

Poetry Series

Renu Kakkar
- poems -

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Renu Kakkar(28.11.1959)

Renu Kakkar is a working mother. She was born in Fazilka (Punjab) India where her father was working as a Professor of History. She grew up in India as well as in Ethiopia and Zambia where her father worked as an Educationist. Her entire school education has been from Chingola in Zambia. Her graduation and post graduation were from Dharmshala and Shimla in Himachal Pradesh, India. She retired from Government Service from the post of Joint Director, DGFT, Department of Commerce in November 2019.

'Granny's Return From Heaven as an Incredible Car' is her first book and is based on a bed time story she coined for her children. The book has a sense of mystery with magic. Its purpose is teaching without preaching.

She writes poetry and her poems are at <https://www.poemhunter.com/renu-kakkar/poems/>

She is a Divine Reiki master and her articles are at <http://renukakkarhealingtherapies.blogspot.com/>

She is presently writing a science fiction online novels at https://www.webnovel.com/book/trapped-in-time_and will want to publish it as kindle before completing it there. Another online ongoing novel is on past life regression at <https://www.webnovel.com/book/born-again> which she would want to publish on kindle before completing it there.

Corona Pandemic

Life was always at a hurried pace,
Never did we slow down.
All seemed to be running a race,
then Corona came to our cities and towns.

Lockdown was imposed,
All were to stay indoors.
Without any rhyme or reason,
no one could venture outdoors.

The industries were closed,
vehicles were ordered off the roads.
Only essential services were allowed,
the environment got itself repaired.

An unknown disease increased its stride,
across the globe spread Corona's first wave,
Damage was there worldwide.
Friends and families went to an early grave.

Now comes the Second wave
Worse than the first one
The elderly were target of the first wave
The target now are middle ones.

The third wave will be next,
which will target minor children.
We need to keep ourselves in front,
ensure there is timely prevention.

World is uniting to fight this tiny enemy,
which is trying to eliminate mankind.
Vaccinations of all is the key,
as well as social behaviour defined.

renukakkar

19.05.2021

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Discovery Of Self

Life is filled,
with strain and stress.
One aimlessly wanders,
mind and heart in a mess.

The conditioned mind,
doesn't show a new way.
But positive thoughts do pay,
Helping in happily passing one's days.

Remove the unhappiness,
break these melancholic bonds.
Liberation will be found,
one will reach safer ground.

As trends and fashions do not last,
so Unhappiness will also not stay.
Like the rain and the hail,
it will eventually go away.

Life offers much more,
be compassionate for another.
A smile does serenity offer,
and lifts a person from despair.

You are precious and unique,
from clay the potter did you cast.
into the fire he did you blast,
to experience emotions in universe vast.

Acknowledge your own special status,
build on it to move ahead.
It is your hour to lead,
to head the crowd indeed.

Pull yourself together,
introspect and you will see.
What you are meant to be,

You will surely be.

renukakkar 07.11.2020

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A Lesson Of Life By A Rose

The dark clouds have hidden the sun,
the breeze turns to an impending storm,
Birds fly home as to them the day is done.
the dark sky opens up, it pours and pours.

I cling to my stem as tightly as I can,
the wind pulls at me and also at my siblings.
I try to avoid the wind and the rain,
behind my small branches I am hiding.

The branches and leaves bend to the terrain,
the wind tugs and the rain keeps falling.
Pressure of rain my brothers can not sustain,
they get carried away by rivulets forming.

The storm stops and so does the wind,
the clouds vanish and the sun comes out.
Above my leaves and thorns I lift my head,
The droplets from my petals fall about.

A wise man said that you only live twice,
once for your yourself and once for dreams.
However, I am rose but I live thrice,
You can't imagine what I mean.

Firstly, I live for myself
then to give beauty to everyone's eyes.
Finally before I die
I provide fragrance to all and sundry.

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The Ship And The Storm

Dark clouds hide the sun as they gather,
The ship is tossed about by the sea in anger.
Its purpose in life to take travelers across,
to ensure passengers are not at sea lost.

It weathers the storm and comes to shore,
without any fanfare or any lost store.
The ship represents the individual soul,
the sea is the life that impedes our goal.

The tossing waves and the dangerous storm,
are life's difficulties that forever form.
The purpose of the soul is to move on,
learning the lessons taught by the storm.

Ultimately the destination will be reached,
with us travels our guiding angel indeed.
To rest the soul will find a space,
Return or move on to a higher place.

