

Poetry Series

**Praveen Kumar in Shobha
Priya
- poems -**

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Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya()

Praveen Kumar, a bilingual poet, born in Mangaluru on June 29 of 1949 to na and ini, has more than three decades of government service as a senior police officer. As a poet of twenty-three published collections and as an author of five volumes on matters of governance and administration, he is a familiar face in Indian intellectual circuits. He presently lives in Bengaluru with wife, Jayashree, and son Pratheek.

Stemming from his varied academic background are the lively far-reaching interests that have impelled him to write in subjects as diverse as matters of public interest and poetry, striking a perfect balance between the pursuit of vocation and avocation.

He has been a regular contributor to many national dailies, periodicals and journals. His articles have been extremely popular and often sensational by their innovative and unorthodox thoughts.

His published works include Policing for the New Age, Policing the Police, Indian Police and Inside India in prose, and Unknown Horizons, Portraits of Passion, Simply Yours, Love & Pride, Shobha Priya, Golden Wonder and Celestial Glow in poetry. His published works in Kannada are Divya Belaku, Bhavana, Priya Chaitra Tapasvini, Ananya Priya Lavanya, Priya Geethegalu and Tapasvini.

00 Preface: Shobha Priya

The great poet Robert Frost while talking about poetry, said that poetry 'takes life by the throat'. Poetry is the art of capturing life in words. It is not just the ken of life, but a direct realisation of the life. It is an exercise of subconscious, concinnous interpretations of the life that intensely surface through the conscious awareness. Ergo, readers must experience poems through subconscious exercises to capture the intensity of the life, hotting up in a poetry. No conscious nusus and analyses can lead one anywhere in fully realising the inner arcane treasure of beauty and meanings hidden in the poetry. Nor any other person can do the work for a reader of poetry. Appreciation of poetry involves the reader tuning his subconscious perceptions to receive the poet's subconscious signals through the juste-milieu of the poetry. A poet can transmit his experience of shock of pleasure or grief directly to his reader sans its conscious awareness in both. The incantation is cast through the selection and articulation of words, not only in their word meanings, but also in the synergy of word rhythms, word musics, word pictures, word forms and oblique word hues and shades in the poetry. No avizfull efforts can do the magic either in writing poetry or in appreciating it to the level of a well-trained subconscious exercise of the mind. All avizfull exercises of poetic criticism are for this reason, badly limited.

Though poetry is about what affected the poet most intensely, it is possible that he may not algate be consciously aware of all meanings and their oblique hues in his poem although his subconscious mind exercised on all aspects of the poetry in its parts and in its entirety. The poet, T.S. Eliot was once asked by a student to explain the meaning of one of his poems. The great poet responded to the student by reading the poem and said no more. The same student made the request encore to which T.S. Eliot read the poem encore and fell silent, ipso facto delivering the vital message of a true poetry that poetry cannot be restated in a form other than more suo without poetic distortions.

The raison d'etre of poetry is the pleasure of the shocks of discovery about the life. It is the fraicheur of thoughts in poetry that endears it to its readers; it is the intensity, the undivided attention with which the poet experiences the deja vu that warms up the poetry to its readers; it is the concentration of thought and feelings which brood to beauty and rich shades of meaning in poetry. The art of writing poetry is the process of gradual release of the shocks of coalesced thought and feelings in relaxed contemplative leisure of a reflective mood. Those who attempt the release through the carefully chosen language are poets and their expressions, poetry. The development of poetic impulses helps such

releases to be streamlined to carefully chosen language as an assuetude to prevent wastes by dissipation. The true pleasure of reading poetry is in having an arcane keek to the subtle Unknown Horizons of the poet's mind, thought and personality.

The two hundred and forty-two poems of this collection imprimis deal with the joie de vivre in its variegated hues- pleasures, sorrows, hopes, despairs, romances, ideologies and their concrete surroundings. These poems have concentrated thoughts and feelings as their roots. How far the intensity succeeded to release itself in relaxed contemplative leisure of the reflective mood and how far the intensity of the experience coalesced to the shocks of discovery about the quotidian life and things for the direct perception of the reader are the measures of success of my nusus, to be appraised by the public. I leave at it.

Poems of 'Shobha Priya' are dedicated to Priya Chaitra Tapasvini - the paragon of sublime conscience and conscious moral rectitude, most charming and most wonderful creation of pure beauty, devotion, love and sacrifice ever born in this world; most perfect and prettiest in all worlds. This volume of poetry is lovingly dedicated to that exquisite wonder God has ever created.

I remember Shobha with profound love and regard for being the strength and inspiration of this and all my literary works and life and coming again in pursuit of the goal. This volume is a small tribute to her resolve transcending all barriers in the Second Advent.

- PK

July 1,2011

- PK

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

001. Nothing Count To Soul Till Happy You Are

Know that you are not yours alone,
More you do belong to one more soul;
Do not ever plunge to the brink of risks
That kills him alive with fears for you.

I want to reach and comfort you,
But, alas, no coach to carry me along;
Nor I know my Goddess curse or bless,
Or ever can I bring her real comfort.

Three years passed by without a hint
And I shudder in tears while think of risks
You dared to face in unfamiliar world;
Thank God, you are safe, without a harm.

Yet, I grieve for the state in isolation you suffer
Unseen by me from this unfathomable length,
Without a backup to fall on in an unnatural fall;
How can I know and reach to have you in arms?

Tears fill eyes, sorrow pervades all soul
While think of helplessness you suffer with;
No, like phoenix I must rise and comfort you,
For nothing count to soul till happy you are.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

002. I Cross All Lengths, All Odds, And Reach

Two souls, minds, hearts and eager bodies
So longing for each can never ever part.

Hardships, tears, any little need?
Please just a call, said the poet;
I cross all lengths, all odds, and reach
To lend all help beyond my reach
And wipe gentle tears of Goddess of my soul.

Have trust in God, trust divine designs,
Things moved right ahead on divine course
Beyond mortal eyes of you and I,
Destinies ordained all beyond our plans;
All will be all right, but out of right age.

Nothing is there to fear, nothing is there to brood,
Only wait and wait, and I wait, I promise,
Till time dissolves two lost souls to ecstatic One
In everlasting sweet bliss of divine fulfillment.

God called the poet and chided,
You dog, you seduce your prettiest Soul
By pouring out whatever is within you;
Poet said, god, I never intend to seduce;
God chided, you pig, you break sacred bond
Your noble Soul is committed to,
To meet own cravings deep within you;
Poet begged, god, I never want to break;
God shouted, you evil, why you ever force
Your perfect Soul to shattered life of grief
By feeding deep loves to her lovely sweet soul?
Poet cried, never never I do ever again, that.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

003. Why Hide From Me?

While one, you and I?

While eager to drown
Me with seamless love,
And I'm eager to have it all,
Why this hide and seek
And endless grief to both?

You certainly erred
And dishonest in
Hiding sterling love,
Infusing falsehood;
Untruth brings no peace
And in turmoil we live;
Alas, how a minor streak
Of harmless falsehood
Deluged innocent souls
In endless struggles of grief!

Why alienated yourself
To hide your sterling love?

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

004. Everything Is Everywhere At All Times

Wherever you be, however you be,
In this or any other life,
We are always with you,
Sharing your pains,
And every drop of tear you shed.

We are broken pieces of the same soul,
Awaiting divine ordain to conjoin again,
Know that patience always pays.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

084. My Resplendent Morning Star

She is my little Aphrodite,
My resplendent morning star;
She is my yearning and deepest desire,
She is my bliss, my contentment.

She binds my soul to her little world
And nurses old wounds with deep concerns;
She tends, she mends, and she soothes the soul,
The greatest healer indeed she is.

Fair as full moon in a cloudless sky,
My little Aphrodite of liquid charm
Floods my low-lands of swinging moods,
Whenever I hide in my little hole.

She lights my world with the dawn of hopes
And enchants my heart with her little ways;
Her smiles, the stirs of the colorific spring,
Her words, the rolls of the tides of warmth.

She comes and seizes and mingles like ale
And binds me deep in her innocent charm;
Her dew-like self engulfs my soul
And I lose myself in wet warmth of her.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

085. Mirage Of Dreams

I am not unknown to you, nor ever to me, you are,
Our worlds intermingle in their finest grains;
We match in colours deep inside our hearts,
Music in our souls is concinnous till the end;
We sing the same song though in our own ways,
We walk, run, and hop to the same common goal,
Where lie our hearts and immense common joy;
Yet, why this distance, these impossible walls,
This thick gray smog that dulls our eyes.

I came half the world, alas, you respond not,
You show no signs of raging fire in heart
And sit still and dumb like the Antarctic ice-sheet;
I know the heat you suffer in silence inside,
For, it burns me too to the crevices of bones;
How you bear those bites and put-up stoic face,
For what human grace, you kill sweet instincts
And render a lovely world, a mirage of daydreams,
Where never we ever meet, but go on in wastes of dreams
Till hearts break in pain and the world goes dark.

Alas, though here, you do not reach here,
Alas, though there, you do not belong there;
Why you punish you like this for no worthwhile cause,
And end-up in maelstrom where none ever find joy?
Come out of the mire, fly free in lovely heaven,
Where all is love and beauty, all is pure joy,
Where no divided soul exists nor the pain of opposite pulls;
You are sheer beauty, pure love, perfectitude of joy,
But an embarrassing pain in this incertitude,
For both you and I, caught in love's intense swirls.

You wreck not our world where you truly belong,
It is your world where your grace and beauty lies;
Come out of the alien world where you never really belong,
Where you deceive yourself and deceive us both
And never live like shining angel immortal in my arms.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

086. Teasing Me From Across The Fence

I know her not a bit,
Nor ever dug to her depths
To explore her dark innards,
Nor climbed to her heights
To probe her breath-taking mysteries.

I stood alone where I belonged
And happily drank whatever she gave:
Sparkles of eyes,
Subtle attentions in million ways,
Floods of sweet passions across the souls
And dreams and daydreams unbound and wild.

In pursuit of what she gave,
I left my safe-haven for far away horizons;
I walked in steady pace,
Love and devotion bespeaking in heart;
Farther I walked, farther she slipped
In unending evasion.

I dragged failing legs farther ahead,
No thought suffered me where I may reach,
Nor ever thought what fate lay ahead;
I just moved ahead,
No strength to stop anywhere,
Nor bounce to take any hop;
I went on in uninspired motion
Till I found her raising walls
And teasing me across the fence.

She called me to jump the wall
And catch her at her sport;
I saw her in her game,
Felt sad for my shame;
I turned back as I must
And trod back where I belong;
The game she played
Oft puzzles my heart;
Though no answers I ever get,

I find her ready algate
With new tricks to lure me out;
She lures and I pursue,
She farther slips and teases from across the fence;
I turn back in shame again
To begin the game afresh.

The game goes on in unending cycles,
Never ever our hearts building a bridge.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

087. Portraits Of Passion

Life is an eternal triangle
Where two sides spawn the third
And delivers fulfilment;
Caught is my soul 'tween heart and mind,
And churned like curds in a tug of war;
I yield to fate like a prisoner-of-war
And hope an accord 'tween the warring sides
To bring sweet peace and freedom for soul
And settle my fate for both the sides
With heart for heart and mind for mind;
One is in shades, the other, in light
And I am caught 'tween shade and light;
One is past, the other is present
And I am caught 'tween the past and the present
In a tasteless void and mindless welter
In weightless state between two worlds.

I am lost in a feelless ocean,
No fulcrum to revolve around;
I am lost in an endless heaven,
No signboard to guide me along.

The vennels of far sunshine of peace
Play hide and seek through clouds
And rouse me with the patches of the past
In the cool complacency of the present
And I wonder where I am:
In warm sunshine or cool shades?
Gold-edged clouds filter aureate sunshine
And refract to portraits of passion—
Soft woolly poems
Of sweet reflections of turbulent moments;
It is a reflected glory
In contrast to hard realities
That makes life a dream and dream, a life
And me, a torn rag,
Soaked in bitter joy;

Passions drip like blood
And coagulate to unknown words
To paint colourful portraits
Of the twin opposite worlds.

This is how I am today,
This is how I am today,
Neither here, nor there, nowhere,
Yet everywhere, in splintered passions.

The wind of passion and the barriers of reason
Pull apart from sides,
The heat of the past is at the back
And I run forward Like a mad dog,
Eyes shut,
All senses excised from now and here,
Somewhere, I know not where
In hope of meeting the past
In the circular world.

The world revolves round and round
And all the times are eternally bound
In unending cycle of the rise and fall
Where all, influx, yet immobile and still.

Where it all began, where it will lead,
Where the process passes, where it will stop,
I, in blinkers, cannot foretell,
But grope like an amblyope in night;
Warm sunshine hid from sight
Like dusk
Spread gloom around
Till the vennels of warm sunshine
Reappear in horizons
Like divinity opening winnocks
To flush the out darkness within
To the drains of the past.

The night is cool and beautiful,
Calm and still, while all asleep;
Full-moon smiles in reflected verve
And soothes sprained uneasy nerves.

Dawn and sunshine are warm and bright
Like live and eager spirit;
It awakes from the age-old sleep
And fledge the sprite for sky-high rise
To absolute divinity
Of joy, peace and contentment;
Opens up new horizons
Of thrills of explorations
Of new worlds of experience and growth
To supermanhood;
I am neither asleep nor awake,
But in confounded state
Of uncertainties.

Sometimes here, sometimes there,
Always in shuffling feet
Like one on the balancing act;
How long this state,
Uncertain myself
In this wasted exercise?
It all must end someday
And pave a royal way
To the passion's sweet world.

I must patiently wait,
I must patiently wait,
I must patiently wait
For the dawn of the golden age.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

088. Poetry

On what can I invoke your muse,
On life or the nature, on self or stray creatures,
On love or passion, on joy or woe?
On what can I build wordy dreams,
On beauty or valour, on past or future,
On strife or pelf, on angel or devil?

The ocean of mind springs myriad waves,
Each rises like a hill and recedes to its hole
In unending succession, all the time;
What can I hold to impale you in words,
What can I wind with arcane hues
To unwind your charms with the shocks of joy?

You wait on the side-stage to dance to tunes
To enter centre-stage, to create new realms
While I choose right backdropp on the stage for you,
Whatever be the scene for you,
Sad or glad, concrete or abstract
Or bare truths of all life and self.

Whatever I catch, slips like live fish,
Whatever I snatch, alas, thins in air
And raises its head at miles' distance;
All is there, yet nothing anywhere;
All runs like a mirage, ahead of me
Till you delve on it with flutters of muse.

You, the gentle queen on inspiration's throne
In splendours of words, rhythms, colours,
Musics and passions in unending layers;
Come, sit on heart, build bridges to the mind,
Bring light to the eyes to choose a carriage
To carry your muse to gentle souls.

Each thing is subtle, each game inveigles,
Each move is new, each whim has a rhyme
While inner sight spurs to warm up with muse;
Torn rags reveal cosmic game's feat,

Dried leaves reveal evolution's secrets
To eyes those pierce dull mechanical sheath.

You pour live words of myriad hues
In forms and shapes and rhythms and depths
That bind each to create a new world;
Thoughts dance to passion's sweet tunes
And rise to life in distinct words;
Lo, poetry surfaces from discontented soul.

The outside world in the inner cauldron
Sublimates to hot soothing vapour
That lingers in soul like poetic notes;
Trivials of the world, while churned in self,
Coagulate soft and sweet precipitates
That raise this world to enlightenment.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

089. Shine Like The Sun

Be different, be the jewel of the crown,
Shine like the sun all over the heaven;
Stand up above the mediocre din
And show how high you are deep within;
Spread wide, afar and stand up truly tall;
From the impossible height, look one and all;
When height is true, things do to place themselves fall,
And doors open wide to greatness' gold-lit hall.

The world is rich, full of great things;
While you have steely sturdy wings in you,
You truly fly high and have it all;
You hover over all and reach your call;
Shed small thoughts, look far and wide,
In conviction's noble crest algate you ride;
For heaven's sake, never from truth you hide,
What surfaces from within is the greatness, guide.

Walk like a colossus in the world of dwarfs,
Take dictates algate from the innermost self;
That is honesty, that is the freewill,
That is the only noble route ahead uphill;
Shine like the sun and sparkle like stars,
Majestic like the full moon, tread your course;
Look upward, lay eyes on the far horizons
And spread all over in the gentle cosmic dance.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

090. Confession

Destiny walked me through thorns,
Dragged through rocks, forced through fires,
Led blindfold through wild twists and turns,
Raised up to drop me deep to hell,
Inflicted deep wounds I never deserved,
I bled, I bled, and I bled lifeless
And destiny poured lime to fill my grave.

I was led in leash where destiny felt fit;
With trust in heart and gentleness of soul,
With faith in god and goodness of world,
I followed the lead to unspeakable grief
Of unbearable pains, of terminal wounds
To spirit and soul, to my pride and ego
And died slow death, desolate and lost.

I thought not destiny so merciless be,
I dreamed not my life so shattered blows;
No wrong I did, in scruples I moved,
I laboured a lot in pursuit of ends;
But destiny threw fires to burn live hopes
And tricked my course to suit its goal
As never I saw it so radical in works.

A lion I lived, but to pack of wolves,
Fate threw me to howl and growl like them
And fight with them for crumbs of flesh;
I bore that fall and lived my share,
I shunned mane and stopped my roar
To find my place and survive in peace;
But destiny had road laid on different course.

Alien as I was, wolves hounded me,
Chased, quarreled and distanced me,
Tore my pride, hurt and wounded me,

Made me an outcast in the wolves' pack;
But ordained to live, I lived that
And met affront from small and big
And lived in pain that tore my soul.

Destiny while pursues, no cruelty matches its
As destiny opens up, no prosperity matches its;
I lived low and quiet within narrow bounds
To shun the vagaries abound all round;
How dare I deceive fate with my easy ways!
Destiny had its tool ready to strike me,
It lifted me high higher only to fell to hell.

I discovered my gifts, I discovered my treasures,
I discovered where lies my innermost pleasure,
And destiny cast that affront at arm's length;
I rose to the sky, I danced with joy,
I found myself in unprecedented high;
No more usual low, no more narrow bounds,
Dreaming huge breaks, I roamed sky high.

Destiny knew time, where and how to strike
And it struck hard with all furious might;
I woke up with rude shock, heard cries around;
All my gifts and treasures I deeply cherished,
I found shattered and thrown all around,
Maimed, disfigured, broken, looted, destroyed,
I found myself broke in losing battleground.

I fell deep to hell, my gifts and treasures broke
And crippled from fate's each merciless stroke;
My confidence broke, but I never gave up hope,
I strived to stand upfront and prove my real worth,
But alas, how to swim upstream against cruel fate?
Yet I swim and swim till my limbs fail
And die on time's lap as a failed soul.

Why me destiny lapped up for the cruel course,
Perchance I never know, nor any other soul;
While showers gentle mercy on good and bad alike,
Destiny struck hard my soul, mind, heart and body
Till I fell lifeless in pain, shame and indignities
And froze in dark womb of utter helplessness
And melted to nothingness in endless darkness.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

091. You Will Come Back

My dear, when you came here,
I did ask why you came near,
For, your eager steps stirred me not then;
The distance you crossed indeed was long
Of faltering steps of love and smile;
You lighted my soul, stirred dreams,
Roused gentle streams of joy in heart
And sprouted new hopes of life as never;
I indeed found life then an aureate soft light.

Alas, all human joys are short lived;
Why you thought you were unwelcome here
And retracted the path back home?
Wherever you stray, you must come back
And grace the place where you now belong;
Come, dear love, and make this your home
And gladden my soul with your little ways.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

092. Be You In Words

When you write,
Put all your weight
Behind it;
Reflectively wait
Till time is right,
For thoughts to sprout
And, then spread net
Of natural words
To catch birds
And bring on grounds
Of rhythms and rhymes.

Write from heart,
Every single thought;
Feel, let thoughts come out
In the garbs of wit;
Bring it out, tightly knit In right outfit;
Furbish each bit
Till self reflects In every word
On its smooth face
In your own pace.

While you write, Interlace with it;
Never be abstract,
Nor lose your sight;
Just involve and sit In midst of it;
Be you in words;
Let your inner worlds
Drive in herds
Your inner crowds
To surface in reflective moods.

Put sweat and blood,
Stream tears in flood,
Churn passions out of mud,
Then write from head;

It be warm and cool
And your own tale,
Real grief and smile,
But detached from a mile
With a selfless gulf
From the turbulence of the self.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

093. Winnocks Of Beauty

Who is the sculptor, who created this piece?
Who is the creator, who conceived its form,
An object of art that breathes and smiles,
That captures hearts with spell-binding beauty?
In lush flesh and curves, she rouses warmth,
In maddening charm, she drugs the mind;
All that beauty, all worlds can hold,
Why compressed here to create this piece?
How simple men with weak heart and mind
Can resist her endless well of charm?

Every inch and curve, a masterly work,
Every hue and shade, an artistic stroke;
The gleam in eyes, the smile in face,
The youthful warmth all over her body,
The subtle rich rays of love in heart,
Each shocks heart with irresistible thirsts
To drink her charm and drown in day-dreams
And deliquesce to oblivion in ceaseless pleasure;
She is joy, the ultimate beauty,
The divine light that man seeks to reach.

The nectar of beauty flows from all over her,
Be her shapely young curves or fluid motions,
Be the winks of dazzling eyes or bright hues on cheeks,
Be the heaves of lurking breasts or the breath-taking shapely form,
Each is a perfect piece, each is an artistic fulfilment,
Each is perfect contentment of artistic aspirations;
The smooth lustre of her body, the variegated shades
Of rich transparent hues that flower young beauty,
All are lovely winnocks of her fragrant soul
That sits like queen on that beauty's splendid throne.

Hark the perfect rhythms of her concinnous body
That brings rare symphony of divine melodies,
Feel the sweet fragrance of her rich bright soul

That creates rhythms and composes melodies;
Is it the same as that grand celestial beauty?
Is she the live-model of the celestial beauty?
What a fine gentle harmony in her soul and body!
What a rare rhythmic tune within and without!
The sparkles of the eyes and dazzles of the smile
How uncover sweet intense expressions of her soul!

Like a quiet lamp, lit in a dark room,
She draws eyes, heart, mind and desires
And impales in her charm, irresistible to bear;
What a fluid lovely charm, spread in the room!
Where everything dissolves like salt in water!
What is there in the flesh, the colours and the form,
What is behind the sparkles of her gentle skin,
What is in the curves and what is in the charm,
What is in eyes and inviting sweet smiles
That make beauty, beauty and soul, spell-binding sweetness?

Is it joy and beauty dissolved to mould her body?
Is it lustre and love dissolved to create her soul?
Is it grace and music dissolved to compose her whole?
Or, were all of them born from her celestial charm?
She is the world of all desires' fulfilment,
She is the treasure-trove of all artistic pleasures,
The endless fount of feasts of pregnant day-dreams;
Her lurking young riches from sweet hidings tease
The charged imaginations of all beauty-seekers
And she binds the world of love with those lush riches.

She is like a holy temple of beauty,
Where her soul, in holy sanctum sanctorum,
Sits in glory for obeisance of all;
She sends soft lights that blaze in man's heart
And lights new hopes that refreshes his soul;
The glow of beauty that wraps the sculpted piece,
Its cheeks, its lips, hairlines and breasts,
Each is a wonder of the nature's splendours
Like the spring's colours and the winter's blue sky

Or the full-moon's soft touches or the morning's fresh rays.

Her every hair and outline and every eyelash
In its exact place like a sculpted piece,
Her every move and mood and every shade on face
As exactly as it should be in a painter's dream;
Her every graceful curve and every expression
As conceived by a poet in a great epic;
She is a rare beauty where sensuity and classics blend,
Where desires and peace rise hand in hand,
Where the heat and light of enlightenment grips
And the soul glows in divine passions.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

094. Rhythms Of Life

Wherever be imbalance,
There is nature's dance
Of emotions, evolution and emergence
Of new heights and new horizons.

Wherever be cravings,
There are strivings
To reach higher and wider
And reap nature's fuller subtleties.

Perfection is stillness,
Distance brings motion
That strains strength to pleasant fatigue
With sweet hopes of fresh blooms.

Contentment is quietus,
Discontent is life
That draws being out of shell
To drown in nature's limitless treasures.

Disturbance is sunrise,
Calm peace is sunset;
While one leads to brightness,
The other broods to quite sleep.

Fullness is open sky,
Reachless and characterless;
No shape and shade to stir,
No cloud, no warm breeze to stir.

Spotless white and straight?
It is tasteless twilight;
No warmth, no chill, no smile, no wrath,

No hooks, no crooks, no lively twists.

No urge, no thrust,
No relief of release?
Life is dull, heavy, painful tedium,
A repeat run on a forfairn course.

Nothing it holds?
Nothing it moulds;
Like a layer of sand on a seabed,
It lives itself for existence's sake.

Contentment's thick hide
Hides inner world
From the joys of tumultuous growth
And uncertainties that brighten the life.

The rhythms of life,
The musics of nature,
Shut to the shell of dunny self
That dwells itself in perfectitude.

No dim and dip,
No shocks of sparks,
No maddening dance, no joyous whirls,
But a constant glimmer of dull twilight.

It is neither left,
Nor ever be right;
But algate straight on its path
In a saturnine lightless brood.

Give it some strains,
Bring some features;
Break the white brood of perfectitude,

Drive a hole to let some light inside.

Give twists to straight lines
To create new shapes; .
Guide life through the joy of shocks
Of the nature's strange fitful dance.

Stir the inner pendulum
To pace with time
Along the infinite cosmic clock
With shocks and thrills all along.

Rise and fall is joy,
Light and shade is beauty,
Uncertainties bring hope,
Change infuses health and strength.

Perfection is imperfect,
Imperfection, perfect;
This is how the world is trapped,
This is how life is warped.

Curvatures deviate algate,
It move and meet somewhere,
While in ceaseless isolation run
The lines, straight and featureless.

Incompleteness invites,
Completeness withdraws;
Incompleteness attracts
While completeness cools all warmth.

Imbalance brings beauty,
Imbalance brings taste;
Imbalance gives life strength and form,

Imbalance moves algate to a goal.

It be music or dance,
The nature or an artists piece,
Imbalance always sits in womb
To stir passions to artistic mood.

Craving is beauty,
Striving is art;
No beauty or joy lies in fullness,
No dream ever stir in completeness.

No day, without night;
No dream, without desires;
Life is an urge of upward surge,
No rise, if no dip to imperfectitude.

Uncertainty is god,
Uncertainty is youth,
Certainty brings cold old age,
The plateau that falls to desuetude.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

095. Mysterious World

All over the horizons till eyes can reach
Wherever eyes sweep and hearts peep,
Unbound sufferings and pains keep;
Hunger, disease and uncertainties too deep
And the fear of life in midst of beasts
Make gentle life a living hell;
Why sour potions in the milk of life?

Why pains and pleasures live side by side?
Why grief in joy's womb hides?
Why the wondrous creation and the gentle nature
Bear the faces of ugly strains?
Why vales and hills stand side by side,
Like light and shadow follow each other?
Pain and pleasure here coexist ever,
Grief and joy hug each other;
Is it how the mysterious world evolved,
Where hell and heaven ride together?

Love and beauty here in fear of doom
Wither souls from the natural bloom;
Here, beauty is not beauty, a shadow of ruins,
Here, love is not love, a fear of separation;
Nor innocence, innocence, a chance to ravage,
Nor pure joy, here joy, a foreboding of sorrow,
Rise and height, a sure sign of steep fall;
Are these nature's designs of balance,
Where neither good nor bad prevails forever?
Aye, why not only the good rule the world?

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

096. Beyond Common Reach

Inbuilt height, depth and breadth inside,
Light the rare fire of self-confidence;
Deep and calm warmth of trust in self,
Raises lonely soul from the trifles of the world;
One who nestles in own concrete cell
Of warmth and rare impassable treasures,
Least envy the worlds of rise and fall,
Of strife, struggle, rat race and deceit;
He shines on own like the sun in the sky
And subdues nether world with his dazzling light.

The sun has care for all hills, moles and dales,
For the vast deserts and sylvan green lanes
At his great height and endless dazzling prowess;
He is an all-levelling fierce source of might;
He is a self-luminous life-bestower for all;
He touches all the world with no passion stirred
As it reaches him in the nature's patient cycle;
Nothing shakes his world of the rarest rare treasures,
Nothing swells the pride of his luxurious golden shine,
For, he lives on his riches, beyond common reach.

No prism can resolve his candent pure glow,
No chameleonic shifts strain his face;
His lamp streams light in overpowering voltage
That blinds weak eyes to grope for light;
His sack is full with rare magical tools,
His bag is heavy with bright precious stones,
All, in compact pack, inside his golden cage,
Where none have a peek except himself,
Where none have a peek except himself;
He sits in confidence, within, in carefree joy.

The courage of weight that warms inside
Paves the smooth path of calm confidence
Through the gulfs of hell and the heights of paradise;

Strides of grace in dignified pace
Roll the carriage in undisturbed course
To unknown horizons where it sets its goal
While the nether world indulges in internecine fight;
He moves on own like a celestial giant
In measured even pace of own inner force
Till reaches distant goal for all times to come.

Why wait for small gifts while riches sit within?
Why fight for a foot-hold while lord over an imperium?
How shallow dents can move a mammoth imperious giant?
How tiny wavelets can hold a sea's fierce course?
He is a vast ocean, an imperious mountain,
He is an imperium of inexhaustible riches,
He is too tall, vast, deep and bright
To be held in the farthings of an earthly container;
He lives on own, in infinite bright light
And knows the shady world and knows his proud course.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

097. Hold Head High

Walk the path of hills and dales
Like an athlete on a marathon race;
For, ups and downs, a name of the game,
A design to rub vitals and tame.

Whatever you be, always you be,
In the pride of the self that burns inside;
Where you are and how you are, make
A natural route to the self's world.

Rise to the sky and hold head high,
There, none reach you to force you down;
Be hard like rock and pure like gold,
Pursue your path to reach your goal.

Keep eyes wide, ears on all sides,
But thoughts always close to heart,
Stand firm on the ground, rooted deep inside,
Keep away creepers, that obstruct your feet.

