
On life's busy highway.

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## (1) Another Dawn - A Vignette

After a night of incessant rain,  
The dawn strolled in,  
Splintering the Eastern sky  
Into jagged streaks of light  
Like lava flowing through  
Volcanic fissures

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# (1) Lightning

Pencilling its way  
Across an indigo sky,  
Spider web lacerations,  
Paint the earth  
Incandescent

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# (1) Mukteshwar Temple - A Responsorial Psalm

The test of time  
The taste of immortality  
Though Anachronistically incongruous -  
A monumental testament  
To our past capabilities  
Mocking and challenging  
Our technological superiority  
And sense of aesthetics.  
Wafting in an aura of history  
From a remote and intangible past,  
This masterpiece, has engraved on its exterior,  
Painstaking attention to detail  
And an unquenchable hunger for perfection  
While remembering those master craftsman,  
It is time to sit down and take stock  
Of what we have gained  
And what we have lost

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# (1) Ode To Mother Teresa

Lift the veil of darkness  
Let the light come through  
Cry your crocodile tears  
Distil beads of dew  
Sing songs of wild cacophony  
Listen to the lion roar  
Fly your flimsy paper jets  
Watch the eagle soar  
Shroud your puny shoulders  
With wings of an albatross  
Wing the vast empyrean  
On monumental waves  
Liberate your ailing soul  
From labyrinths of woe

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## (1) A Fistful Of Future

Everyday is a new born babe  
Holding within its clenched fists  
Secrets of a fledgling future  
Fluted down spirals of time

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# (1) All Things Must Pass

Like voices drifting in a corridor  
Like the sea swishing in ebb tide  
Like a diaphanous sun drooling listlessly  
In the mid western sky  
Like a deflocculating asteroid  
In the earth's atmospheric  
Like withering leaves  
In an autumn embrace  
Like a necklace of bleeding  
Stars in space  
The evanescence of time  
Emblazons its hieroglyphic signature  
And passes on

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## (1) Dawn Chorus

Night languishes  
On the crest of dawn  
While birds start to sing  
Their morning song

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# (1) Divine Receptacle

Molecular vibration

Impacting stillness

Reigniting

A cosmic torch

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# (1) Ode To Immortality

Jetting creative fire  
Through a diamond eye  
Sculpting hair-like ripples  
On an emerald sky

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# 40 Degrees Celsius

The sun spun miles of golden yarn  
That stretched into an obscured distance  
The earth gave off an exudation  
That blurred the eye and weakened the senses

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# A Brush With England

There is something  
Electrifyingly alive  
A spirit of great  
Imaginative power  
An atmosphere imbued  
With history and energy  
A bridge that links  
The past to the present  
Encompassing almost  
A thousand years  
All this comes alive  
In the streets,  
In the shopping malls,  
In the art galleries,  
In the museums,  
In the churches  
In the castles and  
Most of all  
In the deep country

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# A Day In Brighton

The Brighton Pier  
Festooned with lights  
Flowed with irrepressible energy  
And an infectious gaiety, which  
Not even the sky,  
Coloured like a grey mouse,  
Dusting down feathery sprays  
On cobble stoned lanes,  
Could dampen.  
The sea gulls were busy  
The water was choppy  
The wind was icy  
And the horizon lay wrapped  
In a haze of translucence  
Thank you my friends  
For taking me there

(Courtesy: Family friends Leony and Pat Applebe)

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# A Lamentation For The Earth

The chalice is dry  
Not a dropp in it  
The oceans are dense with oil  
The rivers are filled with chemicals  
The forests are barren and dry  
The people are walking  
With hooded faces  
The wind has a rancid smell  
The carcasses of animals rot  
On the road  
There are no vultures to feed on them  
The meetings don't stop nor do the talks  
While the clock keeps ticking away

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# A Monsoon Interlude

After the sky wept buckets, the clouds  
Genuflected to welcome  
Their Highness, the Sun

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# A Poet's Diary Excerpt 1

There has been many a time when I  
Lamented the silence of my heart  
Circumscribed in a cold attic  
The words I sporadically spewed forth  
Maddened, sickened and depressed me  
I swore never to write again  
I swore to remain forever silent  
I wanted desperately to remain in quietude  
Like a foetus in its mother's womb  
But each time I was drawn back  
Each time I was driven madly into  
Splattering on the pages of my diary  
My erratic and sometimes incoherent thought  
I was trapped in bewildering verbiage  
From where there was no way out

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## A Poet's Diary Excerpt 2

I have seen many moments  
Swept away in the swirls of time  
Consigned forever to oblivion.  
Those were the moments  
Which beckoned to me  
Scribbling faint messages  
In my heart, □  
And then vanishing and leaving traces  
Like dried up canals  
In a famine stricken area, or,  
Like earthen pots left behind  
By a vanquished civilisation.  
But when the wind reverses  
Down the whorls of time  
Bringing with it moods and memories from the past,  
I feel a faint rekindling  
Lighting up a dusty attic  
Enmeshed in a labyrinth  
Of criss-cross current  
And, with whatever experience I have mustered  
Over the years,  
I pore over the pages of my diary  
Pen in hand,  
Endeavouring to deice  
Responses trapped in permafrost.  
I know now  
That I must be forever vigilant, patient and alive  
Like a spider in wait  
At the centre of its universe.

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# A Portrait Of A Playful Wave

Plotting gentle heights and dips  
With undulating rhythm  
Disappearing into a hazy expanse  
Then rolling back.  
Clusters of beehive bubbles  
Soak your feet  
In slimy brine  
And leave,  
Between your toes,  
Prickly deposits

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# A Primeval Silence

Sometimes I feel so very tired  
Of all the masks, the facades and the fronts  
I have had to project,  
I feel unconnected and wayward  
Like a comet in eccentric orbit  
I feel like taking a long lonely walk  
Back into time  
To a place  
Uninhabited by humans  
And to sit cross legged under a tree  
And communicate with the birds, the animals and trees  
And to remain in absolute stillness  
In the cradle of an ancient consciousness  
For a great many number of hours  
To scrape away the encrustation  
That has accumulated over the years  
So that I may reach that pristine being  
Bottled like a foetus  
In formaldehyde -  
Alienated, cold, ignored, rejected and neglected  
Because it never really had the chance  
To inhabit its dwelling place,  
Instead  
It got buried and, its voice  
Was muffled and stifled  
In the jarring dissonance  
Of sensual desire which,  
If unchecked,  
Spreads like forest fire -  
Its violent tongue  
Scorching the very fabric  
Of a wayward soul  
I have always known but I have never stopped to acknowledge  
That my incessant verbal outbursts  
Was never to express  
But to regain  
A primeval silence

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# A Quarter Past Paradise

The most precious thing to be had on this earth  
Is peace of mind and calmness of heart  
More precious than anything else  
You may ever find  
In any corner  
Of our dying planet  
Choking on fumes and mutilated by our ignorance  
Yet our insatiable appetite for material excess  
And our monumental hunger  
For technological advancement  
Darkens, impoverishes and obfuscates our world  
Our refugean search for happiness without  
Is an externalisation  
Of an inner darkness

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# A Shotgun A Partridge And A Hare

Embedded memories emancipated  
From two decades of imprisonment  
Memories of youthful exuberance  
And utter carelessness  
With jeeps and shot guns we hunted  
Hare and partridges  
Before and after sunset  
One brilliant day in spring  
I remember the adrenalin pumping,  
And the incredible rush of blood  
The total disregard to life  
Which seemed so unimportant  
The memories came to me when I  
Viewed the landscape from a train  
The landscape hadn't changed at all  
I held my breath in shock  
But after all these years have passed  
I have changed so very much  
If you put a shot gun in my hand today  
I'd never repeat that blunder  
I love guns now like I loved them then  
But for a different reason  
Now it's purely for a sport  
In which no life is taken