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A Prayer

God take me back into your flock,
Negativeness put on me a mental block.
Please help me to keep it in lock,
So that it cannot against me knock.

My mission I will duly complete,
That which you chalked for me.
Never will my footsteps leave,
I solemnly promise thee.

Do cleanse my soul I pray,
drive these dark clouds away.
Your light will show me the way,
To do what my calling is for today.

I saw you a few years ago it seems,
Perhaps it was like an unfinished dream.
You glided among the stars which beam,
Light from you and your heavenly realm.

A pure soul was I indeed then,
I wish to experience that vision again.
The layers of negativeness enclosed me within.
I wish to break free from this earthly din.

I still recall you in your gown of white,
Which emitted celestial light.
Your eyes were so clear and bright,
On the milky way did you glide.

You blessed me with raised hands,
To me you did not say any words.
On return I was rendered in deep thoughts,
Who had I met in my meditation or dreams?

God take me back into your flock,
Negativeness put on me a mental block.
Please help me to keep it in lock,
So that it cannot against me

knock.

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Haiku- Life's Journey

1. Feeling trapped in time,
looking to escape the situation.
A frog leaps to freedom.

2. Darkness engulfs my thoughts
makes me more and more melancholic.
Find a lit lamp to scatter light.

3. We all have problems
Life is nothing but lessons to be learned
Lessons not learned will need to be re-learned.

4. Walk with me in the park
A learning experience it will be
Each plant will tell a different story.

5. The sea makes a sound
As waves dash against the shores
A sea shell captures all within.

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Flight Of Fancy

My fate for me had ensured,
Traveler's foot and an explorer's galore.
I took a fancy to explore new lands,
My spirit soared for newer plans.

Flying I was, with the ocean, spread below,
Blue skies above and the sun did glow.
The clouds outside were my partners in flight,
My co-passengers had slept to my delight.

With wings on his shoulders and a wand by his side,
a childlike figure appeared outside,
Is he real or is he a dream?
Such thoughts in me started to frame.

The childlike angel told me to step out,
I rubbed my eyes as I had a doubt.
He beckoned again for me to try,
To leave my body and attempt to fly.

I did not know how to and I think he understood,
His hand came through and my hand he took.
Gently leading me out of the window pane,
To my surprise, I stood by the plane.

On the clouds, I glided with ease
Flying with my angel in heavenly bliss.
Soon it started to become dark,
My angel told me it's time to depart.

I stood outside the window pane looking in,
All passengers were sleeping and snoring within.
The angel told me to glide back in,
Soon I was again in me looking at him.

Now I go to someone who needs me,
Never forget that this is how to be.
The past has done and gone let it rest,
Live in present to harness a future that's best.

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My Pondering

Some friends are miles apart from me,
But in my heart they are always in view.
Childhood went and so did college,
Job & family are challenges new.

A face remembered here or a name,
the face & name sometimes don't align.
It is said memories do fade with time,
It is a blessing when the two combine.

We all have to live in the present,
Time passes and goes by very fast.
Neither worrying for imminent future
nor hankering for the gone past

Tomorrow as the sun rises,
A new chapter begins for me.
I ponder over my achievements,
work done and work yet not done.

Not in the materialistic way,
I am sure you would agree.
Not in the way of popularity,
for me it is not a necessity.

Spiritual healing, is now my life,
to help heal and teach others to heal.
To remain cool and free from strife,
Thus achieve the progress spiritual.

What there after, you would enquire,
Even I do not know, it's just my call.
I am no saint and I am no seer,
A better person I want me to ensure.

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Harbingers Of Bad Tidings

Harbingers of bad tidings are Aspersion and Doubts,
Creating a distorted mind full of angry clouds.
Doubts leave painful scars on our souls,
Relegating to the background our cherished goals.
leaving one with blurred vision and unshed tears,
Future goes haywire when such situation appear.

Sadness engulfs the tortured soul,
no bright light is there for it to flow.
Soul feels lost when harsh words are told,
It gets stifled by such callous hold.
Looking for a way to prove its innocence,
untruth becomes truth and truth is nonsense.

At the crossroad of time the soul stands,
what should it do, to its higher self it asks?
Look within and your strength you find.
emotional price you have already been fined.
Walk away slowly from the situation
an evolving being need not give explanation.