No cages impale, no ropes bind,
The self that always knows itself;
Who trusts himself, is own master,
Him, none disturb, all his life.

Sweep like wind and roll like tides
With crystal clear world in sight;
Head on shoulders, stand above all clouds
And hold all the world in own measures.

Light the world with the fire of the self,
Like the sun, who distances all:
Though near, you stay distant and dear

To open your doors at the self's pleasure.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

098. Self Respect

I sought her all my life,
Crossed hills, jumped gulfs,
Walked through burning flames
To have her on right side.

She comes and goes on random pleasure
Like clouds in a rainy sky;
She dims and lights my uncertain heart
Like the sun in hide and seek.

I revolve around her, like a satellite
To grasp her warm lights;
I dissolve in her fierce charms
To remould in hard hot steel.

She lives in the shell of prejudices
Where soft heart cannot reach;
A lion's fierce heart, she adores,
That sinks to thorns, sheds blood for self.

She is hot fluid like a volcanic fire
That throws fierce flames once in a while;
The white-hot glow of the zeal in soul
Cools like clouds in face of trial.

No blows crack, no heatings mellow,
No heat treatment softens resolves;
I must reach her all days and nights,
For, only her flames light my soul.

A soul that grasps all weak settings,
A heart like steel-spikes to guard the self,
A trust in self in all painful odds-
I need to gain and sustain her.

Her fierce charm lights sullen moods,
Her fierce touch melts frozen ice
To raise a fluid warm world,
Where no fears ride, no responses shirk.

No pride shrinks in her cheerful trough,
No corrosions of basic rights;
Like a gale of sudden uprooting wind,
She carries all, on her wings.

Be with her, whatever you be,
Then you are a king on the throne;
Without her, good old gods too
Line on streets with begging bowls.

Like holy fire, she burns
To consume all shams in flames;
Honest big deeds survive the flare
By hearty response to her.

The road is wild, but a pleasant pursuit
To walk, head held high, in proud respect,
Though hungry beasts with bloody teeth
Wait to pounce and tear her Self.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

099. Know Yourself

While you know yourself and know your road,
Why balk in fear of unknown hands?
While clear is sight and inside is bright,
Why look for ghosts of doubts and fate?
Road may fall or rise, turn left or right,
But, you are you, a brilliant glow
And traverse gulfs and cross hills:
Not where you walk, but what you are,
Make you, you, the ultimate you;
Cross-roads do come, you choose your route,
Let not illusions oft mislead you;
Inopinate turns may end-up somewhere
Where you reach the brink of the ultimate end;
But, what makes you, you, saves you from all
If you know yourself and know your road.

Lay your step with sound confidence,
Know where feet fall, how deep it mires;
Knowledge is light that flees all fears,
Knowledge is insight that stills all doubts;
While inside is hale with uncontaminated sight,
No diffractions ever reach and touch confidence;
No rise ever raises, nor fall lets down,
For, you are ever you in unresolved glory;
You may reach hill-tops, end up in dales,
Or lose your path in thick dark wilds
And find in midst of savage beasts,
Or lose your head in nebulous cloud,
Or sink in drains or lose in winds;
While you hold rein and know yourself,
You come through unscathed like glitterand gold.

What all you have, none rob you from;
Trust inside and build on that;
An ocean inside waits to burst outside,
Shut your eyes and listen to the roar,
What depth it has, what breadth and length;

What a treasure hides 'neath the human sheath;
A white-hot sun is burning within
That lights thousand worlds if brought outside;
So rich you are, why feel forlorn?
Rise inside, face outside with resolve,
Live from within, with, without as a game
Of intangible world that surrounds us all,
Where we all live in bits, caught in cosmic wind;
Path is infinite, so is the endless time,
Traverse all the worlds with trust inside.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

100. Right Path

Know yourself, inside, outside;
Hear all to widen what you have,
But, do always, what you must;
Do not make haste, for haste makes waste,
Keep heart and mind in peace to each.

Be in flock, while soul in solitude,
Untouched of foul passion's flood
And wild dance of hoax and deceits;
Walk upright where you must reach,
To beats of the heart that sound right path.

Have your path distant from all,
For, each is distinct in his own right;
Never indulge in copying life styles,
But, bend left and right to cooperate
And acquiesce to notes around you.

Play a simple chess,
Move right piece in appropriate time
With untired sight always on a goal
And heart, shut in a steely cage;
Live in dream, yet, out of dream.

Move on own strength and confidence,
Have clear sight of ups and downs;
Still your self while things go wrong,
Live up to the joy while you go to win;
And enjoy every step of the nature's quirks.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

101. Who Created This Beautiful World?

Who created this beautiful world?
What a harmony and perfection!
Who thought this beauty, who brought it out?
Who is he that perfected it?
What matching patterns spawn the wonder?
What concinnous rhythms create this charm?
What is that grand invisible hand
That weaves this beauty with rhythms and patterns
That makes beauty, beauty; a divine music?
What a match of place, time and form
That makes this world a joyous feeling!

Beauty infuses life to the world,
Beauty makes the world to speak and sing,
To awaken soul to the creator's skills
Who gave his rare gifts in abundance.

What brings those hues to youthful glows,
What brings those shapes to enchanting slopes,
What brings gentleness to graceful love,
What brings those grace to ripening age,
What brings brooding beauty to day-break's freshness,
What brings that beauty to the width of the sky,
To the height of hills and depth of seas,
To the shapes of clouds, to the moods of men
In liquid ease and endless abundance
That no more the world is what it is made of,
But a celestial charm of unknown depth.

A subtle music in joyous rhythms,
A pregnant pattern in brilliant colours,
In human forms, in nature's moods,
In fast changing life's variegated hues,
In tides of sea, in tides of life,
Surface to those inner ears and eyes
That keep itself wide open always;

A living rhythm is at work in womb
In hide and seek of light and shadow,
In fall and rise of hills and vales,
In love and hate, in war and peace;
The twinkles of eyes, the gentle smiles,
The blue of the sky, the warm sunshine,
Each is a rich work of a master craftsman.

Day is beauty, night is beauty;
Youth is beauty, old age is beauty;
Desire is beauty, contentment, beauty;
Heart-break is beauty, fulfilment, beauty;
Perfection is beauty, ugliness, beauty;
All are beautiful deep 'neath bones
Like sunrise and sunset or sunshine or rain,
In the magical hands of the master craftsman.

Is this world his own image,
A reflection of his model perfection
Like the pleasures of pleasure and the pleasures of pain
Make the world a divine charm;
Work and leisure, pain and pleasure,
Penury and wealth, life and death
Hand in hand bring harmony to the world;
Mongoose kills snakes; snake, rats,
In living rhythms of life and death;
Beauty, the world breathes, is beyond cause,
Beyond source, beyond course,
That surfaces itself to the joy of all
On the will of the great divine artist.

A speck of dirt, dark spots on the moon
Have the same charm and perfect rhythms;
Tears of pain and tears of pleasure
Have the same simple grace hidden in them;
Like silk-worms that weave soft sheath around,
He builds the world with his own inner charm,
It be a mole or a mountain;
And this we have,

The wonderous world of perfect beauty;
Beauty within and beauty outside,
Beauty between and beauty a'where,
In gentle flesh and youthful forms,
In fall and rise, in rage and patience,
In nature's arts and man's crafts,
In old and new or foul garbage;
For, the creator sits in all of them
And builds a bridge to all hearts and souls.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

102. Lamp

Light your sanctum sanctorum
With a lamp that never blows out;
Deep within the self's space,
Where non but you can ever reach;
The surreal light of the soulful lamp,
The radiant glow of the crystal-pure self
Strains in twilight, if exposed outside.

Keep your lamp in safe shelf
From the violent gust of chill winds
That blow across your backdoor;
A breach in shady backdoor walls
Invites breeze that raps the lamp
To plunge all in a pond of darkness.

The warmth and light of the inner lamp
Like pure sunshine of bright sunlight
Awakens self from the gulf of void;
It shows up new worlds of light and hope,
New truths new beauty that unwrap new world
It shows new paths to strive and reach
The nebulous goal of peace and contentment.

The lamp is yours, yours always,
Deep within your self's space
To light your world, to warm innards
Till defences break, confidence cracks
And spectres of fear and despair invade
And throttle the lamp, out of life.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

103. Let Every Flower Blossom In Its Own Beauty

Let every flower blossom in its own beauty,
Let every soul engage in its own duty,
Let every truth speak in its own bounty;
Let all worlds coalesce in pure grace
Till violence of force mar nature's own pace.

All is in all in nature's cosmic field,
Each is in each in nature's subtle reach;
All are interlinked like plants and seeds
And blossom forth ceaseless in cosmic rhythm
Toward that end where from sprouted space-time.

Nature is beauty in its pristine charm
In harmony with all, within, and calm,
Pure like sunshine, warm like its glow,
And leads all to its goal in moves though slow
In tune with the whole, in tune with all.

Nature is the duty in its basic form,
Devotion is its grain to the cosmic aim;
Steady and ready in every move forward,
It meets every target however be it hard
In consonance with the creative cosmic whole.

Nature is the bounty of its subtle truths,
Of its inner beauty, of its cosmic duty,
Of the bright radiance of its immortal glow
That carries all worlds in a harmonious flow
Till violence of force breach, impart real blow.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

104. That Police World

Like the morning sun, fresh and bright,
Stalking his path to new awakened world,
Filled with hopes of long day of toil and rest,
Of commotions and peace, of creative unrest—
I entered the new world with dazzle in eyes,
With bounce in strides, music in voice
To a buoyant reception of a thousand dreams.

It was a vast world as far as eyes can see,
Endless horizons around, unfamiliar to me,
Beautiful, yet ugly, no plans or paths etched there,
Though fertile, looked barren, dry and rugged;
Land below, sky above, undistinguishable from afar;
I tried to make sense out of this strange jumble,
For, it is to be my land where I must settle.

Wolfs and jackals in fight abound in the land,
Fighting for crumbs of flesh all days and nights—
Wild howls and shrieks of pulling legs of the other,
Bawls to prey on shreds left away by stronger ones
That live on own strengths and live a majestic life
And stalk all over the land though few, far in-between
And bring happy relief for the mass of filthy canines.

Cloistered in deep brood in my quiet cottage,
Repelled by parasites, enamored by proud lives—
That scattered gold strains on massive mineral rock
Do bring value, dignity, beauty to the giant block—
I sought counsel of those who live on own strengths;
But alas, like a needle in haystack, few, far in-between,
I seld found them nigh anywhere for real strength.

Wolfs and jackals, fighting for crumbs of flesh,
Those abound in the land, howl all day and night,
Smelt my free thoughts and rejection of their breed;

Envious of my state and furious of my right path,
They mobbed my cottage, hauled me in a cruel night,
Before I knew what, they sucked my innocent blood
And preyed on my carcass and fought for every bite.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

105. Age In Ruins

Here, everything is everywhere,
Yet, nothing is anywhere;
Where, all, in front, yet, out of reach.

Nothing come to hands, nothing come to mouth
Though everything is in everybody's range;
All are lost like birds overhead
In blue sky, far distant from rugged rich world;
No pains and pleasures, no passions stir;
All are dry leaves, caught in a whirlpool;
All are sooty smokes of tall black chimney;
All run on hire like a carriage-horse
Whose eyes are bound for straight tiresome sight;
No weight to sink, no wings to fly,
Only strong legs to flee from odds;
Thick colours sit on tasteful light hues;
All are sweat and dirt, spread in hasty heaps,
No freshness anywhere, no leisurely pleasure,
All are fragmented hopes on top of a dazzling world.

Weak heart stills endless desires,
Shineless eyes meet flashes of distant wildfire
That exists only in muddles of tired mind;
All are directionless, uncertain in self,
While all doors are wide open without signboards;
Sunshines, no more warm, full-moon, not cool
From the cage of unfamiliar horizons;
All are tall trees with shallow roots
Whom strong wind can uproot at will.

This is an age of breadth and height,
But no depth, no strength, no inner light.

Smiles brood like a withered flower
And laughs wither like shrieks of a dying man,
While painful moans, like hissing noise of steams,
And joys in short spasms, jump across man's reach
In the inert world where no sparks ignite.

Everything here is disturbingly calm,
Everything here is unexciting game;
None move, but like a wound spring
Eject the leaks of frustrations.

All cracking bones, mere skeletons;
No flesh, no streams of life anywhere,
No bridges, no sparks, no prompt responses;
All are dwarfs, retarded minds,
Who know not how to steer through their worlds
Or vent feelings or tide over their thoughts.

Here, the life is a zigzag puzzle
With random exits and random entries;
Here, the life is a snake and ladder game
Where fall and rise are sheer chance.

Like sand-bed on the side of a roaring sea,
The modern age is dry 'neath wet wind;
The sparkling seashore is plain like white clouds,
No pains, no pleasures, but unending boredom;
Nothing sprouts, nothing penetrates,
All crumbles in shapeless hold;
Visions blur
While smokes hang from disturbed sky
And all live step to step and day to day
In desperate world;
It is a world shattered inside and outside
And no harmony anywhere;
It is sad, still, black, sad ruins
Of a long forgotten rich age
That disheartens in contrast
Where though everything was there, nothing anywhere now.

Man lives in cages everywhere in this age
In dreaded isolation from within and without.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

106. The Fullmoon Day

The moon rose on the vast twilight stage
Like a bride walking-in for the first night tryst;
Twilight in the east caught the jasmine-white riot
Around the huge glow of the giant cosmic lamp;
Divinity flowed all over the earth's crust
And trickled on the world through ethereal layers;
It carried numb dreams, soothed tired souls
While the heavenly milky flow soaked every human mind
With desires for joy and enduring soft warmth.

The golden queen in the stride of royal grace
Ascended heaven with gold dusts splayed
On the fading silk-carpet of the thin sunshine;
As night fell, the nature lit the heavenly lamp
And the world went abright with joy afloat in air;
Cool breeze whispered warmth, night carried a new world,
Bright winnocks of heaven let-out divine light;
The queen of numb joy, strode along the night sky
With popped sloth, left all over the milky path
And the world was awash with pure glow of joy.

Hills and buildings broke out through darkness
'Neath the thick layers of fleeting silver clouds;
Trees and lakes, wet with soft white light
Raised a new world from the nocturnal old world,
Where no more is fiery night, but bright soft delight,
No more is dread, but transpicuous transcendent vision
Of what is beauty, what is peace and bliss;
The night is full with beauty's sweet contrasts
Of peace and passions, stillness and motions
With shades and twilights of sensuous quietude!

The moon with full bloom of her bright smiles
Feasted the world with sweet magic all round;
Cool brought warmth and warmth brought cool
While the world was wrapped in full-moon light;
Whirls of sweet madness whispered in air,
Sweet pain of pining was carried from horizons
And the intense joyous brooding hung mind in stillness;

A total joy it was, the nature's road to god
That made the dull earth, a beauty's holy temple,
Once every month from the long lost ages.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

107. Free World

Untie leashes, set free to fly,
Rise at will to the limitless sky;
Unbound is space, none fence the path,
Shed barriers, spread to length and breadth;
Where you set feet, there is your world,
Where you set heart, there is free world,
As long as eyes stretch, limitless is bright hope;
Grow fast wings, fly wherever you want,
Look not back and spoil not sport;
Unconstructed is future, design own world
In unbound freedom that waits your call.

Why build tall walls and surround yourself?
Why live in towers and miss fresh air?
Why hide in caves and lose sunshine?
Spread your wings, rise on warm wind,
Swim like fish in deep waters of sea,
New things are ahead, new worlds are ahead,
Unseen wonders, yet to be discovered,
Move on the spur, unchained anywhere;
Open your mind and sweep like wind;
No post to devolve, no fulcrum to revolve;
Have restraintless move in transparent air.

No walls ever made life safe and rich,
No stones round the neck ever brought any weight;
Walls that stop the tides of life-force
Breach and tear delicate wings;
Let life always stream on own free course
As inside inspires and freewill leads ahead;
No fear or swither, no doubts may hold you back,
Let no backyard fence tie down where you are;
Barriers do rise here, there and somewhere,
You rise high and high and fly above all,
You will see how free and lovely all round.

You swim ahead, turn left or right
Or turn backward or rise or fall
To the beats of heart and listen inward,
That is your world, that is free world;
Look outside and you open inside,
You are born free in an open world;
Why bind in leash and build walls around
A square feet of space in fear of unknown?
Fledge feathers, preen wings to reach all place
And spread on will every inch around you,
You find free world, a heaven on the Earth.

Free in will is the ultimate joy,
Beauty, truth, strength and life itself;
Life in free world, a feel of deliverance,
A deep existence, a divine experience;
No wealth, no strength, equal free inside,
No name, no comfort, worth a mean bondage;
Free life is true life, joyous pure life,
A deep absorption to the nature's subtle core,
A living deep, intense like the white-hot sun;
Yield to no bondage, sit within no fence,
Listen to whispers inside and ride with the tide.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

108. Your World

Listen to throbs, deep in heart,
To trace your route;
Stretch backbone, stand upright, resolute,
With reason and intuitive light.

The world you build is your world
Where none but you have right to reign,
Where none but you live in confidence
Of peace, grace, grandeur and joy;
It is where you command things.

Have not thoughts, hired in fear
Of power and fury running wild;
For, fear consumes your inner world
And leaves your temples in sad shambles;
Build a fort of invincible spirit
Of interminate vigil and undaunted will
Around your self to stop mean world afar,
Lest, it intrudes your holy world
And spreads like infection
To shatter peace and weaken your reigns.

Intruders scale walls, dig long tunnels
And reach your own world,
Where they fetter your hands and bind your legs,
Where they put out your light and darken your worlds;
Keep open eyes and stop intruders outside
And keep your world pristine clean,
Where you keep awake or sleep at will,
Where you sing and dance as heart dictates
And laugh and weep as feels the soul.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

109. Where Are We Heading?

Where are we heading with this crazy run?
To a new world or an imminent end?
Or is this an endless run for the running's sake?
No signboards anywhere
For speeds, turns and distance ahead,
Nor anybody knows the starling-line
From where it all once began.

Twilight spreads on the path of the run
And passionate colours lit the sky,
Long shadows fall ahead of the run;
Is this dawn or dusk, none of us know;
Hollow within, breaks to loud clamours,
Dust and sweat sit on tired faces,
No lights within,
This is an impatient blind run.

Miles and miles we cover a day
And leave behind long-winding roads;
Is this labour worth our sweat,
Does this take us anywhere at all?
Directions are uncertain, destination, uncertain,
Of terminal confusion.

Does this run take back or forth,
Or keep in mad rounds around the self,
Or mark-time on a constant spot?
Endless run weathers freshness,
Cracks endurance and tires sprite;
Miles of roads do wait us ahead,
But, does this run take us anywhere?
Is this evolution's natural cradle?
Do the cracks in our tired souls
Show sudden jumps in the evolution's scale?

None have an answer, none know an answer,
Nor we need to know the celestial secret,
Nor it concerns us for ages to come;
But, we must run, run like all,
As condemned to run from birth to death
As the sports of the grand universal scheme
Which always does what always is right;
Let us run as we must,
With lights within and eyes open
And ears held close to hearts
And souls intact;
Only then we win the evolution's race.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

110. Deign Not

Be it a night of a new moon gloom,
Or a path of myriad roadblocks,
Be it madness or evil game,
While you walk towering high,
Do gods tread sideways and make way for you;
What mortals do, why you brood, walk algate upright.

While you stand head and shoulder above,
While steady in walk and steps never shake,
The thorns 'neath the feet sting you not,
Only spur you to run and reach target;
The specters of fall haunt resolves in you
While you stop your walk in fear of rocky roads;
Roll like a roller and smoothen your route,
Deign not to little things and look algate ahead.

Hurdles and rough roads deter resolves of dwarfs,
Not the firm strides of the regal tall men;
The world is a little thing while you outgrow its shell,
While you stand skyward, free of twists and pulls;
You are then the lord, the world on your feet,
While the world knows that you transcend its limits;
Stand up to the roof-top and walk like a colossus,
Make sure, never ever the world crosses your path.

You walk at your will while you know inside out
And firm in the soul with the trust on own self;
It is not the world you live, but the stride you take counts,
It is not the world you live, but the stride you take counts;
Take the world by its horns and tame with inner strength
And be oblivious of small things while eyes are on cosmic scale.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

111. Return Our Bygone Days

You came to us that day
To share our grief and joy of life;
Our hearts jumped and souls stirred
And made this world a very heaven;
Then we saw sheer joy in whatever we met.

Why you turned your back on us?
Why tracked back your path in haste
And let us sink in the gulf of grief?
We revolve around you in spite of all
And you do, we know, around us,
Waiting for the moment of meeting each other;
How long it would be, we know it not,
However long it be, we keep in wait;
Come soon and return our bygone days
Of joy and hope and unbound spirit;
Our hearts yearn, our souls wait
To take you in arms and hide in us;
Come, our darling, come dearest of all,
Blossom our hearts like never ever before.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

112. Buddha

Like the milky glow of Buddha Poornima,
He soaked darkness with soft light
Of knowledge, reason and experience;
Buddha scattered clouds, spread the life's truths
From the infinite depths of the spiritual light.

Compassion moved his sensitive soul,
Decays and despairs unsettled his whole,
Illusions and ignorance soured his heart
To reach upward and know the world
To liberate life from the shackles of pain.

He wove with reason an exquisite fabric
From the warps and woofs of ancient thoughts;
He rose from the ruins of vedic rituals
Like a glorious rose in an unkempt garden
With the fragrance of the joy of deliverance.

The pain of transience and the despair of decay
Begged Siddhartha for light and peace;
Illumination came thro' dedicated meditation,
Wisdom dawned in solitude's calm
And dharma chakra opened horizons.

He tore the skin of complacence
To dip into human experience;
He probed sufferings and fleeting joy
Thro' the rare world of contemplations
And illumed human mind with the pure light of sacred knowledge.

He renounced cravings and affectations
In pursuit of peace and permanence
And stumbled on ultimate deliverance,
In overcoming flux by eight-fold path

That brings soul nearer to eternal goal.

He left his wife, he left his child,
He left palace and love and ease;
For, he loved them all, he loved the world,
He loved comforts, peace and ease,
Free from transience, for all human race.

Tathagatha, the pith of truth and discipline,
The brimful bowl of sacred wisdom,
The fount of all liberated arhatts,
Strung Indian thoughts to a compact diamond strand
To still the struggle of spirit and mind.

His concerted thought, his detached spirit
Pierced grim subtleties of the cosmic order;
In clear doctrines, in suspended judgements,
Buddha illumed the dark secrets of life
And laid the path of liberation.

He dug sufferings, found decay and change,
Billows of change and yawning death;
He dug transience, found causation,
The wheel of law and fatalistic life;
And shed the light of spiritual dawn.

The lamp of soul is a chain of little sparkles,
The self, like a sea, is a succession of waves,
Life is a stream of endless becoming
From birth to death with the miseries of flux
In cycles of causation that hold us in leash.

Living and nonliving, life and being,
Mind and the nature and time and space
Evolve to new forms in continual flux;
Nothing is constant, nothing is permanent,

Change is what the cosmos is all about.

Buddha encountered the sad dance of void
'Neath the sheath of complacent ignorance;
Nothing is real, nothing is forever,
All is fleeting impressions like midnight dreams,
Like a sea, we fancy the fleeting waves.

Buddha sought to withstand the gust of flux,
He saw himself in the middle of a gulf
That caused the present to surface a chain of futures
In succession of sorrows and pains of decay;
He cried for a halt of the kindless wheel.

For the cessation of the ceaseless chain of change,
In nirvana, he found, the supreme tool;
He attained awareness, he sought all his life;
Gouthama, the sakyamuni, found abstinence,
The cure for all the pain and sorrow.

He suffered for all, sacrificed all,
To find the path of deliverance;
He sought and lit the spiritual light
That illumed and liberated self and world
And cast gentle rays on the human race.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

113. Unknown Horizons

I know not what I am,
I know not from where I come;
I do not know where I go,
Why I go, or how I go.

Mysterious past and lightless future,
All I know, where sits the transient present
In ceaseless, facile succession, like
The glow of the Sun in ceaseless move
On Untested, dark eternal course,
Or the sojourn of Self along the existence,
Or running train on its unending track.

Time comes and does in endless spurts
While merely touches the life as present;
Though strung in a string of existence
Of time's nostalgic experience; present,
Like winning horse on race course,
Remains itself and draws all eyes
Like fireworks in dark night
Along the lanes of past and future
Forever.

The tunnels of the past are mysterious yet,
The vast space of future is unfamiliar yet.

As a forlorn amnesiac, lost
In bare tracts of sandy desert
On a moonless night,
I know not for what I laugh or weep,
Or run or sit in stony silence;
Rough winds blow across the land, and
Sand storms rise to settle on new strips,
Chill bores bones, yet, I
Should walk stark naked all along
Where tired two legs carry the load
In endless sojourn
To unchartered tracts along the lengths
Of timeless time.

The past did make me as I am,
The past did make me as I am,
The past did make me as I am, while
The future will give new strength

Time bred and always fed
All lives, its strength and soul in,
All lives, its strength and soul in,
Its own mysterious mould.

Subtle roots are embedded 'neath firm treat of the past.
And uncertain shoots spread afar
In the sky of future
While the solid trunk marks the advent of times
In circles behind thick bark;
None know what fruits or flowers it bear,
None know what fruits or flowers it bear,
Nor the roots show nor the shoots speak
While the trunk is dumb like its thick bark,
While the shell of time is as hard as time itself.

It grows in lonely grandeur,
Dunny, lame, blind and dumb;
The spurts move from the past to future
As led in leash by the time's subtle hands;
Or is it a rootless goalless sojourn
And endless too through infinite time?
Is it mindless, meaningless flux
Of the roll of roles and interactions
On the shapeless canvas of frameless time?
What is time and what is space
Where the present sinks to the world of Being,
Neither time knows nor space knows, yet;
The present streams out in joyous ignorance
While the Self sails through the sea of time
On high and low tides and waves
In search of nonexistent shores;
The shores are unreal,
The sea, unending and the sail
Sails on and on beyond birth and death
On time's tides and waves

In silent abandon to
Unknown horizons.

I neither sink nor float, but move
For motion's sake;
I neither move nor go still, but give up
To tides those hold me in seize.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

114. Flowers

Gentle, fragrant flowers, we are,
In delightful, vast garden of the heaven;
We, rhythmic colours, swinging in cool breeze,
Create moods and shape our world;
We bask in sunshine, dip in cold night,
We breathe fresh air, dwell in smoke and dust,
We wither and blossom to the nature's dictates;
Yet, sweet always, soft, fragrant algate,
Like the tunes of sweet songs and the joy of love;
We are the nature's art, the creation's rare craft.

All is rare creation in the nature's treasures,
We are each distinct creation's pleasures;
Each paves own road to walk his path,
Sweeps his path and removes road-blocks,
Settles dust and fog and lays welcome arch;
The lanes we lay through the joys of heaven
To lead to the posts where we happen to be we,
In dreams, thoughts, hearts and acts,
Is as smooth as fur that brings lush warmth,
Where a walk is a joy, an absorbing sweet game.

We swing with breeze and throb with colours,
Breathe fragrance that wraps our world;
We change our shapes to conform to needs,
To dreams, desires and noble goals;
Bright like dawn's light, fresh like morning breeze,
We enthuse live spirit, everywhere, always;
Soft and warm, we are, tough and firm in core,
We build bridges to the hearts we need;
We, the soft paintings, the sad musics,
Live like lyrics in the rhythms of life.

No dream is unreal, no goal, impossible,
If right door is found and pathway is sound;
We live to the brim of the highest vision
And bind loose ends of inside and outside
To have this there and that brought here
And bind all threads to a consummate whole;

The stride to be gentle with eyes on the ground
While the heart in far land of peace and joy
And the mind in open sky in search of horizons
Where soul may smile with fuller contentment.

No moisture wets, no weight holds down,
But the moisture and weight add to our grace;
No heat ever sears, no strain ever tears,
But the heat and strain add to inner richness;
In cloud, sunshine, in smoke, limelight,
We find our time to act and rest, lie low and rise,
As unforeseen force contrives to fix;
We sail with wind and move with waves,
But, we, algate we, with all the joy of rise and fall
And seek to keep us in joyous move.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

115. Inside

You have what you deserve,
You save what you preserve,
Blame not fate or unknown hand,
Know yourself, you know all world.

All are born like all others;
Some breakup, a few why rise?
No sweat or brain, not even wealth,
No push or tie explain it ever.

What you deserve is deep inside,
What you deserve is deep inside,
That manifests in real life
As true measure of real strength.

You are white-hot, keek inside,
Trace the flame of divine light
That burns, consumes and thrusts forward,
There, somewhere, where algate you belong.

It knows when and how to click,
It plots its time and place to work;
No prompting or art, no drugs or trick
Ever breached the plot of the inner craft.

It streams wisdom and right approach,
It inspires work and right conduct,
It weaves rare webs of time and place
That lead you for a deserving climb.

You cook by the fire, you have in the oven,
You beget what you deserve deep within;
For everything; there is a befitting end,

Whether you desire or have it in design.

No wisdom alone takes you anywhere
While inside is in suppressed wait;
No ties, no toil or power or grit
Ever awakens you from deep slumber.

If you rise far high you deserve it all;
If you fail and fall you deserve only it
In spite of false wordy long claims;
The world is simple as plain as this.

Inside is not what you make for show,
Inside is not what you have in shreds;
Deep inside, the silent inside
Sinks in soul as an integrated whole.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

116. Open World

Why build walls around you,
Why this love to live in tall towers
While open air is fresh and warm?
Why tie down the life to four little walls,
Why hide from warm sunshine outside
And breathe still air in self-centred cell?

Open your eyes and pull outside,
Open your heart to varied gust of passions,
To streams and seas of dazzling colours;
Crack walls and break-out thro' barriers
To reach the open sky of thousand stars
Where every breath brings a new world of joy.

Wipe out stillness and remove cobwebs,
Shed old sloth and come out of fear
And light inside the cosmic lamp,
Wherefore you belong to all
And all belong to your joy
And you reap all the riches, the world offers.