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# A Sunset Vignette

The sky looked spectral  
With a roseate tint,  
Blotches of grey and aquamarine blue  
The birds were a picture  
Of serenity  
Winging their way home  
In the distant sky

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# A Touch Of Zen

I

You planted a rose plant  
And tended it with care  
It grew and its flowers  
Are beautiful and lush

II

Ants build their houses  
With meticulous care  
If broken down, they will rebuild  
And rebuild again

III

Bees visit millions  
Of flowers in a day  
To collect bee bread and honey  
To take care of their queen

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# A Wordless Good Bye

I walked out of her house  
Got on my bike  
Without even wishing her good bye  
The strain of the argument  
Had taken its toll  
And all I was focussed on  
Was reaching home  
I started my bike,  
Rode out into the night  
The rain pelted down on me  
Stinging my face, forming rivulets  
Which slid down my chin  
Into my jacket  
And down the nape of my neck  
I had to negotiate sharp slippery curves  
And drive carefully thorough  
Roads bombarded with  
Water filled pot holes  
I reached my apartment  
Heaved a sigh of relief as my jacket  
Rain sodden and heavy  
Slid of my shoulders  
I could hardly wait  
To get rid of my rain sodden shoes and socks  
A while later  
Dry and comfortable  
I sat in front of the television  
Clasping a heavy glass of cognac in my hand  
I sipped and felt the comforting warmth  
Run down my throat  
Happy in the thought  
That it was all over  
Happy that at last  
There had been  
A decisive moment and that  
There were no more in between  
No more obfuscation  
No more ambiguity and sham  
Unlike prior painful break-ups

I didn't even feel a tad of remorse  
Relief only relief! ! !  
Thank God I said to myself  
Thank God! ! !  
As I settled down more comfortably  
Into my sofa

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## After A Nor'Wester

Peace on wings, a hawk  
Circles serenely beneath  
Waves of bubble-wrap clouds  
Below is the lush green  
Of freshly painted trees  
Made mildly lustrous by  
Filtered rays  
Of an ebbing sun

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# After The Rain At Sunset - A Vignette

A band of clouds in the Eastern Sky  
Bled an egg- white incandescence.  
The earth lay in the warm embrace  
Of an ethereal glow  
And the trees were awash  
With glistening paint  
A lone triangular flag  
Swayed like a fish at the end  
Of an angler's line  
From a decrepit roof top  
High above - wild ducks, parrots and cranes  
Flew about unhurriedly and  
Without a care in the world  
Forever nurturing  
That age-old and vital link  
Of synergetic harmony

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# All Things Touched By Time

Out of the swamp of imagination  
Crawl images that lie  
Hibernating in subterfuge  
Awaiting entrapment  
On time's sticky tendrils

The now is never now  
The then was never then  
The "now and then " always is  
And is subsumed in a sphere  
Of omniscience

We pick out strands of divisiveness  
From a multi-layered tapestry  
Cushioning the universe  
Like an atmospheric blanket  
And breathe into them  
The breath of time

Everything that radiates  
From deep consciousness  
Is like a seed in the embrace  
Of a gestational egg

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# Always A Poet

He dips his brush  
Into a palette of luminescence  
And paints shades  
You can only feel but never see  
His images – sometimes diaphanous  
Sometimes vibrant  
Are sewn together  
And spun into a web  
Of colourful and melodic vibration  
His words curl and dance about  
On quivering beams of light  
Expression is born out of wordlessness  
And music is born out of silence  
The concrete melts into the abstract  
And the tangible becomes intangible  
He challenges the spirit, revivifies  
And blows into it  
A fresh breath of consciousness  
The gentle, yet compelling wind  
That blows across the landscape  
Carries with it  
A freshness  
From the innermost reaches of a world outside ours  
He does indeed astonish the Gods  
Here is a man who –  
Whether he writes in broken lines  
Or prose –  
Is always a poet

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# Another Terrorist Attack? ? ?

Breaking news:  
Mumbai burning  
Another terrorist attack?  
Taj Mahal and Oberoi  
Under siege  
Over a hundred people killed and  
Still counting  
Many more injured  
God - these terror attacks  
One after the other  
Endless! ! !  
Tough talk  
Tough condemnation  
Accusatory fingers pointing  
To a certain country - a certain race  
Empty words of sympathy  
Relayed by the powers that be  
What about the injured, the dying and the dead?  
What do these messages do for them?  
Do they even listen or  
Take the Government seriously?  
Today its Mumbai  
Tomorrow, it could be Delhi,  
Kolkata, Chennai, Mangalore  
Anywhere - it could be anywhere  
There will be more tough talk  
More condemnation  
More accusations  
More threats  
More empty words of comfort  
This will  
Gradually simmer down until  
The next terror attack

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# At Dawn On Tiger Hill

Viewed from Tiger Hill,  
The spectacular Kanchenjunga,  
Crowned by the delicate rays of the sun,  
Appears wedged inside a vault  
Between myth and reality

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# Auguries Of Silence

My voice has been lost  
In a desert swirl  
My dreams have been trampled  
Under the hooves of distrust  
But I continue to listen  
To the howling winds  
I continue to love  
The roaring sea  
I continue to admire  
The setting sun  
I love the warmth  
Of muddy rivers  
And the lingering aroma  
Of the good red earth  
I love the sight of a shooting star  
And the mystique of Halley's ancient comet  
Messages reach me  
From between rain drops and sandstorms  
And blades of grass  
And on the frantic flapping  
Of a humming bird's wings  
In my heart is the undying yearning  
And a plaintive song  
That expresses everything:  
To which I belong  
Take me, come take me  
To where - before silence -  
Conceptualization of everything  
In the universe was born  
Take me to where the elements are wild  
To the place where I am still a child

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# Back Tracking Into The Future

Can I walk out of the labyrinth  
of my mortal flesh  
and experience the world  
for what it really is  
Can I dissolve my ego  
and look at myself  
for who and what  
I truly am  
Can I rinse the dust  
out of my eyes  
and allow the moonbeams  
to dance on my pupils  
Can I wash off the grime  
from my hands and feel  
the fragility of a dew drop  
in the middle of my palm  
Can I cleanse my nostrils and inhale  
the fragrance of flowers growing wild  
Can I unclog my ears  
and listen to the symphony  
of the wind and the rain  
as they waltz past my window  
in the dead of the night  
Can I extricate myself  
from the clutter of thought  
and experience the pristine  
power of the present  
Can I purge my soul  
of toxic energy  
and make it a receptacle  
for the sacred light

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# Being Bled For Money

Exposing raw flesh,  
Hills with transcutaneous gashes  
Dot a beleagured landscape

(Seen especially while traveling through Bihar and Orissa)

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# Between Planes Of Transmigration

IT is nameless, blameless  
Formless and free  
IT stands at a point  
Where the past meets the future.  
Like the blink of a mighty  
Ecliptic eye  
IT shall cease for you  
As IT shall cease for me  
But holistically IT is  
And shall always remain  
The essence of a burning  
Infinitude

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# Black Hole

Invisible dragon  
Sucks fire into its belly

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# Black Hole Revealed

Stellar dust -  
A bleeding continuum  
Blinking brightly before  
Stepping over the edge

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# Buddha's Legacy: The Birth Of Time Beyond Time

Any virtue such as good will, love, understanding, kindness should arise out of a genuine need; a genuine hunger. When it does, it will abide in the face of all opposition.

