

Poetry Series

Rajpal Singh
- poems -

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A Grand Day– Ajo High School (5th March,2015)

The old knot was tightened anew
On a pious day of varied hues;
Scattered interaction was amassed too
By the efforts of friends, handful and few.

The grand day was rejoiced in spirit high
Beside the Salunki's sandy river bank,
Under the roof of blue eternal sky,
Unmindful to status, post, place or rank.

No rich, no poor, no rank high or low,
No caste, no creed, no color or lingual line;
To no disparity friends dost know,
Only 'friendship' is their sacred shrine.

Rajpal Singh

A Passion For Love

(1) Love - The Path of Salvation

Not a sin as you think it is,
For it blesses with inexpressible bliss.
No material of this sphere, no sense
Can give joy so immense.
Gifted to this earth by Heaven's grace
To survive the creatures and this race.
If suppose a sin as you think it to be,
Then the greatest sinner its Maker will be,
For, he left for procreation the only device,
Whether it is a virtue or a vice.
If it is laden on us by His irrevocable will,
How dare you defy, and insist still?
Or did you forget Osho's Preaching
Who devised it for black soul's bleaching?
What is the need, O dear, to retire in forest,
If in it does our rescue rest.
Come near, give up all hesitation,
And tread with me on this noble path of salvation.

(2) THE LOVELY TYRANT

Like a tyrant of remote past
You invaded and encroached into my heart.
Having plundered my heart's precious jewel
You imprisoned me in your heart's cell.
Me you tempted, wooed, and tantalized so far,
But craftily kept yourself afar.
You hurt me and gave indelible lashes
Ruthlessly with the whip of your coyness.
Although I was starved and unfed,
My plight you pretended to be unread.
You made me fast, and my woe to outlast,
And made it more grievous
Than the prisoners of the past;
Hence proved yourself more cruel and savage
Than the hardest tyrant of any age.

(3) The Silent Love

You never utter a speech,
For you think it a breach

Of uxorial duty, or an impious deed.
Still the mum of your love does feed
The untold words into my ears
Which you do hide, but out of fear;
And the message is being conveyed,
Although by your tongue it is unuttered.
The speech, you know, is an act of soul,
And our tongue has only a decoding role.
Deceased, for instance, lies mute,
But a dumb can easily commune out.
Your muteness reveals all to me,
Whether you speak or speechless be.
Eternal is my love which neither hangs on speech,
Nor can it be rot, decayed or does flinch.

(4) TRUE MARRIAGE

Your reticence speaks that all
What you never reciprocate at all.
Though you are tied with someone else,
My love is fixed and never grows less.
Marriage is a bond and a beautiful cage,
Which makes us a prisoner and a slave.
But love is a bird, O' dear, of infinite sky,
Knows no bound and flies very high.
Nuptial cord fastens only bodies, and not hearts,
Where lie our souls, the men's immortal parts.
Our body is earthly, but the soul the heaven's due;
Body lies here, but the soul with heaven does glue.
Marriage unites bodies and love unites souls;
Death is bodies' divorce, but not that of souls.
If union of souls our true marriage be,
You must admit you have betrothed to me.
Deathless is my love ye need know,
And till eternity it will glow.

(5) Don't Bid Me Adieu

Time is fleeting and for none it does wait,
Come near before it being too late.
Impatient is my heart where this love did brew,
For heaven's sake never bid me adieu.
If our hearts live at par
Why our bodies are kept afar?
If in your heart I have been kept,

Why from your body am I bereft?
You know, body is earthly and only a soul's attire,
Why not we come and burn ourselves in love's holy fire.

(6) Call Centre- A Phone Call

'Sir' often she calls me,
And 'madam' her I do call;
Hence sweet talk continues in amity,
Though neither knows none at all.

Her voice's sweet enchanting melody
Comes from far-away phone,
Rings repeatedly within me,
When I stand or sit here alone.

The mind forbids and my path obstructs,
But still I am pushed by a restless heart,
And an innocent soul suffers a lot
Amid the war of head and heart.

(7) She In My Sweet Memory Dwells

She in my sweet memory dwells,
But still I am pushed by restless heart;
And an innocent soul suffers a lot
Although physically she is unknown to me;
Her sweet voice's magic spells
Often hunt me overwhelmingly.

My thoughts, I hope, might be with her,
As hers do float reminiscently within me;
Neither has she seen me ever,
Nor do I visualize her feminine beauty.

Still works a force of unseen line
Between her and me, the two aliens;
I am pulled by a voice, soft and feminine,
And she might be by my coarseness of man.

(8) Had I Power of a Ghost!

What magic in her voice has she
With which she often tantalizes me;
Ignorant am I though about her unseen beauty,
Her spiritual presence, of course, is being felt by me.

When I wake up in the dead of night and find
her hunting me, though she's out of sight;
An union of two virtual bodies by a restless mind
Is being done in its most imaginative flight.

Alas! Had I power of a ghost,
Which can occupy the body of a guest,
I would merge with my dear heart
Making her body my dwelling place, the best.

Two souls would live then in one home,
With barriers and interference of none;
Both would talk, sing, play and roam
Within one body of blood, flesh and bone.

(9) Lovely I feel She Would be
The maxim 'love at first sight'
Is untrue and not fit with this case,
For restless each feels day 'n' night,
Whereas glimpse none has at other's face.

Lovely, I feel, she would be,
Of course lovelier than the full-moon;
Bright her face would be,
And brighter than the summer-noon.

Her gait would be smooth and wavy,
Like the run of mountain spring;
Her smile would be full of glee
Like the bloomed flowers of a spring.

(10) Love's Deity
I know her sweet name, though,
Her surname to me is still unknown;
Ignorant am I about her feminine glow,
But aware of the pitch of her lovely tone.

Half of her name, though, I am aware of,
She never bothers to know mine,
My love for her may be a useless stuff.
But hers for me is a worship divine.

She never swears nor doth defend,
Whereas I believe it a love at devotional line;
Though I am at my youth's crucial end,
She, I believe, must be in her time prime.

I treat her as a love's deity, a goddess,
Who lives in my heart's sacred shrine;
But she might be, I feel, thinking me not less
Than a thrown unusable bottle of wine.

(11) My Goddess

My heart is a sacred shrine
Consecrated there the image of thine,
Though unseen and undefined,
But curved out of imaginary line;
And your name my beats chant with rhyme
Everyday not less than hundred times,
As the temple bell echoingly chimes.
But my goddess disappears while I am on line,
And futile becomes prayers of mine,
And I look fazed at her wrath and decline.

(12) My Heart is a Sacred Shrine

My heart is a sacred shrine
Consecrated there the image of thine,
Though unseen and undefined,
But curved out of imaginary line;
And your name my beats chant with rhyme
Everyday not less than hundred times,
As the temple bell echoingly chimes.
But my goddess disappears while I am on line,
And futile becomes prayers of mine,
And I look fazed at her wrath and decline.

(13) The Un-Confessed Emotion

Thrice I do kiss my cell phone,
When it sings with eye blinking,
And delivers me the sweet suave tone
Of an unseen distant darling.

And a link establishes between her and me,
Between two unseen friends, two aliens,
Thru micro wave, thru radio frequency,
And a tender feeling further deepens.

Smilingly she queries me my health,
And I do her the same in return;
And talks transfer in a reserved breath
The refrained feelings to adorn.

The un-confessed emotion reaches to pinnacle
Amid the talk, less formal and more informal;
And when she bids adieu to hold off the call,
The hidden emotion has a sudden sharp fall

(14) Love Malady

What malady, O' World, ailed me,
For lighter became my broad breast;
Vacuity arose in its inner cavity
Being clouded by the air of unrest.

Captive became my head now,
By the power of a lovely force;
My heart remains with me though,
The sign of usurper has been endorsed.

My head loses control over my heart
Which rhythms slow or very fast;
Thoughts wander, and concentration thwarts,
And helpless and feeble I feel at last.

(15) The Obscure Path

The path leads to nowhere,
The journey takes to no door,
Fog hath clouded the air
Making the vision weak and poor.

A mat of roses has been spread
With thousands of thorns hidden.
It covets the passerby to tread,
But fear of fatal prick is smitten.

O! the innocent soul cannot see at all
Beneath the flowers thorns concealed
Of social, legal, and nuptial;
Of caste, race and creed.

(16) The Vulnerable Heart
Wounded I was with a speechless arrow,
When she never called for three months & more;
And a strange pain heart did feel, though,
The scars are beyond the eye- capture.

Often grope I in the heart's rhythmic valley
To grab a relation buried in life past,
That pulls, without visual rope, so vehemently
Leaving its effect to run and to outlast.

Or may it be a belief blind of sick heart
That finds reason for consistency loss;
Or is it a vulnerability of a poor male heart
That gets pulled towards a female force.

Ah! the head seeks reason and cause, though,
The heart to every rationale remains blind;
Neither does it ask, nor prefers to know,
Nor does it stick to the logic of any kind.

(17) NEVER THINK ME A FLIRT
Never think I am false at heart,
Nor me a liar, or a flirt.□
Though my staggering speaks against me,
It is but the maiden look which the real culprit be.
Melting is the prime nature of wax,
And by feminine warmth we men, like it, get lax.
Even the greatest sages of remote past
Could not withstand it to remain steadfast.
For the restlessness of robust sea
Only the maiden moon responsible be,
Who with her bewitching charm does enthrall
And makes the sea's constancy fall.
Although with earth sea vows to adhere,
But before a maiden look his steps do waver.
If in constancy nature makes men lame,

Why do on me dear you put all your blame.
This deflection is sportive and untrue,
And my true devotion is only for you.