The still air inside the four walls
Gives space to refreshing breeze
When you fledge wings to reach far horizons;
The nature's bounty
And fresh tides of sweet schemes
Cross your path and meet your course.

The world is vast, rise above rat-holes,
The world is sweet, come out and taste,
Eager hands, there, wait, welcome and hug;
Choose your taste from the infinite lot,
Be one with the world that opens her all,
For, nothing is like the joy of free world.

Break barriers and reach outside,
Feel the rare joy of relief and release
And the refreshing warmth of the mother nature;
No fences stop, no ropes pull back,
No doors shut, no trenches to cross,
And you reach anywhere in absolute sunshine.

No walls ever make you safe and secure,
No mental barrier makes happier you;
Fences obstruct sight, tie down the limbs to space,
Barriers fog the mind with unknown strange fears;
It dulls wit and clouds intellect
And breeds foul stings of doubts and hatred.

Add your some, take back more from
And be one with the nature's infinite charm,
There is your root, life and end;
Hide not from the world, calling you to open arms,
Yet, lose not roots in the inviting open world
And lose not yourself like flowers in wilderness.

Keep open and wait, all come to door;
Smile and invite, all sneak inside
And fill your soul with smile and joy;
All colours, yours all musics, yours,
Twinkles of eyes and glows of smiles,
Loves and warm touches, all yours.

Cold or hot outside is warm,
Pain or pleasure, outside brings joy,
Ups and downs bring strength to life;
It be rise or fall, rest or toil,
Peace of turbulence, soft or hard,
The world outside is infinite joy.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

117. Life Is What You Make Of It

Life is what you make of it,
Like raw clay, lithe, soft and wet
And waits your hand to play on it
With the labour of creative flight
To carve new directions
Of unparalleled notions,
To fight for new heights
Of irrefragable might.

It's deep churning of the sprite within,
It's deep burning in the soul's kiln
For the metamorphosis of invisible kind
To surface new heavens in innermost mind.

Life is not a mendicant's pleasure,
Life is a vision, an intense self's treasure,
It's hard tilling of far-stretching horizons.

It's wild sowing one's dreams and visions
And illuming high sky with the inner-light
And walking self's path algate steadfast
To new field of an awakened soul
To devolve in pomp to experience the whole.

Life is not what others make you
Nor it is what others think you are,
Life is that what you truly are and make of it,
How deep and far, you bare your sprite.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

118. Superior Dogs

They do not know, why they bark,
Why they bite or why they wag;
They do not know, what they do,
What they think or what they want
Or where they go or where they must go;
Mere plastic dolls huddled in window sills
Of a whore's house in a busy market place
For plebeian fun and cheap police frolic.

All, vacuum in mind and body,
A bunch of inflated weightless bubbles
That fear solid floor of rhyme and reason;
They run in silent jerks and motionless spasms
And fangle far hopes to gain some weight.

They catch while grope in ignorance
And grapple and strangle things in savage strength;
They fear light and mask their face
To evade clean and graceful world
And swim in pond of sticky mud
That gives them warmth and brings some weight.

Dogs are dogs, be it superior or not,
They bark and bite, know nothing more;
Lo, a loaf a bread, see the tails wag,
See saliva streams and servile shrieks
Of superior dogs in gyrations round feet!
The conditioned response is a learnt trait;
They pursue while flee and flee while pursue
And cannot say a horse from an ass!

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

119. Hapless Man

A feeble speck in a raging deep ocean,
A faint little gleam among glittering lights is man,
Facing infinite worlds of endless hard struggles
Which sink his soul or lift to new heights.

He is a gentle flower in a wild sand-storm,
While pushed around, leaves his own fragrance
On his track for all the ages to come
To fill the world with rich grace and peace.

He pursues his path to reach nowhere,
He goes standstill to reach a dozen worlds,
He soars in joy and ends up in deep sorrow,
For none, can foresee what makes his morrow.

He, all all alone, in a jungle of men,
He is sad and silent in a maddening din,
An island, in sheath, while plays his role
In unending strange games, the nature unrolls.

He gropes in dark for unexisting streaks of rays
And knows not where lies sunshine's smooth ways,
Back and forth he swings in despair and hope
In unending sufferance for lady-luck's sudden crop.

Unknown to himself and environs around is he,
Nor knows his past nor what the future will be,
A rudderless boat in uprising fierce sea,
He dreams of paradise on the shores, he doesn't see.

A harmless bolt of a spacecraft,
He gives his mite to evolution's big thrust,
He fancies he is all, but really he is small,

A blind little soul that creeps along a narrow tunnel.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

120. The Sun Sets In The West To Rise Again In The East

The sun sets in the West to rise again in the East
As sprightly, lustrous glow in ruddy flood of flames;
He dips to the womb of dreary dark sea
To flood the Earth and Heaven with glassy sunshine next morn
And relume bright hopes on the nature's innocent face;
Spring's mad, mad dance fades to winter's chill breeze
To flush fresh youth in the nature next time
And vesture bridal charm of the green's rousing grace
When spring springs to act in all her mad, mad riots
With bright colours in fast streams in her gentle vital veins.

A parting cannot always be forgone parting of ways,
But often a rousing start of refreshing future meets
Along the incessant path of life's long sojourn
That explores unexplored distant horizons
And thickens old bonds to fresh and lively bounce;
Sturdy, warm, afresh like lustrous North Star,
Day after day and night after night
With calm recollections' thrills
That replenish time-worn rumples.

Adieu, noble light on immortal mortal face,
Bid you loving farewell with writhing pain within;
Let our soft fibres pass through the nature's garinding teeth
And brook infinite odds along the life's course
That fate ordains for the final meet of souls;
For, only beaten gold makes exquisite piece of art
And only hard work invests life with grace;
Destined are we in nature's painful course
To meet and unite in immortal love's bond.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

121. Love Is Boundless

Love is boundless like stars in all sky,
Love is boundless like depth of blue sky,
Love is boundless like breadth of round sky,
Love is subtle creation of celestial flow,
Love is light, life, soul's immortal glow.

Love is inner fusion, union of halves,
Binding of threads to grand completion,
A thrust forward of cosmic processes
To peace, balance and sweet fulfillment;
Love unwinds to nature's pristine heart.

Love is outflow of cosmic passions,
Blow of forces of unworldly fusions,
Where eternal tides of pains and joys
Seize, tear, haul, grind, raise and fall,
Drag on hell-fire to cleanse the soul.

Hell and heaven, hand in hand is love—
Clusters of long pains on joy's canvas,
A tower of joy atop pains' huge mound,
A glimmer of light from night's womb,
An immortal flame of subliminal light.

Love is all worlds, complete in itself,
Love is like sun while going is bright,
Full moon-like while befalls cruel night;
Love is divine tide that raises and falls
To heavenly heights and hell's depths.

But love is great lift of soul and heart,
Of thoughts, feelings and bodily forms;
Love blossoms soul and deepens heart,
It heightens thoughts, softens feelings

And brightens charms in bodily forms.

Its paths are straight, simple and short
And readily loses track in life's labyrinth
To run aimless through tortuous circuits
Till legs fail, spirit flees and emotions flag,
But soul runs its course oblivious of pains.

Love is lovely, rosy, but full of thorns,
It bleeds like hell, but feeds inner needs
Of oneness with itself, peace, fulfillment;
Love is god's light, sublime and bright,
It lifts two souls to subtle celestial goal.

Love is right match, love, perfect match
That devolves completeness to this world,
Of balance, poise and fuller state of peace
From imbalances and discords abound around,
And lifts world nearer to god's grand abode.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

122. Cosmic Game

All is an uncertain changing phase
In the endless stream of cosmic game;
All are ignorant, mute swimmers
In the endless tides of cosmic rhythm.

People and places come and go
In strange frames of time;
Events rise in unknown sequence
And sink then back as it has come.

New worlds rise in place of old
To grow as old themselves;
The unending flux in the cosmic womb
Yields to imperceptible evolution.

Who created cosmos, for what purpose,
The creator himself knows not;
Where had it begun and where it heads,
The creator himself knows not.

Who authored evolution, how and why?
Why this, now, here and that, then, there
Though in cosmic symmetry indeed,
How invented by what infinite mind?

How purposes surface from endless mess?
How order springs from purposeless heap?
Who decides sequence and cause and effect
And sinks to naught as never exist?

Nothing is plain as good or bad,
Nothing is distinct like black and white;
All are gray like evening light

And frowned or praised at time's dictates.

No patch of cloud can reach the heaven,
No matter encroaches on the cosmic will;
Can the tides in sea change the sun's course?
Can the ripples in well shake the seven seas?

All are piggybacks on the cosmic plot,
The plain missiles of the cosmic plosion;
Yet, an unknown thrust and order rules
All rise and fall and jump and swing.

We partake in a mysterious game,
We partake in a mysterious game,
Where as mere tools, we play the game,
Though inside it, nowhere belong.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

123. Compromise

Pay the price of pride
To rise high to dizzy heights,
To reap riches and joy;
Unwind conscience
To compromise with of life
And win the life's game.

Self-imposed fences
Of right and wrong and good and bad
Bind to a blind fulcrum; No caged bird
Flies in sky and in freedom
To catch and eat worms.

Man loses to gain,
Falls to rise and bends to standup,
For, the world is made so;
His blind moves
In tandem with only what heart dictates
End in loss, fall and final break.

Man is a prisoner
Of the time and space that spawned him
And obeys its rules always;
None can hope to outlive
And rise to timeless and spaceless milieu,
And yet have a smooth passage.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

124. The Nature's Riches

Beauty is here, and now,
If you have insight to engage;
Pleasure is in every move,
If you have eager heart, to seize.

Every warp and woof
In the nature, an enthralling wonder;
Every rise and fall,
Here, a heavenly splendour.

Wherever fall the eager eyes,
There is beauty, joy and riches;
Wherever passion stirs action,
There are hundred roads open.

The nature is an open world,
Where valiant seekers can pick anything;
Nothing there is beyond human reach,
Only if one pay the right earnest.

Have the right taste and zeal in heart,
Everything then falls in line;
Keep both eyes open, shun not interaction
And see the nature's treasures surface and shine.

The nature seeks the flames of zeal,
She adores her treasure's ardent seekers;
She lies scattered, all exposed,
To rouse interests and stir passions.

Have courage to reach,
To meet, rip and pierce within;
Lo, flows she from all sides

Like the early glow of the refreshing dawn.

Her every inch is a subtle charm,
It be sky, the earth, a hill or a dale,
A man, a woman, a bird or a tree,
It be love, labour, hate or rest.

Open your eyes to the tempting charms,
Open up the soul to the nature's fragrance;
Open up to the riches of her touches
And open the self to the heaven of her music.

Keep open yourself,
The nature willingly bares herself;
Shut not the heart
While she seeks you in all her splendour.

Love the nature for all her worth,
Love the men and women around you;
The little acts and mischiefs they do,
Bare the riches of the nature's charm.

All joy, riches and rare charm,
For those who seek and act;
Blame not the nature, blame yourself,
If you find no water in an ocean trough.

Riches are scattered around you,
Choose and pick what you desire;
Train eyes and sharpen ears,
Run and work the hands to grab.

All are there for each of us,
To meet each man's individual needs;
Listen inside and then you decide

And eat from her inexhaustible treasure.

Be honest in desire,
No shy or fear let bewilder you;
The riches, joy and all the beauty,
All day and night, just wait for you.

Have glow in eyes
To find the worth of all you meet;
Have fire in heart
To win and bear all you want.

Cravings aye deepen cravings
To deepen the subtle pleasures within,
Cravings aye meet cravings
To bring in the nature, fulfilment.

Yield to cravings
To rip and reap the joy ahead;
You waste not the nature's rare blessings,
But, show her how precious she is.

Though live in the dazzle,
Why you look so dull and gloomy?
Yours all, go, grab and hug,
None stop, if you rise to the occasion.

Dig the earth and have water,
Rip the sheath and have the soft core;
Fight your path to meet your post,
For, the valiant alone deserves rare fare.

Play and please the playful nature,
Play hide and seek and have her all;
When she comes, she comes in full
In all her hues, in all her beauty.

When you win the nature,
You win this life, you win this world;
All charm and joy lie on your feet,
Come and have her, all for you.

The nature is there, always there,
She must reach you some day;
You build a soft passion's bridge
To meet and drink all her charm.

It be here or there or somewhere,
The nature craves as you for her;
Reach for her and melt with her
And feel the nature's joy stream in you.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

125. Inner Light

An eternal lamp is lit in you,
It sheds the light of conscience;
Pure and glowing like the morning dew,
It awakens soul to the conscious world.

Focus your soul to its inner glow,
Listen to what the soul speaks to it;
What you hear is the right judgment;
Stick to it like life does to sunlight.

The light in you is gentle and bright,
Seek it, trace it and make it your own;
It sinks at ease in darkness around,
Waste not a minute, you deeply imbibe it.

Let the lamp be lit in dirtless oil,
You pour from within the spotless soul;
For, impurities spew black smoke outward
And blur sight and contaminate breath.

The eternal lamp that is lit in you
Sifts truths from the uncertainties in you;
Depend on it and protect it from all,
That is inner strength that is your wealth.

The lamp within that lights your soul,
An immortal spark of the cosmic light,
That makes you, you, and a part of the cosmos;
Live it and partake in the cosmic thrust.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

126. Life Is A Vision

Life is what you make of it,
Like raw clay, lithe, soft and wet
And waits your hand to play on it
With the labour of creative flight
To carve new directions
Of unparalleled notions,
To fight for new heights
Of irrefragable might.

It's deep churning of the sprite within,
It's deep burning in the soul's kiln
For the metamorphosis of invisible kind
To surface new heavens in innermost mind.

Life is not a mendicant's pleasure,
Life is a vision, an intense self's treasure,
It's hard tilling of far-stretching horizons.

It's wild sowing one's dreams and visions
And illuming high sky with the inner-light
And walking self's path algate steadfast
To new field of an awakened soul
To devolve in pomp to experience the whole.

Life is not what others make you
Nor it is what others think you are,
Life is that what you truly are and make of it,
How deep and far, you bare your sprite.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

127. Stamp Of Life

All come and go like actors
And do bits in own sectors
On the huge stage of the life's play
And stamp themselves on time's clay.

Some inscribe by the life's thick milk
And drape their names in soft silk,
While many write by gory blood
And stamp wrath and hatred in red.

Confused scenes and acts make life
Of love, hate, friendship and strife,
Confused moves, emotions and intellects
Weave plots of abstract novel crafts.

Thrills, horrors, upheavals and tragedies,
Deep Passions, romance and comedies
Play side by side on the live stage
With play within play in unending maze.

Bonds are made, bonds are unmade,
Histrionics are in-between played
In blinding glare of the artificial light
While backstage is dark, still and silent.

Today he is king, tomorrow, plays villain,
Next day, he may play the role of a demon;
He is, simple he, while goes to side-wings,
And sheds false complexes of his role-plays.

All are almost the same inside,
All are almost the same inside,
But for the skill of playing a part,

While all go as per script and dim goes light.

This or that, or big or small,
They are all, unknown fate's call,
Whatever is there, take on that role,
What meets on road, act that all well.

Not what is played, but how it is played,
Marks the stamp of distinction;
Not how long is played, but how intense, played
Makes dints on the long histories of men.

While on the stage, all is bright and loud,
Talks, fights, actions and songs,
Ceaseless haste, nerve-wrecking sound,
All go dunny when curtain down wrings.

Some play their part, ignore all the rest,
Some follow story-line till the very end;
Role-play makes man, what part he played;
In pedetentous moves, it forms his mould.

Nothing loses on the open stage,
Nothing misses from the nature's gaze;
Everything is there at all the times
And adds to the endless evolution's boom.

Bonds of heart and the bridges of soul,
The feel of love's umblical chord,
Survive the open stage to the pitch-dark hole
Where roles are recast and plots are made.

An unseen bond binds time and place,
An unseen hand coordinates all;
It is not an unbound mad race,

But a mysterious game of who knows all.

It is how is human drama,
It is what makes human drama
Where backstage and front-stage, intermingled,
One out of sight, one, open on the ground

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

128. I Know My Path

I know my path,
I know my goal
Though nestled in indistinct shades
Amid myriad shoddy trivialities
Of barren desires and day-dreams.

I know the earth
That bears my weight;
The load it bears for my sake
And the day when it pines for me,
While no bonds hold us so close.

I know sunshine
That warms my heart,
I know the breeze
That romps on my route
To smooth rumples
To soothe disaffections
That seize my self.

I know the source
Of my soul's twilight
And incessant struggle
That obscures my sight
To plunge in Hamlet's sad shame.

I know my acts,
I know my thoughts,
I know the gulf
That divides my acts and thoughts
And the width of the gap
That frowns my verve.

I know I as myself
In nuances of all my moods,
In beats of passions,
In laughters, in sorrows,
In idle indolence
That plays hide and seek.

I know me in my thoughts,
In my heart and soul
As a flash of my being
With all its glare and dark spots
That mould character.

I know me in essence,
It makes all the difference;
It hoists my mind
To lofty heights of detachment
Of resolute confidence
And indefectible definite sight
That sees a slut as a slut
To march in right earnest,
Though upstream of popular will
For just dispensations.

My stride is steady,
My outlook is fresh,
Too abstruse to trite intellects,
Too innovative for degustations
Of plebeian taste.

I stalk in resolute steps,
I touch with definite signs
That engrave my indelible marks
In gross wise contemn
To what lazy pratters chat;
For, I know my strengths,
For, I know my ends
And what uncalled opinions are,
Their strengths and length
In my mission's long flight.

My acts are my heart's notes,
Notes of all times
That couch me in distinct form;
My strides speak my mind,
My stalks spell my ends
And I am distinct,
Distinct from outside cobwebs

That contrive to restrict my path,
That conspire to refix my goals,
To lead me in alien terms
To its vulgar will,
To submit to mass profile
Of discrete thoughts, words and acts
On bests of mass mandate
As an engine of popular appeal
In lie of my soul's dictates,
Ego's strength and convictions.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

129. The Nature

Beauty is the nature's natural name,
The nature is poet's soulful game;
Her moods, rhythms and colours frame
Heaven on the earth in poet's dream.

Picturesque orchestra of the nature's rhyme
Stirs subtle sweet passion's flame;
The nature sings in silence for all souls,
Dawns new feel of devotional whole.

Blue in the sky and green all round
How change in mood with the passing time!
Cool of breeze and warmth of sunshine
How weave rare joy in the nature's womb!

Musics of streams and chirpings of birds
Rise like hymns from the nature's trove,
Clouds afloat and smiling sweet flowers
Swing in wind to greet all souls.

Air is thick with relaxed mood,
What a thrill, what an inspiring stir
Hangs in air like the heaven's benison
And blends onlookers with the nature's soul!

The grace of god as heavenly light
Diffracts as kaleidoscopic spectrum,
A spell everywhere, arcane vibrations,
The nature's music catches like fire.

What a sweet soft madness inside,
What a sweet soft madness inside
In the nature's calm rise and fall,
In the still quietude, in the quiet simple mood!

Those simple forms, those gentle hues,
Those quiet moves, those silent songs,
Those magic spells of sweet fragrance,
What a blend, what a shocking grace!

The nature, not mere nature, a cradle of beauty,
A ladder for all divine gifts,
An open keek to the streaks of heaven
In untouched lively virgin form.

The nature is a clean mirror of the soul
Where the soul itself reflects for real,
Bright like the sun, yet soft like the moon
And refreshingly pure like the morning dews.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

130. Those Carefree Days

Those carefree days,
No bonds whatsoever, though in leashes,
Where I could move round the fulcrum
In gay abandonment
Like happy birds in the sky;
I could walk, run and jump,
Even fly
In weightless freedom;
No cares to pindown,
No dark spots, no concern,
All gay and bright like a child's smile;
No thoughts to bother,
No fears of future
And actions met thoughts in perfection;
No deadlines to meet,
No pressures to resist,
But meet all tides as it visit
In perfect leisure.

I felt like sitting on the top of the earth,
I felt like walking through white clouds in heaven,
I felt light wings raising me to the moon
Where I could dream all and attain all that.

No barriers around me,
No fences to any,
No classes to conform,
No standards to measure;
I could see and walk anywhere
Like a pet rabbit;
The world was a huge playground then,
All playful games,
No strains anywhere, no competitions,
But, trust and love filled my world;
I laughed at will,
I shouted mouthful,
I talked and talked to all;
No masters and servants,
No classes bothered me;

I sought sparkles in eyes
To build my bridges
And innocence in smiles
To meet friendship;
I said what I thought
And thought what I said,
I did what I said
And said what I did
In open heart;
I lived like a king,
All my own,
Where none could intrude.

I saw all equal, as they came to the earth,
I saw the world simple, as it always is.

I spoke my heart as simple truth
In all its passions and emotions;
No do's and no donot's
No shames and fears;
No age or sex or state to consider,
Where I stood above all
With my own simple, clear judgements,
which none could dare to contradict;
No heat or rain restrained me,
No knowledge of pain refrained me,
In meeting what I want;
I flew from east to west and north to south
In the same gay mood,
From star to star, I jumped
In playful abandonment;
I laughed a day and wept next day
In full blast to the pressures of heart,
With no cause or reason behind
And no pressures to account.

The carefree days did light my spirit
To candescent glow of pure morning rays;
The carefree days did raise my spirit
To formless deep pleasure of clam enlightenment.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

131. Void

Transparent still of thick nought is void
That fills all space in fluid quietude;
It is pregnant joy, deep `neath calm twilight
That sweeps mind clean with instreaming glint
And stills heart in joy and soothes Self
And resiles soul to primeval grace
And lights the cosmos with celestial nothingness.

Void is implosion of concentrated human core
That splashes still waves of enlightenment,
Subtle poise, calm grace and strength;
Void is mystic pond of undisturbed surface
Of pearly, crystal water of pristine, divine charm;
It is cool world of thousand warm Suns
Where calm cool and joyous warmth fuse to pregnant nought.

The soul, dipped in bottomless void
Sets on an inward sail
On infinite route in search of unending peace
With all senses shut and perceptions dipped
And Self drinks deep from the void's peaceful nought
And sheds inner strains and constraints
To light the soul in pure ecstatic glow.

Void is the seed, void is the fruit,
Void is the Earth where life's roots spread;
Void is the ocean were soul freely sails,
A sky, so high that no eye dares to rise,
A nought that rhymes to the muse of the soul
And spreads divine spell of peaceful charm
Where souls dissolve to bright cosmic light.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

132. Poetic Inspiration

She pours in spasms
Like sunshine through the patches of clouds,
She pours uncalled
In majestic cascades,
Sometimes, just refuses to show up
And bides to her own feminine mood;
The lady charm loves her hide and seek
Like a proud and pretty damsel;
She hides while sought
And seeks while you hide
To tune your world to her deeper treasures;
While you need her most,
She thins in air and teases your cool;
While you resign to her spells
In leisurely lull of lush slumber,
She lurks through the soul;
She shoots from mind in graceful words
And strikes the soul with a bright glow
And rolls down in wonders of new shapes
To rock the mood and shock the soul;
She blows like wind and purs like rain
And soaks the heart to sprout poems;
She flows from self like silk bits of cocoon
And weaves pretty bits in warps and woofs.

She is molten self
And streams from the inner fount
'Neath thick pack of pains and pleasures,
'Neath the weight of strain and stresses
That heat red-hot and mould the soul;
She cracks reason and shatters prejudices
And kicks through the walls of sensibilities womb
To be born in the poet's world
In fluid words with passion's wings
To spread rhythms of peace in passion's riots
While all is calm and strangely still;
She is her own, like her feminine mood,
Unpredictable, unsure. Yet, calm and wet.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

133. Blue Beauty

I saw her walking along the Heaven,
All in blue with black flow of hair,
Step on step like white halo all round;
She swept like warm breeze that carries fragrance,
Like the glow of dream in mute, still slumber
And left a sweet storm in my weak heart
That still throbs to her footsteps,
The blue in her soul like flash of light
Caught my soul with lingering notes
Of long forgotten far musics of Heaven.

She was all blue, but bustling beauty
Like quiet eye, stirred by love,
Brooding yet intense, sad but sweet,
A flight of lights in heavy dull world;
No ice can freeze her, no fires, melt,
She was all own, pure and deep like sky,
Far beyond my world, yet my own,
For, once in, there she spreads like flood
In pure blue that soaks soul with beauty
Of peace, love and quiet dignity.

She floods like tides of deep blue ocean,
My little shores of dreams and thoughts;
She sweeps the floor, smooths the shore
And recedes back to her deep blue world,
Though in me, she still is a daily guest;
For, things like her are there although nowhere;
She stirs my sleep and stills commotions
In subtle blue swirls that caught my soul,
Some swirls that catch are more desirable
Than all freedoms, the worlds can spare.

I am no more a free soul or heart,
Nor a life on own right;
Dipped in blue, dyed and dissolved in blue,
She charm the world in blue beauty;
I am caught in her eyes and she in me,
We roll like one though so far away;

My heart beats to her notes, hers to mine,
Our blue souls find beauty together;
Yet the blue beauty is far from me,
Perhaps seeking me while I seek her.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

134. Tulu Nadu

A land of valour and truth, Tulu Nadu
Where Sathya, Dharma and Sankalpa, blend to a strange broth
Of pride, courage and openness,
Where love for rectitude and selfless devotion
Warp to a fierce way of life,
Where flames of pride and courageous resolve
Meet to raise an energetic land,
That sits besides his queen, the Arabian sea,
Whose waves wash and caress his feet all day,
Where no trusts ever breach, no ties ever break,
No words ever die, no promises ever reneged,
Where helpless calls see the life and death defence.

Tuluvas, a class apart in imperious state,
Tigers in all splendours of invincible might
In the jungle of pigs, donkeys and sheeps;
There are a rare rugged island of spartan folks
In the ocean of shams and deceptions,
And look around in righteous indignation;
As Billavas, Bunts, Saraswats, and Christians
As Brahmins, Muslims, Bestas or as Jains,
The threads of Tulu, Konkan, Kannada and Malayalam too,
Bind them all as Tuluva soldiers,
Who breed on Tulu earth and feed in Tulu strengths
And spread by Tulu winds to far away worlds.

When Tuluva touches a stone, a temple is born,
When a Tuluva touches tool, an industry is born;
He rises from earth and spreads to sky like a tower
To the shocks of lesser suffering lots;
The heat and sweat that warms his heart,
The rain and green that enriche his soul,
Break false sheaths to extract his true self
In dazzling fresh shine for all the world to see,
In Kolas, Yakshaganas and age-old cockfights
In Nemas, Paddhanas and Bhootharadhanas;
The fish and toddy and boiled rice in veins
Unwind his spirit for back-breaking work.

A land of distinct moods, thoughts and nature
Of distinct life, values, goals and culture,
With sea and ghats and Konkan and Malabar
On guard to fend from contaminations,
Where mothers rule, Aliya Santhana prevails,
Where years roll on solar movements,
Whose warm breeze, washed by the Arabian sea waves,
Whose rare earth, soaked with rich Tuluva soft ways,
Sprout proud great men and spawn pretty girls
And spread fields and forests, full of rich greens;
Tulu Nadu, the shield of great Indian virtues
Stands across ghats like gaint gomata statues.

The rugged Tuluvas are gentle and upright,
Who shed blood for ancestors' self-respect,
Who raise not heads and offer ready obeisance
In front of elders and noble deeds;
They seek perfection, they take greatness
And accept nothing but the topmost slot;
They fight like tigers and win or die,
But, come not down to meet in the middle;
Forces may seize them, but never caputre,
Strengths may break them, but never bend;
For, they breathe Tulu air and live on Tulu earth
And Tulu warmth and passions stream in their veins.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

135. Shackles

Man is in shackles everywhere,
Within, without, near and afar;
Man is in strife and constant fear
Of own, of men, of the present and future.

He is a lonely fly
Caught in an intricate web;
He forces his pace,
Wings shut, Will whittled,
With doom in perpetual wait
At left, right, up and down;
In mysterious zigzag puzzles,
In crossroads
With no signboards anywhere,
But wrong signals
Of frailties and deceptions;
He pursues his path
Of rise and fall
In blinkers.

No choice but to follow, what all must,
Smell chances and pursue instinct
In disguised bondage of the unknown fate,
What makes man unliberated and mute.

Fences, walls and trenches outside
Stunt and shock the quietude of the walk;
Ropes, smokes and darkness inside
Halt the spurs to run ariot to miles;
The war is afoot
To straff and kill free instinct,
The field is riven with smoke screens
That make indistinct inner sight.

The world is wide, but nowhere to go,

Roads are many, but barricades, everywhere;
The nature is bountiful, but little is to choose,
Man is free like a bird, yet, unsure how to fly.

Men create barriers,
Men fight each other;
They raise dust-storms
That blind the world
And leave back disorder,
Where freedom is swept away
And all is in bad shackles
Of fear, jealous, anger and hate,
Of greed, arrogance and indifference;
Each is a shackle
And the world is a bundle of bad shackles,
Where each is against all,
And all, against each.

This is how we live in the world!
This is how we safeguard us!
Each makes this world less free for all,
To make the world more free for him.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

136. Life And Cosmos

Life is a speck of light
In the womb of infinite darkness,
Life is a chance movement
In the ocean of ceaseless stillness.

Life is a celestial pinhole,
Where matter rocks in endless cycle,
In and out of consciousness
In isolation of cosmic stillness.

A breach in still darkness is life,
A winnock to the depths of the unknown cosmos;
Life is matter's animated form,
The stage, where played all cosmic games.

Life is a great white-hole
That expells all matters as bright light,
Life is a weightless mole
That unravels secrets of the cosmic womb.

A lonely island of wonders is life
In monotonous expanse of still matter;
Life is green in dull blue mass,
The tip of evolution in the celestial process.

Life is an accident of space,
A cosmic chance eruption in infinity,
A self-sustaining glow of spirit
That comes from and dissolves to endless mass.

The subtle rhythms of life
That rises and dips in endless space
Thro' the layers of still dark matter,

A creative dance of the restless cosmos.