He willed the hands of the clock to stop  
And held that stillness in his head  
All the space of the universe  
Collaborated to receive  
The descent of wisdom  
In his waiting being  
The earth shook and the universe rejoiced  
That at last a man – the first of his kind  
Had mastered and moved beyond  
The deception of time

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# Buddha's Tryst With Destiny - Not Quite Haiku

Inchoate wisdom  
Finds fruition in time  
As applied consciousness

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# Clarion Call

And when I liberate myself  
From all animosity  
And all small and sectarian thought  
Then  
And only then  
Shall I be free  
And when I liberate myself  
From all greed  
All selfishness  
All prejudice  
All meanness and fear  
Then  
And only then  
Shall I be free  
And when I realise  
That death is the master  
And into its wide embrace  
We all must creep  
And we all must rest  
And that we all must relinquish  
All that we possess  
And that the  
Flourishing of one  
Is nourished  
By the flourishing all  
And that the  
Growth of one  
Is sustained  
By the growth of all  
And that the  
Happiness of one  
Is suckled  
By the happiness of all  
Then  
And only then  
Shall I be free  
And when all these little  
Liberated pools  
Converge into one

Collective whole  
Then  
And only then  
Shall I be  
Completely, absolutely  
And undeniably  
Free

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# Counterpoint

There is a thing about words  
which is articulately inadequate;  
there is a thing about silence  
which reveals more than intended  
There is a thing about warmth  
which has a chilling reminiscence;  
there is a thing about cold  
which is refreshingly invigorative  
There is a thing about laughter  
which smacks of untruth;  
There is a thing about tears  
which is pristine and true  
There is a thing about company  
which is forbiddingly lonely;  
there is a thing about loneliness  
which is free from hypocrisy  
There is a thing about innocence  
which is receptive to wisdom;  
there is a thing about knowledge  
which makes you a prisoner  
There is a thing about life  
which bears the shadow of death  
there is a thing about death  
which makes you value your life

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# Damn The Dam

A river cut off in spate  
Devitalised for our needs  
Eventually dies with a whimper  
Why should somethings die  
So that others could live

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# Darkness At Dawn

The dawn came  
With a promise of great happiness  
But you,  
with your dragon breath,  
You clouded the sky  
Birds stopped singing  
Flowers stopped blooming  
Rivers stopped short  
On their way to the ocean  
While time lay trapped  
In perma frost

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# Death On The Highway

The tarmac was not thirsty  
It did not drink – instead  
The blood lay thick  
Like fresh paint splashed around  
One paw waved skywards, begging  
But death was tardy and as insensitive  
As the passers by.  
I knew what I had to do  
But I hadn't the courage  
To deliver mercy with a brick  
Clenched in my fist  
As that was the only option.  
Before the spark  
Could be humanely extinguished,  
A racing car did the messy job  
I moved on feverishly,  
Wishing I had never seen this  
Afraid of the stain it would leave behind.  
Time has distanced that incident  
But the moment lies lithographed  
In my psyche

Based on a nightmarish memory: One day while driving home down a high way, I saw a puppy which had been run over but was not dead. Its paw was waving skywards but there was no sound. I couldn't even lift it off the highway because of its condition and I did not know how to put it out of its misery

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# Dedicated To My Students

Every eager aspirant  
Banging on my door  
Each and every one of them  
Anxiously wanting to know  
How long it will take  
To realise their dream  
Of speaking the language  
With élan and fluency  
The answer comes pat  
I am afraid that for that  
You will have to work diligently  
And exceedingly hard  
Nothing is impossible  
Nothing remains a dream  
If your desire is strong enough  
And your efforts are sincere  
So don't lose heart  
Don't be impatient  
Everything will happen  
In its own good time  
This is what I can promise you  
From my side of the fence  
And what I need from you  
Is perhaps already there:  
Your sincere commitment  
And belief in yourself

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# Desert In The Moonlight

Cold and forbidding  
And yet inviting  
The holes in silver glow  
Yawn like gates to  
An underworld  
Invisible serpents  
Large and menacing  
Stand in guard  
At the mysterious entrance  
Which overarches centuries  
My soul, caught up in a confluence  
Of time gone by and time to come  
Silently grasps this phenomena  
In a wordless labyrinth  
Of pure sensation  
And arcane joy  
There is something so ancient  
And transcendental  
Something that neither time nor technology  
Can touch  
Something omnipotent, something ubiquitous  
Something as unchangeable  
As the elements  
Making me feel like a mere pawn  
In a monumental game

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# Desert Song

Barren and lifeless by day  
Pulsating with life by night  
A desert's two faces  
Of Jekyll and Hyde

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# Desertscape

Obsidians of nature's  
Beatific pulchritude  
Strewn in a roseate sea  
Of molecular metamorphosis

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# Dissolution Of Time; Flowering Of Consciousness - Senryu

time ceases when one  
merges with it and becomes  
part of its movement

consciousness flowers  
when one becomes part of time  
by merging with it

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# Do Not Do Unto Others.....

Who am I to make you sad  
If I cannot make you happy  
Who am I to take from you  
If I cannot give you in return  
Who am I to make you cry  
If I cannot make you smile  
Who am I to take a life  
If I cannot create one on my own  
Who am I to cause you harm  
If I cannot do you good  
Who am I to wish you ill  
If I cannot wish you well  
Who am I to be judgemental  
If I am unwilling to be judged myself  
Who am I to blame you blindly  
If I cannot apologise when I am wrong  
Who am I to incarcerate you  
If I cannot free you from your chains  
Who am I to criticise your vice  
If I cannot praise you for your virtue  
Who am I to live this lie  
If I cannot live the truth

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# Do People Dream Of Electric Sheep

I see my dreams in a crystal bowl  
They are the reflections of things  
Both weird and strange  
I have dreamed of dinosaurs  
Stepping out of Petri dishes  
And fetuses swimming  
In formaldehyde;  
Of dragons flying  
In misty skies;  
Of space littered  
With human detritus  
I have dreamed of wars  
That have threatened to engulf  
The world we know  
Into a vortex of hatred  
Very often am I  
In the company of relatives  
Long since departed  
From their earthly abode  
They look youthful but at most times  
Are silent and judgemental  
And seem to be telling me  
Things with their eyes  
I sometimes have wings  
Which enable me to fly  
Sometimes my feet  
Are as heavy as lead  
I move in strange  
And unfamiliar worlds  
The likes of which  
I've never seen before  
Even the days  
Are tinged with darkness  
And have this intangible feel  
Of other worldliness  
Monsters creep out  
Of murky waters  
And bats paint the skies  
With stygian darkness



Sometimes there are messages  
Which - when decoded - reveal  
Secrets of my frailties,  
And deepest desires  
At other times they reveal  
The darkness of fear  
Emanating from the deepest  
Caverns of my mind  
I have absolutely no idea  
From where these dreams come  
But they seem to rise up  
Like mists of time  
And one thing for certain  
They have given to me  
Is a life that runs parallel  
To the one that I know