Promise breakers Aspersioners and doubters,
from set goals try to derail you into dark clouds.
Truth is truth and truth will always hold its own,
untruth hold sway will one day be gone.
Like a phoenix you will rise again,
Into your own glory to forever rein.

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Mask

My smiles hide my tears,
people take me for granted.
My laughter hides my fears.
That I may not be again fleeced.

I have always been happy,
taking whatever comes in life.
But I have found out sadly,
Friends carry with them a knife.

In troubled times help they need,
be it in cash or in kind.
When similar help is my need,
there is no cash to find.

I have finally learnt my lessons,
I learnt them the hard way.
You pay heed to my words,
keep loan seekers a mile away.

Such sharks are all over the world,
On your trust they do thrive.
Never trust till you're sure as gold,
otherwise you'll be less alive.

Nobody will now know me,
henceforth, I will wear a mask.
Such cheats in life do not trick me,
with talks of hard times & grandeur lost.

Now I practice my mask,
in the mirror with my smiles.
My shields no one can break,
which hides me behind my smiles.

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Words

Let us put a price tag on words,
priceless would be their costs.
with compassion when uttered,
bringing peace and ending wars.

Listen to the words of God,
which are very precious indeed.
The words are not from surround,
But the heart where god does reside,

Harsh words uttered by relations,
hurt us but they are for our reforms.
listen not to the spoken harsh tones,
but the message conveyed within its folds.

Words spoken by friends, near and dear,
are straight from the heart and very clear.
wellness at heart they hold never doubt or fear,
your problems they share by lending an ear.

Many lessons in life do words teach,
Through words we experience defeat.
through words we grow and spiritually reach
But no words are there when we are at peace.

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Our Passage

See a boat that floats on the river,
waves toss and turn it here and there.
Storms gather and make the river unruly,
But the boat withstands all of its fury.

Its purpose to take travelers across,
ensuring passengers are not dossed.
Quietly bringing them to the shore,
without any fanfare or any lore.

The boat is the individual soul,
the river is life that differs the goal.
The waves and the encountered storms,
are the difficulties that forever form.

Purpose of the soul is not falter but go on,
learning the lessons thrown by the storm.
ultimately the destination will be reached,
with us travels our guiding angel indeed.

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Being Truthful Does Not Gel Today

Alone I was
Alone I will be
Believing in others
I will now have to see.

Scared I am,
of people around me.
People whom I trusted,
Have always hurt me.

Sometimes I wish,
the world would be.
Comprised of people,
Simple & truthful like me.

Like fingers on the palm,
are never the same in length.
People come in different shapes,
different sizes and different strength.

You are useful till work is done,
untruth becomes truth for them all.
It is the age of materialistic times.
Simplicity, truthfulness go for a fall.

Money talks at each and every place,
Swearing and fighting is the norm.
Truth seems to be loosing its shine,
As world proves you to be in the wrong.

Are we ordinary people really misfits?
In the materialistic world of today?
Or we are too simple, too truthful too innocent?
discarded by those with money and say?

Times never remain the same you see,
seasons change when change is in the air.
People will also change when it is time,
Why should I fret as God will takes care.

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Crossroads Of Life

At a crossroad of my life i today stand
Thinking what do i have today in my hand?
Turning back is not possible you said,
Much water has flown since we last met.

Going forward at same pace in the current direction,
i am warned of hidden perils in every situation.
Turning to the left or the right of the current path,
From the dear loved one i will most certainly depart.

Decisions in life we always make in haste,
Then have the hindsight of time going waste.
Not realizing that it was a lesson to be learnt,
Moving on with knowledge not to again get burnt.

We are Spiritual being living a human existence,
Learning is a part and parcel of ascendance.
Let me not lament for things mundane,
Next lesson to learn i am ready to face again.

Renu Kakkar

A Shooting Star For Me

A Shooting Star For Me

(A poem for Eid- Eid Mubarak to all my friends)

Once I saw a shooting star,
falling from the sky.
It lit up the darkness of the night,
as it passed me by.

So shiny did it seem to me,
like a diamond placed up there.
The long reddish tail behind it,
seemed to be burning air.

Scientists have a name for it,
they call it a meteorite.
But for me it is important differently,
To make a wish with all my might.

So I made a genuine wish,
Let us see if it comes true.
A wish to last till eternity,
To give blessings for me and you.

renukakkar 09.08.2013

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Christmas Fragrance In The Air

Christmas fragrance is in the air,
As Christmas time is very near.
Time to now to spread Christmas cheer,
Lend a helping hand or lend an ear.