(18) The Naïve Heart

O' never call me a flirt,
Nor my motion a flirting.
This wavering of the naive heart
Is being caused by looks bewitching.
What fault thou see with wax
If by warmth it gets lax?
If thou insist it to be a sin,
Then the whole of this vice is not mine,
For we are the drafts of HIS making,
And half goes to the Creator divine,
Who created the fair creatures of fine line;
And soft, vulnerable he made a male heart
Which can never withstand the maiden art.

(19) Never Bid Farewell To Me

O' never bid farewell to me,
For painful is the parting from thee.
All day thou roam in my whim,
All night I see thee in dream.
O' efface from lexicon this cruel word,
That torments a friend's heart hitting so hard.
Oh! Thou must never think me wrong,
Nor compare my move with a flirting.
It is the pang of heart that doth throng
For true friends with love and caring.
Friendship wishes nothing in return,
But friend's pleasure it doth pray and yearn.

(20) Philosophy of Love

A star dies to vanish in a 'hole',
Man dies to mingle with the soil,
Flower dies to wither on the floor,
Beauty blemishes to loss its gloss,
Youth is lost to crumble in the old,
But true love never dies and glitters like gold.

(21) The Vision

The blue skirt that she clad
Embellished her with elegant charm.

The white cloud with silver-linings
Wrapped her body for she not being shied.

The scattered light from water drops
Painted her with seven shades.

The God of breath with gentle breeze
Was fanning her to give her ease.

The chirping birds were singing their songs
To lull her to nightly sleep.

I drank her beauty, lost my sense,
And flew high to hold her hands.

Amid the clouds I found me breaking thru waves
To clasp her against my chest.

Soon I felt my body being shaken,
And opened my eyes to find my Vision gone in vain.

(22) THE GUEST

The white clouds are lying in patches
To give a sooth from summer's scorch.

The water drops are drizzling from heaven
To assuage the thirst of parched land.

The chirping birds are chanting in joy
The songs of praises to greet the guest.

The stream of air is blowing strong
To play the music of whiffling sound.

The regents of nature are rejoicing the ingress
By igniting the fireworks of thundering flash.

The advent of the guest gives the message

That new lives would sprout on this terrain.

(23) IF I COULD FLY!

Alas! If I could fly,
I would rise very high
To move in the beautiful sky,
As the son of Anjanees
Flew high in puerile funniness
To catch the bright day-star,
Which looks lovely being afar,
And causes curiosity in little youngsters.

High above in the sky
I would roll with fleeting cloud,
And move the world round and round;
The gust of wind would beat my chest
To fill my chest with ecstatic zest.

Like a bird I would fly in air
To see the places lovely and fair;
Morn in PARIS, noon in Hong Kong,
My evening would be in London.
At night I would flee
To SWITZ the city of glee.
Hence all my days and all my years
Would be full of joy and full of cheer.

(24) THE FLOWER

It comes on earth to adore
The comely looks of nature
And fills the air with aromatic odor.

Co-acts with busy bees
To give honey's nectarean flavor.

Showers at His feet
To invoke His divine favour.

Wreathes with its other cousins
To garland the spouses in their wedding.

When man leaves forever,

It bids adieu being a mournful offer.

Though lives a very short-span
It gives message to all men
'That period bears little weight,
Only service done is great.

(25) Gone Days-1
Gone are those sweet days
Which left their traces in mind;
Lovely are their faint rays,
Though they never make a rebind.

Alas! If days were birds,
I would keep them in cage,
And fly back to reminiscent past
To meet my kin of gone days.

The wheel of lovely time past
Would move and repeatedly sways
To give the nectar of suave days,
Whose memories still linger and outlast.

(26) GONE DAYS - 2

If could be turned back the wheel of Time,
Destiny would re-smile at my door,
My days would return to their time prime,
Bliss would glitter here once more.

Worries be guarded by parent's shield,
Days would be bright with kin's facial shine;
Fraternity would revisit the field
With no ill-will, hatred or combative line.

Morning, evening and clam night,
All would move with lovely pace;
Ecstasy would take a high flight
With kindred's pretty bright face.

(27) GONE DAYS—3
The follies did in the Gone days

With dereliction and carelessness,
Time would give, alas, one another chance
To mend them and repair afresh.

A weak present, though a child of past,
Irks at heart each and every time;
A glimpse of disgrace lingers and lasts,
And never palliated with the passage of time.

(28) GONE DAYS- 4
(Dedicated to AJO High School)

Times fury is visible, though,
In wrinkled face and grey brow,
Heart longs and yearns to go
Back into childhood days of AJO.

The word appears so lovely and dear;
Often resonates within heart's little cage;
Nostalgically it cherishes to wear
The coat of those gone days.

The teachers, esteemed and endeared,
Delivered from rich precious treasure,
With rage, fury, love and care
To mend pupils and a behavior improper.

Willful waywardness and funny behavior
With mischief of that tender age
Amid a lot of noise and clamor,
All flashed back and took to gone days.

Peeping through the windows of class
In friskiness of tender juvenescence
To passerby and pretty fair lass,
Which augured youth's pre-imminence.

(29) A Grand Day- AJO
(5th March,2015)

The old knot was tightened anew
On a pious day of varied hues;

Scattered interaction was amassed too
By the efforts of friends, handful and few.

The grand day was rejoiced in spirit high
Beside the Salunki's sandy river bank,
Under the roof of blue eternal sky,
Unmindful to status, post, place or rank.

No rich, no poor, no rank high or low,
No caste, no creed, no color or lingual line;
To no disparity friends dost know,
Only 'friendship' is their sacred shrine.

(30) GOD -THE FATHER
(A Sonnet)

I'm like a metal which is blended with impurity,
Buried in its ore, and is unqualified for use;
Or like that tool, which has lost its flexibility
For being discarded and never been used.

Or like that instrument which for lack of maestro
Gives unpleasant discordant notes with its reeds;
Or like a neglected land where doth grow
A large number of useless, unwanted weeds.

Strike me hard, O' lord, to extract from ore,
Rub and polish me with your divine might,
Bring pleasant harmony in me o' great mentor,
Weed out to make me fertile with your celestial light.

This bird is captive and never knows to take flight,
Give it wings, O' father, to scale a new height.

(31) THE ETERNAL TRUTH
Invisible, unperceivable by human eye,
Lord of lords, lord of all, he is one lord,
King of Kings, all pervading, infinite as sky,
Say him Waheguru, Allah, Hari or God.

Omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent,
Exists even much before mundane existence,
Agnostics though plead him different,

Truth is his entity, truth is his presence.

(32) THOU ARE PRESENT MY LORD

Will Thou come to prove thy presence?
The cloud of mistrust wraps the conscience.
Ambiguity reigns the earth,
Pulls the bridle, shakes thy faith.
Reason hast asked thy being,
Strangled thy faith with skeptic string.
But it being known to me so far
That reason and faith stands not at par;
One rests in head and other in heart.
Though not present Thou in being,
Thou showers thy grace in all living beings.
I usher my faith in Thee,
Thou were, thou are and thou will be.

(33) TRUE DEVOTION

No need to visit
Temple, mosque or church,
Or in some festive occasion
Holy lamp to torch.

No need to rush
For ringing temple bell,
Or for earning divine mercy
To listen mythical tale.

No need O' Lord
In your shrine coconut to crack
To invoke Your blessing
For a rich prosperous luck.

No need to sing
Your holy devotional song;
Or for the redemption of soul
To take penance for long.

No need O' Heaven,
To take Holy bath
For saving body and soul

From the fire of divine wrath.

Useless are those services
And self-deceiving arts
For nowhere You live
But in men's hearts.

A moment's devotion with purest heart
If being offered to YOU.
Certainly and without fail
Your grace would ensue.

(34) THE ENTITY

By father this seed was sown,
Mother bore it in her womb,
And gave her blood till it did bloom.
After three months, O' Eternity,
You sent me to dwell in,
And after nine to be born.
The parents by whom
This bulk was begotten and grown,
Have the title only for it to own.
But me, who was born in your eternal womb,
Is the assets of your realm.
You will take away one day your son
When does collapse his home,
For you can never see him in a home,
Decrepit, dilapidated and torn,
And will give elsewhere a new home,
Or merge him in your eternal gloom.

(35) A TRIBUTE OF SONG

Merrily O' merrily
I sing my song
Which flows from my tongue
To adore Thee, O' Almighty.
My song is the pang
Of my restless heart,
Carries thy name
In each of its beat.

My voice is thine,
Gifted by three
To spread thy message so divine.

Profusely O' profusely
I offer my present to thee O' Omniscient.
My present is my words,
Poured out from my heart
To sing Thy praises
Trimmed with love.

What offer I can present thee
Other than my words of love,
As I a poor fellow be.
My language is inane and bald;
Enrich it O' God with thy blessings,
And make its pace
Ceaseless and un-intermitting.

(36) The Cosmos
Emanated from the divine supreme Consciousness
A mighty tremor that resonated 'aum',
And this empyrean resonance shivered in return
To exude a cosmos and its descendents soon.

The grand dreamer dreamt to rule all,
Birth, sustenance and dissolution
Of bodies, heavenly and carnal,
By perpetual law of karmic action.

No forced traits, no life foredoomed unlike animals;
A free choice, free action and free will,
Gifted to the creator's dear witty super being
To pick up an action of his own, good or evil.

(37) ' THE TRUTH YE MUST KNOW'
An Extract From 'Moksha The Salvation'
Sat Tathagat under a banyan tree,
With eyes closed, and hands resting on both knees,
Before him were the five munis,
And a number of devotees.