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# Does God Write Obituaries

My eyes opened  
Fell on the clock  
At the precise moment  
People were probably  
In the REM stage  
The day was foggy  
Trees wept softly  
Caterpillars crawled up my blood stream  
My limbs felt the effects of rigor mortis  
My mind's zoetrope spun  
Images raced in a blur  
Mice foraged rubbish dumps  
The blood curdling cries of cats  
Pierced an eerie silence  
People less shadows  
Loitered around  
Where was I  
Oh yes!  
He would have had a shower by now  
And clothed himself in fresh white garments  
His eloquence -  
The absence of last words  
His consciousness -  
The feeding frenzy of piranhas  
A black hole yawned  
And God blinked on him  
Time recoiled like a snapped spring  
And then  
The universe went silent  
But somewhere in the cosmos  
I distinctly heard a blip

My response to an execution by hanging which took place not so long ago.

leonard daranjo

# Draconian Dragon's Hydra Head

A volcano in continuous  
Spate of fury  
A sore that never  
Ceases to fester  
A cresset that holds  
Coals of conflict  
Questions that never  
Yield any answers  
Life many lives  
That feed fires of rage  
An imbroglio out of which  
No finger points the way  
Chapters of history  
That dribble blood  
Poultice of peace  
Utopian dream

leonard daranjo

# Ephemera

My time in life  
Is a minute in all eternity  
A string in the universal harp  
A note in the cosmic concerto

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# Epilogue

How do we measure time?  
the day brings  
a profusion of orchestrated sound  
the night's stillness-  
sings canticles to the dead  
while the living  
are trapped in partial death

My mind -  
a melange  
of melancholic molecules -  
a shiver of constant vibration

I am caught up - trapped  
in a plexus of emotion  
and anticipation  
I live apologetically -  
ill at ease  
on the razor edge of time

A brief subtle snap;  
abrupt capitulation into  
the unknowable  
Cataclysmic? No! ! !  
At least - I don't think so

Seamless?  
Sometimes it appears so  
but who knows for sure?  
Has anybody returned  
to tell the truth?

When the moon is at its zenith  
I meet my doppelganger  
I look him in the eye  
searching for answers  
There are no answers -  
only questions

Theories galore;  
Karmic laws;  
natural laws;  
indestructibility of energy;  
heaven; hell; purgatory;  
metempsychosis; last judgement  
Who knows?

We theorise; hypothesise;  
fantasize;  
we rave; we rant  
we lie, we kill  
we commit heinous crime  
because we believe  
that our belief  
is the ultimate truth  
It's as far as we can go  
we can't go any further

Our biggest  
and most grievous sin  
is to live in an inner void;  
to emasculate our souls;  
to accept and encourage  
emptiness as a way of life  
Collapsed wings,  
we sit circumscribed  
in our material realm

Everything in life  
has its antithesis;  
everything about its  
aftermath  
is vague - ambiguous;  
wrapped in skeins  
of inscrutable mystery

Self appointed messiahs,  
preachers, priests,  
clairvoyants soothsayers  
and half clad holy men;  
all heave their shoulders

against an iron wall -  
in vain

Humility, prayer, penance  
denial on one hand  
greed, deceit,  
material mongering,  
megalomania  
on the other -  
bundles of paradoxical  
contradictions

leonard daranjo

# Epiphany

I am different now  
Older and more mature  
I have imbibed the essence of life  
And let it speak in a tongue  
That is universal, ageless  
Wordless and pure  
Powerful, pristine and prejudicially free  
For this very reason, I am more accepted  
For this very reason, I am more accepting  
For this very reason, I am more loving  
For this very reason, I am more tolerant  
For this very reason, I am more selfless  
For this very reason, I am more empathetic  
All the good things I want for myself  
I want for everybody else  
I want that all good things that happen to me  
Should happen to everybody else  
How I can I be satisfied with plenty to eat  
When hunger is rampant and despair is rife  
How can I be filled with great happiness  
When sorrow is abounding and pain reigns supreme  
The effects of joy can only be felt  
When it is transcendental and universally shared  
Bliss, divine bliss, is a seed deeply embedded  
And is the birthright of every living being  
Given the right encouragement  
It will certainly sprout  
Given the right nutrition  
It will certainly grow  
Given the right space  
It will certainly spread  
Given the right scope  
It will certainly change  
All that is selfish  
And devoid of hope

leonard daranjo



# Euphoria

A lie that lives  
Ephemerally  
A rapid descension  
Down a tube  
Your feet back down  
On the hot baked ground  
The autobiography  
Of an air balloon

leonard daranjo

# Excuse Me While I Die

Everything you do has its shadow

Everytime you are untrue to yourself  
you die a little

In life

death comes in small doses

Leonard

There have been times when I  
smiled  
while the bile inside me  
burnt;  
laughed  
while every muscle in my face  
ached;  
spoke  
while every word I uttered  
stuck to my palate;  
was polite and said nice things to people  
that had the ring  
of a funeral drum;  
died  
while all the time  
I should have been living

leonard daranjo

## Exercise In Alliteration

The perpendicular pyramids of perplexing thought  
And a stupendous polarity of power  
Will accrue in a creative apotheosis  
Of mesmerising miasmas and preposterous perspectives  
Where a conscientious concubine counted coconuts  
In a catastrophic cradle of a crank civilisation  
Where desperate denizens of disproportionate depravity  
Detonated a device devastatingly destructive  
That ripped through a ravine of ravenous reptiles  
And created a crater that sent circumspect citizens  
Into spasmodic spasms of superfluous superstitions  
That did not do much to disambiguate dilemmas  
Of a domineering demagogue  
Who went into a cacophonous circumlocution  
About weird were-wolves and mythical monsters  
Moving in primeval pastures of a primordial period

leonard daranjo

# Farewell My Dear Friend - A Warm And Loving Cat

On hearing of the death of sister's pet cat  
The first thought that came to my mind  
Was that a friend like him I never shall find  
So loving, so genuine, so kind  
His affection overwhelming  
His love unconditional  
Had to be shared with all and sundry  
He did not care  
Whether you liked it or not  
He would give you a magnanimous slice  
He would nudge you and rub you  
And curl up on your lap  
And all he expected  
Was an acknowledging pat  
The house is so empty after his death  
We wish oh we wish he never had left

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 10

The fragrance of rain,  
Wafted through my window,  
Brings a coolness with it

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## Haiku # 11

From my window  
I watch as the dusk thickens  
Like ink on blotting paper

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 12

Cars streaked by  
On an unlit highway  
Like jackals in a forest

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 13

Blanketed by fog  
The beach during ebb tide  
Gives an other-worldly feel

leonard daranjo



## Haiku # 14

The evening brings with it  
A refreshing breeze  
From a nearby sea coast

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 17

I pulled a shrub out  
From the soil  
It felt like a human limb

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## Haiku # 18

In a placid lake  
Silver flashes reveal  
Hyperactive worlds

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## Haiku # 25

Like soot on moist hands  
The dark night painted itself  
On my window pane

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 28

Each unlived moment  
Represents a hole in life's  
Moth eaten canvas

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## Haiku # 32

Like a hangman's rope  
Night tumbled out of the sky  
One winter evening

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## Haiku # 33

Lightening glimmers  
Like rapid eye movement  
On stormy evenings

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 36 - Twilight

Hushed tones of sunset  
Angelically suffusing  
A surreal world

leonard daranjo



## Haiku # 37

Cascading white shafts  
Rivers of phosphorescence  
Chiffonaded clouds

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 38

Impeccably tuned  
Strings of a violin  
Bowed to perfection

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 39 Pastorale

Sylvan surrounding  
Dove eyed calmness  
A woodpecker's plaintive song

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## Haiku # 4 For Tibet

The tongue wrenched out  
Of History's mouth  
A deceitful silence

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## Haiku # 41 - A Cat's Whiskers