I sit alone by the Christmas tree
, All are asleep so here it is only me.
There is a strange stillness in the air,
I think about my life sitting here.

Remembering Christmas's of the past,
Wondering why they passed so fast.
Not many years ago a Child was I,
Presents of mine I would gleefully spy.

Now, my children are all grown,
I am thankful that today they are home.
Christmas will come and Christmas will go,
Real presents is having them by me so.

As one moves ahead with time you see,
Spreading kindness and love is indeed free.
A smile to light up a face that is sad,
will earn you a good deed it is said.

So Merry Christmas to all of you,
Do have a lovely time please do.
Do not forget your elderly folks,
Your love and affection is all they carve.

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Why Fret?

Constantly I am pushed for time,
Never am I able to make it mine.
Worry not fear not, all is fine,
The soul tells me to bid my time.

I find myself always running,
From early morn to late evening.
Work is never ever finishing,
Numerous chores are left lying.

Were from does this voice come?
In my heart it seems to reside.
A voice that commands and soothes,
It seems to be a voice Divine.

It says, all these are immaterial things,
Do your best there is no binding.
Helpful nature is all that's qualifying,
Praises/ medals you will be discarding.

A desire to stay is inherent in us,
But to stay is never possible, thus.
Perhaps to finish unfinished task,
God gives us a few months gap.

When time comes for you to move on,
The journey you commence will be alone.
Before anyone knows you will be gone,
Everything will remain as if you're still home.

Learn your lessons and learn them fast,
Soon time will be to pack up and go at last.
Our near and dear ones will remain just,
To heavenly realms the journey takes us.

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The Inner Self

Each one of us
Has a higher self
A middle and lower self
As well as an inner self

The higher self we aspire to be
The lower self is how far we fall
The middle self is a mixed ball
The inner self is really small

The inner self is a place
Where Ego does not gel
A place where there is the you real
And time is at a stand still

Encased under coverings of Ego
Is said to be the soul
The soul is not new but very old
Having passed stages and evolved

The inner place is peaceful
People's talks here have no value
It is you your belief and your values
That marks your progress spiritual

The place deep inside you
Somewhere near your heart
The peacefulness is so great
Not found in any world's part

We do not realize
It is what Saints look for
Throughout life what we all search for
Ultimate destination we are destined for

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An Ambulance Passes

It is the middle of the night,
the city sleeps and no one is in sight.
However, an ambulance passes,
with screaming siren and flashing lights.

The old lady down the lane,
had a sudden heart complain.
Her relatives being disturbed,
called the hospital without refrain.

In the rain the ambulance does go,
carrying within a precious cargo.
Loved by her relatives is the elderly,
their sleep they now will forgo.

To her are attached numerous pipes,
caringly her face her son wipes.
Concern written across his face,
he sees his life's memories in flashes.

The hospital comes in sight,
rushed into aura of bright light.
ICCU is where she is taken,
where entire ambiance is in white.

Pipes are again attached,
movements of organs monitored.
for her to breathe properly,
an oxygen mask is also tied.

Her son while sitting besides her
holding her hand begins to ponder.
Prays for her wellness he promises,
to earnestly devote love and time for her.

After some time the doctor comes again,
his words lift entire night's strain.
She is out of danger the doctor says,
but under observation will remain.

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Life Of A Leaf

The life of a leaf is is strange indeed,
starting from the tree to end as if free.
Summer comes and then it is autumn,
allowing it to fall as if from heaven.

The wind comes and at it blows,
attached loosely, it quickly falls.
Not alone it is but accompanied,
others are also falling besides it.

Like a child to his mother is attached,
a leaf, I was attached to my branch instead.
Cherished and drawing subsistence,
I grew to provided shade with help of my brethren.

Rain, storm and screeching wind i withstood,
providing shelter as a good tree should.
As humans age I started to age too
my colour from green became a golden hue.

Dry weather made me wrinkled and papery dry
to fall at the slightest tug I wondered why?
I had the wisdom of time with me
like senior citizens in any society.

A gust of wind came and tugged at me
to fall or travel where the breeze took me.
To rest below as a golden leaves carpet,
or to travel to distant places like a tourist.

My golden colour fascinates children,
They think the sun in me is hidden.
Strange toys they make of me,
Leaf boat, windmill and whistle.