Like a lonely little star
On a newmoon rainy sky,
Life twinkles in lonely splendour
In ever-expanding heath of darkness.

Life is a bright relief
Where cosmos breathes end and means,
Where breeds time and space
And sprouts fresh thoughts in eternal continuum.

Life is the cosmic nerve-centre,
Though a minute pack of illumination;
It casts invisible subtle light
Through the length and breadth of the cosmos.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

137. Marathon Race

My life is like a marathon race,
A run for hope
On an unending stretch
To reach a far away dream.

It is a run on a blind alley
Along a dreadfully narrow valley,
Rising uphill sometimes,
Falling downhill most of the times
To invisible morrows
In the thick fog of uncertainties.

It is a restless race
In a confusing maze,
Though resting places are aplenty
On both sides of the road,
No mood to break the inspired race,
No patience to brook and look back,
For, the race once began,
To the end, must be run.

The path is long, far and lonely,
With roses and thorns and slippery surface;
But, I am here to run that far,
But, I am here to run that far
Till legs fail and I go still
In the sweet nectar of lush darkness.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

138. Beauty

Face to face with enthralling beauty,
Words go dumb and limbs, lithe;
All senses dwell on the divine charm
And balk from the world that surrounds it.

While beauty floods, breathless I go,
Joy swells inside and bursts outside;
I, in the beauty and the beauty, in me,
We merge in each, and live goes sweet beauty.

Beauty breathes and talks, dances too,
Beauty reaches and touches, seizes too;
Beauty is a force, none can resist with ease,
Beauty is a place where god sits with grace.

Wherever I look, there is beauty,
Wherever I look, there is beauty,
It invites to reach the subtle core
And builds bridges to the secrets of god.

What makes beauty, beauty, a gentle force,
A seat of joy and grace and peace?
What makes beauty rise like a magical spell
And liquate whole being to rhythmic soft music?

Is it formless god devolved on the earth
Or wisdom of holy sages in rebirth
In aureate splendour, reaching our earth?
Or a glisk of the nature's innocent smile?

What is beauty, but a communion of souls?
What is beauty, but an expression of the whole?
Beauty reaches god and drinks his glory

And brings his grace to the lower world.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

139. Bangladesh Cyclone

Tall walls of water
In the fierce night of the screaming winds
Broke into god-forsaken Bangladesh;
The destructive dance of the killer gales,
The sweep and roll of the mountainous water
In unending roar of the nature's fury
Struck the land
Like the death's wanton game,
With bloated carcasses of men and cattle,
Of hapless babies and shattered mothers,
Scattered in heaps
Like plague-infested rats
In fields, streets, rubbles and gutters.

Blown-off roofs, Collapsed walls,
Upturned trees and ruined crops,
Not a life that could save itself!
Not a structure that stood itself!
All blown and rolled in watery mass
That still groped like esurient death,
Still blood-thirsty,
Still, for more lives;
Death, misery, fear,
Disease and hunger
Filled the air,
A hope for future
And instinct to survive
Fought on the ground, a losing battle.

No warmth anywhere,
No smile anywhere,
No love and hate,
No pride or kindness;
Common sorrow flattened all,
Like the fall of night on a desert tract,
Like the fall of bomb on Hiroshima;
The human mass of Bangladesh

Like hapless cold pebbles of hell,
Lo, plead the world to save their souls
From the cruel nature's unabated gruel.

How hapless is man in face of the nature!
A mere human mass like any other creature!
What a struggle, somehow to survive!
What a fight to save near and dears!
What a courage in the face of odds!
To withstand a demoniac force!
Lo, mothers with babies in upraised hands,
Carried by floods to the death's holes;
Fathers huddled with kins on roof-tops
Collapsed with walls to watery graves;
Young loves braved oncoming giant waves
With passionate clasps
Around each other
To drown together in the gaping certain death.

Wind and water sped everywhere there
In death's ferocious hunger;
There, death rode on the wild tidal waves,
Destruction blew with fatal cyclones
And grappled Chittagong and Cox Bazar,
Big and tiddy country-sides,
In a quiet night of restful sleep
With untold knocks of the death's foul tools;
Nowhere could they go to save their lives,
No friends be of help, no elders could help;
Nowhere they could go to save their lives,
But, shut their eyes and pray the almighty.

Water there rained, like dirty hell,
Water rushed from all the sides,
Winds blew,
The watery world is in watery turmoil;
No soul is safe,
No glimmer of hope;
Virtual darkness in day itself

With demoniac clouds Yet hurrying in the sky;
The flares of hunger
In painful chill,
The fear of life In helplessness
Brought unseen hell down on the Earth.

The nature showed her invincible strength,
The nature revealed her suppressed anger
And proved to the world who is the master,
The ultimate winner in the historical struggle
Of the man to control the nature's powers;
No science rescued man
In the worst disaster
While lakhs died and crores, helpless,
While crores wept for the life's sake,
While they went mad with fear and disease,
With loss, grief and hunger's stabs
And doomed to nought in a few hours.

What a tragic disaster in human life!
A reminder that none in this world is safe;
All is right now, what next, who knows?
What brings what, when, why and how,
No stars predict, no scientists derive;
Disasters in mad flares of the discontented nature
Shoot in mysterious forms and vibrations
With panic on toes and deaths on heels
And havoc at the back like the Satan's shadows
That fall on the earth to squeeze life out.

Old sun is there,
Old moon and stars are there,
The unending sky is also there,
But, how changed the world overnight!
The babies who smiled a day back
Rot as corpse in deep waters!
Sons, daughters, fathers and mothers, Alive then,
Forlorn or dead now!
Busy streets,

Today, watery graves!
Living quarters,
Dreary watery holes!

No street-lining shops, No age-old giant trees,
No schools, mosques, markets, hospitals,
But, water, water, water all round;
Black clouds in the sky,
Deep water on the land,
Unending gust of cyclone all round;
God-forsaken man sits in the middle
And knows not whether he is dead or alive.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

140. When I Look Back

When I look back,
Scenes of myriad comedies and tragedies
In innumerable hues and shades
Crowd the lanes of memories;
The shades in different garbs
Knock the doors of emotions Scene after scene;
How they all hauled me here
Along the unpredictable zigzag track,
I wonder in shock;
Ups and downs,
Jerks and shakes and tremors of shifts,
What plans and rules and terms of life,
How led me here,
For what transcendent end,
I can never figure out;
The laughs and grief,
Hid deep in the past's safe selves,
What dear salvation's ends serve,
Only the creator himself perhaps knows;
Each portrait from the womb of the past,
Be it pain or pleasure, or fall or rise,
Surfaces with dazzling aureate frame;
I delve on each, run over and over,
To bury the present in the shadows of the past
And dig a peep to the days ahead.

My past is a pasture trod by love, loss and fall,
Where beasts strayed to feast on gentle souls.

Men and women of most blessed kind
Light my past like the jewels of a crown;
The lilting lyrics and the immortal rhythms,
Those souls delivered to my life,
Carry me onward where only angels tread
And make the past, a valued treasure;
Like crystal dew on green leaves at dawn,
They refresh soul from the past's myriad streams.

There are fearsome ravines,
Deeper than a thousand hells;
There are dizzy heights too,
Where there were fears of steep fall;
Velvet spreads of tablelands too,
Where I plodded like a ghost in sleep,
And specters of stillness haunted soul;
Each surfaces from the bygone days
Through the long unending memory's lanes;
There were wild chases that led to naught,
There were weak limbs to reach impossible heights,
Lucks, windfalls and joyous turnarounds too;
The moonlit dreams of love and joy,
The steely cold realities of the world around,
That brought down my feet on the firm ground;
They carry me onwards in detachment now
On the wings of the cool breeze of reflections.

Tempests were there,
All now holed up in the depths of the past
And I stand alone like cynosure and absorb it all;
I learn in slow process to live with it all;
The barrier does breach at times
And the past rushes in floods to the present
And inconsolable goes my heart
For the past that was lost forever
With its love and joy and pristine beauty;
A subtle and lovely world that was the past
That shows me in my true colours,
Untouched by the dazzle of the false self.

The past is never lost, it whispers in the present;
The past is the guide that leads me ahead
To the cosmic unity of the time, space and deed.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

141. India

The proud land of valiant warrior kings
Who fought to death to vanquish arrogance,
The rich lush field of thinkers and artists
Where thoughts and beauty blend to new heights,
The subtle vast space of spiritual lights
That spread to the world like benign wisdom,
The sprite that never quailed inside are India
That weathered all shocks and time's fury
In stoic still and quiet confidence
That instilled in soul, guides her long course.

India, I the seat of right life and sacred rites,
The womb of all pursuits to unknown goal
In evolution's wild painful spurts
That jolt humanity to shocks of celestial rhythms;
India, the throne of truth, beauty, moral orders,
The hive of yogis in spiritual pursuits
Whose insights guard this land from time's onslaughts
That built and ruined countless nations;
Though fell in time's celestial cycle, algate rose
With new strengths to culture's richer heights.

An island of kind hearts and rectitude
With the nature's barriers in guard on all sides,
India is distinct like the polaris in night sky,
A still beacon of the world for inward sojourn,
A constant little glow of hopes and resilience
While the world crumbles to the gulf of savage sin
Of wars, violence and lusty heinous crimes;
A live granary of the world's choice cultures
Where the bests of the East and west meet to melt
To a rich blend of this and outside worlds.

India, the holy temple of the world,
India, the spiritual heart of the world,
Where the steady silent lamp of love, faith and wisdom
Spreads dim light in ceaseless splendours
To quell glooms of greed and ignorance,

Stills storms and holds floods those raven the world
In benign grace distinct to her charm,
Like great souls of laserlike psychic force
Who cool fires and still earth-quakes
And tame man-eaters by gentle flash of eyes.
The great Buddha and Gandhi drank her charms,
The great Geetha and Vedas caught her warmth;
Ashoka and Akbar lived true to her spirits,
Like pretty little sparkles of her celestial glow;
India may go torn and balked a day
And knit again as a vast united land;
But, her soul speaks and blood streams
All over her land at all the time,
Like earthworms those live distinct in bits;
For India is not a land, but a sacred spirit.

No doubt, India is a shameful huge minion today,
A coward Soviet's protectorate in disguise
While crawls on the feet of the State's distant might
And wails at doors of the tiny japan and france
For day's bread with long begging bowls:
With her crippled limbs and parched straw tongue,
India no more stands firm nor speaks aloud,
While Japan, Korea, Iraq and Israel rose from dusts
To face world-mights eye to eye;
No more is she a spiritual guide, but a stupid confounded noise.

No truth, beauty or rectitude; no final goals,
But to stand up to little Pakistan's mischiefs,
All her goals, all her spirits and hopes;
The giant China overawes her,
The little Pakistan disheartens her;
She starves hard labour, feeds thieves and cheats;
She ravages innocence, breeds rats and bed-bugs
Who suck the blood of her rectitude and beauty;
No souls rise to stir her bleak, shattered spirit,
For, her poisoned womb can hold no clean soul now.

Dark age, like dark tunnels in a hilly tract
Along the path to a distant unknown goal,
Do dout all lights and blind inner sights
In the circuitous course of a nation's life;

The fall is a phase for a steep rise,
The gloom is a game to call-in the past splendours;
Her sacred lamp should soon light the world,
Her quiet strengths should soon charm the world;
India, the world's holy spiritual guide should rise soon
To her old Self like a war-worn king returns to his throne.

Black clouds cannot hide infinite sky,
The bleak times cannot dim India's spiritual glow;
Destined is she to guide and mother the world
Along the right path of truth and beauty
Thro' spine-chilling gulfs and horrendous hells
Those dug deep on the way in hide to attack;
The war is long and the leader on the saddle
Holds her reigns and guides her troops;
Some battles are lost and troops step back
To win war and vanquish final goals.

The sacred land, awash with holy hymns,
The divine hearth ablaze with meditations,
The quiet battleground, littered with contemplations,
Rises to Himalayan heights and delves to ocean depths
To uncover fragrance of the subtle human life
And sweeten the world with its quiet spread;
All Indian strains bear the rare stamp-
In arts and crafts, in science and culture
Or wars, morals, commerce or literature,
In pride and valour, in skill and sports.

India, the great, the crown of moral world,
India, the playground of truth and nonviolence,
Of valiant warriors who shed blood for the land;
India, the home of sacred religious thoughts,
Of countless riches, of noble scholarships;
India, the land of nature's fulsome beauty
That soothes soul by rhythmic musical heaves
Of all still and quiet peace "Om", one with infinite sky,
And brings grace and rectitude, unseen any where
To her proud sons who love her more than themselves.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

142. Voyage Of Life

The voyage is long,
Uncertain,
On the turbulent sea
That heaves in violent waves
To fling the life-craft
High to the Heaven
And dropp deep to the bowels
Of watery grave
Along the sail
To distant, dark shore
Of unforeseen future.

The boat on voyage
Mounts and dismounts dancing waves
And sails in stolid gait,
Impervious
To rise and fall
In pursuit of time,
Dunny to the toss to left and right
In maddening swirl.

It is an unwavering sail
In midst of torments
On surface
While sunk to depth
In strength
Of placid peace and sober grace.

The voyage is strite,
Rife
With ravenous rocks
Of passion, ill-will,
And mischiefs
That surface between the waves
And unravel designs
Of the unfavourable wind
And soft spots
Of the life's sojourn
And bares the dints

Of the nature's cruel farce
And fierce dance.

The sail is on its route
In definite' direction;
It takes all odds,
It drinks all strifes
As it come,
In simple, pure courage
That guides this proud voyage;
Not-too-uncommon crafts
Do sink to the floor of sea
As lost cause, lost forever
In the nature's ravages
And lie scattered beneath water,
Forever in the future.

The voyage is subtle like the sea itself;
Though brittle
To the shocks of conscience;
It is hard like rock
To the pulls and raps
Of outside waves;
It is diamond
That bares
As charred coal
In inner oven's fire;
It is pure gold
That shapes
In the heart's beats
And draws desired forms
At the hests of convictions
And the heats of passions.

The vessel of myriad pores
That admit
Self-judgements
In subtle whimpers
That add weight
Of pride and contentment,
Of thick steel wall

Of multiple plates
That still
Outside storms
That sweep the soul
Beyond its frame,
Guide the soul for contented sail.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

143. Unknown Beauty

She is sweet like my heart,
She is fragrant like my soul,
As sparkling as my eyes,
Tender and gentle
And lush like my sweet dreams;
As intense as my desires
She seizes my deep Self
In flames of pleasing pains,
In glows of unfulfilled desires
And I shudder within in poetic riots.

She is noble within like gold
And dazzles like diamond
In smooth black exterior;
She is all smiles like flowers,
All tender moods like full-moon
And inviting charm inside;
She rouses soul from deep slumber
To streaks of fresh light
That seeks to stream from far horizons;
New worlds open up
Where blend desires in mad dance
And hearts sing heart to heart.

Though unknown beauty,
I know her in every single fibre,
All inside and outside like my Self
As she indeed knows me;
I feel her entreaties from her eyes,
I hear her desires from her heart;
She speaks in silence and calls in shyness
And rouses sharp pangs of sweet desires.

She is an angel in her shyness,
She is an angel in her silence,
She is an angel in her desires
And an angel in her feminine softness
And liquid young fragrance
That visit my soul in joyous dreams;

She melts in my eyes
And streams to my heart
And seizes my soul,
She speaks from a pleasing halo
Where like a living sacred deity,
She spreads her charms deep to my Self.

She is calm in the eye of desires' storm,
She is still while heart shouts for warmth;
Warmth calls warmth and desire meets desire
And we both meet in cool still distance.

The unknown beauty somehow attuned to my self,
I seek her and she me in unknown bond.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

144. The Sun In Clouds

The sun in clouds,
Dim, dull and subdued outside,
Has ever lost his fierce sunshine?
The layers of clouds
That hide the sun in distant heaven
Could ever reach the worlds of the sun?

The sun is a giant living ball
That lights a hundred lightless worlds
Like a sole bright eye of a pitch-black heaven;
How the world of minute clouds
Reach the flames of the imperious sun,
Who guts all shams and burns all sins?

The sun is not in clouds,
But the eyes in clouds see so,
Those eyes lose shine in front of the light;
How can little frogs
Stretch beyond the clouds
And reach the truth of the sun's splendours?

For the eyes caught in hazy clouds,
The proud sun is dull and subdued
And humbled by valiant windstorms;
Crack the clouds and see outside;
The sun is as bright and fierce as ever,
Whom no clouds touch nor storms reach.

Clouds may come and clouds may go,
But the sun remains the same,
A bright glow, far removed from the earth,
In gay abandon of an unattached soul,
With floods of light, thrown all round
For those who see with unclouded eyes.

The sun, so hot, none endeavour to reach;
The sun, so bright, none open their eyes;
The sun, the tough, proud lonely splendour
Reigns over heaven in imperial grace;
None reach his height, none withstand his might,
But, win his heart or avoid his sight.

The scorching heat of his inmost core
Creeps like lava on uneasy skin
Thro' the layers of thick and black clouds;
His unsubdued heat
Rouses wild whirlwinds
That scatter clouds in the nether world.

Beyond the mortal measures, beyond praise and trials,
The sun shines forever;
Beyond minute clouds in the womb of black sky,
The sun shines forever;
For, the celestial glow should light the world
And meet universal goal.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

145. Round Off The Edges

A jewel, a diamond, indeed you are,
Though a few sharp edges unduly are there;
Round off the edges, you shine like a crown,
A hard grind indeed to polish to fine grain.

A peacock, you are, in a farm of fowls,
In regal gait amongst the flock of crooks;
You walk head held high to the shock of the fowls,
Who lock in fright in far-off nooks.

You fit-in to all roles like old leather soles,
You take on dry heat like southwesterly gales;
A post, you art, to rally for resurrection of souls,
A pillar that holds structures of valued goals.

You are as deeply bright as light, and algate right,
Immaculate, perfect and spotless white;
In worlds of dwarfs, you, stand as Everest,
In twists of the world, you, walk abreast.

Different you are, distinct from lay world,
Different in ways you perceive this world,
Different you think and different you judge,
Distinct you stand tall with distinguished edge.

But, round off the edges to shine like a crown,
Or else, all flock together to make you a clown;
They have the number, poor you, stand-alone there
And none there to share glory and to be fair.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

146. No Doors Stop Him

Death is a monster of many faces,
He springs from thin air and strikes hard;
Death steals life from the front of all eyes;
No doors stop him, no locks sperre him,
No hue and cry ever restricts his move;
Like colossus he comes, like colossus he leaves
With precious lives he chose for himself;
No fear or love, no wavering for him.

He strikes like a whimper and leaves back thunder,
None ever had quenched his infinite hunger;
He moves in in silence and wipes off rich life,
Leaves back hopelessness amidst bereaved lives.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

147. In Midst Of Your Smiles

I know how hard you fought
And rose and fell with the cusps of fate
To reach all those who waited for you;
But you sank in the turbulent waves,
Never to rise and see us again.

I fell and rose always with you
And waited to grab when you surface again
And hide you in the deep crevices of my soul,
From where no odds snatch you from me;
But, alas, all of sudden, you stopped rising again.

Only if you rise to the surface once,
I never allow you to part again
And we rise and fall as one forever.

Life is a joy in midst of your smiles
And the world, a playground of contented souls;
But, alas, you just vanished from my world
And brought darkness and shattered my life;
The gulf, the fate laid is too wide for us
And your tender wings no more carry you across.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

148. A Wall Of Time

In the womb of deep slumber,
In the arms of unawareness,
Under the blanket of impregnable darkness,
You lie alone like the frozen hopes of a dying man,
Oblivious of the pain and grief doing riot,
Tired and eyes shut to the stabs of grief.

The bond of common pain binds us nearer;
I, on the visible side of the moon,
Find my pains stab in lunar rhythms,
While you, on the invisible side,
Hide from the stabs and wounds of grief
In the slow grind of the loneliness
And run with the time to far horizons.

I know, my cries never reach your ears,
A wall of time stands between us
And deepens our grief and common pain.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

149. Desire

She is cute,
Brute,
Raw as hell inside,
No grace,
Yet, charming;
Like sterilized needle,
She penetrates unassuming hearts
And spreads in blood
Like rabies virus,
Fills all space
And dissolves in wakes and dreams.

She is pure pleasure,
A wild pleasure,
Bitter
Yet very sweet
Like forbidden fruit;
She is a streak of light
That swallows inner gloom;
A bunch of nerve tips
On a sensitised trip
In crude circuits
Of erratic haste,

Catch her
And rip her open;
A gorgeous sight,
Gold hidden in mud
In dull sparkles;
The raw nature's pure strains
In all its splendours
In liquid charm
Stream and drip
To steaming blood
And raise hot boils in mind,
Complete with pus.

She calls to open arms
But bites and spits too;

Poisonous

Like deadly narcotics

And kills to sweet numb death;

She proffers her soul and body

To bait your life;

Yet the bait is worth to bite

To dissolve in her raw charm,

Though mired in musty, rancid sweat.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

150. Humanity

Why make this world
A graveyard
Of dust, smoke and dying fires,
Of hunger and oppressive sufferings?
All is aplenty to feed all here;
Then, why this greed to apportion all
And bum alive in the pain of living,
The unfortunate souls:
Brothers, sisters, babies and neighbours,
Who too have blood as thick as all.

A farthing hole can sink a gigantic ship,
A spark can set a house on fire;
The pain and grief of a hapless soul
Can wash this earth with a sea of blood.

Open your heart, open your eyes,
An innocent child in cadaverous frame
Cries for food on the roadside:
A hapless mother
Offers her to greed
To save her child from the hunger's death;
No roof to hide, no cloth to cover,
No fire in heart to save honour;
Dirt and filth, sickness everywhere,
Dirt and filth, sickness everywhere,
Night is cold, day is hot,
All pain is suppressed in cheap liquors;
No job to work, no food to eat
While earful cries of hungry lads
In dirty shreds of torn rags
Shake the souls; No future ahead,
But unending hunger and failing hopes;
Why this curse on some of us?
Why this farce on humanity?

Demons eat the mankind
By rich and poor's cruel divide,
Satan enthrones on the divided earth
And rains the fires of hunger and death.

Gloom of pain pervades somewhere,
Sunshine of joy filters elsewhere,
How to build a bridge between?
Pain is pain for rich and poor,
Hunger burns inside all,
Comfort and ease are needs all seek;
Why one, in north and the other, in south?
Why both never meet and share all they have?
Awaken conscience,
Feel the lifeless life of numberless souls
That tear the peace of sensitive hearts
And revolt against the unjust god.

Let all live without pain,
Let a new peaceful age dawn,
No hunger, grief, unfulfilled needs,
Nor sickening pelf may ever it reach.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

151. On Hampi

Hark the rock relics,
The grim granite blocks of old old days
Which proudly textured an empire's pomp,
Now air old fabled tales in distraught shreds,
Scattered, uncared, in huge wasteful rubbles,
Like ghosts that lost its resting place
And writhe in nightmares about old halcyon days.

The mute witness of man's pinnacle of splendours
And dizzy rise of creative efflux.
Bespeaks of man's feral rage to revenge fellow-men,
His bestial strength possessed of ravenous indulgence
In ravaging the fruition of centuries' steady growths.

Hampi did not die a senescent death,
But a horror's sad demise in young flowering days
While strength and charm all-sparkled in mad riots,
It was a facinorous brazen homicide;
Each harrowed shred of fallen Hampi
Sprightly throbs in mad quirks of youth;
It roars aloud its right to life
And relives the pomp, unmatched and unheard.

Hampi is calescent
Even in the midst of nerve-chilling rock relics
And breathes to life who larked and languished,
Made love and hate and laughed with the stones
And grieved with the stones in wild fits of passions,
Then held head raised in imperious grace,
In warm sunhine of imperial pomp,
In regal calumn of the niggling stale world,
Though borrowed and ignored now in saddish huge piles.

The squares where enemies dared not to tread in dreams
And the halls of rock-walls of imperious honours,

Now why, the fugacious fate has writ to breed vultures and thieves?
A living huge trove of blithe opulence of past,
Of jewelled art-makes and musics and dance,
Of frolic-rid talks of agile happy men,
Of high trade and sex and tinkles of arms,
Of stables and baths and unending water-ducts,
Look desolate and grey like a burial ground.

Once a busy bee-hive,
Now a sepulchre of lost splendour's heydays,
Which dared onslaughts of the nature's fury
For centuries on and centuries off,
But unmoved in strength and pristine charm;
Hampi pronounced its impregnable youthful pomp,
Undying but for concerted wild forays
Of savage brutes for months incessant,
An all-out blood-curdling inhuman rapine;
Hampi now lies in glory's mute ruins,
Hampi now lies in glory's mute ruins,
Obtesting how elusive is rise and fall.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

152. Poet's Pride

Oh, it is a quiet harmless pride
Of simple and innocent poet's heart;
It is the heat inside a hearth
That is cool and calm outward.

It can burn and engulf the steel,
Dissolve the earth to fluid dreams
While sits upright on the golden throne
Of the poet's safe candescent heart.

The poet's pride is on a tripped ride
While exposed on an open road,
Like a patient from a mental ward
With inward versus outward fight.

While expanding to far off horizons,
Poet's pride is light like birds;
While grim like clouds,
It cools and pours confidence around.

It is a strange candescence inside
That exposes nuances of the self;
It is a strange candescence inside
That seizes shams from its shades.

Poet's pride is frozen enlightenment,
Pure and thick fog of innocence;
Poet's pride is a cleansing holy fire
That melts gold to give it shine.

Warm like a dear darling's hug,
Cold like Antarctic ice-shelf,
Soft like gold and hard like steel,
The poet's pride is humility in disguise.

It creeps like cool breeze
Or sweeps like a tempest;
It spreads sweet fragrance
Or leaves back sad wreck.

A rare grace of imbalance is pride
In the deepest caves of a poet's mind,
The eerie smoke of the poetic brood
Fills the air with a soothing indolence.

Poet's pride soars like a kite in the sky
While calm reflections delve to the self;
Poet's pride dips deep when hurt
While the sham world ignores his worth.

Pride is a wall that blocks path
Of easy virtues for a speedy flourish,
A riddle of likes and dislikes is pride,
Where walks a poet with royal grace.

The poet's pride, his strength and worth,
A protective sheath that absorbs shocks;
The poet's pride, his being's depth,
Whence uprises his poetic breadth.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

153. The Transcient World

You brought thousand sparks of hopes and fears,
But left darkness while you moved to the wings
And showed how transient the cosmic play is!

Nothing is everlasting in this transient world,
Yet you would have waited a little while more;
For, who comes first must leave the stage first
And wait in queue till all in front left in turns;
But you jumped queue and left in unnatural haste
And left us to grope all life in darkness with grief.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

154. Thugs

The rag gang of legal thugs,
Boisterous bed-bugs,
Alas, as police,
Creep on the clean world as vice,
Of all, to roll the rule of law,
For all, but them!
For all, but them,
Who, from outer space,
In vacuum of insight's sunshine or good fence
Or pride or reasons' hold,
Sweep the good old world,
Like mad mafia dons
Whack innocence all round
For the sake of bad belly.

The shady owls shun sun-lights,
The blind bats hang like ghosts
On barren branches of waste human fossils;
For, they fear light in any form,
For, they hear threats from inner light
That tinds rare fire
In the hearth of conscience
That resolves to gray ash of repentance,
The witless past and spineless presence;
They live in ignorant holes of complacence
Like rotten rats,
Oblivious of heights or depths outside
And strengths of sprite;
But, ready to shun sunshine anywhere.

The dirk packs of life bounce
With vile spikes of intrigues and pounce
On rare, proud liberated souls
That come out of sickly choky holes
To force to conform to infirmity;
For, instinct to mass crass survival
Binds in force all police ranks;
They wait and wag like dogs
Or bark and bite like dogs

On merits of leash you hold,
Or the bits of bread loaves in hand,
But, treat not a man like man,
Nor a law as law,
Nor heart nor cerebrum concern them;
Lo, an intruder!
They flock like hungry wolves,
Tear him apart and gorge to nought.

They are stupid sand bags,
Drained of wet emotions inside,
No dints, heavy weight, waste bulks;
They act in violent rattles of spasms
Like a broken diesel engine;
They rifle through crime world
To squeeze out benefits from lawless land;
Yet, not all so bad,
Gold dusts do hide in wads of earth
As rare isolated sparkles;
Wherefore the straw-ball rolls yet
Along the woof 'neath the net
Of a credible force.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

155. The Night Is Infinite

The night is infinite, finite is light,
Who created the night? who brought light to light it?
What bang is it that that crept light over the night?
Who split spitfire to billion shapes, and spread
In ever-expanding nooks and comers of the night?

Who, but the night, sustains the infinite space?
Who, but the night, brought light to light over it?
Who else, but the night, split spit-fire to billion shapes
And threw it with a bang to the time's eternal edge
And saw itself in glory of manifesting as infinite space?

In what distant time, broke out the night from womb,
And to what distant realm will it move in this great swell?
Who made it that deep? who made it mat broad?
Who is that made the night infinite in twosome with the time?
Who else, but the night, in the bustle of cosmic boom!

Heaven's eyes pierce holes, so the million stars, across
The endless stretch of night, the ephemeral bright days
Burst out of these holes, sprout the seeds of life;
The night mothers life, light fathers life to the world,
They, in divine entwinement, bounce life on this Earth.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

156. Ceaseless Struggle

Why make life a sad ceaseless struggle
From the rootless birth to the lightless death?
The spark of life, too short for strifes,
Why burns red-hot with no lights anywhere?
The light that glows from the birth to death,
Let spread to the world in quiet strength
In cool bright glow of grace and refrain;
Let passions cool and reasons prevail
To build a bridge between two ends
In the bright light of undisturbed peace.

Why the world is rife with strifes
With rotten race for imaginary Crumbs?
For what, these strifes, for what, this race,
It not for course of undisturbed peace?
How gulfs dug help an easy smooth walk?
Plug man-holes with trust, contentment
And walk your path with quiet confidence,
The road leads nowhere, the path is all goal,
Build your roads for long calm path
Where you tread like a king who vanquished all greeds.