Arabesques of light  
Spouted through perforations  
Quiver silently

Dedicated to Treasure - A Pet Cat

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 42

Bowed by the burden  
Of parasitic creepers  
Trees weep waterfalls

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 43

Frisky bright eyed crow  
Awaits hospitality  
On my window sill

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## Haiku # 44

Rooted to the ground  
Weathered rock fronts stoically  
Face the elements

leonard daranjo



## Haiku # 45

Rivers feed oceans  
And the oceans in return  
Emancipate them

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## Haiku # 46 - Pilgrim Ants

Reverential ants  
Greet the ones on their return  
From a pilgrimage

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 47 A Buddhist's Rosary

A Buddhist's rosary  
Globules of silence threaded  
On a strand of time

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 48 - The Interval

Tiny crustacean  
Run riot on the sea shore  
Till the waves roll back

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 49

The face of Buddha  
Looks serenely through the bark  
Of an ancient tree

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 50 - Seascape

Turbulent waves roll  
Carrying provisions  
For winged predators

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 51 - A Parrot's Portrait

Bright downy feathers  
Aerodynamic body  
Freshly painted beak

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 52

Celebrating life  
Fish somersault  
Trapping a glint of the sun

leonard daranjo



## Haiku # 53 Summer Hymn

Soothing summer breeze  
Caresses sun kissed landscape  
Birds fly home to roost

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 54

Exquisite brush strokes  
Setting sun's liquefied gold  
Sets landscape aglow

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 55 - Whitney's Eyes

Rain storms reflected  
Lightening and thunder too  
In crystalline pools

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 56

Time yields its secrets  
To the mind that is alert  
And waits in patience

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 59,58,57 - Village Vignettes

# 59

Sunrise to sunset  
Villagers work paddy fields  
Smell of upturned soil

# 58

Matted foliage  
Tumbling out of tree tops  
Reddish brown patches

# 57

After a harvest  
Birds enjoy rich pickings  
Open paddy fields

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## Haiku # 60

August Afternoon  
An old tub in the courtyard  
Is home to a frog

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 8

Heralding thunder  
Silver streaks of lightning  
Splinter inky skies

leonard daranjo

## Haiku # 9

Whispering zephyrs  
Bring back to life  
Dying embers of ambition

leonard daranjo



## Haiku #19

From its quiver, the moon  
sends silver arrows  
Into the sea

leonard daranjo

## Haiku #20

The wind in a swirl  
Sends dust into spirals  
Creating a devils horn

leonard daranjo

## Haiku #21

On the beach  
Little crabs play hide and seek  
With the sea

leonard daranjo

## Haiku #22

Standing on the beach  
The sand gets sucked away  
From under ones feet

leonard daranjo

## Haiku #23

Birds preen their feathers  
In the brilliant sun  
After the rain

leonard daranjo

# Haley's Comet

Shrouded in a gaseous membrane  
Colossal octopoid missile  
Ignites corridor in space  
In an onrush of explosive friction

leonard daranjo

# In The Nowness Of Now

In pure consciousness  
All time dissolves except  
Time as a manifestation  
Of the all powerful present.  
To be alive is to experience  
The electric incandescence  
Of the ubiquitous 'now'  
Burning like an un-flickering flame  
Of a candle which dispels  
Darkness in its immediate surrounds.  
In that globule of light  
The essence of life is held  
Firmly encompassed -  
Transcending materiality  
In a glow of joyful  
Emancipation

leonard daranjo

# In The Shadow Of The Buddha

Always at battle  
Always in flux  
You move  
With the unceasingness of the wind  
Before you lies your dreams  
Behind you your memories  
Squeezed through the vicissitudes of time  
Stop not; fear not  
The kingdom is approaching  
It will come out of the horizon  
And sink into  
Abysmal depths and disappear  
Look into heaven and watch  
The sky opening up  
And behind it endless space  
Swallowing degenerate generations  
Condemning them to eternal death  
And then the sparkling stars  
Will light up your way  
And guide you  
To an ancient dawn  
There you will see  
Sitting cross legged  
The sun trapped within his being  
Smiling that smile  
Of everlasting bliss  
The Buddha

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# Inner Flowering

Our prison bars are forged  
In the furnace of our ignorance  
Yet, from this point of realisation  
Begins the road to emancipation

leonard daranjo

# Inner Hunger

My body holds me prisoner  
But my metaphysical hunger  
Keeps me alive  
I yearn to rip apart darkness  
Into ribbons of light so that  
My world is illumined  
By vibrant cataracts  
Of luminescence

leonard daranjo

# Invisible Entity

I felt a tug at my heart  
When I saw a little boy  
Taking down a phone number with pride  
He should have been at school  
But, like millions of others,  
He was keeping starvation at bay

Our glorious economy  
Doesn't only result  
In the desertification of our land

Impoverishment and ignorance  
Disease and starvation  
Are the inalienable rights of the poor

leonard daranjo

# Joie De Vivre

I remember the night  
When the moon bled its effulgence  
On the earth  
Painting everything  
An ethereal silver  
That was the day when my heart  
Leapt and rejoiced  
That was the day when  
Life was a progression  
Of precious moments  
That was the day when  
God wrote His chronicles  
In my heart  
When I flew like an eagle  
Into ever widening spaces  
Intoxicated on the nectar of love  
That was the day I recall thinking  
If this is life I want nothing else  
But to live

leonard daranjo

# Karma And Superconsciousness

In every sphere of life  
You evolve;  
In every sphere of life, growth  
Is a gradual process;  
Every step  
Is a rung  
In the cosmic ladder  
In every sphere of life your embrace,  
Once fierce and passionate,  
Gradually loosens  
Just like a ripple  
That begins as a tight circle  
To eventually scatter  
And disperse  
In every sphere of life  
You learn  
The wisdom of detachment  
In every sphere of life  
You claw you way towards  
A new birth

leonard daranjo

# Liquified Time-Yogic Revelation

Subtle reverberation  
Subterranean river  
Liquid consciousness  
Like mercury rolling  
On time's outstretched palm

leonard daranjo

# Lost Years

A heart that once bled profusely  
Is now a rain stained desert  
Dreaming drearily of leafy years

leonard daranjo

# Maturity - Dedicated To My Sister

I may hate you for a million reasons  
But I still have to acknowledge you  
For what you are  
Be it a poet, an artist, a musician or a painter or whatever  
It doesn't matter that you hate me  
It doesn't matter that you don't acknowledge me  
So what  
If I rise above these frailties  
Am I not the superior one  
So remember  
Pay credit where it is due  
Because if you don't  
Somebody else will  
And if credit is due to you  
It will come  
No matter what  
Hasn't history revealed this  
Over and over again?  
If this hadn't been the case  
Think of the monumental waste

Dedicated to my sister, Mrs Maxine Ray, who is based in London and from whom I have learnt a lot about maturity.

leonard daranjo



# Meditations: Inner Wisdom Outer Decay

We straddle the fringes  
of wakefulness and sleep;  
awareness and oblivion  
we walk about in a trance  
not knowing who or what  
we really are  
or what we stand for

We lose ourselves  
in vanity and over indulgence  
and delusions of egoistical grandeur  
There are the signs which flicker  
and beg our attention;  
innuendoes which invite us  
to understand our nature  
but our ignorance  
drives us blindly  
into the depths of  
abysmal sufferings

Our consciousness  
stretches like gauze  
and scatters like leaves  
In an autumn wind

There is need –  
dire need  
To sit and gather our thoughts  
in absolute and total stillness  
and listen to the sanctity of wisdom  
emanating from the deepest  
canyons within  
originating from the origins  
of a God endowed beginning