□

Restless were the thousands of ears,
And thousands of eyes were at gaze;
Impatient were the throbbing hearts
To hear the secret from the Sage.

What secret would he divulge now?
What 'Truth' would he make us all know?
That would eliminate from us
The lives' perennial sorrow.

At once reechoed the Issipatna's air
With a voice, palliative, soothing and fair,
That was fluttering from the lips pair
Of the Great Muni of divine glare.

□

'Not about dogmas of mystic play,
Nor about the Creator or His way,
Will I preach thee, hey comrade today,
For they from our mind's grasp stay away.'

'Neither can we shorten the divine distance,
Nor can we progress in spiritual advance,
Or can we wake us from our illusive trance
By this mere needless lore of mystic substance.'

]

'Neither the lore breaks the bondage of chain,
Nor it helps us 'nirvana' to attain,
Or does it mitigate the life's deep rooted pain;
Instead it puts mind in an obscure domain.'

'Not the knowledge transcendental
Ye must know and ye need to know,
But the truth fairly terrestrial
That removes human sorrow.'□

The greatest terrestrial truth
Is 'The Avidya', the ignorance,
That leads human beings en route
To misery, grief and annoyance.' [1432]

'What is wrong and what is right?
Everything is kept in hide
By the ignorance's dark light
Which becomes our untrue guide.' [1436]

'And we choose a snake for the rope;
Greed becomes mandatory,
And we play tricks, combat and dupe
To win wealth and territory.' [1440]

'The greatest foe is our ignorance
That rules our conscience and thought,
And impels us to tread on the path,
Full of sins and immoral dirt.' [1444]

'Ignorance puts us in the 'cycle',
To be born again and again,
And we bear the pain unbearable
Of repeated deaths in this domain.' [1448]

'We suffer and suffer the agony
Of frustration, malady and old age,
Until we are set free
From this 'life's cyclic cage'.' [1452]

'And our chance for evolution,
And to rise to a higher world
Come to pause, to a standstill
As all our rights are withheld.' [1456]

'The ignorance puts on us
The veil of ego and pride,
And we devour our own species
To cover the glory's giant -stride.' [1460]

'What is rational? What is irrational?
What is eternal? What is superficial?
We can never identify at all,
And be a reason of our own downfall.' [1464]

'Being a slave of irrational desire
We run after comforts and pleasures,

And wish more to get burnt in craving's fire,
And ratify even shunned measures.' [1468]

'One is fulfilled, a new one is born,
One desire begets thousands in turn;
And hence innumerable get heaped and crammed,
Making the discernment stagnant and jammed.'
[1472]

'Ignorance is the mother
Who gives birth from her womb
To irrational desires
That accompany us till doom.' [1476]

'Vices do rule the brain,
And morality dies;
Man becomes indulgent,
A slave of lewdness and lies.' [1480]

'His evil actions put him in 'Chakra',
The wheel of repeated birth and death,
And he descends in guise of organism
In each life with its new fresh breath.' [1484]

'Millions of phases pass
To reach at this blessed phase,
But 'Karmic' actions push him
Back into primitive days.' [1488]

'Each time he is born,
Each time he does die,
Frustration, hunger, disease and age
Fetter him with excruciating tie.' [1492]

'Birth is painful, loss of loved one is painful,
Watching a dearly in pain is painful,
Disease is painful, infirm age is painful
Approach of mysterious death is painful.'
[1496]

'Suffering is deep rooted in this soil,
In this land of form, lust and craving,
And whosoever is born here is bound
To meet with 'duukha', the suffering.' [1500]

'Though sensual joys and material success
Put veil over eyes, and we feel enthralled
And puzzled, and see pleasures and joys here
Which are alluring and superficial.' [1504]

'But when the darkness is expelled,
Desires die, illusions end,
The 'samsaric chain' is broken,
The Great Nirvana is attained.' [1508]

'Nirvana is the liberation
From harmful noxious desires,
Killing of negative hidden traits
Which set wants' ever-burning fire.' [1512]

'Nirvana is a state of bodhi,
The realization of inner being,
A state of perfect knowledge,
The complete awakening.' [1516]

'Here die all desires,
Selfish and personal,
And take over by those that are
Pragmatic utilitarian.' [1520]

'All personal joys and sufferings
Get buried within the pure heart,
And the sentiments sprout for others
From the bottom of the heart.' [1524]

'Nirvana cannot be attained,
By walking on bitter harsh course
That torments our holy sacred temple
Which houses the vital life force.' [1528]

'Nirvana can never be attained,
Hey comrades! by indulging in
The sensual gratification,
Which is the source of deadly sin.' [1532]

'For it cuts the wings of mind-bird,

Making it impaired and flightless,
Confining it in a sensual cage
That curbs its flight within sense and flesh.'

[1536]

'Nirvana can only be attained
By refining both mind and body,
For both are interactive,
And work reciprocally.' [1540]

'The body houses the mind,
And the mind guides its ways,
If one is defiled and debased,
Other is bound to be disgraced.' [1544]

'Nirvana can never be attained,
Until both are in a defile state,
For they put the life force in a stand,
Decayed, sinking and degenerate.' [1548]

'This defilement can be removed,
Hey comrades, by noble eight fold paths,
Which refine our speech, action and thought,
And put us on an unstained pure path.'

[1552]

'This land of form, hey comrades!
Is a work field, and as we sow,
So will we reap; and our both knowledge
And ignorance are our friend and foe.'

[1556]

'The ignorance, our foe, creates delusion,
And gives our ego a high ride
On the path of desires, lusts and cravings
And overpowers us with false pride.'

[1560]

'Our thought is overshadowed
By the cloud of material joy,
Virtue treads on devil's way,
Nirvana from us runs away.' [1564]

'Duukhas, the pains and sufferings,
Are the outcome of this mortal earth,
Which are brought to us by rebirth,

Sickness, senility and last breath.'[1568]

'But when the knowledge's light is lit,
Hey comrades, darkness is removed,
Discernment takes it right seat,
Away from us lusts and cravings move.'[1572]

'Fruits of actions, hey comrades!
Create our past, present and future;
The past decides the present,
And the present forms the future.'[1576]

'The cause and effect is the law
Of this eternal universe,
And no deva can intervene,
Bless their grace, or damn curse on us.'
[1580]

'Devas too rise up or go down,
By virtue of good or bad action,
To take birth in the world, better or worse,
Or for common good take incarnation.'
[1584]

'Thirty one spherical planes are there,
Made up of the tri-dhatuu,
And devas have raised to the blessed spheres
By the force of their past virtue.'[1588]

'Though a more blissful and blessed state
Or a longer life they enjoy than us,
Not the least they command our fate,
Nor are the makers of this universe.'[1592]

'By virtue of their good actions
The enlightened ones do elevate
To a blissful sublime state
But others are trapped in 'samsaric net'.
[1596]

'Samsara is, hey comrades!
The Rebirth and Death's big ocean,
And we all have to swim through it
To accomplish transmigration.'[1600]

'No blessing of god or deva,
But the strength of our moral virtue
Does pave the path, and nirvana,
Hey comrades! in us does imbue.' [1604]

'The queries that tangle us
And put us in ocean of confusion,
Should be kept away, for
They impede our spiritual progression.'
[1608]

'So the real god, hey comrades,
Lies with us, within us, in our deed,
And the eight moral, virtuous paths
Are nothing, but the mankind's real creed.'
[1612]

'For they are the only forces,
That teach us to love one another,
Remove darkness, instill in us
The feeling of kindness for others.' [1616]

'They create in us the intuition,
The fathomless inmost insight,
Which helps us to take ablution
With nirvana's celestial light.' [1620]

Amid the claps' uproarious shout
And the hurray that was ringing aloud,
The great bhikshu stood up to leave,
Blessing at the highly spirited, pious crowd.

[1624]

(38) The Resolution
An Extract from 'Moksha The Salvation'

The daystar, though out of sight,
With its bright vermilion light
Started dispelling from blue yonder
The murky shadows of dark night. [1348]

The plummy creatures of sky
With their sharp, shrill, uproarious cries
Were calling to set out of bed
To their kin, siblings and allies. [1352]

Sat there under a banyan tree
The newly enlightened Muni,
Pondering over his new discovery
Of man's most grievous 'distress and misery'. [1356]

'Ah! they need the help of them
Whom the nature gifts from its bounty,
And intends their selfless share
For the welfare of humanity.' [1360]

'Self centered are those beings
Who do hide the divine offering,
And care for their own 'self',
Closing eyes to others' suffering.' [1364]

'Phoebus is being worshipped
For the warmth and daylight,
Which lavishly does he award
To make life descend with delight.' [1368]

'Imperfect is the knowledge
Of that well-taught physician
Who is stingy enough to use it
For the job of utilitarian.' [1372]

'A true tutor does never hide,
But performs his tutorial duty
To have in future joy and pride
On his well cultured civilized tutee.' [1376]

'Selfish are those gifted ones
who though care for their own salvation,
But dither to come forward
For the uplift of the fallen one.' [1380]

'Nature though chooses only a few,
This gift shouldn't be hid in coverings
Rather it be rightly used to accrue
The benefits of the trodden beings.' [1384]

'Avow I today never to sleep

In peace or to sit quiet,
Until I can expel the darkness
By holy divine light.'[1388]

'I would take birth on this mortal land
Repeatedly, and 'again and again',
And my helping hands I would extend
To aid the sufferers of this domain.'[1392]

Then stood up the enlightened Muni
With a heart, filled with tender feeling
And started marching towards Kashi
To deliver his first preaching. [1396]

(39) LIFE FORCE

Feel him in the starlight, or in the beams of moon,
Or in the rainbow, or in its any lovely hue,
Surely you would feel and deduce soon
That one is he, only one, and not two.