I am ready to undergo this ordeal indeed,
as I feel I should be fully utilised.
When fully used and no longer viable,
on ground i am thrown to become dust inevitable.

renukakkar 21.5.2012

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Life Is Not Always Full Of Melancholy

I sat in my room pondering,
my life's direction I was wondering.
Thinking that life is now quite static,
is it really suppose to be like this?

I rise on the tide of success one day,
promptly falling to the ground later I say.
Sometimes life happily pulls me up,
throwing me later as if a discarded cup.

Life is never plain sailing and easy,
but life so heartless is indeed a pity.
One struggles through impending doom,
creating happiness in the surrounding gloom.

God gives on one hand without my asking,
taking away something from the other without telling.
My expectations perhaps make me gloomy,
Life is not always full of melancholy.

Just my way of making noise,
calling attention so I can enjoy.
happiness and sadness two sides of a coin.
Like rain comes and then there is sunshine.

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The Flying Machine

As I fly in my machine over hills and valleys,
I see a pretty girl looking to the skies.
She hears the sound of the flying machine,
but cannot see me, so I opine.

My machine is a new plane that I made,
it flies just above the treetop's surface.
I can see all the shy birds in the trees,
It is a delight to see where all they hide.

My machine is invisible to all and sundry,
no one has made something like it you see.
No one can see me that is for sure,
Unless I raise the shield for fresh air.

Soon my flying machine is alongside,
she turns around as if to take flight.
Her hair blows all over her pretty face
she tries to see through the impending haze.

Soon I burst out in fits of laughter,
audible to her like running water.
she flings a stick blindly into the air,
manages my wheels to strongly strike.

The laughter now is from her for sure
I am the one looking towards its repair.
The shield lifts suddenly due to the impact
I jump out thinking I would be whacked

But the joke is on me for sure today,
her brothers have been waiting today.
I get a thrashing that I will never forget,
The flying machine is not for nonsense.

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Man In The Moon (Chanda Mama)

Sometimes you see him, and sometimes you don't.
When night light is dim, he is seen at the horizon.
As he moves across the sky, disappearing as the sun rises.
Spreading less or more light and increasing its shape and size.

Fascinated we were by Grandmother calling him Chanda Mama,
Meaning Moon Uncle (mother's brother) , great story teller.
Who puts us all to sleep, while he travels across the sky,
While we counted sheep, he glided across like a butter fly.

As kids, we saw him as the kind man in the moon with a smiling face,
While walking alone he was reassuring and gliding keeping with us same pace.
Growing up, the fascination with Chanda Mama or the man in the moon wanes,
But comes back in our children when we tell them his songs and poems.

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I Will Make You My Destiny

Come sit besides me for a short while,
In my eyes I'll capture your picture,
and I will make you my destiny.

On papery heart I will draw your sketch,
will hide it in the corner easy to fetch,
I will make you my destiny.

You will remain always there,
my heartbeat you will be for ever,
I will make you my destiny.

You will understand whatever I say,
and I will understand what you say,
I will make you my destiny.

I want you and only you,
you're my life's prayer/ destination true,
I will make you my destiny.

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Will You Be My Valentine?

Here is a poem for Valentine day..hope some of you will use it...as Valentine Day is around the corner :)

I pick up courage to tell you today,
that I love you more than I can say.
Love for me is a precious gift,
when I see you, my spirits lift.
Will you be my Valentine?

My love for you is honestly sweet,
I would never ever on you cheat.
Love for me is very precious,
making my smile infectious.
Will you be my Valentine?

Love for me is very gentle,
It's healing it is very sentimental.
Sometimes your leaving me I fear,
at home alone I shed, silent tears.
Will you be my Valentine?

The bond within is very strong,
I know from within that with you I belong.
Please reciprocate the love i have for you,
I am sure this love for you will remain ever true.
Will you truly be my Valentine?

Love works from the core of our hearts,
Our love is such that it lights up like sparks.
Love for us is like seeing northern lights,
Forever a source of delight.
It is divine, will you be my Valentine?

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You've Come To Change My Destiny.

You've entered my heart via my eyes.
Who are you to me oh stranger mine,
Very dear to me you are so suddenly.
you've come to change my destiny.

Love seems to cascade from your eyes,
love is hidden in your unspoken words.
How do I handle so much love suddenly,
you've come to change my destiny.