We need to become one  
with stillness

So that time  
ceases to drive us blindly  
and begins instead  
to write its canon  
on the papyrus  
of our souls  
and lead us into  
the ever widening embrace  
of space beyond space  
time beyond time  
wisdom beyond ignorance  
life beyond death

leonard daranjo

# Melodically Speaking - A Humble Tribute To Charlie Parker - A Legendary Jazz Saxophonist

Shot out of space  
Like a blazing comet  
You impacted the planet  
Leaving behind  
A giant crater  
You took and still do  
Take us  
On frantic excursions  
Through the labyrinth  
Of your enigmatic and powerful mind  
You offered your soul up  
Like a bouquet of variegated flowers  
So that  
Kindred spirits  
Could nestle in and wallow among  
The fragrant petals  
Where were you  
Before you arrived  
Did you walk among the stars  
Did you befriend the planets  
Did you first hear those notes in space  
Because, when you revealed your repertoire,  
People were stunned into silence  
They had never heard anything like it before  
Now everyone who traverses that path  
Cant help but sound like you  
Your exit was as tumultuous as your entrance  
Your life, though brief,  
Was rewardingly productive  
You left us  
With a message in our hearts  
A tear in our eyes  
And a smile on our lips  
The world silently awaits  
For another of your kind  
No one has turned up so far  
And perhaps no one

Ever will

Written while listening to a track entitled "I didn't know what time it was" by this incredible musician who has long since passed on.

leonard daranjo

# Mercurial Mind

A river of unpredictability  
Sometimes so calm so absolutely calm  
Sometimes an outburst of uncontrollable fury  
Which threatens to engulf you in a sea of dementia  
Where freedom is ruler  
And man is slave

leonard daranjo

# Messages That Defy Earth's Gravitational Pull - Dedicated To A Friend Who Is Terminally Ill

Behind a confused  
and chattering mind  
lies an ocean of silence  
space and time;  
behind the purple  
pyramid of perplexity  
lies the quintessence  
of deep serenity;  
behind the illusion  
of sought-after happiness  
lies the permanence  
of pure bliss;  
behind a mirage  
of a myriad peccadilloes  
lies a great reservoir  
of inexhaustible strength  
behind the daunting  
darkness of doubt  
flourishes a light  
of eternal hope

leonard daranjo

# Metamorphosis Of The Prodigal Son

When the sacred light  
Transfuses you  
Be still and receive it  
Allow the omniscience  
Of your higher being  
To scribble its signature  
In every atom of your body  
Be still  
In a stillness that informs  
Be Still  
In a stillness that transforms  
Be still  
In a stillness that illumines  
Be still  
In a stillness of distilled purity  
Be still  
And get consumed  
In a flame of ubiquitous knowledge  
Where fear, doubt and ignorance  
Evaporate in a wisp of blue smoke  
Be still  
And feel the presence  
Of the architect of the universe  
Manifest itself  
In harmonious reverberation  
Of your inner being  
Allow the footprints of blood  
That you have left behind  
Congeal in the archives  
Off ancient history

leonard daranjo

# Metaphysical Craving

Ferried by passion  
I hope to transcend the drudgery  
Of a quotidian existence  
In search of the consciousness  
That promises release  
Into the infinite poetry of life

leonard daranjo



# Move Beyond Ambivalence

Strike a balance  
Among universal forces  
Sit still in the middle  
Of a bubbling confluence  
Experience the time flow  
Of the cosmic clock  
Wait patiently, wait silently  
And feel the power  
Of your soul unfolding  
Like a lotus flower

leonard daranjo

# Olympic Torch

Peace, love and God  
Have been sadly forsaken  
Replaced by a greed  
For money and power  
A way of life  
Is suffocating and dying  
Being drained of its blood  
In isolation  
How do we interpret  
The world's insouciance  
How do we salve  
Our collective conscience  
The world should protest  
With a deafening voice  
Against the unjust spillage  
Of innocent blood  
One world; one freedom  
One rule for all

leonard daranjo

# Oriental Transcendence

Peripheral chaos dissolves;  
Kernel of the consciousness expands -  
Holistically empowering  
An infinite convergence  
Of cosmic vibration

leonard daranjo

# Passion Furnace

An ember that begs  
A resuscitating breath  
A tongue that licks  
The sky crimson  
A heat that dissolves  
Iron resolve  
A film that befogs  
The inner eye

leonard daranjo

# Poet And The Sculptor

Every word of a poet  
Is like a chip of stone  
Dislodged by a sculptor's chisel  
the form in both cases  
Lies in gradual emergence  
- reflections from passionate souls  
In the case of a sculptor  
It is stone that breathes  
In the case of a poet  
It is silence that bleeds

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## Poetic Vignette 4

Black clouds  
Moved gingerly across the sky  
Leaving patches through which  
Shafts of light cascaded

leonard daranjo

## Post Coital Blues

And then the interminable void  
That stretches neverendingly  
Into the desiccated planes of decadence  
Insatiable, insidious and intransigent  
The monster feeds  
On the spoils of its own making  
In a desert laid bare by a cruel midday sun

leonard daranjo

# Presence From Two And A Half Millennia Ago

He sat  
focussed on the questions  
of life  
determined not to get up until  
he had the answers  
A dark, dense shadow  
seeped out of his body  
staining the earth  
on which he sat  
He became a light source of light  
for millions to be guided by  
for two and a half millennia

leonard daranjo



## Recollections - A Couplet

I have worn out verdant regions with my feet  
Chasing after butterflies

Written many years ago

leonard daranjo

# Remembering A Friend Who Has Passed On

Unfinished business  
Unexpressed thought  
Unhealed wounds  
Unresolved differences  
Made chronic by a sudden  
And unexpected severance

The wind blows colder  
The planet is lonelier  
And I am older  
And a whole lot wiser

Time is the frosty mirror  
Mopped over to reflect  
Our frailties, foibles  
And pathetic forgetfulness  
That our mortality lies  
In the very physicality to which  
We are so implacably attached

leonard daranjo

# Request Poetry

I search deep within  
While the truth happens  
Under my nose  
Didn't a simple "why" take Newton  
And so many others of his ilk  
On unimaginable journeys?

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# Reservoirs Of Fire

Daunted am I  
by the pyramids  
which spring up  
all around me;  
dwarfed am I  
by the sheer magnitude

The stars presage  
a golden future  
but God knows  
I am cynical

A presence in an absence;  
an absence in a presence  
only time will tell

One thing for sure  
I will not bend  
I will not budge  
I will not break  
from what I believe  
to be honourable and true

My sequestered mind  
stretches itself  
to the maximum  
to free itself  
from its shackles  
and wonder into  
uncharted territory

Life doesn't reveal itself  
in a flash -  
it has taken billions of years  
to unfold its palm  
just a little

Are we coming nearer  
to the truth

or  
are we moving farther?