Adorn him in any of his holy abodes,
In temple, mosque, synagogue or church,
Or in shrine different title being endorsed,
Be he Jesus, Jehovah, Allah, Waheguru or God,
All are one, and one is this life force.

(40) ADHIYAJNA-THE COSMIC ENERGY

Adhibhuta, the element tangible, transitory, and substantial,
The basis of all bodies, those dwell in universe and in earth,
In all spheres, small, vast, earthly or celestial,
Whether living or those live without breath.

Perishable by nature, and is born
Out of earth, water, ether, air and fire,
Which mingle to create and adorn
Variegated forms, their shapes and attire.

Adhidaiva, the astral element of all beings
Of worlds celestial, ethereal and mundane;
Imperishable and invisible, that dwells within
All beings of land, water, air and of higher heavens.

Adhiyajna, the highest among all energies,
Omnipresent, indestructible and all pervading,
Dwells hidden within galaxies, in cosmic energy,
Within cosmic resonance and in consciousness of human being.

(41) THE COSMIC PLAY

Precious is the human birth,
And it turns to a priceless stuff
By greed and insatiable craving,
But ends in repentance when nears ending.

Human life is a part of cosmic play,
Descended here we all to play our part aptly,
Discarding a life of selfishness and greedy way
For altruistic activity and for bounded duty.

(42) PSEUDO-THEISM

Though you are one,
Your oneness is disowned,
And on you and on your heaven
Amputation is being done.
The fragments are apportioned
By your dear creatures, the men
To form the faith and religions of their own.
To prove the supremacy of each fragmentary part
One sect comes forward with its most abusive words
Against your other part
And he never feel hesitation while causing destruction
To your abode, for he feels, You would be adored.

(43) The Eternal Journey

O my unsteady mind, chant 'Hari',
The sustainer of life, all pervading,
Who lives in bright light, in darkness eerie,
In heart illumined and within cosmic energy.

My restless heart! Fall in love with none,
But with 'Hari', if you still insist with some,
For, all will leave you one day but not he,
When you are on your eternal journey.

(44) THE ETERNAL SLEEP-1

(SONNET CORONA)

When you sing your most dreadful lullaby
To lull me to eternal sleep, O' death,
That day I will cease to be,
For you snatch from me my vital wealth.

My kith and kin will keep me watching
With sob & weep, and with rolling tears;
White shroud will make my covering,
Gloom and sorrow on every face be smear'd.

My body be laid on wooden bier,
Over it be sprinkled the floral shower,
'Hari Naam' will echo the gloomy air,
Four shoulders be lent by four bearers.

Gate will open for hidden truth,
For which we strive both old and youth.

(continue reading.....Eternal Sleep-2)

(45) Eternal Sleep 2

(Sonnet Corona)

For which we strive both old and youth
Is the unsolved mystery of after death,
Though none, scholars or sages can answer to sooth,
Will be clear to the deceased after his last breath.

To eternal journey either spirit be led,
Or in naught our consciousness be lost,
In a new cycle a new life be led,
Or everything would mingle with earthly dust.

If former is proved to be true
My spirit would be forced to take a move
By cosmic force that binds all galaxies too,
And my soul would be put in for Karmic prove.

I would ascend higher, or descend below
To get trapped in cycle of birth-death-row.

(continue reading.....to Eternal Sleep 3)

(46) Eternal Sleep 3

(sonnet corona)

To get trapped in cycle of birth-death-row
My soul would emerge again in Life's apt zone;
From amoeba, hydra, ant, bug or mosquito
My cycle would begin from any specie of Earth-zone.

My virtue if does overweigh my vicious deed,
Or if father gives ablutionary wash with divine spring,
I would incarnate below as a superior breed,
Or descend straight into life as human being.

Allah, Ram, or Christ to whom I worship then
Would be a choice of not mine, but of my birth-creed;
Different would be my attire & geographical mien,
My then faith may differ from what is imbued by present creed.

I may taunt then even at my own creed
Which is now dear to me indeed.
(continue reading..... to Eternal Sleep 4)

(47) Eternal Sleep 4

(sonnet corona)

Which is now dear to me indeed
Is my verse that speaks what I bear in me;
Holy as a shrine, and every inch of it is sacred,
My verse sings of truth and sings of eternity.

Wait for me O' death for some time more,
Half way I had travelled and half way to go,
With embellishment of words my verse needs to adore,
My songs are unsung, and need rhythmic flow.

My brain is teeming to make my verse rich,
Tough is my journey though my paces are slow,
Invisible is my goal, and is far away from reach,
Wait for me, for, yet I am not prepared to go.

One day I know, I will cease to be
When you sing for me your most dreadful lullaby.

(48) NILAKANTHAM

At thy super command
Nebular Ocean was churned,
Sun and planets were formed;
Nature emerged out,
But life could not sprout,
As the most deadly venom
Had made aqua and air its home.
Thou came, O' king of Heaven!
To save the earth from this poison
And to make earth a life's apt zone.
All the toxic elements thou sipped
And made this earth undefiled.
So thou be adored by men
As the 'savior' and 'Nilakantham'.

(49) Sleep-A Heavenly Joy on Earth

In the mind's little home,
Before does sleep come
And nimble mind benumb,
Heads begins to throb,
Conscience gets robbed.
Agility be lamed
Will power be tamed,
Awareness becomes dumb;
Eyes' two little doors get some extra mass
To close the brain's visual pass.
Body douses into lethargy,
Soul senses the highest ecstasy,
Weariness vanishes in air,
Vision appears real and fair;
And in this torpid fantasy
Man tastes an unique joy
Boundless, rapturous and divine.

(50) I Need Return At Par - A Satire

Concoction is my art
With which I thwart
Truth and reality
Cunningly and craftily.

If the roof is shabby,
Then let it come down;
If old walls are crumbly,
Then let them tumble down;
If boys may lie under pit,
Or you may go behind bar,
I never care, not even a little bit.
I need return at par,
And only in fifty- fifty.
If you give me two logically,
I will return not less than four,
Though illogical they may be.

(51) Hah Carmel! (A satire)
Oh! A teacher so brainy and bright,
From his profound scholarly insight
The judgments he plucks, though,
The right and wrong he never knows;
Pity be done, O' on whom?

A school glorious and renowned,
Curriculum rich it abounds,
Characters high it moulds, though,
A few tutors fathom the lore shallow;
Leaving it whereto go, O' where?

Duo rulers, head and vice,
Rule with apt the school premise,
Like skilled players of the chess;
Heedless are they, though, to the grievance.
Lament will we, O' before whom?

(52) Strangle Me Not
(A Satire)
Thousand- thousand miles away, O' hotty,
You liv'th in Nyuva's land fold;
Why do hide silvery beauty
Inside cruel cloth's fold.
Cries the body, 'strangle me not
With cloth' O' maid, sweet and suave,
All with time do fade and rot,
Whatever flourish within this Earth's curve.'

So why do inflict on yourself so much anguish,
If you know this truth universal,
Or being a self-tyrant is in your wish
And this act of yours is not worth-appraisal.

(53) THE BEAUTY UNBOUND

Her two luminous eyes
Are shining high,
As the brightest stars
Glimmer afar.

Her rosy lips
Quiver as if
Something she has
On her tongue's tip.

Her dark black hairs
Like rainy clouds
Hang over her breasts
Bulgy and round.

Her mountain like breasts
Shrink in and swell out,
When she too deeply
Breathes in and breathes out.

The waves of current
Run fast
When at her
Glance is being cast.

When she moves
In a swan-like walk
Her high bulgy hips
Do rise and fall.

Her youth is like
Summer's scorch,
Which drenches in sweat
Him, who dares touch.

Ah! What a killer's gait
That she has,

With which she hunts
The youthful heart.

(54) Beauty and Sweet Poetry

Listen carefully O' distant friends of mine,
Never be personal when thou read my verse line.
'THOU ' though addresses thee is meant for all fair beings
Whose fairness inspires a muse to dance and sing.
My verses are sacred, and not a single inch fake,
And what I do is only for the art's sake.
O' What the great bards had done by thy beauty's bid,
The same I search from thee and the same I do need.
The nature hath moulded thee nicely and with too much care,
And thou must know poetry meets with things, lovely and fair.
O' never link a dirty flirt with my rhyme,
Though it hath used the fairness of thy prime time.
The beauty is eternal and so is our sweet poetry,
So the latter sings in all ages the former's glory.

(55) THE LITERARY GALAXY

Happy New Year,2016 wish I
To all those who are nearer or afar,
And to this vast literary family
Of 'Metverse Muse', the literary star,
Around which revolve we planets all
In our fixed given individual orbit
With common aim, by the force editorial,
Which pulls and never allows us to split,
Sink or to fall apart by losing coherent force,
Lest in the Black Hole, dark and mysterious,
Our literary galaxy would collapse.

(56) The Tender Heart

Oh" never play with human heart,
It is our body's tender part.
Liv'th here all human emotions,
Joy, sorrow and a friend's devotion.
All vitals are being controlled by this one, .
And a total fall with its eruption.
Right or wrong is not within its purview,

Nor doth it demand the cause or who's who.
It clings with things with love-glue
That dost charm, delight and woo.