No war brought glory to human race,
No street-fight brought peace anywhere near;
The strains of struggle like old cobwebs
Fill inner world with unclean fear, pain;
It defile life's temple, dim inner light
And light long flames of black passions:
The calm, lush field of leisurely confidence
Crumbles to a land of sultry dust-storm,
Blind to reason and dumb to faith
Where race for hell is learnt impulse.

Struggle breeds struggle, never peace or love,
Struggle breaks heart, struggle breaks trust,
Struggle breaks nerves to crack life's pleasures,
Struggle leads to struggle, to end in sad struggle
Where gain and loss, both end in deep grief!
Strifes do rise along peaceful course

Like poisonous smoke of a craft's space-lift,
To be shied and shun along the forward thrust;
Spread your wings and enjoy the flight
That carries you to sky in leisurely joy.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

157. Shining Brighter Than Ever

Though the world inflicted bleeding wounds,
You wavered not on the path you trod;
Though the world shut you up in a dark cell,
You lost not the sight of the dreams of the life;
Though the world abused and scorned your life,
You stepped not out from living in whole.

You played with stars, moved with galaxies
And breathed gale and swept clouds aside;
While the world pulled you to side-wings,
You walked like a colossus in the center-stage.

While the world threw scorns and disgrace on you,
It fell short and failed to stick;
While the world threw you to burning fire,
You rose from there shining brighter than ever.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

158. Alloy

Soft and sweet fruit lures insects,
Hard and sour stuff is safe in distaste;
Smile and kind heart shares sufferings,
But, fails to build a safe and sturdy fence.

Have fire in heart to match cool and decisive mind
And incinerate shams in inner cauldron;
Have forts built and trenches dug
To trip the inflow of intruders.

Have a gentle core in a hard thick shell,
To suffer the access of playful lazy bugs;
Disguise noble strains in a handy little pill,
For worthy souls to distil and imbibe.

Shine like the sun with a hot corona,
To stall space-flights at safe distance;
Look for signs with an incisive open mind
To prewise and prepare for unwanted intrusions.

Defenceless treasure is a looters' paradise;
An, innocent young girl, left on the open street,
Dissolves in misuse of the immoral greedy world;
For, the world is made to strike easy marks.

Bind conscience in a steel-rimmed frame
Till ripe time comes for conscience to stand up;
Mount your heart on untamed savage horse
Until you find right place to dismount from it.

Mix noble gold with baser mean copper,
Fix gentle charm with ruthless stick of power
To make noble strains hard, gentle and firm

And hard while noble and firm while gentle.

Like a water spring on a rocky terrain,
Let warm clear soul spring sudden pleasures
To illumine the dour world with lasting streams of joy
Thro' the hard and firm facade of sweat and tears.

Build walls, post guards round the clock,
Screen strangers for honest motives;
Brief right men and lead right inside,
Where the spectre of god sits in faint divine light.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

159. The Path Of Life

The road is indeed endless
Though runs straight and indefinite,
Where I must walk all my life;
All is not well along the path,
Yet, the sojourn must pass unperturbed
Day and night, in rain and heat;
Narrow lanes, inroads, sudden turns,
Rises and falls are the twists of the tryst;
Mud roads, road-blocks and hard surfaces
Come and go along the path;
Why curse the course, why berate fate
For distinct characters that mould the world?

A path is a means to traverse with time,
An accessible means that carries to a goal;
Till limbs are in hold and will sticks still,
'I' only matters and 'distance' matters
Though the vagaries of path do bring some mirth
And spur to haste and run sometimes.

Nothing stunt sojourn, nothing block smooth ride,
Nor shorten nor lengthen the path of goal,
Nor build within, nor crackle confidence,
Nor refresh the life, nor bring new light;
Why dawdle away days on immament features?
Why weep while fall, why laugh while climb?
Why twist in discomfort of rain and heat?
Walk insulated from outside with trust in self,
'Tis the path for contented walk.

Whatever may come, whatever may go,
Whatever on the path is in store as fate,
I must walk as always I am;
Proud of self and diligent of walk,
I tread the path that comes in front;
Whatever at back, bears my print,
Whatever in front, conforms to inner strength.

No fog flags, no road-blocks sag

Calm and contented steady stride;
Dust and sweat may cover my form,
Rain and heat may weather the frame,
But calm confidence forever zooms,
Pride and courage, larger loom
In soul, while I walk all alone
In own strength, on own road,
Where I am the king on own right,
Where I am right on own thought;
A dear little devil in evil world,
A rare little angel in free world,
I grow not without commitment
To grow in peaceful compromise.

No hops, no shakes, no dazzles and winds
Weaken roots deep 'neath the ground,
No hopes, no plaudits, no spurs for smooth sail
Do or fordo the stoic balance,
For, I know my path and know my goal
And ride in steady stride to my tryst.

A humble walk in simple tread
Meets its tryst in pride indeed;
A prompted march to race ahead
Meets its Waterloo in shattered mind.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

160. An Invincible Spirit

Like a tall peepal tree, he stands
Above thorny cactus bush,
Like the polar star, he sits
Among twinkles of little stars;
A giant mountain of wave, he is,
That sweeps unkempt thousand wavelets;
Like a rock, he rules a secular land
In the center of an oily desert
Where American rats and British cats
Have Arab slaves in tight leashes;
No Japanese might, no European threat
Touch his hair,
Soviet protests, the UNO's quests
In the black sea lost;
He, as firm as a rocky fort
That no CIA can ever breach,
Stood up in lonely mighty splendour
To the world's double moral standards.

He stood like a man in face of odds
In contempt of vested cunning might
In show of inner strength
In stilled silence in face of world clamours;
Success or no success,
War or no war,
He defied self-assumed leadership
Of American arrogant military might
Over the weak and meek sovereigns
That went on knees on submission
To the rich nation's superior will.

In military strength or statesmanship,
He subdued the best;
In running the land or oil politics,
He stood up to the world;
A king of kings in Arab world,
Of lion's heart in camel's desert,
He showed to the world what pride is about.

While oil burns in Arab lands,
He sits on flames like unbroken confidence;
While the oily greed of mighty nations,
Built a wall of starvings around him,
He bore assaults like a warrior king;
No reprisals of haste, not an inch compromise,
A giant in might, a genius on own right,
He drove mighty lands to a hopeless strait
Of painful war or loss of credit.

Panama is a sovereign where aliens took its chief;
It is a sin as many more there to count,
Yet, why only one at a sinner's behest,
More of sin for the seize of the world?
How reasons are drugged in the east and the west
On the might's vile political will?

He bore the torch, all alone,
While big and small lined like lies
To dim his light and dull his might
In obeisance to the self-assumed world command;
He accepted new role
To challenge vested groups,
As an uncrowned mighty world leader.

Of steely resolve and rocky courage
As none the world has seen before,
Immoral in war, he is like all,
Yet, just in immoral to make a point to the world
Unlike weak and unjust wanton immorals,
Who vanquished smaller states and captured presidents
To test military strengths;
But, all shrink to nought before the giant invincible spirit.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

161. Soul Of Beauty

See her not with eyes, see her by insight,
Eyes are dull to pierce her form,
Eyes are weak to catch her fragrant soul;
She is too deep for the shallow little eyes,
Cup after cup, eyes measure her form,
An infinite spring of charm, she is.

See her not with eyes shut too,
Open both eyes and drink her contours,
Those form, charm, shapes and slopes,
Those face, grace, poise and peace;
Feast the eyes to trust it all,
Feast the eyes to trust it all;
Miss not a piece of the masterly craft,
Miss not the soul of the exquisite art;
Each stroke of her shape, unequalled in joy;
Each sweep of her form, a divine sway;
Only soulful eyes feel the gentle charm,
Dissolve in the form and dwell in the frame.

See her by insight with open eyes,
Grab her inside with eyes and insight;
A jewel of beauty in the nature's treasure,
A precious piece of immortal pleasure,
Divinity, devolved on the earth, she is;
Seek her soul with all your soul,
Inhaust her whole to reach your soul,
See every form in her sweet frame;
Beauty, she is wherever you meet,
Joy, she is, wherever you reach;
Open your senses, keep open your heart,
She enters the soul like an incony gentle bride.

What subtle contours make her graceful soul?
What magic juice flows in her veins
And makes her rare splendour, what it is?
What is that sweet fluid grace
That streams out of her delightful moves?
What concinnous soft organic orchestra

Creates this wonder in the name of soul?
She is not just beauty, the soul of beauty;
She is charm in human frame
That devolved on the earth to make all happy;
Divine, her beauty, divine, she is,
A soulful music, a fragrance from the graceful heaven.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

162. Cycles

Day passes to night, night, to bright day,
Spring, to dull autumn, to spring autumn gives way;
Death follows life, while life, perchance death,
Struggles to beat off, inscrutable world's neath;
For, all, everywhere, move in little cycles,
Cycles 'neath cycles, in cosmic giant clock
And old breeds new, new recycles to old,
Swings nature's soul, incessantly back and forth.

Are these cosmic games, what the nature plays in cycles,
Or little crafty tricks in the giant cosmic process
Of cycles winding cycles to higher energy levels
To navigate the cosmos to its ultimate recess?
In cycles 'neath cycles, how they come to cosmic dictated stop?
How they all come to terms with the final hop
To the inscrutable and subtle divine cosmic will,
Where all move in cohesion in uncanny cosmic drill?

Where this procession moves, none therein know,
Where this train crawls, no clues anywhere show;
Who set the cosmic will, who set the cosmic drill,
What soul oversees all, who set the ball to roll,
What cosmic mind behind, for what that ultimate end,
Cycles 'neath cycles revolve in larger rounds
And a giant cosmic journey all these so compound,
Knows, only the ring-master, who lives above all bounds.

Ceaseless the journey proceeds, to reach the inscrutable goal
In unending vacuum space, where no time or space exist,
Where no direction-signs exist, all is all and whole there,
No right or wrong has a place, no motion ever count,
A motionless sojourn in gradient infinite space
Embraces all processes in evolution's eerie race
Where the present bearing the future, evolves to newer spheres
And leads the cosmos ever nearer to the divine master.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

163. Love And Life

Love and life pull the poetic cart
To the inner gates of the dreamer's hearts;
Breeze of life with the fragrance of love
Makes dreamland a gardener's paradise
Where tiddy seedlings and tiddy saplings,
Plants and trees and long creepers,
Some with fruits, some with lovely flowers
Of myriad hues and eyeful colours
Enchant hearts and awaken souls
To the lush real world of love and life.

Drummers of life and flautists of love
Blend their tunes to soulful music;
Rhythms of life, gentle rhymes of love,
Deep silence of grief, sweet whispers of joy,
Sublimes of epics, light creeps of lyrics
Weave a fabric of unworldly wonders,
Where heat of realities meet the cool of thoughts
To spawn a warm world of creative charm;
Life is sweet melody, love is deep stir,
Thay together make poems of sweet endearments.

Love and life in rhythmic words
Fly on fancy like little birds;
New visions appear, new imageries arise
To create a heaven more divine than full-moon;
Love is alive and life is loveable while
Poetic soft flight touches in all sides
And indistinct goes the real world;
It is a hive of sweet love and life,
It is a hive of sweet love and life,
Fresh honey there drips if gently flipped.

Bones of life and flesh of love.
Sprout what a grace of feminine charm!
Stones of life and mortars of love.
Edges of life and corners of love,
Create what wonders of architectural designs!
Warps, of life and woofs of love

Texture what designs of artistic pleasures!
In dance of words, in rhythms of pregnant words
In shades, hues and nuances of words,
Worlds are built of fragrance and music.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

164. Unequaled In Human Race

A live fulcrum to fall upon,
Rammed deep to the self's mould,
Around which all worlds revolved,
Be it joy or grief or fear,
Was he that, for them, all along his life.

He stood tall like a banyan tree
And protected from rain, heat and wind,
Shed branches and leaves, dried himself
In quiet patience of a mammoth self
To keep his off springs in cool restful shade.

Winds and floods did ravage his face
And dint confidence,
Winds and floods did ravage his face
And dint confidence,
But never his resolve to guard his chicks.

Upright like white,
Soft like full-moon light,
He stood like a fence of wrought-iron sturdiness
'Tween good and bad and right and wrong
With himself as the cynosure to guide forward.

A noble height in the ladder of honour,
A sacred depth of awe and love from all,
He bartered pelf for grace and self,
He bartered comforts to guard his world
And shone very bright in rectitude's sunshine.

He stalked like a lion in royal grace
In a land of little savage beasts,
He walked along in measured gaits
Not to hurt even an innocent soul
And stood all alone like a beacon and shed light.

He, a sacred temple,
Where all came for peace and comfort
And a valued pleasant friendship too;

No low or high ever touched him,
He gave what he had and won them all.

He might have now crossed seven seas
And traversed across to good judgment;
But he is always he,
Unequaled in all human race
Across the time's myriad barriers.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

165. Blind Blot

When I brood how my road is riddled
With blocks, rocks and illegal barriers
From the day one, every day, all along the way,
And tore my talents and bore insults all days
For no worthwhile reasons, but spite and jealous,
For the fear of the Sun fading million little stars,
I, but, pity the perpetrators, for their foolish play,
For, all their struggles on a field of wet clay
Mire their limbs and waste their strengths;
I negotiate riddles and pass, though delayed.

Yet, I brood, alas, my road is riddled
With blocks, rocks and illegal barriers
And the summation of summer, wasted over it
And rendered my armour torn, soil'd and breached;
I bled days and nights, though it cleansed my soul,
Making me dearer to the Maker of all;
Yet, I brood, alas, my road is riddled,
For, it tarnished my light in material eyes, less tall
Made than most little dwarfs dancing around,
Who shoot high above as firecrackers.

Nay, it ever diminishes me in my eyes,
For, I know my talents as my Maker does;
Yet, the Maker and me are not all that life counts;
Depth and breadth don't bring the necessary height,
And belated height won't make up the lost days;
What I bled shall remain a blotch on my soul
And remain a blot on my life as a whole;
This, perchance, what the Maker made me for, a lamp
With a knot of blind blot in the flame's heart
And I must carry on with what the Maker ordained me for.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

166. He Is Not Like All

He is not like all,
Jumps, bounces, falls and rises next minute,
Not a moment here, not a moment there,
Yet, he is found everywhere.

Only threat holds him anywhere
That too for a minute,
Next minute, he is again everywhere;
A magician,
Impossible like a giant once,
Creeps and escapes like a mouse next,
No thousand eyes can fix him for long;
Shouts, screams and sudden laughs
Spurt on the cusps of anger and joy.

He is not next what he is now,
Nor now what he was a moment back,
A fast changing face of the mood himself;
No reasons now, all reasons next,
In the splendid colours of own thoughts;
Everything is deep, everything is fresh,
Everything is a wonder in his little world;
A bully now, kind hearted next,
No lasting emotions ever reach his soul.

Like morn dew, he is,
Untouched and unattached,
Yet, roots himself deep in the world around;
A wonder indeed,
The creation's most creative skill
In moods, thoughts and ever-changing spirit.

He is a riddle,
One cannot figure what is what in him;
If one says no, he always says yes,

And when one says yes, he algate, no;
He is love itself, pure and fresh.

He insists his way,
Yet, not arrogant
He is the flow of the unconstrained soul;
He indeed is hard to deal,
Yet, a pleasure to deal,
He is a pleasing labour for all of us.

No dull and grim moment with him;
He dances and dances our hearts too
Like twinkles of stars
In the spread of the unending sky overhead;
An island of warm and refreshing joy
In the tumult of the ocean of life.

He is a wondrous magic light
In the world of everyday experiences;
New meanings of life,
He, his acts unfold algate;
Never a moment dull and wasted in him,
Never a feeling of worn soul;
He is the greatest physician I ever saw,
His smiles, a tonic,
His talks, a treat,
His touch, a spellbinding magical cure,
He is a celestial physician for all.

Never a moment quiet, yet calm and peaceful,
Never a moment restful, yet a joyous soul;
This is what he does, this is how he fills us
In the life's gross pell-mell.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

167. A Beautiful World

We live in a beautiful world,
Subtly beautiful indeed
In its charades,
Spontaneous nodes
And impish outbursts
As absurd medleys
All round,
Set in a system
Of co-existence
Where love throbs within hatred,
Peace breathes within strifes
And compassion runs through savage thoughts
In celestial balance
Of interminate charm.

We live in a world
Riddled with riddles
In every pace
From the Earth to the space;
The birth is riddled with death,
Death with birth,
Life inbetween is strife;
Fright, pain and unending travail,
All warped to a beauty's fabric
Like a new-moon starry sky
Where an unseen order guides layout
To instate beauty's soul
In every cog of the time's wheel
Across the absurd riddles of the sky.

'Tis an organic charm,
'Tis imperceptible beauty
That dissolves evils,
Woes, wraths, envies, rivalry,
Pleasure, mercy, wisdom,
To a nebulous indolence
To spawn a world of melodious sloth
Like poppy's dreamy juice;
It dims beauty's shade

That removes sweats, balms pains
And prise incongruous shells
To shell out kernels of perfect melody
That breathe in absolute beauty.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

168. An Abyss 'Twixt Two Wakeful States

O young sister of death and lovely mistress of midnight,
Thou breedeth millions dreams of wondrous pigments, giveth side by side
Ripples of gentle woes from the womb of endless past;
O the icon of the rest and the springboard of easeful sweet, thou embraceth
All in magical sweep of poppy-obliviousness.

O the Lady of inaction,
O the lovely daughter of tired soul,
Thou, the bestower of freshness, the bearer of unworldly dreams,
The eternal transitor from old to the new welcome world, an abyss
'Twixt two wakeful states and its bridge too!
Thou art life and death, though both of it, thou art neither in exact state,
But, a soothing gentle knot that keeps both in right field.

Sleep keeps mind and body synchronized to soul's sweet state,
And opens new world each time full of life, vigour and bounce.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

169. Creation

Nought comes out of nought,
Vacuum breeds vacuum
Unless third hand intervenes
To stir the nature from her deep sleep,
To dig deep to the little hive of thick passions
And create new worlds.

It is all an infinite void
Where nothing sprouts by itself;
It is all a cause and effect world
Where no newness has place;
No creations, no fusions end freshness,
But, still, dull jumps, here and there.

No grass shoots in deserts
Till clouds form and dropp as rain
And soak land with deep passions
From invisible worlds;
Shocks from nowhere bring life's sparks
And creations spurt from absolute nought.

The infinite space is sheer darkness
Where life tinds while lights interfuse;
New worlds are born, creations surface
While new strains break from grey void
Where void is no void anymore,
But a fertile womb of creative fusion.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

170. Heat And Light

Some filaments give light without heat
While others end up with heat without light;
Some minds produce visions without emotions
While others, emotions without worthy visions.

Heat and emotions suck energies and waste
In measures light and visions never dare;
Heat and emotions flow to catharise in mad haste
While light and visions in slow and abundant care.,

The heat of emotions glides blindfold
Through narrow dark lanes in mechanical spasms;
The light of visions lays measured gaits
On fields where grow no poisonous thorns.

No past and future stir the nest of emotions,
Where heat lies in isolated, day to day life;
Visions draw past and future's to a confluence
Where light lights the lamp of foresight.

Emotions are explosions and hurl missiles,
Visions are implosions and sharpen missiles;
Emotions are temporal and are deaths,
While visions, future and birth and life.

Those float raw on surface are emotions,
Those sink and ripe in mind are visions;
The emotions splash naked oh face with heat,
Visions brew and pick in right time and spot.

Emotions are flushed out as wastes
To absterge ruffled entrails,
Visions sublimate as thoughtful acts
And enrich Self with directions.

Emotions, like black clouds on the sky,
Pour down with strong wind and thunders
Till sky clears up with bright sunshine
While the Earth is hung with ferocious flood.

Visions are spectrum of sodium lamp
That spreads to bands of pregnant shades
For wise choices from wide ranges
To plan goals and decide strides.

Emotions cloud soul while visions, cleanse;
Emotions close roads while visions form path,
Emotions are storms while visions, cool breeze;
So, absorb emotions to recycle to visions.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

171. His Smile Floods Treasure

He is small child,
Though by nature mild,
Turns ferociously wild
While challenged and nail'd.

He is very kind;
Like lovely lily, his mind,
So gentle nowhere you find;
But, put him somewhere in a bind,
Lo, you find the southwesterly wind,
In thunders sweeping blind;
And awful energies he unwinds.

My true friend;
Like sweet summer wind,
He flutters my soul out to joyous kind
And fills warmth and hopes and enriches mind.

He is my dream, he is life's cream,
A stream of élan vital in full bloom;
He brings back wings lost in life's battles
Those carry soul high to fulfillment and settles;
Lyric of heart, he is, its soft sweet glow,
My earful song in its honey'd flow;
In his charming spells, super-human I grow.

A responsible boy,
Call him teachers with true joy;
To mind his class, he is the only boy
Teachers entrust and he attends to everybody's joy.
A little bundle of energies,

Streamlined in strategic synergies;
He bends left and right and
Everywhere shows his hand;
Like a subtle magical wand,
He creates uncreated world
And vanishes uinvanishable world.

Abhors, he rest,
Busy always in his little nest,
Where everybody except him is a guest;
He spins his own world beyond East and West.

Leader, he is for his age,
Among his folks, a true sage,
Who can run thro' any maze
Without anxieties, haste or rage;
Like Sun, my son shines in intense blaze,
Yet, sits comfortable in restrictive cage
Raised for him on my scheme's page.

He is wet clay,
He moulds as you play;
Be pleasant, he so lies himself all day,
Be bright, he beams all day bright ray.

His presence brings pleasure,
His smile floods treasure
Of holy contentment in abundant measure;
His talks in joyous leisure
Relieve all pressures; He is my polar star,
The core of all, be it near or far.

He is a sweet little rose,
A bright little lily, sweet jasmines, all close,
Blossoming the soul thro' touch, sight and fragrance
And bringing divinity down in exhilarating dose.

Dear of all, he is the pet of most,
His presence among lots is, oh, never lost;
His mother's pet, his father's best,

Most adored with teachers, rever'd almost;
Dearest to friends and neighborhood's light,
Even unfamiliar souls, him, fill in heart;
His warmth and charm, his essential might.

Give him a test,
He is always the best

Among any group, and far above the next,
In game or skill or wisdom or jest.

Best among friends for him is book,
His devotion there is something to look;
Knowledge and thoughts metamorphosed to insight,
Insight with intellect gives out true talent,
Talent with wise acts put him beyond all,
Installs as live deity in victory's hall;
He is friend of friends and rises very tall.

He is an ingrained teacher
Of the Nature's exquisite features;
Spirit and practices constitute culture,
That radiates from his sweet nature.

In forefront he is in brain or brawn;
He represents an assured happy dawn
Of the brightest day in time's fold;
He is bright, noble, sheer gold,
Within, fresh dew, soft, pure and cold;
Outward, hard diamond's unshaken hold;
In and out, he is in synchronized mould.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

172. Honesty

Honesty is hallowed straight road,
Though dull, tiresome and slow;
A sure road to reach one's goal,
Though fruits come in bits and sweats.

A hundred roads open to a goal:
Those fast and smooth, with painless rides;
Those jump and trip honest race,
End in unending circuitous pursuits.

A straight, smooth run brings ultimate win,
For, straight path algate is the shortest path;
Though breaks to limelight while referees are asleep,
Those who foul rules, crawl out of the game.

Whitewash peels off and wall bares itself,
Cosmetic thins off and nature bears itself;
Time wears artifice and guards honest thing
That meets its goal in calm royal pace.

Honesty is like fresh water drops,
Neither sour nor salt nor bitter nor sweet,
But, cool and calm, yet, warm, fulsome
That quenches all thirsts in pure, simple streaks.

Honesty is lucid path, honesty is confidence.
The will to earn every bit of gain;
Honesty is steely pride, honesty is rare passion
To prove the Self equal to task.

Honest labour is lush like nectare,
Honest success is paradise regained,
A joyous return to natural habitat
Like visit of fullmoon after weeks of travail.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

173. Justice

Justice begotten in exchange is no justice,
For, exchange is trade,
A distressing gain through loss;
Justice is inherent right,
Though wrapped in black packs
In dark hall of race for survival
Like gold strains bound in mud
Till exploited;
She is cool like ice
And still like rock;
No easy road to charm her soul
While hardship makes her no more justice.

She, in inaccessible moon,
She, in inaccessible moon,
She, in inaccessible moon,
A charming dream of undying hopes.

She appears by disappearance
And cracks confidence;
You feel her flight outward
While strange shadows dull your Self;
You cannot catch her back,
You cannot catch her back,
For, in outward flight, she sinks to darkness
Where eyes blind
And distance rises;
Your hands, raised for justice,
Grove in hopeless void till strain
And give up unending fight forever
As dreams never win realities of deceptions;

You see her in shades
In gloom's dark sea;
She surfaces from night's unending darkness
Like hopeless inaccessible mirage
In your eyes
While the world sees there plain darkness;
She is unseen to all

She is unseen to all, but,
You, who lost her out;
Men seek justice
In passion's thousand hues,
As she is invisible otherwise;
Aye, justice hides from justice
And breeds injustice.

Why justice is shackled to greed and bribe?
Why justice is fished out from popular mood?
Lost in thick jungle of lightless night,
Like rat, caught in the sack of death,
Like deer, caught in lion's lair,
She never reaches Self by herself.

Justice is the just haunt of nature's all games
What man for his crave molests and tames.

Justice must be just for all to see
In glow of crystal brightness
And impose herself in natural ease
Like flood seizes low-lying lands
And fill all pits of man's callousness;
It is justice of course,
It is justice in natural haunt,
That none gain by trade
Nor lose ever.

For, justice that limps in darkness is justice dead,
A corps you can never infuse life with.

Alas, justice lives feeble life
And yields to injustice in comfort;
It haunts as ghost after death
As if seeking rebirth
To live again weightless life
With no passion for just path,
Nor for anything just and fair.

Justice with no heart for truth,
Justice with no dash for right cause
Is justice dead indeed.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

174. High Tides

Like high tides my heart rises today,
Small and huge waves of pleasure
Wash the soul and recede to sea,
Me left afresh and aglow with spirit.

Like wooly winter clouds wait sprightly spring,
A subtle expectation seizes my heart;
Like the flashes of lightening in rainy, cool night,
Unknown hopes light across my world.

On wings of burning fires within,
My moods rise to the infinite sky;
Melodies of life, bright colours of the world
Flood my blood like day-break's bright flames.

The Being warms up to bright white vapours
And spreads to my world like candescent glow;
A fluid dance kicks my sweet numb limbs
And I glow in infinite speechless joy.

A speck of fire in incredible strenght,
Somewhere inside consumes me all
In the pain of ceaseless intense joy
That deliquesces me to nebulous sweetness.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

175. Being

You are not what others think of you,
You are not what others make you to be,
But, what you think and make of you;
You are you, be on hills or in dales,
You are you, be on the Earth or in air
Or on unending billows of turbulent ocean,
Like steel is steel in old cart or new car,
Or gold is gold in crown or `neath flames;
No crown makes gold, gold; no car, steel, steel;
Nor flames make gold, base; no cart, steel, wood.

Wherever you be, you, always you are,
Like sunshine on temple or burial ground;
Wherever you stand, you stand your own,
Like hills always in spring and winter;
It is, you make you and not where you stand,
Nor what others do nor how time contrives;
Lions, deep in dense wild oar on open land
Or in own dens or in circus rings, lions to the core;
No blood-splitting wounds turn them to hares,
Nor lashes of masters have dogs out of them.

You are as deep as your bone-marrow,
You are as stable as skeleton is,
Whatever posture you acquire for comfort;
Flesh may flex and tan tone may change
In weather that changes from time to time,
But, you are you, in all weathers;
No chill contracts and no heat stretches you,
No stress ever breaches what you really are;
You are you and your responses are you
That make you, you; distinct you.
Temple makes no flower holier
While death, no flower less and uglier;
For, flower is flower, wherever it be
And flower is gentle, whatever it does;
So, you are, what you make of you
And not what others make of you;
Be the wild fire that burns within you

And the warm fluid that creeps in heart;
Be the flash of spark that lights your thought
And the sweet strengths that meet the soul.

You may walk on horizons or sit on flames
Or split water sheet or dive to hell,
But, you be you, wherever be you;
Have diamond- hard stamp on whatever you,
Like holy, kind words of a saintly soul,
Or rhythmic, sweet melodies of classical song,
Or definite colour spectrum of distinct ray;
No diamond breaks or bends in hot fire
And no gold gapes open while raps fall on face
And no steel ever cracks weights on its head.

Iron may soften while red-hot on flames,
Glass may crack while strokes disturb calm;
But, not you, if you are proud, real you;
You are you in wholes, splinters and dusts,
In solids, fluids and invisible vapours,
Who true to you, algate radiate you
In defiance to constraints to diffuse;
Every bit, you, in loud bangs,
You are you, in change, in resistance too,
In defeat, success and rise and fall.

No acid nor base should corrode you,
No termite of greed should eat up inside,
No madness to fly should lose you in heaven
If you love the warmth of being you;
Keep safe your temple from inside and outside,
Keep strong your kingdom against temptations
With walls of will, rising high upto sky
Lest base streams flow from all sides, inside
To alloy noble you to what you are not
And far baser, less warm and distant always.

You, as you, are like the king on his throne,
While you, not you, like the king in enemy's hands;
You are pure like gold and radiant like the Sun;
None dull your luster, none reach your land
If you root your Being in what you are;

The road may ascend or descend to a slope,
The route may turn East and west next time,
But, you reach your goal till you root in you;
No shocks of griefs and no despairs come,
For, you, in you, are strength and confidence.

No wind touches bird that is safe in its nest
Unlike birds lost in gale in open sky;
Light continues to light till parts from its lamp;
You light your lamp and find your path,
You light your lamp to uncover Being
And walk away in bright glow, in confident strides
Along the path on which you are doomed to tread,
Unalloyed, uncorrupted and pure as distilled water;
You must keep to you like water to its well,
Where, if one is lost, both are really lost.