Ringlets of fire  
fanned by an evil storm  
spirals out of control  
spreading panic and treachery

Resolute  
should be your grip  
or else  
you would shatter into  
a zillion pieces

Insanity resides  
alongside  
the most sublime  
states  
its seeds are irrigated  
by egotistical rivers

Reservoirs of violence  
have flooded our planes;  
a pandemic of death  
and destruction  
no matter which side  
you turn

Will man  
ever be lifted out  
of the desolation  
of darkness,  
propped up  
high enough  
to see the light

That which is designed  
for pleasure  
could unleash  
unmitigated pain;  
that which is designed  
for pain

Could chasten

I have had to give up my world  
in a return for another  
the heaviness weighs oppressively  
on my shoulders

What a way to live  
what tyranny;  
what oppression;  
what cruelty;  
what evil;  
what hatred  
what incomprehension

Difficult to get your head  
around;  
difficult to reject;  
difficult to accept;  
absolutely impossible  
to change

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# Seagulls

Choreographing Esher's liberation,  
Voracious seagulls  
Follow the fishermen's net

If you haven't already, you may google 'Esher's Liberation' to get the image.

leonard daranjo

# Secret Subterranean Whisperer

The eyes of revelation

Fire of purification

Harmoniser of discordance

Perfecter of imperfection

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# Sketches Of Ennui

## I

When you look into my eyes, I wonder –  
If at times – you see the setting sun  
Releasing the last spears of light as it  
Drearly dips out of sight

## II

Shoulders hunched  
I sit crouched on a chair  
In front of me, on a table  
Is a crumpled sheet of paper  
On which is scribbled  
A few incoherent lines  
Which beckons me into a world  
Of inchoate form  
And candle wax tears  
Where hope lies encircled  
In the shadowy wings,  
The interstitial silences  
Of doubt

## III

Sprawling vacant spaces  
Hollow gorges  
Stubborn tufts of dry grass  
Exposed by the razor edged sun  
Kiss the horizon  
Anaesthetised moments  
Pregnant with nothingness  
Wallowing in gruesome grotesquery  
Crawl around and knot each other  
Like overfed worms

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# Spring Offering

The sun lingers languidly  
On roof tops and trees  
The air buzzes busily  
With birds and the bees  
Dragon flies dazzle  
Your eyes with their wings  
This audio-visual tapestry  
Is an offering of spring

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# Stonhenge - Recollections From A Visit

Geometrified stone  
Precariously balanced  
To hold time  
In a photograpers' frame

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# Subconscious Emanations

Delicately disturbed -  
Frail clouds of sand particles  
Obscure vision  
In a limpid pool

'If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is – infinite'

William Blake

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# The Blind Traveller Who Gains His Sight

I remember the times  
When your life was pretty buoyant  
And energy ran high  
When expectation  
Ran beyond reality  
And, when it seemed  
That death and disease  
Happened only to other people  
But time turned out  
To be a tyrant  
Crushing on inexorably

The raft you so painstakingly  
built for yourself  
Sailed too fast  
Giving you only fleeting images  
Of an enigmatic world

Relax, said an inner voice  
Relax and look more closely  
Relax and feel more closely  
Relax and discover  
The world within you  
There is you –  
This new uncharted territory  
Waiting to be explored

Why do you want to borrow  
Why imitate  
You are a lot more than you will ever know  
But you thought you knew too much  
You thought you were – so to speak  
The cat's whiskers  
And more over  
You had neither the time nor the patience  
You were too busy  
Trying to look good  
And now  
When you are on the outer reaches

Of life's periphery  
Looking forlornly at a silent sunset  
You think  
I wish I knew then  
What I know now

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# The Diary Of A Bird With Broken Wings - I

Instead of accepting the crown of cosmic consciousness  
I writhe and squirm  
In the agony of a daunting ignorance  
Unable to direct my awareness  
To life's subtle innuendoes  
Inviting me into  
The ever widening expanses  
Of an inner realm

I know that I shall never be at peace until  
I sip from the chalice  
Life holds out to me; until  
I hold still and allow  
The inner stirrings to erupt  
Into a full blooded  
All encompassing knowingness  
Experienced by the knower; until  
The clarity of a pristine consciousness  
Pouring into a crystal bowl  
Is reflected by a million eyes

But alas  
I shall not be willing  
To exchange this state  
Of inner discordance  
For one  
More amenable  
To the complacency  
Of peace and tranquillity  
For this discordance; this disharmony  
Shall not be assuaged until  
I open my heart  
To the light beyond  
This pale of darkness  
The openness beyond  
These bars of ignorance

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# The Disinherited - A Wake Up Call

Hunger is despotic and predatory  
Death and disease peep  
From every nook  
From every cranny  
He knows  
And can feel it In his ravaged bones that  
At the bottom of the societal chain  
The pressure never lets up  
It only increases  
Come summer; come winter; come rainy season  
He earns; they eat  
He earns; they eat  
He earns; they eat

Give him an extra fiver  
And watch his eyes light up  
He recognises that rare glimmer  
Of human kindness  
He hopes upon hopeless hope  
That there be will more  
From where that came  
His physical hunger is accompanied  
By yet another hunger  
To be understood, to be empathised with  
To be accepted and respected  
As another human being if nothing else

After a hard and gruelling day  
Of haggling and tough bargaining,  
He returns to his decrepit little shack where  
Waiting for him  
Are his expectant wife and malnourished child  
He looks anxiously into the eyes of his child  
And the alarm bell rings  
A stark and cruel reminder that the rest of his days  
Are earmarked, provided of course,  
Disease doesn't maim him and death doesn't stop him

After a frugal meal, he retires

His body screaming for the much needed rest  
But, even in his sleep, his dreams haunt  
Stretching before him  
Is an endless tunnel - dark, dank and unlit  
Crowded by the spectres of his long lost buddies  
And ending - he knows not where

He would love to give up his spirit,  
Surrender himself and get lost  
In the silent, restful and merciful arms of death  
But the thought of his wife and child  
Will not allow him that luxury

Every now and again  
There are outbursts of rhetoric  
From our HONOURABLE Minister  
He wants to put an end to this human indignity  
And also, as an after thought, he says:  
"We should think about our big brothers.  
After all we do need foreign investment  
And HUMAN RIGHTS is a ticklish issue"  
To the question:  
What about an alternate source of employment  
After all  
He has to feed himself and his family  
The answer is either  
An ambiguous murmur  
Or  
A nonchalant silence

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# The Existentialist

I cannot become a part of you  
Nor can you  
Become a part of me  
I cannot fully understand you  
Nor can you  
Fully understand me  
But coming to think of it  
How can we?  
We are separated by our bodies  
And also by our minds  
We use the same words  
But speak different languages  
We share the same external world  
But are locked inside  
Our internal worlds

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# The Gift Of Homelessness

I lost my way but  
I pressed on  
Through forbidding darkness

Your love  
took me home;  
your love  
made me homeless

I mistook the fruit  
for the tree;  
the planets  
for the force behind them

I waited  
but the dichotomy  
of divisiveness,  
exuded a perverse madness  
- a debilitating sense  
of existentiality

The shadows lengthened  
like the grandiose pillars  
of ancient architecture

I counted the stars  
- around two hundred and fifty of them  
was all I could manage  
Their taciturnity  
left me cold,  
bereft of the desire  
to reconnect

Your love,  
terrible though it was  
and momentarily  
impoverishing too,  
was not a bad thing

I learned  
never to mistake the journey  
for the destination

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# The Insomniac - Triad

I of III

The hush of night  
The clock is ticking  
My dream world is closed for the summer

I of III

Queen of the night  
So serene and bright  
Doesn't soothe my weary mind  
When I shut my eyes  
She is inside my head  
When I turn on my side  
She's spread out on my bed