(57) CRAVING

A faint beam of ray
With the break of day
Stealthily percolates
Through light emerald ventilation glass
To give soft velvety touch
To eyelids and eyelash
And awakens from the night's deep slumber
With new hopes and expectations
Of unfulfilled cherished desire
Which bursts like water bubble
With the departure of Daystar
And night's black inky darkness
Eclipses the restless heart

(58) DOLOUR

Sat above on empyreal throne,
With eyes shut and ears closed,
You are deaf to importunate tone
Of tiny creatures of this orb,
And blind to the terrestrial fact
That unlike You human acts
For stomach's insatiable thirst.
Descend below, O' Heaven's holy stone heart.
And You will remain, I bet,
Never quiet and unmoved;
For thousands die here without food,
Thousands perish in maladies' devilish jaws,
Thousands get buried in calamities' dross
For their no fault or cause.

Rajpal Singh

God –the Father

(A Sonnet)

I'm like a metal which is blended with impurity,
Buried in its ore, and is unqualified for use;
Or like that tool, which has lost its flexibility
For being discarded and never been used.

Or like that instrument which for lack of maestro
Gives unpleasant discordant notes with its reeds;
Or like a neglected land where doth grow
A large number of useless, unwanted weeds.

Strike me hard, O' lord, to extract from ore,
Rub and polish me with your divine might,
Bring pleasant harmony in me o' great mentor,
Weed out to make me fertile with your celestial light.

This bird is captive and never knows to take flight,
Give it wings, O' father, to scale a new height.

Rajpal Singh

Gone Days - 3

The follies did in the Gone days
With dereliction and carelessness,
Time would give, alas, one another chance
To mend them and repair afresh.

A weak present, though a child of past,
Irks at heart each and every time;
A glimpse of disgrace lingers and lasts,
And never palliated with the passage of time.

Rajpal Singh

Gone Days 4

Times fury is visible, though,
In wrinkled face and grey brow,
Heart longs and yearns to go
Back into childhood days of AJO.

The word appears so lovely and dear;
Often resonates within heart's little cage;
Nostalgically it cherishes to wear
The coat of those gone days.

The teachers, esteemed and endeared,
Delivered from rich precious treasure,
With rage, fury, love and care
To mend pupils and a behavior improper.

Willful waywardness and funny behavior
With mischief of that tender age
Amid a lot of noise and clamor,
All flashed back and took to gone days.

Peeping through the windows of class
In friskiness of tender juvenescence
To passerby and pretty fair lass,
Which augured youth's pre-imminence.

Rajpal Singh

Gone Days-1

Gone Days

Gone are those sweet days
Which left their traces in mind;
Lovely are their faint rays,
Though they never make a rebind.

Alas! If days were birds,
I would keep them in cage,
And fly back to reminiscent past
To meet my kin of gone days.

The wheel of lovely time past
Would move and repeatedly sways
To give the nectar of suave days,
Whose memories still linger and outlast.
- - - - Rajpal Singh

Rajpal Singh

Gone Days-2

If could be turned back the wheel of Time,
Destiny would re-smile at my door,
My days would return to their time prime,
Bliss would glitter here once more.

Worries be guarded by parent's shield,
Days would be bright with kin's facial shine;
Fraternity would revisit the field
With no ill-will, hatred or combative line.

Morning, evening and clam night,
All would move with lovely pace;
Ecstasy would take a high flight
With kindred's pretty bright face

Rajpal Singh

Had I Power Of A Ghost!

What magic in her voice has she
With which she often tantalizes me;
Ignorant am I though about her unseen beauty,
Her spiritual presence, of course, is being felt by me.

When I wake up in the dead of night and find
her hunting me, though she's out of sight;
An union of two virtual bodies by a restless mind
Is being done in its most imaginative flight.

Alas! Had I power of a ghost,
Which can occupy the body of a guest,
I would merge with my dear heart
Making her body my dwelling place, the best.

Two souls would live then in one home,
With barriers and interference of none;
Both would talk, sing, play and roam
Within one body of blood, flesh and bone.

Rajpal Singh

Hah Carmel! - A Satire

Oh! A teacher so brainy and bright,
From his profound scholarly insight
The judgments he plucks, though,
The right and wrong he never knows;
Pity be done, O' on whom?

A school glorious and renowned,
Curriculum rich it abounds,
Characters high it moulds, though,
A few tutors fathom the lore shallow;
Leaving it whereto go, O' where?

Duo rulers, head and vice,
Rule with apt the school premise,
Like skilled players of the chess;
Heedless are they, though, to the grievance.
Lamest will we, O' before whom?

Rajpal Singh

I Treat Her As A Love's Deity

I know her sweet name, though,
Her surname to me is still unknown;
Ignorant am I about her feminine glow,
But aware of the pitch of her lovely tone.

Half of her name, though, I am aware of,
She never bothers to know mine,
My love for her may be a useless stuff.
But hers for me is a worship divine.

She never swears nor doth defend,
Whereas I believe it a love at devotional line;
Though I am at my youth's crucial end,
She, I believe, must be in her time prime.

I treat her as a love's deity, a goddess,
Who lives in my heart's sacred shrine;
But she might be, I feel, thinking me not less
Than a thrown unusable bottle of wine.

Rajpal Singh

Mirror

Tell me what in your heart you bear,
But do hide out of fear
Today divulge, for I am a part of your
Which though lives afar
Stays in your hear-core,
For you admit, you live in me and I in you
And one are we, and not two.
Hence your privacy is un-spare
For I behold you, with your eyes, bare.
Shun shyness, for I am none but your image
Which you see in mirror nights and days.
It matters not, whether you open your heart
Before me or cast off your cloth.
Come fast, never say nay
And mingle with me to make our days gay.

Rajpal Singh

My Communion With God

My Communion with God

1

My father you are, and
My mother you are too;
Brother, sister, cousins and friend,
And all kinsmen I see in you.

For I came from your eternal womb,
Nourished by your Nature's boon,
Blessed to flourish to full bloom,
And will bid adieu for a new room.

I appreciate you, O' Lord, when joyous be,
Commune with you when success kisses me,
Take skeptic turn when failure engulfs me,
And even distrust your eternal entity.

Forgive this sin for it relates to your son,
And a father cannot, I'm sure, but to pardon.

☐

My day starts always with thee, O' Divine being,
By lighting up lamp with importunate tone;
A lot of demands for affluence and wellbeing
Flutter from my two lips in inaudible tone.

I insist and claim for more,
For my needs grow day by day,
And with conjoint palms stand before,
And childishly implore and pray.

No fault, O' father, in it I see,
For it is a child's birthright
To urge for whatever his need be
By sulking in puerile fight.

A Child of yours I am O' Lord,
Though descended in a land abroad.

☐

3

Land of illusion this planet is
Where thou. O Lord, bid to descend me,
And the shroud of modern amenities
Envelop the sense from the reality.

The illusion is here so high, O' Lord,
That conscience is interned by sensual claws;
The vision is impaired to see the road
That leads to thee and for thy holy cause.

Distrust in thy being, I know, is a sin,
Still I commit for my weak state of being;
Greed and hunger often grow within,
And I forget thy name and praise to sing.

Still I know we are so dearer to thee
That thou take our fault for triviality.

☒

Where are you father, the holy spirit?
Where your holy abode, the heaven is?
Is it high above on some mountain summit,
Or deep beneath some oceanic abyss?

Or thou live in Sun, moon or in some star,
Or in some faraway galactic body
Which shines bright though stays very far
To fill in eerie dark the unfold mystery?

As omnipotent, omniscient & omnipresent
Rightly thou are always being treated by all,
For, free from 'time & place' bar thou can be present
Anywhere, though invisible to eye temporal.

My father, my mother, my friend thou are all,
My obeisance to thee, O' mentor spiritual.

☐

5

I'm like a metal which is blended with impurity,
Buried in its ore, and is unqualified for use;
Or like that tool, which has lost its flexibility
For being discarded and never been used.

Or like that instrument which for lack of maestro
Gives unpleasant discordant notes with its reeds;
Or like a neglected land where doth grow
A large number of useless, unwanted weeds.

Strike me hard, O' lord, to extract from ore,
Rub and polish me with your divine might,
Bring pleasant harmony in me o' great mentor,
Weed out to make me fertile with your celestial light.

This bird is captive and never knows to take flight,
Give it wings, O' father, to scale a new height.

6

This World is a theatre,
The director, O' Lord you are,
And we all actors descended on this earth
To perform our parts at your super behest,
And the roles have not been rehearsed.
We are at ease to play and converse
Whatever we feel right and decorous;
And You the grand Juror
Behold as a silent spectator
And finally deliver your judgment
Presenting reward or punishment.

☐

By father this seed was sown,
Mother bore it in her womb,
And gave her blood till it did bloom.
After three months, O' Eternity,
You sent me to dwell in,
And after nine to be born.
The parents by whom
This bulk was begotten and grown,
Have the title only for it to own.
But me, who was born in your eternal womb,
Is the assets of your realm.
You will take away one day your son
When does collapse his home,
For you can never see him in a home,
Decrepit, dilapidated and torn,
And will give elsewhere a new home,

Or merge him in your eternal gloom.

8

When I stand alone in eerie dark night
To look high at starry face of sky,
And see winking stars' flickering light,
A flick of shudder runs fast and high.

The touch of cold nightly wind
Doth add to the strange query;
The sharp chirp of hopper doth rebind
In the dark night to add mystery.

Soon disappears the fear of night scary
With the beatific touch of some power
And it is none but thou are, O' almighty,
Who with thy divine touch takes out my fear.

Though invisible thy presence can be felt,
As is the aroma which can only be smelt.

9

The black patches of dark cloud
Block the passage of moonlight
Adding to the murkiness of ground
Reinforcing the panic of dark night.

Rain's highly pouring torrents
Accompanied by thunderstorm
Beat the land with force violent
And to decor it with new charm.

The heart rending, awful lightning
Flashes with terrifying loud sound
To swell the heart and its beating,
Reminding thy presence all around.

Thy message nature tries to commune,
And my fear in air vanishes soon.