It be cloud or sunshine, you steer your way
Or fall apart in your own way
Like thunder that breaks or dies in hissing whimper;
No butchering you and no dithering you
To bend on knees to the surrounding moods;
For, you being you, the only truth of you;
Where you are not you, there is nothing you,
Nothing to lose, nothing to gain,
But, death, more void than real death
And void, more deadly than real void.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

176. Change

Nothing is still
In this fast changing world,
Days change and seasons change,
So change the hues of variegated sky;
Fogs thin as day brightens
And warmth packs the Earth and sky;
New lands rise from dark horizons,
New shines flash, new lamps light,
A flood of changes seize the world
And new world unfolds.

Fall leads to steep rise
As winter, to warm spring
For, the nature's subtle pleasures lie here;
A good night sleep refreshes next day,
A hard day's labour sweetens night's rest;
All must change a day once,
So the horrid, circuitous tunnel some day
Opens wide to light and fresh air;
A new world of infinite beauty
Waits to charm at the inferno's mouth.

The old world gives way to new world
In the splendours of a warm day,
New heavens of unmeasured breadth
Surface from nowhere,
New wings shoot to raise sky high
And sunshine pursues footsteps;
Doors unlock paths to dear dreams,
Where no fence parts life from dreams;
Pure light is the charm of change
That lifts ill-struck to a blessed world.

Blessings come from all sides
In floods and windfalls,
All clouds part and dissolve
To unfold pure Heaven in unending light;
Nothing remains the same thereafter,
Neither the frozen mood nor the limping hours,

Nor recurring shocks of heart-break,
For, the changed world is a world apart
Where all, in an upward surge,
Lits eternity to a familiar land.

Fortunes change the land `neath the feet,
The moods of the sky overhead,
The hues of the air, the shades of the light,
The tunes, birds spread early in the dawn;
For, fortunes change soul,
The notes of its subtle songs,
Sights change, tastes change, musics change,
Warmth and scent, even emotions change,
Though nothing changes but the time's cycle,
All is in change to create new world.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

177. Charm

She is pretty and wild,
Her sparkling skin, in sheen of gold,
Nestles her dour, staid self,
She is young and aloof,
Her fragrant flesh is refreshingly taut;
Her pleasing, fluid shape, cold inside.

She lures impossible toughs too
And holds captive of time
Like moths caught in dazzles of lamp
That neither escape nor sink,
But, in unending whirls,
Run to exhaustion.

Sweet, fluid rhythms of charm
Ride to human heart
And melt soul to dulcifluous passion
That dims reasons and awakens senses
And floods blood with sweet yearnings
Of a strange new world.

Charm is a bottomless well
Where, once caught, none come out;
She is indefectible beauty,
Who only deepens thirst for more beauty;
She is joy like; her own shadow
That never leaves nor ever meets her.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

178. Decadence

Once clean and transparent soft glass,
Why so hard and smoked today?
The flexible piece that allowed light once,
Why absorbs light and gives out black clouds?

The fresh dews that sat on its cool face,
Rolled in pleasure like stars algate once,
Scatters today as steams in haste, why?
No more the cool glow that spreads calm light,
No morae the sparkles of shapely-cut diamond,
But, billows of dull, dim smokes everywhere.

Is it decadence?
No melodies touch, no passions shake,
No musical notes pierce her Self,
No beauty attracts nor truth differentiates
Like lustrous diamond, burnt to black charcoal;
Is it decadence?
It sleeps all day and weeps all night
And stares at stars like a dumb and deaf thing;
No holy hymns and gentle songs
No charming ways of foregone dew-fresh days.

It shed blood and tasted blood,
It fought and lost several battles
In stilled silence
And saw bad ways of the unjust world
Where innocence is ravaged,
Beauty, uprooted
And truth is banished from the face of the world;

The softness, hardened;
Innocence is confused and transparence, smoked;
Hymns and songs sank to dumb silence,
In airtight shell for hybernation
In subdued light of wild specters.

The rock poundings of black realities
Shattered delicate fibres

Of trust and hop of redemption;
Once, like clean, blue infinite sky,
Today, a patch-work of dull, grey clouds;
The soul is no more soul,
But, a pack of confounded passions
In subdued light of confused hues;
The winged sprite that traversed celestial worlds once,
Today, leashed to time and space
With hell-like weights of impatience and wrath
Impale to a square of the earth;
A withered soul, no more soul,
But, a hive of poisonous passions,
Where time's trickles of crass injustice
Ferment to hatred and indignation.

The soul, once a glow, today, a tattered rag,
A dying star,
An old creature limping to its grave
With gaping wounds 'neath dried blood
And too weak for rage and hatred,
A sad sunset
Where all hide in thick, black night;
What a sad end to what an intense hope
What a bleak passage to what an ambitious sojourn!

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

179. Distress

I saw her astride along staid rows
Of past's ruins and future's quagmires
In dern grey tunnel deep 'neath the mind
In stoic nonchalance of a shattered soul.

Her bleak eyes dissolve in distant dusk
Though mired in rinsu are her insights
And blind to the speeding time's train
That banishes her presence to uncertain days.

She knows not where her tunnel leads,
She knows not where her strides lead;
'Tis a futile sojourn to shed
All sins that strained her innocent soul.

Her pasts are tattered and future shattered,
No bridge can stand her battered spirit;
The loathsome deadweight of bleakness
Fails her knees to hold to the Earth.

The endless tunnel is cold and dark
Where she strides as a haunted ghost;
No light or hope can touch her form
Till ruins and quagmires fuse to new hopes.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

180. Dream World

Bits of white clouds in blue infinite sky
How move in graceful slow motion
To create new forms of fluid fancies
In countless combinations!
An elephant here, a human figure,
A flock of birds there, a legion
In spotless white, soft layers
For fraction of time,
Nor being next there,
As slow breeze of wind
Carries clouds
On the stage of strange acts of life.

A warm world of passionate colours,
Hid in thick fog of indistinct thought,
Rises to life from the sleep's distant horizons
Like bright glow of shooting star.
To sink in the blanket of sleep once more.

The coloury fames,
Seize the soul,
And spread white smoke of joyous longings;
New horizons open,
New possibilities arise
And this and that worlds meet in indistinct sleep.

The shots fired here explode there,
The seeds sown there sprout here;
The dim lamp of the dream world
Surfaces images in thousand wings
From the dark womb of still night,
That flutter and fly in open sky
To measure the depth of wakeful world;
Loves and hates are fought in proxy
In the still of quiet night
In quite wish fulfillment
Though nothing is fought anywhere on the Earth
And nothing is won or lost at all.

The dream world is still like the floor of an ocean
Where pressures and precious treasures meet;
The dream world is turbulent like poet's mind
Where swirls of images fix his theme.

Like red-hot charcoal lights new flame,
The pregnant mind, charged with new height,
Sets dream world to chromatic warm flames;
The Self tastes own blood within the walls
To defreeze pains of the wakeful world
In soft warmth of quietude;
The negative world is dream world
Where the black-hole of mind spawns subtle lights
To balance natures and soothe seething elements;
A battleground of idlers and playground of poets,
A stacked storehouse of planners is dream world;
An indefatigable fount of new lights,
A coloury vacuum where all dwell for solace
In oblivion of sweet, numb darkness is dream;
The sparkles of the Self spawn dream world
Where inner pains and pleasures weave artful little plays.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

181. Life

Dawn follows dust; dusk, dawn
In throbs of life in cycles
Of incessant joys and pains;
A mount ascends from a veil
While a veil descends from a mount;
It is the play, the nature plays,
That makes life a trove of hopes and despairs
And sweet, sad tune of immortal rhythms
That raises soul to peak strength
Where all passions fasciculate to white hot, sad glow.

A silver string of terrifying charge
Runs `neath nature's writhing dance
To hold high hopes through ups and downs;
It is this string of terrifying charge,
It is this string of terrifying charge,
That raises soul to noble lives
And sends man on ceaseless pursuits;
The nature's throbs, the nature's heaves,
The silver string `neath the rhythmic cycles
Make life, life; a stillness in change.

Life is an ocean of infinite waves
That rise and fall in unknown order;
Life is a dance of cosmic rhythms
That force concinnity for orderly growth
To unknown, far goals on evolution's wings
Where always all move in blind spurts;
It is celestial mood of the subtle creation
That lives as root cause and moves as mute change
In continual flux in a fixed course
To the nebulous end all aspire to reach.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

182. Love And War

Win the world by love, not by war,
For, no wars are ever Won;
Win the world with heart, not with arms,
For, no arms ever win the world.

Love wins all, defeats none
And builds a bond of heart and soul;
War loses all, spreads hatred a'where
Where peace and joy are stifled to death.

Love is life: war is death;
Love is strength: war, destruction;
Love blends and builds a complete world
While war divides and kills.

Love lifts soul, war drops to gulfs
Of pain, doubts and incessant fears;
War blackens soul, love lights soul
With immortal glow of joy and peace.

Love is fusion, a blissful implosion
That binds parts and fills gaping cracks;
War is fission, a deafening explosion
That hurtles sufferings like sharp missiles.

The flames of war burn both sides
Of the log to dead charcoal;
No life sprouts again anywhere,
But black rage and hatred on each side.

Love is conscience's sweet milk,
War is black passion's poison,
Love tends and binds in kind feelings
While war ravages to azure on battleground.

Love gives blood, war takes blood;
Love soothes soul: ; war seethes soul;
Love is peace: war is turbulence
Where all are in constant change.

Wage the war of love to win
And not the love of war and lose;
War invites defence and attacks
While love invites sacrifice and helps.

War freezes pride: love dissolves pride;
War breeds war and love breeds love
Invoke love and give all your love,
Fill all the world with love and trust.

No love ever failed, no war, succeeded;
This is the way the nature planned it,
This is the way God ordained on the Earth
To bring the kingdom of love, not of war.

Follow the path of love everywhere,
In love and war, in peace and turbulence;
Love is pure light of knowledge and beauty
Where hearts meet and minds bind.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

183. Supreme Joy

Several steps I climbed, some more to climb
Along the course of the timeless time,
Doors are open to lead in blind blinkers
Through the jigsaw-paths of the dreary future;
Deadly vipers and beasts infest the wilderness,
Thorns tear, creepers shear the resigned sojourn,
Heart bleeds, soul weeps while limbs labour
While mind gropes for the refuge of light;
Weather is stormy, grimy, darkness everywhere,
Where lightening breaks like seld windfalls.

Esurient eyes stare at the wrap of the blankness,
For the rare flashes of the momentary profulgence
That dissolves to far dreams as soon as it comes;
Eyes are tired, for, very dark is this night,
No streaks of light, anywhere on the horizons
And gloom frosts in mind and heart and soul;
I know not where I go upward or downward,
Or go round and round in unending roundures
For the motion's sake in savage blinkers
Till the heart sears and the soul withers.

More I climb, less I see my root,
Less calm, less warm, less peaceful I become,
Less contentment with the past and life;
Grit glissades, grip loosens with the thickening night
And vultures in the sky hover for prey;
What bolts may fall from what part of the world,
What shocks are in store while I breakout from the smoke,
How long to climb, for what ultimate goal,
The eyes miss in the maelstrom of the survival's flight
And I disclimb while climb, to the despair's pit.

All is not lost yet, in the cool and still night,
Stars aplenty sparkle as specks in heaven;
Each is a distant dream, a new world to be won
If sight is right and heart is of right zeal;
They follow me, they guide all along the path,
They sprinkle bright lights on the frozen dark night;

I raise tired eyes from the womb of dark hell
And search each twinkle with an unknown hope;
Lo, a thousand suns flash from each of the star,
A flood of supreme joy dissolves me to life.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

184. Birthday

Once in an age
Comes birthday, reminds
How once years back
I built bridge to this world.

Once in an age
Comes birthday, reminds
How this world without my world
Once existed as well.

Birthdays flash in wheels,
The revolutions passed behind,
Each adding to my growth
To stand me where I stand.

I pass on from womb to grave
In the birth and death scale,
Farer each birthday; farther from
Where I seedled and moulded live.

It reminds me my past,
It reminds the time ahead,
It reminds above all, present,
The subtle missions of life.

Thousand souls that tended me,
Thousand graces that blessed me,
To state me as this here, now,
Unwind in reels this very day.

It marks my life's mark-time,
The heroic march on the still land;
Quick marches, in doubles, too are there,
All take me ahead, year by year.

Divine reminders, birthdays
Of whence we came, where we go,
Of how little reached in our goals
And how far need run to fulfill the self.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

185. Death Is Death, Dissolution Of All

All over this mammoth Earth,
There is nothing like death;
All over this mammoth Earth,
Nothing escapes death
Except that strange death itself.

What is this death,
Perchance, death itself knows not;
Whence it springs,
Where are its wings,
Fancied none in these million years.

It's the live black hole
In dance along the time's scale;
Nothing escapes its rapacious field
And nothing ever breaks out of its shield,
Death is death, dissolution of all.

Is death a beginning, none ever ever knows,
No mysteries as mysterious as death ever is;
No light or shade nor talent prised it,
No voyages ever came back out of its womb,
Nor light-years ever scaled the depth of death.

Death brings down all to the Nature's womb,
To the Natures pristine pure form;
No rise or fall nor glory or shame,
'Neath the mysterious death, all are same;
Indeed, the supreme equalizer is death.

Death is true peace, death is ultimate pain,
Death is finding peace in the folds of pain;
Death robs light and spreads dark night
And numbs soul to the inevitable truth, that
Born out of night, but we are part of that night.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

186. Farewell

O, now the time rings the bell,
It is the time of farewell;
O, the present dips to the past,
It's halt to the roll of time at last.

The joys and grief come to an end,
The struggles of past halt to a grind;
All hopes and fears pass behind,
Pressures gone, withers, the mind.

A transition, ahead, to newer realms,
From known to unknown, path ahead;
Comradships snapped, hollowness claims
Memories of past in series unceased.

It's fall from the tall self-confidence,
But a challenge to rebuild from the scraps;
An open field to build to the sky, or else
Go standstill in darkness and grope.

Reels of snapshots of fears, joyous tears,
Successes, failures in nostalgic frames
Unroll ceaselessly, all bitterness clears;
Farewell washes off the sins of past games.

Hatreds drown in appreciations whatever;
As harmless like fish moved out of water,
The soul no more a threat or a competitor,
Deserves the best for the past deeds' galore.

It is the last adieu, parting forever,
Snapping the roots grown there in blood;
It is parting the past in pursuit of the future,
Shedding a part of the heart and the mind.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

187. A Giant Rock

A giant rock, atop a hill,
Arrogantly rises to infinite sky:
Stands upright in lonely splendour
In dazzling backdropp of the lighted heaven,
Like a battle-scarred victorious knight
Towering high on humbled battlefield
In imperious frown of heat and stroms
That touch and shake far lower mortals.

A pack of strength in divine expanse
In silent concert to the dizzy height,
Stands in stolid frown of the dwarf world
In defiance of the shocks of time
While all senses in focus on the immortal plane
Of stoic calm and immobile peace
In striking contrast to the cycles of change
That obtemper 'neath its high stature.

Distance does not hide, nor the nebulous cloud,
Pleasures do not touch, nor pains or praise;
Birth and death, it absorbs in self
And spreads calm confidence to the surrounding world;
The selfless strength that crowns the world
In gay abandon of liberated soul,
Builds a bridge beyond the earth's crust
From where descends sublime godliness.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

188. Forgive, Never Forget

Forgive, Never forget,
To be wise;
Only dull-head
Forgives and forgets
To calm inner commotion
And resile to childhood,
Now, today, forever;
It is suppressed state,
A void enforced,
A ravage of the nature's course
To white-wash soul
With ugly void
And lose own weight
And distinct colour,
In rich variegated world;
A eunuch
Who evades live strains,
A tasteless creature,
How envisions kaleidoscopic sights,
Of the life's rich stocks
Of unending experience?

Forgive, never forget,
To be wise;
Only stupid fool
Never forgives and never forgets,
Only contrives plots
And plays dirty tricks
In patent outrage of nature's sage course
And falls to own dragnet
Of schemes and counter-schemes;
Waiting wolves and foxes,
Devour him;
He burns alive
In hellish fire
Of hate, anger and passion;
His soul shatters
With shattered peace
And dissolves in dysthymia

In bloody speed
Along the glidder walks of life;
He makes and unmakes new hells
Of blood and passion
And boils in couldron
Of disenchantments.

Forgive, never forget,
To be wise;
Let nature take her own course
To ripe,
To shape
In right environ,
To creep along
The memory's lanes
In patient wait for time
To cool passions,
To digest events
In nature's plural avatar;
Life sprouts
In passion's pulp
In the time's slow burning fire;
Fruit ripes

In nature's slow pace
In sweet grace
To meet the quiet needs
Hatched
Deep down the silence
Of quiet confinements
Of nature's justice
To meet cause and effect,
To fill the empty bowl
Of unfulfilled desires.

Foragive, never forget,
To be wise;
Nature marches in slow-times
In leisurely pace
To her goal
In resolute strides;
Haste tastes waste,

And crumbles
Providential designs
In premature abortions
Of still-born emotions;
Plots
In formative state
In time's womb,
Rapture
And spew disgraceful
Human wastes
Of forced efforts;
Patience pays
In full measure
And nature blooms in own leisure
In her bounty,
In her beauty
In refreshing symmetry
In all her flourish
In full swing;
The heat of emotions sublimates
To diving light
Through the course of time
To dawn peace and balance
Again in the world;
The slipped disc of evolution's backbone
Finds its place in due course.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

189. Cosmic Dance

Nataraja,
The lord of fierce cosmic dance
In all consuming celestial rhythms
Of infinite and nought,
Of life and death,
Sprouts from the shell of void
With the profound deep bang of Om
In suppressed implosion
That throws endless bright flames
All over the ceaseless space
In impossible speed.

Motions in rhythms,
Rhythms in deafening Om
Cradle new forms,
Cradle new lives,
All along the fierce dance;
Cold and dark heaven,
The celestial stage,
Rocks in warmth of blinding light
With rhythmic fireballs
In run to infinite horizons.

Stillness stirs,
Silence whispers,
Void occupies
With extending cosmic dance;
Death comes to life, life, to death,
A complex cycle catches all;
Dark heaven illumines,
Life warms up
And the cosmos, like the newmoon sky,
Sparkles with myriad bright specks.
It is fierce spasms of heavenly bodies,
It is cosmic force in celestial dance.

Wild flames of wrath
Bums elements to fluid motion
To deafening bangs

In gracious symmetry
That springs new worlds
Of breathing life and subtle mind
From the restless feet
Of immortal nataraja
In destructive dance,
That engulfs evils
In creative dance,
That evolves new order;
Each gesture is a passion,
Each motion, an emotion,
Each vibration, a divine song
In the furious exposition.

The restless dance goes on and on
Till finite force fills infinite horizon,
Till the booming bang of the lifeful Om
Reaches back its creative womb.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

190. A Story

He is a regal horse,
They wished, he drag their jatkabandi;
New to the job,
He refused to stoop,
He raised head high in regal portance
And neighed aloud in leonine arrogance.

They pulled his reins to tie to a cart,
The cart was low for his impossible height;
They knew not how to use this breed.
They knew no strains of a regal horse;
How to breed and ride a good horse,
How to rein in and win its wits,
They had no clues;
They groped in dark to figure his pride,
But found no light;
Different it is from the common breed,
But high or low,
They could not figure ever.

Birds of the same feather flock together,
They came in haste to stick together;
Birds of the same feather flock together,
But, could not figure how to handle the fare.

Kala was then the chief of them,
He had old passion for the young regal-horse;
How the tall horse would win bread and I've long
If laboured not a cart all its life.
Kala wailed aloud in large kind heart;
He wished, the regal-horse reduced its height
So he could tie a cart to its lowered back;
He wished, the regal-horse go dumb as an ass,
So none ever fear to mount its regal back;
He knew not how to help the regal horse,
So, he devised a cruel home-made craft;
He caught it in a trench and tied with ropes,
He bet with rods and made it run
Till fell the exhausted-horse with bleeding open wounds;

His heart too bled for the innocent dying horse
And tended gaping wounds with love and care
Till the horse gained strength and stood erect alive;
He began again the savage torture
To make the regal-horse, a cart-pulling ass;
He broke its legs,
Flogged skin and bathed in blood
For all the passion, he had for the horse,
To make the regal-horse a cart-pulling ass;
He allowed it not to die
Nor allowed the horse to live as a normal-horse
Till he languished to droop and disappear somewhere.

Is it love or hate,
Is he a friend or foe,
Is it a grace or curse,
Know not he nor that horse.

The graceful horse licked blood,
Withstood the ordeals for good
With its broken legs
And rose as ever from strength to strength
Of its rare breed;
Taller it grew with each of its struggle,
Proved its breed and proved its blood,
It proved that rare timbre of a noble breed;
It showed subtle strains, unseen till then;
But never never stooped to jatka-breed,
Never assumed an ass' guise,
While bore the brunt with valour and resign
And stood upright
Like god itself.

Baser creatures do have several heads,
Each is a guise to meet weakness inside;
Baser creatures do have several heads
While a noble soul has one, held high skyward.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

191. We Live In Bits

Bits blend

To realize the whole,
As forms bond
And constitute beauty.

Elements bind

In innovative sequence
To invent new things,
To create new worlds
Of shapes and schemes
Of right and wrong,
Of character and soul.

Musical notes knit

And sensibilities fuse
To melodious magics;
Pregnant words sing
In bitty impressions
To create the poet's dream;
All are bonds of bonds,
Strange permutations
Of the nature's simple bits
That spawn new worlds
Of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram.

No whole is itself,

All bare illusion,
Like a dream
That surfaces from suppressed emotions,
Like the self.
That sprouts from conditioned responses,
Like power
That sits on the ruins of
The needs around;
All, in bits and bounds,
Create new worlds
Of art and artifice,
Of sense and sensibilities
To breed freshness,

Time trickles in quants,
Space spreads in spasmodic leaps,
Life bursts out of bits of acts
On unending path,
Littered with lost hopes
And undaunted optimism
Of new convert's zeal,
Like curds sour from milk;
Like colours diffuse in canvas
To spawn an artist's freak
In the eyes of a gullible soul.

Though indeed there,
The creative whole,
A pure illusion
A rope and serpent's fable
Of absolute Advaita;
The illusions are real
While indeed untrue,
That in blank bits
Of death's disintegration,
Unwind to the nature's womb
For new creative names
In unending mysterious chain.

Red and yellow combine
And create luminous green;
Sulphur bonds to oxygen
And spews bright, hot flame;
Thoughts and habits meet
And sprout indivisible Self
Of learned responses
In bits
From the dark expanse of the past.

Genetic codes in bits
Frame the whole of soul
In strange shades
Of experience
And environs,
As do bitty particles,

Thousands of galaxies.

Though void in form,
Soul exists as whole;
Though unrealised by sense,
It expresses in bits of becoming;
Though intemporal,
Soul moves in bits
In cycle of time.

Bits are truth and the whole, bare illusion;
Thoughts, forms, worlds and souls
Live in true minute bits
That spawn smoky ghosts
Of life and strife and pleasure and pain.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

192. Destiny

Nothing tides as it should be,
Fro, reasons fall to short to reach,
Desires, too cool and lame to rise
To the magic field of ripening
To pluck the fruits of forbidden wood.

The world is too huge for human mind,
Too abstract for rational cause;
The litmus in use is too thin and weak
To pick facts and freaks of cause and effect;
The world is too bright for human eyes,
The world is too loud for human ears;
The world that lives in infinite moods
Links and delinks things in unending rounds
Outside wee spins of tiddy human mind.

Unforeseen tides flow on the course of time
From the nature's infinite womb
That shapes all worlds, unseen to human eyes,
From nowhere and beyond rational cause;
The infinite tides of time hides from finite mind
And works on the nature's dictates
That often fall discordant with reason's notes.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

193. Memories

Some memories are so deep that you never forget,
Like perfect carvings on shapely granite;
Thick layers of dust and mud indeed deposit
On lively, neat forms in course of ceaseless time;
Yet, you feel the endless beauty on all surfaces
In clean outlines rising up to stir your heart.

The memories sit in heart like its deeper heart,
Like deep roots that spread to vital nerve-centres
Where they stir passions and thoughts outside
The thick sheaths of time in intense forceful streams
In most unexpected moments of lonely contemplations
To catch my soul in long flames of pains or pleasures.

The fumes of memories condense on cool glass of my mind,
Thoughts blur, heart swells and eyes become indistinct,
The real world deliquesces to instate distant past in front;
I rise to supernal ethereal, world beyond time and space,
Where timeless vision dawns as intense glow of feelings
Which transport me out of the world's pains and sufferings.

The soft patches of memories on vast canvas of the past
Like hills and fields while seen on a flight,
In bare outlines with smokes of oblivion hanging on,
Blast in full from in front of my soul
In all splendours in which it struck me in past;
I relive the world which I thought interned in the past.

Everything is everywhere at all the times,
Even the past in here and the present and uncertain future
In fine dusts of memories suspended in mind,
That coalesce and surface from time to time,
Memories oft more deep and real than reality itself;
For, the memories rise from deep etches of the self and soul.

Memories are stable like Polaris in north sky
While realities change like twinkling stars;
No doubts or fears reach the lane of memories
That pierce layers of years like laser beam

And strike like lightening with splash of pure glow
From the past that slowly burns within since then.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

194. Rain

Tiny drops in unceasing streams
That drip from rolling thick black clouds,
Sit on lap of mother Earth
And sink to her heart in warm streams;
Strong prazen winds that sweep the Earth
Scatter rain drops all over the Earth.

The Earth is grey and so is the sky,
A pall of wet gloom hangs in the air;
The Sun is calm, faceless in sleep
'Neath liquid clouds in desperate run;
Nothing is still in the stony still rain,
Nothing is calm in the chilly calm land,
All are in creep and all in mad rush,
Streams, trees, clouds in the rainy day.

Warmth is gone and the nature is thick,
Sprightly, bright laughters freeze to gloomy grins;
Water in mad flows dance
On smooth, wet mud on the Earth's soft face;
A bridge of grey gloom links the sky and the Earth,
Livestocks caught 'neath the stifled light,
Grove for sunshine in new world so sad but sweet.

Oh, yes, Indeed, rain is sad but sweet
With thrills of surreal nature's wild rage
In flash of fires that flood the Earth;
The mighty rainy streams that flood good world!
The bloody bold winds that topples giant trees
In crazy long sweep that shakes horizons!
The fitful black frown that hides sheeny sky
And the chill deep 'neath that clatters all bones!

Rain damps nature's sprite to kindle new life,
To bedeck mother Earth with rhythms of freshness
And cradle season's cycles to the fore,
Year after year and centuries later;
Though harsh is rain, subtle and sublime
That wets the Earth with celestial grace

Of bountiful yields and rustic passions
To till soft land and make happy all.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

195. Silent Breeze

Dawn's dew-fresh rays flow like silent breeze
And hide in day's bright eye till dusk falls;
Profound thoughts from bright cool mind
Shoot in whimpers to win battles and wars;
It is uttaras who boast and flee from battles
While abhimanyus break-in to valour's court
In the still of calm passions that stream in roots;
Old engines stream thick smokes
And pull in shudders and deafening rattles;
Rusts make doors to give loud bleats and shrieks;
It is dead wastes that arrogate rigor mortis
While spirit sits dumb in wisdom's grace;
It is inner sprite in Heaven's sunshine and peace
That treads in regal, silent strides,

Love is silent; beauty and wisdom, silent;
Fullness is silent while half-full, boisterous;
To be is commotion; Being, contentment
Where all is still in pregnant peace;
Harmony is silent tune, noise is discord,
Silent oneness is life; disintegration, death;
The gust of hot passions thin out to spent force
While silent streams infall to oceans,
Silent weights instate on firm, quiet field
While weightlessness brings uncertain sways
And motions with unbound, unsteady clamours
To fill void inside with hot airs from outside;
Silence is peace, fullness; silence, confidence;
A still brood of strength to vanquish noisy strifes.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

196. Self

A sticky rubber mass is Self;
It is neither here nor there,
Too heavy to fly, to light to fall;
It sticks, yet slips
And sinks, yet floats;
While carries itself in emotion's flood,
It plays on surface too.

It speaks in stillness of silence
And acts in numbness of sleep,
Unseen, untouched, unheard anywhere,
Through the web of creeps of experience
That meshes the Self to gentle incarceration;
Its antenna picks signals
Of touch, taste and fragrance too,
From far and wide.

Self is invisible, yet all pervasive,
Self is all void, yet, the womb of existence
And speeds with light, touches all heights;
It absorbs all, it effuses all
While itself sits still like Cynosure in North Sky;
Self is ignorance, Self is all knowledge,
Self is black hole that processes celestial light.

Self is soul and body, Self is love and pride
That makes I, I and the world, that world
That lights darkness and spawns attachment;
Self is subtle force that ignites life-process;
Though pure and transpicuous like crystal prism,
Shocks and strains surface opaque scratches on the Self
And refractions mess up its splendid colour spectrum
And self sticks and stings in impure from.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

197. Strange World

We live in strange world,
Stranger than strangeness itself;
In strange range of minds,
In strange making of bonds,
Shifts, twists, rifts, accidental fits,
What befall from nowhere
In wild cascade of shocks
In arrogance of poet's eloquence
That consume complacency
And unravel new horizons
From the sterile dark womb
In lie of wild dreams
Of a fair and healthy mind.

Reasons nor conventions rule,
Events just leap in queer quirks
From unlike parentage
In times least pregnant to bare,
In whims least conceived to bear,
As celestial sport
To infuse life to supine world
And to rouse human mind
To what time holds in store for all.

Indeed it is strange world,
Stranger than wild dreams
And weird and wildest freaks;
The denouements of the nature's tricks,
Couched in sudden quirks,
Bring hopes to weary days;
An eerie mass of nuts and bolts
Assemble new worlds
That befall in grotesque forms
Beyond reason's confines
To give jolt to the dull, dreary world
And cling the world to perpetual hope.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

198. Survival Of The Fittest

Fleshy, pretty, innocent parrot
Makes an easy hunter's target;
Succulent, pretty, meek rabbit
Gets first caught in tricker's dragnet,
Where survive those who prove fittest;
For, this is the way the world is made,
This is how men, trees, animals live
In the long sojourn of growth by choice
Of the fittest and most circumspect
To reach the top on evolution's lap.