III of III

Midnight descends  
As gently as a whisper  
And sticks around  
A bit too long

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# The Labyrinth

Even in my most  
conscious moment,  
there's part of me  
that's still asleep  
Even in my most  
joyous moment,  
there's part of me  
that's sorrowful  
Even in my most  
magnanimous moment,  
there's part of me  
that's still unkind  
Even in my most  
enlightened moment,  
there's part of me  
that's hard to find  
Even in my highest  
moment of confidence  
there's part of me  
that's still in doubt  
Even in my highest  
moment of clarity  
there's part of me  
that's still confused  
Even in my most  
pleasurable moment,  
there's part of me  
that's still in pain  
Even in my highest  
moment of truth,  
there's part of me  
that lives a lie  
Even in my most  
forgiving moment,  
there's part of me  
that's unforgiving  
Even in my most  
patient moment,  
there's part of me

that's always hurried  
Even in my moment  
of serenity  
there is part of me  
that's in conflict  
Even in my most  
peaceful moment,  
there's part of me  
that's still at war  
Even in my most  
lived moment  
there is part of me  
that wants to die  
Even in my most  
liberated moment,  
there's part of me  
that's still a slave

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# The Manic Depressive

The vacuous states which stalk  
Epiphanic moments  
Linger like etherised time  
The mind is either poisoned  
By over indulgence  
Or nibbled at by doubt

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# The Mighty Confluence

I am permanent  
in my impermanence  
changeless  
in my change  
immortal  
in my mortality  
intransient  
in my transience

What do I cling to  
to steady  
my rocking boat  
where is my anchor

Is there anything  
in me  
that can watch the change  
imbibe it  
experience it  
embrace it  
and remain unchanged  
by it

How deeply  
will I have to plumb  
the treacherous canyons  
of my consciousness  
to find it

I strive  
to make the "now"  
into a tranquil ocean  
that is fed  
by an unceasing stream  
of the future  
to bring about  
a transformation  
so that  
the past becomes the

road I leave behind  
and the future  
is expressed  
in the ubiquitous  
present

Only a mighty  
ocean  
can absorb movement  
without being  
moved  
can transform  
without being transformed

Only total resignation;  
total acknowledgement;  
total and holistic  
acceptance  
Of the inevitability  
Of change  
can transform turbulence  
in to that of calmness

To remain unmoved  
to watch the nuances  
of change  
without judging it  
evaluating  
or interfering with it  
is to have arrived

Written 07/07/2011

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# The Mother's Last Sigh

Fireflies flicker  
On a quiet night  
Signalling to life-weary passengers  
Pockets of paradise  
Tokens of the past  
Forebodings for the future  
A sun that has forgotten  
How to rise

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# The Poet's Dilemma - I

You knew you had to wait  
You knew you had to focus  
You knew you needed patience  
And self belief too  
But underneath your apparent calm  
Was a bubbling subterfuge  
Which you tried to paddle your way out of  
With the help of a silver spoon

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## The Poet's Dilemma - II

The sea is rough  
The landscape tough  
The desert's unforgiving  
The sky is an empty canvas  
Of pale and faded blue  
Your mind is as hard  
And as brittle as glass  
And your heart is as  
Dense as clay  
The scribbling in your diary  
Seems to make no sense  
So all you could do  
Is wait and watch  
Wait and watch  
Wait and watch .....

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## The Poet's Dilemma - Iii

The poet has a lengthy journey  
His destination is set  
He has to reach that shining shore  
That he can call his own  
There will be many obstacles  
And pitfalls on the way  
But he must never stop or sway  
Must never lose his way  
And if he weathers all the storms  
His arrival will be assured  
Then he can bask in all the glory  
And all the publicity  
But this doesn't mean his journey's is over  
He still has a long way to go  
He must be alert and attentive  
And watch-full all the way  
Something he must always remember  
Is there is plenty in the ether  
And if he is always on the alert  
He can capture it on his radar

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# The Road Taken

Hello and goodbye  
In from one door  
Out of the other  
The space in between  
Is the green mile

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# The Sea's Assignment

The sea kissed the clouds, and  
Like an impressionist's brush,  
Smudged the horizon

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# The Sepulchre

Empty orbs stare back at me  
The mirrors of a huge futility  
In its dense and woolly darkness  
Lay dreams which were trapped in infancy  
Dreams emblematic of a fire  
Entombed within a mortal frame

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# The Shadow Lines

You may look without seeing  
And see without looking  
You may hear without listening  
And listen without hearing  
You may touch without feeling  
And feel without touching  
You may speak without communicating  
And communicate without speaking  
You may grieve without crying  
And cry without grieving  
You may travel without arriving  
And arrive without travelling  
You may act without thinking  
And think without acting  
You may care without expressing  
And express without caring  
You may understand without reading  
And read without understanding  
You may kill without injuring  
And injure without killing  
You may love without expressing  
And express without loving  
You may take without giving  
And give without taking  
You may die without living  
And live without dying

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# The Sun And The Clouds

When thick clouds appear, I realise that  
Behind them  
The sun is still there and that it will reappear  
In its own good time

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# Thus Speaks The Recluse

There are times  
when I hate to have to  
meet people;  
times when I just need  
the inner space  
to work my way around  
the web of words and sink into  
a primeval world  
of raw beginnings  
I want to  
feel without thinking;  
listen without judging;  
understand without labelling;  
see without colouring  
When I awaken,  
I shall possess many mansions  
and I shall have access  
to vast repositories  
of transformational energy

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# Time Traveller

Un-impacted by time  
He merges with it and moves on  
He is an observer, an onlooker  
A recipient of rich experience  
Deeply felt □  
Carefully expressed  
In its natural colour and benign shade  
He can taste the purified air  
And smell it too  
He can roll like the waves  
Mix like the water  
And sing like the wind  
He can shatter all boundaries  
Personal and geographical  
Words are no longer good enough  
To express himself  
They are limited  
And don't have the range  
He must transcend the word to be free

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# Time's Journey - The Blue Beyond

A solar flare,  
Time sizzles  
On contact with human consciousness  
Then disappears  
Into the blue beyond

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# Transcending Multiple Paradigms - A Buddhistic Destination

A pure constant inside which  
All relativism evaporates  
A state of high tranquillity  
Distilled through  
Miasmatic fog  
A state that offers  
Eternal stillness  
In its encircling  
Cyclonic eye  
A home to seekers  
Of ancient knowledge  
Underpinning  
Life's seismic shifts

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# Tyranny Of Time

Every minute of the day  
Every second  
I am dying  
And so is  
Everybody and everything else

Time's unceasingness  
Creates ripples in its confluence with consciousness

Can I just forget death for a moment  
and free myself from the tyranny of time?  
Can I just slow down and say  
Hey, it doesn't matter because  
No matter what you do  
The end is always the same?

Can I just take time outside of time to feel  
The inhalation and exhalation of my life breath  
without any strings attached?  
Can I just feel the power of the life force  
in its purest form, uncorrupted of its pressures?  
Can I just sit down and ignore the clock  
and allow my consciousness to expand to  
take in life's holistic meaning?

If I can do all this  
And remain unmoved  
I shall be free

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# Westminister Woes - Recollections Of My Visit To Westminister Abbey

Trapped inside sarcophagi  
Terrestrial footprints – a fist full of dust  
Emblems of glory or Royal lust  
Is for the living to adjudge

Ostentatiousness apart  
We must surely all depart  
In the earth we all must lie  
After we bid the world good bye

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# Winter Blues

Gentle chilly winds  
On a sunless morning  
The sky is colourless  
But the birds are not complaining

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# Winter Morning - A Fresco

Trees of tasselled chlorophyll  
Pay homage to the sun  
In ornamental flight, the cranes  
Create the milky way  
And on thermal waves, the eagles  
Glide with expertise  
A Eucharistic wafer pasted  
On a pallid sky

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