10

Invisible, unperceivable by human eye,
Lord of lords, lord of all, he is one lord,
King of Kings, all pervading, infinite as sky,
Say him Waheguru, Allah, Hari or God.

Omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent,
Exists even much before mundane existence;
Agnostics although plead him different,
Truth is his entity, truth is his presence.

Feel him in the starlight, or in the beams of moon,
Or in the rainbow, or in its any lovely hue,
Surely you would feel and deduce soon
That one is he, only one, and not two.

Adorn him in any of his holy abodes,
In temple, mosque, synagogue or church,
Or in shrine different title being endorsed,
One is the divinity and one is the life force.

□

11

Bright and clear was the sky after rain,
Glimmered with cool light the glad terrain,
With whiff & motion the gentle breeze
Sang the song to give all ease.

The tall plants leafy nod and sway
Gave signs of this auspicious day;
The little shrubs of lovely flowers
Swung to greet him in this pious hour.

The river's feast was over and done,
Merrily it was on zigzag run
Singing the jingle-song in divine praise
For, it had felt the presence of his grace.

Father! thy entity they all can feel, though
We, the humans, are incapable to do so.

12

Craved I for more and more,
For, my wants had no fence;
Earnestly to thee did I implore
Even for the absurd making defence.

Thou fulfilled some and rejected irrationals
Which appeared to thee deadly and hazardous,

For, how can a father give toys fatal
To the child though they look too covetous.

I sulked and took resentment
At thy fair and just denial,
For my half bred mind knew not thy intent
Which saved me from righteous and moral fall.

Thou love thy child, O father, so much
That thou want him away from evil touch

13

You sent me to live in this orb
With different mission to serve;
You intended me to do with perfection
Which is your wish and satisfaction.

The illusion of this illusory world
Hid your mission under deceptive fold,
Sowed different seeds in growing mind,
And I groped in the darkness being blind.

You thwarted my plan, and I took it amiss;
You blocked diversion, for, it was your wish;
Ignorant I was to know thing underneath
Which the right time will uncover and seethe.

This life is your, O' strike it hard,
Mold it, give shape as you regard.

14

The vested work on me is thy pleasure,
Which I can do only at my leisure;
The path of subsistence is hefty and hard,
And its discard is undesirable my lord.

Though no ample time is there to do the job,
Whatever with ease-time doth reserve,
I use every bit the words to array,
Dress them for thee as a tribute to pay.

Accept it O' lord as my poor gift,
As other things thee never befit,

For, they all sprang from thy bounty,
And thy son's treasury is empty.

As whatever here belongs to thee,
Regifting would be a blasphemy.

¶

Merrily O' merrily
I sing my song
Which flows from my tongue
To adore Thee, O' Almighty.
My song is the pang
Of my restless heart,
Carries thy name
In each of its beat.
My voice is thine,
Gifted by three
To spread thy message so divine.

Profusely O' profusely
I offer my present to thee O' Omniscient.
My present is my words,
Poured out from my heart
To sing Thy praises
Trimmed with love.

What offer I can present thee
Other than my words of love,
As I a poor fellow be.
My language is inane and bald;
Enrich it O' God with thy blessings,
And make its pace
Ceaseless and un-intermitting.

□ 16

Until it is flushed with sanctity
Thou dwell in the inner shrine of heart,
And when it is stained with impiety
Thou desert it and from it depart.

Dive I in the deep submersible thought,
And take virtual bath in light divine
For the ablution of impious dust,
But still remains there the smudgy line.

Usurp it, O' Lord, and make it thy own,
For thou have title and it belongs to thee;
Annex it and refine this disturbed region,
Inundate it with deluge of purity.

□

17

Flowers of variegated color
With aroma of myriad odor
Can be grown in this wild field,
If aptly by thee it be tilled.

Pluck out the unwanted weeds,
Implant the herbs of thy need
Which can heal life's both parts
By cleansing the sensual dirt.

To wreath the garland for thy neck
Pluck each and all of flower sweet,
Twine them to adorn and bedeck,
Or pour them to garnish thy feet.

This garden is your O gardener great,
Mold it to reshape as thou wish or rate.

▣

Day passes with task exhausting,
And the darkness shows its look quiet;
The tired mind loses in pondering
Peeping into the taciturn night.

The unquenchable lust and hunger,
And fatigue toiled to comply them;
But night runs the remorseful shudder,
A sense of wastefulness does overwhelm.

Lone would be the path of after-journey,
and its traveler would be left forlorn;
Boast, pride and earthly glory
Would leave him single to bemoan.

Thy name would be the only shelter,

Would give company everywhere,
It would show path to the pathfinder
With deep love and parental care.

19

Passions, wild and voluptuous,
Creep in and move untamed;
Desires, carnal and sensuous,
Surround the mind to keep detained.

The temple gets defiled and debased,
Ill-suited for thy accommodation;
Blow away the filth of distaste
By divine supreme ordination.

Break the walls, O' Divinity.
To liberate from cell this detainee;
Expel the trespassing enemy
Who blocks the path that leads to thee.

20

The day wakes up with look bright,
Has clamor in its daylight,
Instills zest and avidity
For day-to-day activity,
Pushing all for the worldly fight.

The night is cool, calm and quiet,
Concealed message in its dim light,
Pierce the soul the hunger to ignite
For unsolved query & strange appetite.

Both are inevitable to humankind,
One sets vigor, the other the insight,
One expels the physical darkness,
Other expels the darkness of mind.

21

This worthless being descended here
At thy super command, O' father;
The job I venture, as thou prefer,
Is not free from silly blunders.

Humble enough thou are, I know,

And do love thy son too much,
Worthless is my offering though,
Thou accept it with a soft touch.

□22

O' what a great architect thou are!
Thou studded heaven with luminous stars
To add beauty to the azure sky
With their winking & twinkling staying afar.

Oh what a great inventor thou are!
For inventing cosmos with great craft;
Comets, planets and luminous stars
Are the outcome thy divine venture.

O' what a great performer of art!
Hills, mountains, landscapes are thy sculptures
Which speak finesse and delicacy of fine art,
Adding ornaments to the glamour of nature.

Rivers, streams and great mountains.
Plateau, plains and seven oceans,
Soil, water and life-sustaining air,
All are gifts of thee, O' divine maker.

□23

Deep rooted is the love for thee,
That makes me restless for thee
To have a feel of holy divinity,
Although trivial is my own entity.

Temporal is the earthly desire
That doth intrude and encroach,
And set greed's unquenchable fire
With insatiable sensual touch.

True is the love, O lord, for thee,
Though imprisoned by many an enemy
Who with his strong sensual power
Interned it in unlawful custody.

□24

When I stand alone in night dark
To have at her starry face a keen watch,
Fear of insignificance doth spark,

When with vast universe I make a match.

Negligible is our entity here
In this unfathomable cosmic sphere;
From where have we come and where to go?
Only, O' father, thou do know.

Untrue is the company of kith and kin,
Untrue is the possession that we win,
Forlorn we will be on the path unknown,
The distance to be traveled is yet known.

▣

Thy love is buried too deeply
In the chambers of busy heart,
And ceaselessly it cherishes thee
By body's conscious and unconscious part.

In spite of two lids sluggish fluttering
Soul wishes to fly by mind's hidden wings
To have union or a glimpse
Of thy holy divine being.

Impure is the body earthly,
Unqualified and unable thee to see,
Come in dream, in nightly vision
To give a feel of divine union.

▣

Soul is imprisoned and fettered
Inside desire's strong four walls;
And with the increase of numbers
The walls grow and become tall.

Lust, opulence, indulgence and pride
Are the substances to form four sides,
Which hide soul's intuitive flight
Under the dumps of appetite.

What delight gets a bird of trimmed wing
If it be kept in a cage fascinating;
Oh, break the fetter, collapse the walls
Which with illusions do enthrall.

▣

The greatest healer the night is
Which in reticence hides its balm,
Palliate the languid energies
By its cure, sedative and calm.

The day's exhaustion eats energy,
Puts the body in lethargy,
Night sings its silent lullaby
To take the body to dormancy.

New vigor it instills in body,
And gives ease to tired mind;
Man wakes up for new activity,
And for a new journey of fresh kind.

When time parches entire energy
And leaves the body arid and dry,
Eternal sleep will be sent by thee
To take me on her lap motherly.

¶

Feel him in the starlight, or in the beams of moon,
Or in the rainbow, or in its any lovely hue,
Surely you would feel and deduce soon
That one is he, only one, and not two.

Adorn him in any of his holy abodes,
In temple, mosque, synagogue or church,
Or in shrine different title being endorsed,
Be he Jesus, Jehovah, Allah, Waheguru or God,
All are one, and one is this life force.

□ ¶

Though you are one,
Your oneness is disowned,
And on you and on your heaven
Amputation is being done;
The fragments are apportioned
By your dear creatures, the men
To form the faith of their own,
And to prove the supremacy
Of each fragmentary part
Each sect comes forward
With its most abusive words

Against your other part,
And he never feel hesitation
While causing destruction
To your holy abode,
For he feels, my lord,
You would be adored.

□ 30

Precious is the human birth,
And it turns to a priceless stuff
By greed and insatiable craving,
But ends in repentance when nears ending.

Human life is a part of cosmic play,
Descended here we all to play our part aptly,
Discarding a life of selfishness and greedy way
For altruistic activity and for bounded duty.

℞

Will thou come to prove thy presence?
The cloud of mistrust wraps the conscience.
Ambiguity reigns the earth,
Pulls the bridle, shakes thy faith.
Reason hast asked thy being,
Strangled thy faith with skeptic string.
But it being known to me so far
That reason and faith stands not at par;
One rests in head and other in heart.
Though not present thou are in being,
Thou showers thy grace on all living beings.
I usher my faith in thee,
Thou were, thou are and thou will be.