Gentle, sweet roads are indeed beautiful,
For the pleasures they give for other's walks
Like velvet footmat that comforts dirty feet,
Like the lamp that lights by burning itself;
No praise, sacrifice nor a nod fits here,
What brings survival that only matters
Like bitter core in sugarcoated pill,
Like main thrust of all tactics in war,
Like soulful song from earful tunes;
No pickaback, but hit on target opens all doors.

Scarce are bags, too many are mouths
And dog-fights for bones are but natural;
Swift legs, smart brain, sharp eyes,
No binds, strong arms and ruthless heart
To press all back and reach the top
Make fit, fit and survival, a truth;
No questions on how and what is right,
For survival itself is ultimate right:
Survival mothers all rights and wrongs
Like lamp that gives both light and shadow.

Is mad rush, the way for evolution's carriage?
Is blind sojourn, the door for the topmost slot?
Should all roll like football to reach goal?
Is it ruthless fight that chooses the fittest of all?
Why gentle, right roads and beauty, truth, grace
Lure inroads and fail in evolution's thrust?

No beauty is waste; no sweet, gentleness, waste,
No truth, rectitude, a waste in celestial realm;
Some lions in den, some rats on metal scraps,
All in race on own style to meet the fittest slot.

Everything has its time to act and yield,
Its own pace, race, methods and grace;
Some like fog, fall heavily on the Earth,
Others sweep in light sway like breeze;
Some, like classic, tunes, rise in slow moods,
Others race in mad rush to grab all goods;
Some, like morning freshness, sit in quiet charm,
Others bent to sweat out their time;
The flash of lightening fills horizons in swift act and go
While thunders break late and continue to roll.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

199. Life's Winter

Idle, semiconscious winter fog
Settles heavy on deforested nude,
Grey and dull, everywhere, dull lull;
Spine-chilling cold, blinding grey fog,
Nowhere light streaks to warm-up heart.

Flowers and fruits of yester seasons
Only breed pains `neath smashing dead-weight
And drags life unto cold slow death;
Eyes go red in search of shadows
That grow tall in dusk's twilight
To squeeze blood in bone-chilling pain.

Days are short, nights are along,
No greens, bare top everywhere;
Winds bite, old memories sting,
Eyes well up like dense white clouds
In distant brood of blue sky.

No colours, only shades of grey;
Thin dull shrieks of deep pain
Leak in slow moves form gulfs
Of grim wilderness of loneliness;
Cold void all round till eyes stretch,
No ripples of joy or warmth anywhere.

What a contrast in winter and spring!
How the spring deepens the chill of winter!
That fulsome spring; this bald winter;
Where has gone those fragrance and musics?
Those warmth, colours and sensuous tastes?

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

200. Pique

O mammoth pique, I do pick
And treat you with the vilest prick
To deflate your horny hauteur;
For, you make psyche seriously sick
And robs light by smothering soul's wick;
You, the worthy progenitor
Of the cauldron of inflated ego, you lick
Blood that flood while true talents click,
But, thereon you takeover by trick
And stick out vile horns, too quick.

You are the coborn of true talents,
But distorted, deformed, disturbingly deviant;
You are the black shadow of excellence, its bright light,
The couthie little spouse of rage's red rolls;
You sneak in thro' nooks and corners of the mind
And sweep the soul like a devastating wind
That uproots grace, topples peace and flashes rage;
You disturb the harmony inherent to the souls,
Riding on the false shadow of suspicions,
And jump the walls to crash on indiscretions.

Pique crumbles talents to insignificance,
Pique clouds all virtues to impotence;
Lustrous diamond is the soul untouched by it,
That shines and reshines thro' hard surface;
Pique is the smoke most poisonous inbred in man,
Pique is the deadly snake in wait to bite the first seen
To disgorge the poison from the system's sack;
Pique is a handicap, fatal infirmity of the mind,
Born of inadequacies, insecurities, imbalances of the self,
That drag life on the cusps of disaffections.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

201. An Unwise Labour Lost

Wise is meeting back while you deal those with logic,
But mad dogs bite, you meet not to bite back.

While wise men scorn, you may weigh them with reason,
While learned minds trip, you guide them thro' conviction,
While enlightened hearts falter, you light up their emotion,
But, crazy tempers while roar, know, it's sad cruel confusion.

A seasoned soul does seek a place, a cause and a time,
Whatever he does, has a refrain, a sense and rhyme,
But, alas, crazy sour souls, as free as mad dogs,
Run amuck as take legs and lie in filth like hogs.

Mad dogs do infect rabies, infest blood stream,
But, biting back those, brings not back former frame;
Fighting back a sickening night, an unwise labour lost,
For, night is hollow darkness, haunted by senseless ghost.

You bask in daylight while live in an awakened world,
Where all is fair and right and in reason's perfect mould;
You sink in evil night while live with outrage in silence,
Where all is mad and foul and a den of evil's licence.

Good and wise are met back and negotiated with,
Wild stupids must be suffered in silent pains 'neath;
For, the world is good and bad's inseparable broth
And you meet whatever comes on your uncertain path.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

202. Biting Back

Wise is meeting back while you deal with logic,
While mad dogs bite, you wouldn't bite back.

While wise men scorn, you condition them to reason,
While learned mind trips, you guide it by conviction,
While an enlightened heart falters, you light up its emotion,
With crazy temper aroar, you see nothing but confusion.

A seasoned soul seeks a place, a cause and a time,
Whatever it does, has a refrain, a sense and rhyme,
But, alas, deranged sour souls, as free as mad dogs,
Run amuck as take legs, lie in filth like hogs.

Mad dogs may infect rabies, infest blood stream,
But, biting back mad dog, brings not back former frame,
Fighting back a sickening night, an unwise labour lost,
For, night is hollow darkness, haunted by senseless ghost.

You bask in daylight while live in awakened world,
Where all is fair and right and in reason's mould;
You sink in evil night while live with outrage in silence,
Where all is mad and foul and a den of evil's licence.

Something must be met back and negotiated with,
Some others must be suffered in silent pain 'neath;
For, the world is good and bad's inseparable broth
And you meet whatever comes on your uncertain path.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

203. Mad Caps

If all caps, psychopaths,
What good, old world can do?
If peak caps, mad cops refuse reason,
How enlightened world cope with it?
Indeed, knots exist;
Walking half-way to unite tangles
Face setbacks as a rule;
Arcane, ever-hiding, dark half-side
Of their mind's waning moon
Grapples their selves in vice-like grip,
Dims their lights,
Spreads ripples of twilight;
Imagined ghosts
Somersault their thoughts;
They neither stand on legs
Nor rise on wings,
They just bounce and flounce,
Avoid heavy strides
That end up them in old, rich roots
Beneath cold ground
And exorcise their worlds;
They are shattered minds,
They know not what they are now;
In bits
They live,
They let
Their passions in blind spurts;
Mad vial in their bowls should dry
To sink their senses in stilled Self.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

204. Mother India

O mother land,
O dear dear mother,
Our mother India,
Our beloved India,
For all your charm and ancient wisdom,
For all the rich past and spiritual cast,
For rare forbearance and variegated forms,
How, mother, you are caught in a sorry state now
Of crave, craze, ignorance and cowardice,
Of filth, hunger, degradation and violence?

What a sad gap'tween now and then!
What a vast gulf 'twixt your own children!
A seat of wise sages is a den of self-seekers
Who thrive and flourish on the poverty's sufferance
And pain and hunger of myriad brothers;
Open your eyes, O dear dear mother,
See how a few smart ones grow to fatty bad giants
While most cry hoarse for a morsel every day,
Though each is your child,
Though you give, all you have.

You know not perchance whom you mother,
Whom you feed with the best of love,
With the best of food, home, joy and comfort
With all your riches, power and name-ruffians
Scoundrels, worst models of rogues,
Cheats, worst crooks, gangsters and criminals;
Mother, see elsewhere, gentle children, you breed,
In unending fight to keep the both ends meet,
No joy, no peace, no comfort or support,
They go on knees, 'neath the weight of crime world.

You better be barren, our dear mother land
Than breed cruel criminals in your sacred womb
That bore rare jewels of the mankind once;
You better be invalid, our mother land
Than feed bands of gangsters with your gentle hands
And throttle good lives of gentle innocent babes;

Why nectarlike milk of your kind breasts
Turn godlike infants to rude blood-hounds?
Why your gentle hands strangle innocence,
Breed dark ignorance and spread violence?

We love you, dear mother, for your noble past,
For giving us life and means of livelihood;
We hate you, our mother, for what you are now,
For giving us life in this mean hell of land
Where cheats go rich and killers rule the land,
Where violence gives power and crimes ease life;
Where savagery is adored by indifferent ignorant mass,
Where oppression is elected by ignorant cowardice,
Where satanic shadows dim the angelic gentle light
And everything bad thrives and everything good fails.

Why this eclipse of the pristine charm?
Why this disgrace to an ancient land?
Where has gone the deep passions for value?
Where is time-valued sense of just cause?
All is gone like sunshine in dusk,
Like an aircraft that crashes in mid-air;
Burnt fragments of the past do appear, scattered
In brooding mood of the foregone ages
Like faded youth of an aged woman;
Aye, India is dying a slow disgraceful death.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

205. Freewill

Is man free to choose his fate
And force his pace on choosen course?
No gene, no class, no background,
Nor stamp of youthful impressions
Sets his course to what he chose
Though cooks the broth and adds spice
To the sail, set on freewill.

Hundred lanes and thousand bylanes
Wait man's beck and open free path;
Man chooses the path, close to his heart
And decides The pace that suits his strength
And builds his fate in his own hands
In tune with strains and strength of soul,
In concert with his subtle innermost call.

Nothing is far, nothing is bar
To the facile sail of the human Self
Till he knows his soul, strengths, weak spots
And decides thereon his future course
In arts, crafts and tools to serve,
In strength, form, time and place
To devolve freewill to the living world
And weaves his basics to the desired goal
That he chooses to meet on his course.

It be infinite expanse of insatiable greed
Or meadow, lush with mollitous fodder,
It be artistic world of dance and musics
Or artful world of thoughts and crafts,
Of frauds, deceits and bloody fights
Or the fulsome world of love and trust;
It be name, fame, power or wealth
Or the golden world of peace and joy,
All, in attendance to freewill.

In long course of the life's sojourn,
Tides rise from nowhere
And lands man on unknown shores

That none fathomed ever to exist,
If inner calls of man's freewill
In tune with his emotions and soul,
Drive the man to sweat-out treach.o

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

206. Mad Winds

Like strokes of child's feeble arms
In ocean of wild waves and turbulent tides,
Like flutters of bird lost in high sky
In eye of speeding violent storm,
Your marks lose as do warmth in ice-shelf
And strange tides carry you pickaback
To unknown lands of refreshing shocks
In subtle cycles unknown to human mind;
Like thoughts afloat in contemplative fertile mind,
You roll at the hest of mysterious mad winds.

You fall from mound and find on hilltop
Or lose in desert while traverse forest land;
For, our arms are weak; ears, deaf and eyes blind
While grope for path in dirk thick of strange world
Where hide rare riches in rat-holes' neath ground
That stumble tired legs that sink to its depth;
Or land pride's strides in gaping vacant gulfs
Till thoughts fog, hearts sink and wings wither
And raise again high to fortune's magic lands
In cross contemn to man's mines' against time.

Sunrise and set in blurred eyes look alike
With tinged sky and flying birds,
With subdued light and quiet breeze;
The light of lamp that lights your home
Spreads not beyond four walls you live with,
But create false sights from the womb of night;
Strain not eyes, refrain your sprite,
Hold safe the lamp, light the place you tread
To guide you now step on step forward;
For, unknown worlds await, agape, two steps ahead.

You and I are lost cry in infinite sky,
Who run with streams like torn greasy rags;
We run uphill and jump downhill,
Yet, know not why and how of schemes;
Nor know where we are, nor where we may lair;
Where we go, where rise and fall, and how,

Knows better, all-knowing subtle celestial force,
That draws all worlds on the eternal course
To final goal where all shall reach some time;
We just spin like Earth while think we run at will.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

207. Uncommon Path

Why the world is impatient to
Those who walks on uncommon path?
Why the world distrusts innovative route
And calls to fall on worn-out line?
Why age-old highway is sacred and must
While new bylane is in doubts algate?

The age-old rust of conditioned mind
Shrieks while door opens to new world,
The tiddy, eyes delequiesced in cold boredom,
Lose shine in face of dazzling light;
The fear while thrown to absolute,
Sticks weak minds to long- worn paths.

I enjoy to dazzle in lonely splendour
Amid myriad mass-twinkles of stars,
I traverse a path in unexplored horizon
To feel new pains and pleasures of life;
The worn-out pleasures of the past, pain my soul
And pains of new path bring instilling joy.

Uncommon path is always fresh,
Full of shocks in every step;
It awakens sense for rare tidings;
The courage to walk in uncommon path
Thrills Self, refreshes soul,
Infuses a passion to stand apart.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

208. Rat Race

Why the boundless world bears so few matterful men?
Why a rat race to hustle into gaps a'where?
All are bit worms in manure's wide pits
Or goats in a drove across highways;
Mere statistics like cold iron bolts;
Nowhere in bold bone and flesh
To meet all claims
And walk rich with plunders in high pride.

Why the Earth breeds no talents any more
To bring more height to old, fading world?
Why material men are caught these days
In rabble mores of democratic whores?
Why no means to mark smart brains and hearts?
Where one in a million is what all worth,
Where inconcinnity with mediocrity is sin,
What can survive, but all-out rat race?

No heights rise, no depths dig,
No breadth and width spread anymore,
No sparks catch, no lights light;
Like bullock-cart, the world rolls in dull drag,
No drives, no bangs, no strains of speed;
All seek dark pits to hide heads first,
All run for small share in open, free spoils,
None rise sky-high and earn sunshine.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

209. The Bond Of Environ

The environ,
The sheath, surrounding you,
The Self outside you,
The cradle, where you are born and die
And live within inbetween,
Your true world,
The ultimate guide
That leads you blindfolded
Through the cause and effect's course
Beyond the freewill
Till you grow beyond
And break out of the still womb
To creep outside
By pure chance
Or sheer Karma,

Each shell is a well
Of interminate routes
And goals to reach,
Where lie secrets
Of past and future
In crystal pure strains,
Etched deep within
Every unexplored turn
That moulds your life
As subtle system
Of interactions,
Of time and space
In men and practice
As ever-winding experience.

In own highs and lows
In conventions and laws
Of love and hate,
Of ethos, conduct,
width and breadth
The shell of confinement
Leads your will.

You feel untouched
And free in Self
While flow leeway
To the environ's hest
From lane to lane
In silent compliance,
Unless indeed
You outstretch your Self
And divorce the environ
And revolt to its complexes
That colour your Self
In permanent pigments
Of the environ's bountifuls;
You set on
Unchartered regions
Of strange worlds
To outgrow the confinements
Where lie shackled selves
In nameless graves.

Environ is the skin
To your 'I',
A tough gendarme
At your door;
Your own, yet outside.

All, in one
At your job;
It makes you a prisoner
And drags along in leash,
Unmindful
Of your will,
To the system's service
As cog in a wheel,
While oils
For noiseless run
And guards your Self
From the intrusions
Of confounded conscience

With own value base
As perforce foundation.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

210. Man In Transition

He is torn between was and to be;
Time-tested craft no more takes anywhere
The new world in rise is untested yet;
Yet he must choose between the two
Or bury himself in the gulf of void
And belong nowhere
Like ships, lost in outer space,
Sails out in indefinite course
Till an unknown world drags to its field.

As a child on unsteady legs,
He loves to walk though prefers to sit;
As a bird of unsteady wings.
He loves to fly though keeps to his nest.

The world he knows is his blood and flesh,
Where he hides and rises on freewill;
He sprouted there and spread his shoots
Like old banyan tree;
His world crumbles in the wind of change,
No more roots hold him to the Earth;
He, on the back of the horse of change,
Rises and falls to the rhythms of the ride
Or drops on the ground and dies 'neath legs.

He is awkward in new world
Where, like fat in water, he floats
Neither absorbs nor absorbed, he frets
Like a prisoner in an interrogation cell
While all doors are shut to familiar old world;
He in the world and world in him,
In perpetual revolt,
Strains the life and strains the world;
His feet in new world, his heart in old world,
He falls to the gulf where he lands nowhere,
Till reaches somewhere on feet and heart
In fluid harmony.

Gravity of the old Earth stunts growth

And rise to new space brings fresh pastures;
His roots spread to nerves and bones,
Wait to taste the open variegated sky;
Like bonded soul; he shuttles back and forth
To the old Earth and new space;
To old base and new hopes.
The swing rest him in neutral Zone,
Where enemies in wait, face to face,
Pound his head, hunt his flesh
In rare common cause.

Where the old ends, there new begins
And he is caught between the two;
He cannot stand on the old nor rise to the new
And sadly lost for both;
His feet, unfirm, his wings, too weak,
He is torn in the middle
Like a breached dam
That yields to savage ravage of flood
To end in violent death.

This is the man in transition,
Caught in twilight of two worlds
That blind insight, unwind confusion
And tear his soul as tug unfolds.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

211. Mind

A nebular mole, a black hole,
A universe undefined by space,
That weaves thoughts, freaks and passions is mind,
A web of thoughts and experience.

A throbbing void is human mind
That bounces worlds, unseen on this Earth;
A shapeless shape and silent bang
That causes and quenches thirsts of life.

Mind meets all space and braves all times,
It shapes all forms and creates all rhymes,
All rise and fall and love and hate
In undefined world, above time and space.

A computer controlled console is mind
That raises or drops pressures by blips
Of waves of lengths of infinite range
And creates worlds of realities.

Reasons are bright and passions, thick;
Reasons measure steps while passions, sweep;
Mind lights reason and breathes passion
And breathes light to induce insight.

An ocean of emotion is mind,
Of invisible cosmic urge to grow,
Of heat and dust that wait to vent out,
Where sits mind in turbulent grandeur.

Mind rises to sky in high tides
And dips low with wearing times;
Yet, keeps alight infinite glows
Of passions that light the soul.

Mind is transient, yet, still and divine;
It is divine, yet unreal itself;
An unreal form of the eternal truth,
Though unseen and untouched, perceived always.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

212. Unbound Trove Of Infinite Treasures

Time is too short to live in this long world,
Like two eyes to count stars in the sky;
Time is too transient to hold fast to this world,
Like lightening in night sky to splash light all night;
To eyes, too dim and two hands, too few
To grab vast treasures scattered in this world;
The heart, too weak and two legs, too inadequate
To pace all corners where spread this world
With precious secrets and variegated riches.

Like a sailor in high sea, seeking water to drink,
Man thirsts for things already lie round him;
Like, seeking his peace outside everywhere,
Man seeks his things elsewhere than he should;
For, he is too feeble to confront and bend
The world that stretches beyond his horizons;
He is too light to sit flat on the gaint world
And to call shots at will on the splendours around
That blinds his small eyes and dazzles his soul.

The world is subtle womb where sprouts wonders
That nobody thought possible ever;
Every dark space is a dense spot of new treasures
Of lives, lights, stars and deaths,
Of hopes, riches, solace and new paths;
No infra-red eye to reach dark spots,
No laser device to pierce the treasures;
Man stumbles on things, he seeks blindfold,
In unbound trove of infinite treasure.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

213. A Song Of Existence

All round anxieties in being
Strain warmth of the essence
In inescapable, steady upheavals
Of flux
On the brink of death
In wait,
To sink in dark womb
Of coarse ignorance;
No armour to protect
The being from nonbeing
From temporal onslaughts;
No peace, no confidences,
No continuity in being.

Life, an irrational stream
Of unconnected bits,
A flood of changes,
A mad whirl of flux
With being in the eye,
Thrown to mad wind;
Like weak mind,
Caught in spiral of doubts;
Like lonely bird,
Lost in violent storm.

No root, no end;
No link makes sense;
A spurt of existence
In shades and shadows,
Thrown to vacuum
In infinite space;
Directionless,
Where death stares on the face
In dreadful, dreary coolness
Of imminent destruction.

No powers guard,
No lights guide
The process of being

From the shocks of disorders,
Unleashed by crude time
In queer quantum,
In blind leaps
On uncertain route
To the strange bowel of nonexistent future.

No reason reigns,
No fulcrum
To revolve around;
A desperate run
Through the vacuum
In pursuit of freedom;
Weightlessness
In mid-air
Like Thrishanku,

A not-here-not there syndrome;
Unguided becoming
That blinds the essence
In liberty's unkind glare.

Being is responsibility,
A conscious plunge
Of hapless essence
In chosen course
From infinite cross-roads;
A desperate commitment
To naked choice
In oncoming incertitude;
Being is guilt of incompetence
In hopeless human state
Of piecemeal decisions.
Glued by imperfect existence
That drifts apart
Being and nonbeing.

Living is courage to be,
Across all round despair
Of inescapable anxieties
Of death, guilt and vacuum;
Living is living as it is

In sheer faith in existence
In wakeful resignation
To infinite perplexities
Of finite situation.

Existence is own making,
A wakeful groping in darkness
For nonexistent light
Of ultimate fulfillment;
A bid to build ladder
To nonexistent Heaven
With incompetent tools.

Being is flotsam on despair
And anxieties
Like little time bubbles
On surface;
Yet, being in its own,
Own existence,
In conscious courage,
In responsible commitment
And transcends the quirks of time
In quiet solitude
Of the nonbeing's becoming
That constitutes existence
To precede vital essence.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

214. Thunderbolts

Have your heart built of wrought-iron
And mind of thick reinforced steel
To bear onslaughts of the crazy world;
Have nerves of steel and quartz backbone
To stay in shape, unfazed as ever
While take on beatings of the wanton world;
Have nuts and bolts hold tight your will
Lest ruthless assaults loosen your plans;
Have shock-proof skin protect your self
To stonewall endless mad pundings;
Draw your eyes from far horizons
To fix on short joys lie on hands,
Bind your holdings to bare minimum load
And patiently take tides with concrete confidence;
Harden resolves and stiffen body frame
Lest cracks surface at all soft spots
That gape to consume and gorge you a day.

Each strike sends shocks like thunderbolts,
Each tears root like vice of painful spikes.

Raps fall like blazing death from dark sky
And shatters and scatters whatever you have
And set afire your soul with black smoke;
Wrought x-irons melts, steel bends,
Quartz cracks to tiddy wrecks;
Yet, you must take and withstand knocks
Like gaint black rock atop tall hill,
That weathers all strokes of heat and cold
In precious, cold indifference;
Stiff strafes oft hit most vital joints
And crumble all worlds with precision bombings,
But for the strength inside to live up
And the will like diamond to fight till end.

This makes life a celestial game
Above mortal nodes and temporal tides;
This makes life a divine scheme
Beyond cold plans and human deeds.

No raids breach nor assaults collapse
The forts of will built round your Self,
No winds move, no oceans extinguish
The flames within to survive in odds;
Like phoenix, you rise from grey ruins,
Every time, some ill forces you down;
Like wound-spring, you resile
Every time, some force hits you to break,
While fuel within blows in full steam,
While full life-force kicks the Being;
Then, knocks just reach, strafes just scratch
Which raise you to touch the highest reach
Of the steely world of courage, confidence
Where quartz-backbone never bends,
Where wrought-iron heart and steely mind
Never yield to concerted attacks,
Where nuts and bolts hold will tight forever
'Neath concrete shelters of contemn for crazy world.

Build a sandy wall of indifference
To playful onslaughts round your Self,
Where, no missiles ever penetrate to harm
And falls like spent hapless wreck.

Have your self clear like crystals
Where fires and strengths are visible from within;
Have roads open and sight straight
And stop the lures of fogged crossroads;
A walk on known path in resolute stride
Takes you far, where you should reach.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

215. To Sail

How far should I sail to touch the shore of dreams?
How long should I roll on waves of unfulfilled hopes?
The sail is ceaseless through turbulent, open sea
That drives a pace back with every rising tide
For each advance on the sea in streams of sweat and blood.

The thick blue sea rhymes with the blue broad sky
In sweeping wrap of blue-dyed coarse sack
That ravages vermeil soul's tender glitters
In sweltering heat of tedium in watery graveyard
And the sail is wail of failing, sad soul.

None share the soul's sad pensive mood
In the barren blue's huge vacuum bowl;
But, I sail along the blue wrap in wait for sunshine,
For warmth and chromatic glitters
That surface distant shores where I hope to land.

No signs of the shores, blue waves everywhere;
The rise and fall on the back of waves
Takes nowhere, no hops lead anywhere;
Eyes hurt, ears pain and heart aches,
The sail rocks sideways like paper boat.

Blue waves in front, blue waves at back,
Blue waves again in left and right,
Blue waves 'neath, blue sky overhead,
Blue waves in horizons till eyes can stretch;
I sail as a speck in this void of blue world.

Is this sail, the end itself?
No shores to land! No doors to unwind!
Is the watery womb and blue graveyard
And the uncertain sail, all I can have?
And the shores I aspire, an idle man's dream?

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

216. Thought

Thought is smoke that sprouts from hot ash
And rolls in strange shapes in cool, still air;
Thought is vapour that rises from molten Self
And lies on cool face in new forms.

Thought curdles while Self soars sour
In prolonged fermentation within disturbed soul
And bursts out of the turbulent surroundings
To cleanse the soul to pristine still charm.

The dints of time as the rumples of Self
Deepen thought and widen horizon;
Passion in Self that colours thought
Poises pristine soul to pinxit new world.

Fluid thought brings unknown solution,
New light that splatters from the mind's horizon
And forms within, streaks of unending open ends
That meet to new shapes in magic warps.

Thought sometimes hops from black clouds within
In sudden splashes like lightening;
Sometimes flows in unending chain like creeps
That grow from the pit of experience.

Reflection of experience on the Self's smooth face,
Thought is life and Self rolled to one;
Cooler and calm, thought interprets the Self,
Its clean crystal face and the fog laid thereon.

Thought is inner stress, thought is inner relief,
Thought is twilight, thought is fresh light,
Thought floods like waves, thought catches like fire;
Whatever thought be, it widens existence.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

217. Agony

The world once I thought rich and beautiful,
Why today, so desolate and baleful?
The treasures, a mirage,
The pleasures, a disguise,
The goods I carry are worn and stale,
Not a worthy port is in sight to unload;
The craft I sail is full of holes,
Leaks every pore
And rocks side to side,
Unstable, in unsteady wind.

Am I wrong or the world at large
Or the focus with which I unwind the world;
The dead-end distance runs out fast,
No more rich, green crops in fields,
No shocks of pleasures;
The wells dug up long back
Yield tasteless saline springs,
The long sojourn to sweet unknown,
A thankless labour of familiar and known
In dumb and sullen unending rounds.

No chain links the past to the present,
Nor to the future;
No choin links inside to outside,
Nor to the fate;
All is a riddle, an impassable tract
With poisonous thorns hidden `neath;
Though the world around is full of motions,
My little world is still like cold nail,
No light, no support to stand up
But for unknown fears in heart.

My soul is empty,
The limbs are numb with dumb pains;
Nothing stirs,
All back-bites bleed my strength
To anaemic death;
Minutes roll and days limp

In indifferent, painful rhythms;
The bricks of walls, I built one day
Lie in heaps on ground today
For all to spit in spiteful scorn.

Why the flight fails to rise from the ground?
Why missiles from unknown horizons
Hit the target in constant wrath?
Why all frown the pretty little craft
That never hurtled to other's runway?
All lights went out and dreams shattered,
The sky turned to pitch darkness,
The chill wind blows in unpredictable speed
And I remain grounded forever,
In chill wind of pitch darkness.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

218. East And West

The spiritual East and material West
Are why on perpetual war?
The rectitude and commercial mind
Why cannot bond and share?
Why inner values and monetary values
Fail to yield unisonal values?
Religion and science or ethics and profit,
Art and craft or depth and width,
Why pull like rivals on opposite sides
And let mankind to gruesome gulfs?

Spirit and matter of religion and science
Like night and day of the living world,
Depth and width or rectitude and commerce
Like love and labour of intimate life
Are alternate steps for concrete progress;
East and West like two sides of heart
Must pump vital fluids to save human kind,
To purge wastes and cleanse life system;
How the vital parts of the global system
Go on war and survive for long?

Why west should club to defeat the East
And prove high-tech, trade superior of all
And laissez faire, the playground of men?
Why East should group in response to the West
And club their mights to face material giants?
Arabs, Blacks, Communists or Muslims,
Buddhists, Hindus or turbulent oil-fields,
How can be lesser friends to the western hearts?
The States, Bible, English or war industry
How can be lesser equals to Eastern minds?

The light of Lord Christ spread from East to the the West,
Crude oil flows from East to Western life-lines,
The high-tech and science reach East from the West,
The foods and drugs, from West feed Eastern child;
East and West mingle for a survival on the Earth;
Then, why this divide and subtle inner war?

Why sand reluctance to accept each other?
Colours may differ, so habits and thoughts,
Conducts may differ, so systems and values,
But, man lives for the same goal in East and West.

No West survives by West itself,
No East survives by East itself;
Both should meet and build the world,
Both should blend for the progress of mankind;
West and East surfaced like day and night,
Like north and South in magnetic field,
Not to fight, but to complement
Along the course of the celestial advancement;
Stop strifes, bridge gulfs and build friendship
Like brothers, born to enlightened heritage.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

219. Election

Is election a process to uncover common will?
Election, in truth, uncovers none's will,
But, numerical juggles of dumb, soulless figures
From election machine that makes numbers out of men,
That reduces subtle will to the stamp of ink.

The lazy machine rattles busy figures
That count unaccountable human will;
A thousand broken bits of the nation's will,
How take across the land to real common will?
In no number game lies the nation's will.

A mathematical scheme for people's rule
As dumb and blind as the mass rule it spawns
Where each sinks to nought in the human sea
While forced to choose on dictates of the state
From a bunch of selfish arrogant fools.

You cast your vote to choose who to lead,
Who tax your rights and breed their might,
Who frown your calls from dizzy heights;
For, vote you cast is a mole in a hill
And bereft of weight except number-game.