℞

When you sing your most dreadful lullaby
To lull me to eternal sleep, O' death,
That day I will cease to be,
For you snatch from me my vital wealth.

My kith and kin will keep me watching
With sob & weep, and with rolling tears;
White shroud will make my covering,
Gloom and sorrow on every face be smear'd.

My body be laid on wooden bier,

Over it be sprinkled the floral shower,
'Hari Naam' will echo the gloomy air,
Four shoulders be lent by four bearers.

Gate will open for hidden truth,
For which we strive both old and youth.

BB

For which we strive both old and youth
Is the unsolved mystery of after death,
Though none, scholars or sages can answer to sooth,
Will be clear to the deceased after his last breath.

To eternal journey either spirit be led,
Or in naught our consciousness be lost,
In a new cycle a new life be led,
Or everything would mingle with earthly dust.

If former is proved to be true
My spirit would be forced to take a move
By cosmic force that binds all galaxies too,
And my soul would be put in for Karmic prove.

I would ascend higher, or descend below
To get trapped in cycle of birth-death-row.

BA

To get trapped in cycle of birth-death-row
My soul would emerge again in Life's apt zone;
From amoeba, hydra, ant, bug or mosquito
My cycle would begin from any specie of Earth-zone.

My virtue if does overweigh my vicious deed,
Or if father gives ablutionary wash with divine spring,
I would incarnate below as a superior breed,
Or descend straight into life as human being.

Allah, Ram, or Christ to whom I worship then
Would be a choice of not mine, but of my birth-creed;
Different would be my attire & geographical mien,
My then faith may differ from what is imbued by present creed.

I may taunt then even at my own creed
Which is now dear to me indeed.

BB

Which is now dear to me indeed
Is my verse that speaks what I bear in me;
Holy as a shrine, and every inch of it is sacred,
My verse sings of truth and sings of eternity.

Wait for me O' death for some time more,
Half way I had travelled and half way to go,
With embellishment of words my verse needs to adore,
My songs are unsung, and need rhythmic flow.

My brain is teeming to make my verse rich,
Tough is my journey though my paces are slow,
Invisible is my goal, and is far away from reach,
Wait for me, for, yet I am not prepared to go.

One day I know, I will cease to be
When you sing for me your most dreadful lullaby.

BB

When you sing for me your most dreadful lullaby
My voyage will start to some unseen destination,
The distance of which is not yet scaled by any,
And joy or hardship is beyond imagination.

Fifty winters and fifty summers
Witnessed the child's play and youth's motion;
Wait, O' black angel, for twenty more,
For half way tasks still need completion.

How can I look at my father's eye
With split works and defiled face,
Dereliction enrobes with infamy
And often invites father's disgrace.

Go away, go away, O' eternal sleep,
For incomplete is my earthly trip.

BV

Fathomless would be the black mysterious sea,
And its journey would be with ups and downs;
Rough would be the weather, and non-cautionary,
And would invite the wind to sing with frown.

Approach of storm would be sudden and hard,
Accompanied by waves' dance and fury;
Their beats and splash against the dashboard
Would make me too timid and scary.

Whether my boat would sink in or cross the sea
To see the father and other angels' treat,
Or in the midway the Satan's dreaded piracy
Would capsize, and seize me in devilish gambit?

Nay, the father would come to rescue me
To save me from his vilest enemy.

Rajpal Singh

My Goddess

My heart is a sacred shrine
Consecrated there the image of thine,
Though unseen and undefined,
But curved out of imaginary line;
And your name my beats chant with rhyme
Everyday not less than hundred times,
As the temple bell echoingly chimes.
But my goddess disappears while I am on line,
And futile becomes prayers of mine,
And I look fazed at her wrath and decline.

Rajpal Singh

Never Think Me A Flirt

Never think I am false at heart,
Nor me a liar, or a flirt.
Though my staggering speaks against me,
It is but the maiden look which the real culprit be.
Melting is the prime nature of wax,
And by feminine warmth we men, like it, get lax.
Even the greatest sages of remote past
Could not withstand it to remain steadfast.
For the restlessness of robust sea
Only the maiden moon responsible be,
Who with her bewitching charm does enthrall
And makes the sea's constancy fall.
Although with earth sea vows to adhere,
But before a maiden look his steps do waver.
If in constancy nature makes men lame,
Why do on me dear you put all your blame.
This deflection is sportive and untrue,
And my true devotion is only for you.

Rajpal Singh

She In My Sweet Memory Dwells

She in my sweet memory dwells,
Although physically she is unknown to me;
Her sweet voice's magic spells
Often hunt me overwhelmingly.

My thoughts, I hope, might be with her,
As hers do float reminiscently within me;
Neither has she seen me ever,
Nor do I visualize her feminine beauty.

Still works a force of unseen line
Between her and me, the two aliens;
I am pulled by a voice, soft and feminine,
And she might be by my coarseness of man.

Rajpal Singh

Sleep- A Heavenly Joy On Earth

In the mind's little home,
Before does sleep come
And nimble mind benumb,
Heads begins to throb,
Conscience gets robbed.
Agility be lamed
Will power be tamed,
Awareness becomes dumb;
Eyes' two little doors get some extra mass
To close the brain's visual pass.
Body douses into lethargy,
Soul senses the highest ecstasy,
Weariness vanishes in air,
Vision appears real and fair;
And in this torpid fantasy
Man tastes an unique joy
Boundless, rapturous and divine.

Rajpal Singh

The Budding Youth

1

Your reticence speaks that all
What you never reciprocate at all.
Though you are tied with someone else,
My love is fixed and never grows less.
Marriage is a bond and a beautiful cage,
Which makes us a prisoner and a slave.
But love is a bird, O' dear, of infinite sky,
Knows no bound and flies very high.
Nuptial cord fastens only bodies, and not hearts,
Where lie our souls, the men's immortal parts.
Our body is earthly, but the soul the heaven's due;
Body lies here, but the soul with heaven does glue.
Marriage unites bodies and love unites souls;
Death is bodies' divorce, but not that of souls.
If union of souls our true marriage be,
You must admit you have betrothed to me.
Deathless is my love ye need know,
And till eternity it will glow.

2

Not a sin as you think it is,
For it blesses with inexpressible bliss.
No material of this sphere, no sense
Can give joy so immense.
Gifted to this earth by Heaven's grace
To survive the creatures and this race.
If suppose a sin as you think it to be,
Then the greatest sinner its Maker will be,
For, he left for procreation the only device,
Whether it is a virtue or a vice.
If it is laden on us by His irrevocable will,
How dare you defy, and insist still?
Or did you forget Osho's Preaching
Who devised it for black soul's bleaching?
What is the need, O dear, to retire in forest,
If in it does our rescue rest.
Come near, give up all hesitation,

And tread with me on this noble path of salvation.

3

Like a tyrant of remote past
You invaded and encroached into my heart.
Having plundered my heart's precious jewel
You imprisoned me in your heart's cell.
Me you tempted, wooed, and tantalized so far,
But craftily kept yourself afar.
You hurt me and gave indelible lashes
Ruthlessly with the whip of your coyness.
Although I was starved and unfed,
My plight you pretended to be unread.
You made me fast, and my woe to outlast,
And made it more grievous
Than the prisoners of the past;
Hence proved yourself more cruel and savage
Than the hardest tyrant of any age.

4

You never utter a speech,
For you think it a breach
Of uxorial duty, or an impious deed.
Still the mum of your love does feed
The untold words into my ears
Which you do hide, but out of fear;
And the message is being conveyed,
Although by your tongue it is unuttered.
The speech, you know, is an act of soul,
And our tongue has only a decoding role.
Deceased, for instance, lies mute,
But a dumb can easily commune out.
Your muteness reveals all to me,
Whether you speak or speechless be.
Eternal is my love which neither hangs on speech,
Nor can it be rot, decayed or does flinch.

Rajpal Singh

The Call Centre

1

'Sir' often she calls me,
And 'madam' her I do call;
Hence sweet talk continues in amity,
Though neither knows none at all.

Her voice's sweet enchanting melody
Comes from far-away phone,
Rings repeatedly within me,
When I stand or sit here alone.

The mind forbids and my path obstructs,
But still I am pushed by restless heart;
And an innocent soul suffers a lot
Amid the war of head and heart.

2

She in my sweet memory dwells,
Although physically she is unknown to me;
Her sweet voice's magic spells
Often hunt me overwhelmingly.

My thoughts, I hope, might be with her,
As hers do float reminiscently within me;
Neither has she seen me ever,
Nor do I visualize her feminine beauty.

Still works a force of unseen line
Between her and me, the two aliens;
I am pulled by a voice, soft and feminine,
And she might be by my coarseness of man.

3

What magic in her voice has she
With which she often tantalizes me;
Ignorant am I though about her unseen beauty,

Her spiritual presence, of course, is being felt by me.

When I wake up in the dead of night and find
her hunting me, though she's out of sight;
An union of two virtual bodies by a restless mind
Is being done in its most imaginative flight.

Alas! Had I power of a ghost,
Which can occupy the body of a guest,
I would merge with my dear heart
Making her body my dwelling place, the best.

Two souls would live then in one home,
With barriers and interference of none;
Both would talk, sing, play and roam
Within one body of blood, flesh and bone.

4

The maxim 'love at first sight'
Is untrue and not fit with this case,
For restless each feels day 'n' night,
Whereas glimpse none has at other's face.