Election's heat brings dins, dusts and storms
That blind human mind in passion's wild swirls;
Blood meets blood and revenge rules the world,
Wealth flows to Ganges in liquor and blood
To breed more wealth, power and might.

Should passions bleed for greedy, sickly souls?
Should votes be cast just on loud, deceptive words?
How voters could be tools for greedy, ingrate's rise?
Yet, election, an election, an inborn statute right,
A job to foresee that better men come to throne.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

220. Devolution

Straw dolls of plastic backbones,
Of clouded eyes, of splintered bone-frames
Crowd the world like cancerous growth;
Devolution devours souls of men
And blights all hopes of redemption.

Democracy is an infectious spell
That brings stature stamp on common popular mood
Of ease, leisure and shortcut roads;
It breeds and feeds rabble madness
That inebriates men to false secure feelings
And traduces them to common factors.

In rabbles, man loses himself,
His innate atone shatters to splinters
And spawns weak, indistinct noise
That never rises above deafening explosion
Of erratic growth and mad speed of his world.

The foul garbage of din, heat and speed
Fouls all tastes for peace and quietude
And disturbs man in refreshing open air.

Man knows not his self
And gropes in darkness for groping's sake
And groping everywhere, he plunges to hollow womb
With disturbed Self, mangled and mauled
In futile search for unexisting light.

He is divided in steep chasm
Of dead and still-born moral codes
And stifled to dreadful vicious, vacuum;
His Self is in incessant fall,
Confounded beyond hope and emancipation
While oblivious of innate soaring riches.

Wealth oils life for comforts
Though wealth is not life itself;
While puppets flourish in gluttonous motion,

Steel-frames emaciate in dumb pride
And implosions of defeat crack their steel
And constrain them to devolve to mad mainstream;
Aye, who saves this accurst mankind
From the vicious trap of devolution?

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

221. My Songs

My songs like my life,
Dull, though intense
Like bad cold fever;
My songs like my heart,
Bare with brooding passion
Like distant winter cloud.

There, rhythmic celestial dance
Hots up to pregnant broods
To deliver cold, still-born child;
The blood and mud passions
Evaporate like iodine
To a fog in my songs.

The zeal of life, to sad spectrum,
Dissociates through the soul's crystal prism
And spreads to thin lines of shades;
Though warm within, cold like ice,
Though rich and deep, too monotonous,
My songs like life, tread uncertain path.

Like lush pulp in metallic shell,
The songs defy free motion
In the safe cage of circumspection;
Cold, steel words in straight precision
Clatter around poetic prophecies
And bare truth in bone and flesh.

The hymns neither hot nor cold,
Neither storm nor still,
But carry forth in steady speed;
The tunes neither light nor grave,
Neither stir nor thrill,
But lingers like soul's dull sleep.

Though deep, even on surface,
Though high, level on the ground,
The subtle thoughts squat flat on eyes;
Though sweet, mute to ears,

Though fluid, stern to the mind,
The bard's beauty sinks to wastes.

The songs, abstruse like life,
Live in smokes beyond the ground,
Unifirm, dim in indistinct form;
My life my songs,
My songs, my life,
The two hues of the same soul.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

222. Communal Strife

The fruits plucked to sweeten human soul
Turn sour with worms in warm flesh;
The nectar of wisdom, virtue and cosmic love
Breeds hatred and bloodshed,
The kind words of holy prophets
In devil's shop of communal strife,
Cloud human sky as bloody war cries.

Pristine passion to unite human race
Against atonic material drudge
Of hunger, pain and discontent,
To instill in soul, the cosmic joy
Like feathery white clouds in sky.
Pours blood and hatred like black magic.

Why the immortal cup flows mortal blood-feud?
Why divine chords shatter fragile human bond?
Why the holiest turns the vilest in discord
And love breeds hatred in passion's poison?
No religion, a religion while light is doused
And fossils of dogma surface in disguise.

The nectare of truth and right path
Splits the milk of love in man!
It blinds vision, spawns discordant tunes
And blood and death become a craze!
Communal strife spreads like fire
And consumes whatever on the path
And leaves grim facts of beast in man.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

223. Gust Of Divine Light From Unknown Horizons

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Splashes like long flames of colourful fireworks;
It flows to me in floods in dazzling shines,
It carries new hopes and warmth from the far away world,
New strength, new insights, new worlds of unknown joy;
The celestial flashes drown my soul in divine force,
A rare pleasing calm dawns on the soul
And all worlds look alike with soft, gentle divine light.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Shakes the Self with shocks of fresh visions,
The flush of bright light fills and cleanse the Self
And spreads inside to wash patches of gloom;
The weightless heart in the ocean of bright sunshine,
In ripples of pleasures that produce sweet divine songs,
Dances in cestatic madness in wait of what to break in
What is pure joy, beauty and enlightenment.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Breaks like showers and reaches like floods,
No time to breathe, no time to wait and drink;
Like whirl-wind, it uptoots travails of reasons
And absorbs me head-on like water on sand;
All passions still, but pure streaks of joy
Drip to celestial rhythms in leisurely grace
And I glow as light in communion with light.

The guest of divine light from unknown horizons
Spreads from all sides in single infinite sweep;
It seizes me, dissolves me to universal gentle peace,
Where I am no more I, nor anything ever mine,
But, a stream of bright glow, one with everything,
Without height and weight and bonds of time and space;
I swim in the bright light, spread in infinite sky
And feel the joy of Heaven without pull of the Earth.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons,
I see with inner eyes and feel with inner mind;
The swell of new tides, the bell of new moods

Reaches tired soul and raises hopes to new heights;
In the shower of divine light, in the breeze of enlightenment,
The ruffled feelings calm, the storms in Self still;
The soul that drinks the divine glow,
No more sinks back to the hell of black passions.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

224. Communism

Common ownership
In proletarian state,
Common share in work
In need-devised rate;
No idle privileged class
To impale toiling race
To perpetual poverty's vice.

All are born with hands
To work for common good;
Every man is tall,
Taller than inner strains
As a cog in commune's wheel
And oils his lever on need
From the commune's common care.

All live as statistics
On strength and bonds
Of proletarian brotherhood
As comrades,
As friends in common cause
Of an unending war
'Gainst moneyed bags
With historical hates in heart
To ravage the past,
To quell all divides,

To restore pristine oneness
By fierce force,
By blood curdling violence,
And elimination somehow
Of reactions
To popular upsurges
In gun-points and deaths;
Blood for blood
To prove history right,
To survive class struggle
In political craft.

But, alas, what a tragedy!
What an end, and what are the means!
A precipitate act
In tears for poor!
For common good!
Blood-shed to curdle the milk of pure love!
Bottomless hate!
An incessant war for prosperous peace!

Collective will, collective welfare
In contemn for private intellect,
To mark Karl Marx's intellect
That forces artifice on history's normal course.
Doctrines pit men for murderous wars
Behind battlelines of Karl Marx's freaks
In passionless passions;
No wet hearts lead,
But blind faith in borrowed thoughts
In bonded mind
Rape nature's course,
Indeed in tears for downtrodden poor,
Indeed in love for the victims of guile.

But, how spilled blood and bonded mind,
How hatred filled in heartless acts
Wash the crass sin of blood-sucking innocence
And dawn the age of collective welfare!

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

225. Human Frames

Faceless ghosts
Fly all round in blind motions,
Mindless bleats and shrieks
Like bats in light and sunshine;
They feast in nights
And feed in still silence;
No depth, no height, no width, no weight;
The dumb shades of human frames
Of broken spines and crushed sprite
Shadow hell and heaven alike
And walk on accurst good old Earth.

The creepy creatures,
The broken frames of darkness,
The moths on feast on easy preys
As parasites,
The spent grey ash of wasted pasts
Linger in air,
Hang over as brute darkness
To douse sparkles from the nature's eyes
And howl on the Earth like death's whines.

Like black smoke
Of factory's old chimney,
They fill the sky, corrupt the air,
They cannot sand on the earth,
Nor fly high in the sky,
But soon thin in air to nothingness;
No legs, no wings, no backbones,
They live for living's sake
Till inevitable death takes on;
No smile, no rage, no pain or pleasure
In those faceless face,
No peace, no violence in those dull souls,
Just black smoke of life, stirring human frames.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

226. Promised Land

The lane is long,
The passage is unending
No transpicious light to lead
Through the blinding dark alley.

No ways out
Except the blind alley
Or straight about-turn
To re-enter the womb
To re-enact the game,
To change the lane
To end-up in another dead-end.

In unceasing flight
In one-way sojourn
Away from open air
To unknown shores.

Shores are dark,
Savage and wild,
Cloistered all round
With arrogant creeps and monstrous beasts.

The haunted dark shores
Brook no lights,
Dark a'where,
Where no Sun can reach
And throw his warmth;
This far to shores
Along the blind alley,
No immortals reach.

Life leaps in bounds
Except across the blind alley
Where insights breed
To inner whimpers
And inspired bangs
Lead the soul
In divine flights

To the promised Land
Of peace and sunshine.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

227. The Unknown World

Like the starry sky of the newmoon day
Where small stars twinkle like poor winnocks
To the ceaseless black mysterious Heaven,
The world you live is not what you know,
Too abstruse for sense, too tall for reasons,
Too thick and deep for diffused perceptions
Which distance truth while touch the truth
Like the distant stars, diffused in the sky.

The night is thick and too huge to break
Where inadequate mind in childish freaks
Create front world of cause and effect;
The face is true but the soul is not false
Like sculptured walls round the sanctum sanctorum
Or the blood and flesh that hide emotions,
The subtle world beyond the known horizons
Dictates acts and laws to the sunshine world.

Like short strip in vast spectrum of light,
The known in sharp focus as narrow band
Creates a queer note that the conscious mind meets
As the only truth that is known to exist;
But, neither the visible is truth nor all truth is visible;
Like the unknown truth like the mind that throbs in body,
The dark storehouse of wild precious treasures
Feeds the starved obvious world in trickles.

The unknown knows all, the unseen sees all,
The unknown contrives all past and future;
No known rules work, no known roles sell,
All is a cause to an evolution there;
A subtle dark world of no end and beginning
And perhaps no present and dimensions of space,
Where no roads lead, what no knowledge lights,
But, still exists like the infinite space.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

228. Fight

Is it fight against fight
To uphold crime against time?
Is it fight against spite?
Then, you must fight day and night.

Is it against outrageous acts
That meet scores of turbulent past?
Is it to protect sweet innocence?
Then, begin fight all at once.

Do you fight outright for moral right?
Then, whatever you do is really fine;
You fight with might at your hest
Against all sins, committed for fun.

Fight to the end is the object of fight,
Fight for respect is rightful fight;
Win or loss is immaterial now,
For, you fight as part of a celestial row.

Fight rouses from idle rest,
Fight stirs hornest's nest
And lays scores side by side
To force success to your side.

Fight injustice while blood is warm
To save mankind from definite harm;
The spirit of fight keeps mind in form
And binds man's acts to reasonable norms.

Keep eyes open before a fight,
Keep eyes shut during the fight;
Keep mind tough while in fight,
Keep mind soft after you fight.

Once in fight, be blood-thirst beast,
Pounce and win who fight in front,
Lick your blood and lock your heart,
Hit opponents where hurt them most.

While in fight, fight to win,
Use all tricks, brick by brick,
Doubt foes and friends alike, trust none;
But, consult all and decide inside.

Fight for a cause is reward itself,
Fight for mankind enriches the self;
A kindly heart and mind with vision
And steel-like will take up such fight.

No defeat is defeat in struggle,
For, struggle itself is seedling success;
No loss is loss in a live struggle,
For, the loss begins success process.

The world is full of scopes to fight;
Desperate calls to fight wrongs
Are lost in indifference, in fear of fight,
Until some rise with passions for a cause.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

229. Karma Yoga

Seasons come, spread new moods and go
In dispassionate cycle, ordained by nature,
Like cool players on stage in and emotional play
Who revisit unruffled in fresh moods every time.

The fierce eye of the Heaven slides over sky a'day
And spreads bright flames all over the way
Every new day, in gay unperturbed motion
For ages as new worlds were born and died.

The nature works in predestined mould,
The nature walks in predetermined route,
The nature forms in mould already cast
In the hearth of the past that mellows future.

Passions seize in false fears and hopes,
Emotions rouse soul to pains and pleasures
While and world rolls like tides of deep sea
In dumb rectitude beyond human heart and mind.

The birth and death and all within and outside
Of the grand womb of symbiotic celestial system
That works in ain design are all mere tools,
To serve in righteous abandonment.

It is how we work in the world,
It is how the world works with us;
While we work for this world,
Neither the work is ours nor the world.

Acts, not passions, constitute the cause and effect world,
Duties, not emotions, run the cause and effect world,
Detachments, not attachments, are subtle founts of happiness
In this huge automation where acts unwind motions.

Hearts and minds must trust the celestial rules,
Its harsh and smooth divine bearings
In stoic acceptance, in resigned indifference
While mould all acts for duty's sake.

This is the crux of KARMA YOGA,
This is the mix of karma and viraga,
This is the science of liberating from bonds,
This is the secret of Anantha Shanthi.

Passions are bonds, emotions are bonds
That bind to endless attachments;
Causes are bonds and effects are bonds
That drag into unending vicious circle.

Inactions, a sin against the celestial order,
Duty, a holy term for the world that gives life;
Like comets that run in definite paths,
All acts move in leash in stable route.

If you know this, you conquer the world,
If you know this, you attain Lord Siva,
If you know this, Satya and Saundharya
Dawn on the soul as Paramananda.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

230. Fresh Leaf

A turnover to fresh leaf,
More cordial, deeper, rich and subtle,
In a vibratile immortal work,
Relegates past with time's tides
To the womb of sweet, distant old days.

A rhythmic melody, thick like blood
That lights two hearts in mutual warmth,
Dissolves souls in passion's calm streams
And ruddy riots of fuming hot yearnings.

The incessant tides of reciprocating delight
And immortal springs of willing trust
Scale heights, unscaled in the past,
Delve to depths, undelved in the past,
And light skies, never lighted in the past.

The frugal streams of foregone days
Coalesce to huge waterfull
Of passions and hair-raising joy,
Perchance, to an ocean in new leaves.

The precious blue, deep and clam,
That dissolves the two in eternal hug
Transports the loves in immortal wings
To the promised land of eternal warmth,
Where nothing clouds the sunshine of love.

The fresh leaf springs new vibrant life
From the bottomless well of forgotten leaves;
Old colours return, new musics catch up
And the soulful poem grows from leaf to leaf.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

231. Mafia

A wild, Sicilian native cactus,
Mafia spreads to fill cracks
In law of an impotent rule;
It breeds in silence
And feeds on knives and barrels of gun,
On fists, fights and deceits
That weave a web of parallel power
In the morass of illgotten fortune.

A crude trade in evils
Of threats, assaults and deaths,
All sold in open shops for price
And forcible trade of savage judgement
That digs deep to chilled bones
Of hapless, fawning common man
While the cowering the state acquiesces in threats
And sets on saddle, the organised crime.

Mafia grows in violent gang-wars
In slums, bulanes, in jobless youths
While one man grows too big for the state
And permeates the state with bribes and threats;
The underground world is ruthless world
Where no wife, no friend, no mercy has place;
It is loyal world of blood-freezing discipline
Where love or death make just a day's difference.

Business here is God and silence, all;
Secrets are kept or betrayer, lynched on the spot;
Mafia takes state on when cornered to fight,
Who trade concessions with police, magistrates
And law-makers, ministers and stars;
They run a world of steely frames and gold
And corners studded with dazzling diamonds;
But, live a sad life from death to death.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

232. Own Masters

Wolf and fox seek carcass
For survival,
Lions and tigers earn livelihood
Or die like own masters;
Sheep and donkey walk as led
With all their senses shut,
Elephants stride on wild forests like lonely giants
On will in little concern for pressures;
Yet, lesser creatures dare to outrun
Their habitations in wilderness,
Though not masters of forests, their dens.

Base metals withstand all beatings and weights,
Not gold in pure and soft from;
Wisdom fences while ignorance permits,
Nobility fixes high norms to life.

The pleasure of pigs in filths,
The lure of fouls for dogs
Never tempt high-bred race-horse to fall in line;
The pleasure of itches
The rise on wings of owls or bats
Never brings joy to graceful soul;
Never brings the pleasure of height;
Nobility teaches to grow own small wings
To fly a little at a time on own small strength;
The glitter of gold easily fades,
The touch of nail breaks soft gold,
So is classical beauty's tender interior
That warrants thousand thoughts before every move
To save the loss of Self.

Height and weight win in slow, steady strides
Against speed and hasty sweep,
No greed, no race against races,
But, accept in grace that comes in natural pace;
Though a loser for lesser mortals
Who creep through holes and blasts mole
To capture rare prize,

Nobility never stoops to be less than noble;
For, nobility is something within
Like fragrance of flower
Or sparkles of diamond
Or infinite charm of pretty young girl.

How poetry can bargain beauty for form?
How painting can bargain art for craft?
How wisdom can bargain knowledge for pedantry?
How the Sun, his glow for the gust of heat?

No rise or fall touches noble fibres,
For, nobility is beauty and the greatest height;
No pressures move its classical height,
For a, inert it is, like nitrogen,
On its constant track in rain and hail-storm
In imperious contempt to time's travails;
Self-luminous it is, like the Sun
Whose glow spreads bright halo around
That brings strength of conviction
Of distinct conduct, neither less nor more;
The classical weight is like march-past in slow-times
In measured paces and proud strides;
It marches forever while shams gallop on horse-back;
Yet, the slow-times reach its post a day
In all splendours of tasteful art.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

233. Bond

Hearts woven together
In desires, dreams and mutual warmth,
Hearts matted in thick passions and griefe
In common thoughts and concern
Never, never part again.

Bond of passions,
Confluence of roads and goals
Bind hearts to infrangible fusion
That never dissolves in tedium
Not melts in heat of turgid Self.

The same passion in different shells,
The same fire in different hearths,
The same glow in different lamps
Tind and light the common world
Where each finds and tends the other.

Two fuses to one,
Where hearts palp, palpitate in rhyme,
Speak, weep and dance in arms;
If one is hurt, the other bleeds,
And the other in joy, the one flies high.

Though the path is long and circuitous
And laden on molten iron of conventions
And torn by savage spikes of fate,
The sojourn is smooth,
For, they share all along, each other.

While they walk, hand in hand and heart in heart,
Life is and unending warm sail
Of joy, peace and sweet indulgence
In comforting breeze of open air
That rides high or low like nature's dance.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

234. Know Your Height

When shadows spread to miles to darken lesser worlds,
When eyes stare sky while measure your heights,
Know that you have grown too huge for this world;
When mortals shrink or fear to tune to your heart,
When scattered minds flock to outweigh your form,
Know that you outgrew the reach of tattered mass.

The sparkles of gold outshine base metals
And spawn sweet discords in dull, mean world;
The flash of divine light breaches the sheet of supine night
And overawes the world deep in sleepy oblivion;
You give shocks to awake needs and all stability rocks
While you rise like hunger pangs in indigest stomach.

Hearts meet, minds bind, almost equal heights,
While frown underheights and overheights too
Like cattle in a herd loathe all intruders;
Instincts unwind defence and instant attacks too
In blind response to high notes inside the herds
Unless instated to guide and lead from outside.

Unlike cats, no tigers catch rats in dark holes,
Unlike thorny shrubs, no tall trees fence paths,
Unlike shooting stars, no stars sink in dark heaven;
Unlike herd, you pace the world in measured strides
And stand apart from the herd's blind passage
What rouses resentments and ultimate wake.

Change your stripes to meet lesser mortals,
Wear lesser masks to seek lay approbations,
Where absorbs you every contented creature
To his backdoor of market-place systems
Like crows do for young cuckoo-offsprings
As their own, till croaks contrast sweet melodies.

They pull down tall towers to disprove dwarfishness,
They foul noble works to feed own hollow selves,
They rouse huge billows of black cold smokes

They cloud your charms and spread wild spectres
Of what isn't there and what never be a'where,
In myopic eyes those shy bright sunshine.

Like fresh grapes thrown to rotten-fruit dustbin,
You sour faster than all the dumped fruits;
Like pretty roses blossom between prickly thorns,
You while away untouched, uncared by unwise world;
For, while rise beyond the herd, you are its part,
And, while you are a part, suffer resentments.

Know your height, know your strengths from the holes you live in.
Where rodents in thousands run all over you;
Know your spikes, know the torch you hold
By the moves of rodents to reach and strike your self;
Rats are rats that seek to punch holes a'where
While you must stand high beyond the rat-ridden holes.

No holes limits height, no sky limits growth,
No herd binds anywhere, no billow clouds charm
If you be the same who carve your path
And rise in confidence in herd or out of herd
Like the Sun who runs through East and west
In own fierce resolve in joyous abandonment.

Fear not gulfs, fear not resentments,
Fear not attempts to restrain your growth,
To force your pace with the brigade in slow-march;
Today you are here, tomorrow somewhere,
While the march you make follows you a'where
In this world and out of this world.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

235. Resistance

Where you lost your backbone?
Where you lost your vision?
Why you grope so in gross confusion?
Open your eyes, stiffen backbone
And hit target with precision bombing;
No more dark spots on the dazzling Sun,
No more soft spots on reinforced steel;
No more aberrations,
No more doubts;
Fence your heart and blindfold the mind,
Focus on target, the cross-section of sight;
No more vacillations while you pull the trigger;
The weapon do rebound
And cracks your bones,
Yet, the knock is worth the shock
To demolish resistance
And build confidence.

Spare no fortifications,
No blind spots, no more hung minds;
No wide shots that send targets on guard,
You must hit direct at the first instance;
No under-cover operations,
No subtle preparations,
No fears you must have of retaliations;
For, they spent all shots
Firing at you;
Just have in sight and press the trigger
And hit as targets one by one
With steel-like heart and ruthless mind.

You ought to know where you stand and what is your range
And stand firm on ground;
While arms in hand and fire in mind,
While target in eyes and vision is clear,
Slump not to act and sink not in cowardice.

Fear not the air that wraps round you,
Fear not the world that works for itself;

You have your task, others their own;
While two should clash, stand up to the challenge
And pursue your path;
Has ever the Sun retracted his path
While caught and engulfed in eclipse?
Nor the Moon did it ever;
They shine as fierce
And glide through the sky
Unperturbed as ever.

Smokes rise in hundred shades
And objects turn indistinct in eyes;
Yet, search your soul,
Move not from objects
And train instincts for the tasks in hand
And keep yourself like soldier in battle-field;
No wall of sand should stop your run,
No fear of man-eaters across sand-wall
Must stunt progress;
You climb the wall and jump across
And face all tides as it come.

This is the way to face the world,
This is the way to crush resistance,
This is the way to race on rightful road,
This is the way to build confidence.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

236. Terrorists

They surface from roadside pot-holes,
From cracks of walls and street corners,
From mysterious creeks
With fire-spewing guns in hand
And fire-spitting zeal in heart
To set the land on fire
Of strife and fear.

Terrorists know no territories,
No religion and compassion;
They strike for a case,
They borrowed as 'a cause'.

They strike like a devil
To serve a borrowed cause,
Indistinct in confusion, though;
They reach not roots,
In search of a tool
Of ultimate deliverance;
Like wild fire, they spread
and engulf the peace
To reduce all to strife and terror.

They lay down life for their dreams,
They lay themselves as stray bricks
To build a bridge to their dreams
Whereon, they hope to walk someday.

They live in past, they live for future,
But know not how to live for the present;
They disown the present
To soothe the fire that seethes in hearts;
They live for a vision, they die for a vision,
But know not how to work for a vision;
They live in terms with instant death
In struggle for a vision;
They live for a vision
That carries them across
To a world of fulfilment.

The legion of violence
Seizes peace and shears confidence,
Shakes senses with jolts of shocks
And spreads the virus of terror;
Their merciless strikes
On the carefree and defenceless world
Make them beasts that prey on each.

The agents of death and destruction
Force a change by threat and terror
And bleed the world for a new order.

Terrorists' is a parallel world,
Terrorists are their own laws;
They live to die and die to destroy,
But, never live life as life to be lived.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

237. Karnataka

A tableland of black gold-dust
With rugged highland and coast,
Washed with rains and green forests
As thick as fur and tall as mountains,
Hark, stands on the holy Indian land
In marks distinct from Andhra, Tamil land,
Malabar and Maratha on all sides,
Like white rose in red wreath of flowers
In quiet charm is Karnataka,
The land of black dusts and height.

Karnataka is a miniature India
In castes, creeds, tribes and classes,
In languages, dialects, cultures and arts,
In rites, thoughts and religious beliefs,
All blend in unison to a tasty broth;
Be it Jains, Lingayats, Dasas or Muslims,
Be it Kodavas, Tuluvas, konkans, Kannadigas
Or Vokkaligas, protestants or outcastes,
All loved this land and lived as one,
For, the bond of land held them in leash.

The land, lord Bahubali chose for penance
And bore holy rays of enlightenment,
The land where Lord Basava spread holy thoughts
Of love for man and search for God,
Where an empire was raised and Hampi was built
To defend Indus values from alien seize,
Where Pampa and Ranna built temples of songs
And Hoysala, Chalukya, Rastrakuta sculptures
And Muslim architectures flowered on walls,
Where their bloods soaked soil with valour.

The splendours of a host of streams of rivers
That jump from ghats to raise green crops,
The dazzling spread of vast blue Arabian sea
That plays on land with ceaseless waves,
The gaint Gol Gumbaz tthat shocks sense,
All precious sparkles of Karnataka character;

The love for God and love for valour,
The rare tolerance to all classes and creeds;
An eye for beauty in righteous life,
All precious sparkles of Karnataka heritage.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

238. Friendship

Hail the friends of kohima land
Hail the lights of Mangalore,
Twinkling `neath tall, green palms,
Swept by rains and ocean breezes;
As the bower of bosoms sound
In happy chorus,
'Come, welcome to
Our revered friends;
The mutual slogan
Warmingly ascends.

The warm friendship expanded,
The scent of musk spread afar;
Undreamed dreamt and
Unthought thought,
Unhappened happened and
Undiscovered found;
Is this not the real creation?
Is this not the new invention?
Eureka, Aloysians exclaimed
With Kohima friendship in their hearts
As unity in diversity
Surfaces in sons of the land.

A bridge is built
In human kind,
A ship is built
To Nagaland: Friendship!
Several minute space ships
In lunar and martian orbits
Lost in wastage, yet
The friendship is everlasting ship 'Jyothi'
To our friends of Kohima the finest future;
The present meet 'is the god's gift,
Fair bud to end blossom as fragrant.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

239. Miles To Walk

If I falter in every beginning step,
How can I walk miles ahead?
If I flounder in every opening that shows up,
How can I outgrow my dark cell?

Seasons change, surroundings change;
The world around in impatient leaps
Runs with time, miles a day;
Only I, in dark cell sit still
With miles and miles ahead to walk
Beyond walls, in warm fresh air
To distant lands where my heart stays put;
Eyes strain, limbs pain;
Miles to cover lie like unending ocean,
Undaunting, vast, inexhaustible
To my tired feeble soul.

Let my mind wake up from slumber,
Let my heart live up to passions,
Let my limbs shed sluggish numbness
And walk miles, run miles to distant lands.

Holed up in cell, I grope for light,
For doors, new roads, fresh air;
No more in hide, no more in bind;
I must step out, walk miles ahead
On thorny roads and jump gulfs;
Walk day and night in incessant pace
Till I reach distant lands,
Though legs fail and feet bleed;
For, I have a few challenges to meet,
For, I have long miles to tread
Before sunshine sets forever
And heart cools and soul sleeps.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

240. Smoke

The swirl of smoke
In gyral tower,
Why rises to the sky?
Why a jet of soot
Flares like hood
At the roof of the world?

The cloud of passion
Builds a spiral bridge
To the roof of the void;
The dowf world of decadence
Dissolves in air
And rises to joyful Heaven.

The column of smoke,
Blackened with soot,
Carries sad complaints to high world
Of gluttonous greeds,
Of sins and pains
That catch hapless lower world.

The griefs, wails and shrieks
Of tearing pains on the Earth,
Rise to the sky in smoke
In search of light
To suffocate sufferings
And purge all griefs from the Earth.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

241. The Beauty Of Hatred

Hatred in air like morning freshness,
Hatred all round like warm sunshine
Instill in Self newness every fresh day;
New resolutions surface every day
To feed the hearth of angry, hungry mind,
To raise hot steams in inner cauldron,
That fill all holes of the blistered Self
And I land on the ground from weightless waste
With a field to dig and steams to spend
And exhaust black blood from the transparent soul.

The mesh of hot pulp of heart boils inside
In corrosive acid of intense hatred;
The lucent glow of the soul is tarnished outside
In smokes of the Self, caught in hatred;
A dumb, numb joy of warm, still darkness
Waits to pour out and drown in negritude,
The hell where sprouts and spreads hatred,
To tear the chill womb and soak in blood,
Where breeds hatred to engulf my soul;
I must meet eye to eye to douse inner flames.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya

242. Nature

You jog long to sleep fast at night,
You fast all day to eat well next day,
Predators hide to pounce on unguarded prey,
Trees shed leaves to bear afresh in springs,
Sunshine dips at dawns to blaze at noons;
This is how the nature works,
This is how the nature works,
That goes back a pace to begin the final race.

You mount a horse to enjoy a ride,
You climb hills to view vales downward,
Joys spring from the womb of pains,
Leisures hide in the web of strains,
Fullmoon fills sky while night wraps all round;
For, the nature conceives things in unnatural turns,
For, the nature conceives things in unnatural turns
In sprouting daylight from the deep slumbers of night.

It is pain that deepens the pleasure of pleasures,
It is shadow that brightens the light of lights,
War makes profound the depth of peace:
Clouds, of the Sun; partings, of the love;
The surfeit of pleasures, of immortal quietude;
This, nature works to bring contrast,
This, nature works to bring contrast,
In this and that, that enrich each other.

Be it day and night or pain and pleasure,
They are two ends of the nature's wherewithal;
Be it rise and fall of love and hate,
The nature scores each to refresh her charm.

Praveen Kumar in Shobha Priya