Lovely, I feel, she would be,
Of course lovelier than the full-moon;
Bright her face would be,
And brighter than the summer-noon.

Her gait would be smooth and wavy,
Like the run of mountain spring;
Her smile would be full of glee
Like the bloomed flowers of a spring.

5

What malady, O' World, ailed me,
For lighter became my broad breast;
Vacuity arose in its inner cavity
Being clouded by the air of unrest.

Captive became my head now,
By the power of a lovely force;
My heart remains with me though,

The sign of usurper has been endorsed.

My head loses control over my heart
Which rhythms slow or very fast;
Thoughts wander, and concentration thwarts,
And helpless and feeble I feel at last.

6

The path leads to nowhere,
The journey takes to no door,
Fog hath clouded the air
Making the vision weak and poor.

A mat of roses has been spread
With thousands of thorns hidden.
It covets the passerby to tread,
But fear of fatal prick is smitten.

O'! the innocent soul cannot see at all
Beneath the flowers thorns concealed
Of social, legal, and nuptial;
Of caste, race and creed.

(7)

My heart is a sacred shrine
Consecrated there the image of thine,
Though unseen and undefined,
But curved out of imaginary line;
And your name my beats chant with rhyme
Everyday not less than hundred times,
As the temple bell echoingly chimes.
But my goddess disappears while I am on line,
And futile becomes prayers of mine,
And I look fazed at her wrath and decline.

8

Wounded I was with a speechless arrow,
When she never called for three months & more;
And a strange pain heart did feel, though,

The scars are beyond the eye- capture.

Often grope I in the heart's rhythmic valley
To grab a relation buried in life past,
That pulls, without visual rope, so vehemently
Leaving its effect to run and to outlast.

Or may it be a belief blind of sick heart
That finds reason for consistency loss;
Or is it a vulnerability of a poor male heart
That gets pulled towards a female force.

Ah! the head seeks reason and cause, though,
The heart to every rationale remains blind;
Neither does it ask, nor prefers to know,
Nor does it stick to the logic of any kind.

9

I know her sweet name, though,
Her surname to me is still unknown;
Ignorant am I about her feminine glow,
But aware of the pitch of her lovely tone.

Half of her name, though, I am aware of,
She never bothers to know mine,
My love for her may be a useless stuff.
But hers for me is a worship divine.

She never swears nor doth defend,
Whereas I believe it a love at devotional line;
Though I am at my youth's crucial end,
She, I believe, must be in her time prime.

I treat her as a love's deity, a goddess,
Who lives in my heart's sacred shrine;
But she might be, I feel, thinking me not less
Than a thrown unusable bottle of wine.

10

Thrice I do kiss my cell phone,
When it sings with eye blinking,
And delivers me the sweet suave tone
Of an unseen distant darling.

And a link establishes between her and me,
Between two unseen friends, two aliens,
Thru micro wave, thru radio frequency,
And a tender feeling further deepens.

Smilingly she queries me my health,
And I do her the same in return;
And talks transfer in a reserved breath
The refrained feelings to adorn.

The un-confessed emotion reaches to pinnacle
Amid the talk, less formal and more informal;
And when she bids adieu to hold off the call,
The hidden emotion has a sudden sharp fall.

- - Rajpal

Rajpal Singh

The Eternal Sleep 1

When you sing your most dreadful lullaby
To lull me to eternal sleep, O' death,
That day I will cease to be,
For you snatch from me my vital wealth.

My kith and kin will keep me watching
With sob & weep, and with rolling tears;
White shroud will make my covering,
Gloom and sorrow on every face be smear'd.

My body be laid on wooden bier,
Over it be sprinkled the floral shower,
'Hari Naam' will echo the gloomy air,
Four shoulders be lent by four bearers.

Gate will open for hidden truth,
For which we strive both old and youth.
(continue reading.....Eternal Sleep-2)

Rajpal Singh

The Eternal Sleep 2

For which we strive both old and youth
Is the unsolved mystery of after death,
Though none, scholars or sages can answer to sooth,
Will be clear to the deceased after his last breath.

To eternal journey either spirit be led,
Or in naught our consciousness be lost,
In a new cycle a new life be led,
Or everything would mingle with earthly dust.

If former is proved to be true
My spirit would be forced to take a move
By cosmic force that binds all galaxies too,
And my soul would be put in for Karmic prove.

I would ascend higher, or descend below
To get trapped in cycle of birth-death-row.
(continue reading.....to Eternal Sleep 3)

Rajpal Singh

The Eternal Sleep 3

To get trapped in cycle of birth-death-row
My soul would emerge again in Life's apt zone;
From amoeba, hydra, ant, bug or mosquito
My cycle would begin from any specie of Earth-zone.

My virtue if does overweigh my vicious deed,
Or if father gives ablutionary wash with divine spring,
I would incarnate below as a superior breed,
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Allah, Ram, or Christ to whom I worship then
Would be a choice of not mine, but of my birth-creed;
Different would be my attire & geographical mien,
My then faith may differ from what is imbued by present creed.

I may taunt then even at my own creed
Which is now dear to me indeed.
(continue reading..... to Eternal Sleep 4)

Rajpal Singh

The Eternal Sleep 4

Which is now dear to me indeed
Is my verse that speaks what I bear in me;
Holy as a shrine, and every inch of it is sacred,
My verse sings of truth and sings of eternity.

Wait for me O' death for some time more,
Half way I had travelled and half way to go,
With embellishment of words my verse needs to adore,
My songs are unsung, and need rhythmic flow.

My brain is teeming to make my verse rich,
Tough is my journey though my paces are slow,
Invisible is my goal, and is far away from reach,
Wait for me, for, yet I am not prepared to go.

One day I know, I will cease to be
When you sing, for me, your most dreadful lullaby.

- - -Rajpal Singh

Rajpal Singh

The Eternal Truth

Invisible, unperceivable by human eye,
Lord of lords, lord of all, he is one lord,
King of Kings, all pervading, infinite as sky,
Say him Waheguru, Allah, Hari or God.

Omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent,
Exists even much before mundane existence,
Agnostics though plead him different,
Truth is his entity, truth is his presence.

Rajpal Singh

The World Theatre

This world is a theatre,
The director, O Lord, you are;
And actors we all are,
Descended on this Earth
At your super behest
To perform our parts
Being conferred by you O' Holy Ghost!
The roles have not been rehearsed,
And we are at our ease to play and converse,
Whatever we think right and decorous,
And you the grand Juror
Behold as a silent spectator,
And finally delivers reward or punishment.

Rajpal Singh

Thou Art Present

Will Thou come to prove thy presence?
The cloud of mistrust wraps the conscience.
Ambiguity reigns the earth,
Pulls the bridle, shakes thy faith.
Reason hast asked thy being,
Strangled thy faith with skeptic string.
But it being known to me so far
That reason and faith stands not at par;
One rests in head and other in heart.
Though not present Thou in being,
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Rajpal Singh

Thrice I Kisses My Cell-Phone

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When it sings with eye blinking,
And delivers me the sweet suave tone
Of an unseen distant darling.

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The un-confessed emotion reaches to pinnacle
Amid the talk, less formal and more informal;
And when she bids adieu to hold off the call,
The hidden emotion has a sudden sharp fall.

- - -Rajpal Singh

Rajpal Singh

True Devotion

No need to visit
Temple, mosque or church,
Or in some festive occasion
Holy lamp to torch.

No need to rush
For ringing temple bell,
Or for earning divine mercy
To listen mythical tale.

No need O' Lord
In your shrine coconut to crack
To invoke Your blessing
For a rich prosperous luck.

No need to sing
Your holy devotional song;
Or for the redemption of soul
To take penance for long.

No need O' Heaven,
To take Holy bath
For saving body and soul
From the fire of divine wrath.

Useless are those services
And self-deceiving arts
For nowhere You live
But in men's hearts.

A moment's devotion with purest heart
If being offered to YOU.
Certainly and without fail
Your grace would ensue.

Rajpal Singh

True Marriage

Your reticence speaks that all
What you never reciprocate at all.
Though you are tied with someone else,
My love is fixed and never grows less.
Marriage is a bond and a beautiful cage,
Which makes us a prisoner and a slave.
But love is a bird, O' dear, of infinite sky,
Knows no bound and flies very high.
Nuptial cord fastens only bodies, and not hearts,
Where lie our souls, the men's immortal parts.
Our body is earthly, but the soul the heaven's due;
Body lies here, but the soul with heaven does glue.
Marriage unites bodies and love unites souls;
Death is bodies' divorce, but not that of souls.
If union of souls our true marriage be,
You must admit you have betrothed to me.
Deathless is my love ye need know,
And till eternity it will glow.

Rajpal Singh

Vision

The blue skirt that she clad
Embellished her with elegant charm.

The white cloud with silver-linings
Wrapped her body for she not being shied.

The scattered light from water drops
Painted her with seven shades.

The God of breath with gentle breeze
Was fanning her to give her ease.

The chirping birds were singing their songs
To lull her to nightly sleep.

I drank her beauty, lost my sense,
And flew high to hold her hands.

Amid the clouds I found me breaking thru waves
To clasp her against my chest.

Soon I felt my body being shaken,
And opened my eyes to find my Vision gone in vain.

Rajpal Singh

What Malady Ailed Me O' World?

What malady, O' World, ailed me,
For lighter became my broad breast;
Vacuity arose in its inner cavity
Being clouded by the air of unrest.

Captive became my head now,
By the power of a lovely force;
My heart remains with me though,
The sign of usurper has been endorsed.

My head loses control over my heart
Which rhythms slow or very fast;
Thoughts wander, and concentration thwarts,
And helpless and feeble I feel at last.

Rajpal Singh