I was walking alone in this life of mine,
searching for someone to walk besides.
You came along to accompany me suddenly,
you've come to change my destiny.

Everyday now I pray to God,
that we never get separated.
We take a vow on this jointly,
You've come to change my destiny.

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Spring Is In The Air

Gloomy grey skies turn to a calmer blue,
snow disappears from ground giving a clue.
Winter is going soon this fact is conveyed.
we should welcome spring that is definite.

Chirping of the birds is heard everywhere
flowers disperse their fragrance in the air.
My bad mood lifts and now I want to sing,
at long last around the corner is spring.

Flower buds are coming everywhere
pink and white buds on trees are here.
The entire atmosphere is awakening,
putting away the white quilt it was wearing.

Grasses and trees are also becoming green,
brown grass of winter is not to be seen.
Like the entire environment is waking up,
we should throw sad thoughts and get up.

We all rejoice seeing spring's great delight,
Forgiving and forgetting those with behavior slight.
As our minds and our bodies completely revive,
every spring makes us glad we're still alive.

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Seasons And Life

Spring time see flowers bloom,
spreading fragrance and delight.
To wilt and die after some time,
merging with the earth without a sigh.

Different blossoms summer brings,
ones withstanding adverse conditions.
like the beads strung in a string,
wilting and dying as per their traditions.

The rains come mostly as the monsoon,
bringing all around lush green development.
Nature cleans all with its mops and broom,
overflowing rivers and new streams movement.

Autumn time brings falling leaves,
swept and gathered together in piles.
flames engulf them helped by breeze,
turning them all into fine ashes

Winter month makes all trees bare,
still some are green with needle leaves.
Giving us the loving Christmas trees,
and some pine cones as dried fruit bearers.

Like nature and its served wear,
we should change our attitude.
Burn the past embracing the future,
spread love compassion and gratitude.

Renu Kakkar

What Is Work For Some

Many people pretend to work,
But very few actually work.
The rest of them hardly work,
Pushing files is doing work.

In front of the computer they sit,
busy working on the elusive target.
But in actual fact they surf the net,
Switching tabs from site to site.

Surfing tabs is so fast you see,
boss hardly realizes your strategy.
You close one tab opening another,
movement is so fast there is no bother.

You buy that Nintendo for your son,
and a few books from flipkart.com.
Played magic marbles and scrabble,
without your boss getting any wiser.

Then off to facebook you take a peep,
Harvesting on Farmville buying sheep.
They have English Farm and Cityville too,
games on Facebook, you play them too.

Boss sees that you are unduly busy,
he checks from the control suspiciously.
The next day you can't access the net link,
you tube and games now are drawing blank.

They say a program had been devised,
Surfing of net aimlessly is now stopped.
All spare time is now spent gossiping.
all talk about their bosses shortcomings.

People now do not pretend to work,
they now actually have to do work.
The ones who had never done any work,
are writing on files and pushing work.

Renu Kakkar

Can You See Me, Please?

Can you see me, please?
I call out again and again.
There are so many people,
but my cries seem to be in vain.

Many are sitting next to someone sleeping,
all seem to be talking in soft whispers.
My wife and my children are crying,
the rest seem to be shedding crocodile tears.

I call out again to my wife,
she does not see me at all.
What is going on it is hurting me like a knife,
why am I being ignored by all?

Suddenly she gets up and comes near,
taking a few steps towards me.
I shout and shout but she does not hear,
This would make anyone angry you'd agree.

Some people enter and pass me by,
they almost touch me and I have no feeling.
A child walks through me without even a bye,
this scares me as to what is happening.

I glance at the sleeping figure properly,
and I get a shock of my life there.
It is me lying there dead to all and sundry,
I weep without tears wondering who am I standing here?

Realization comes and I understand who I am now,
a confused soul whose time has come to go away.
A celestial light falls on to me like at a theater show,
waiting to take me away after farewells I say.

Wishing I could have lived my life better,
provided for my family in the limited time.
Being called back early does matter,
For rainy days I have not saved even a dime.

I wonder what will their future be like?
how will they manage now I have gone?
Life is a stage we say our piece before a mike.
when our call comes many tasks are left undone.

There is nothing left for me here,
I should not stand to ponder now.
My pondering will not get me anywhere,
they wait patiently, I should be moving somehow.

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Renu Kakkar

The Celestial House

I was in meditation that day again,
and saw a park with little green hills.
The weather indicated fall of rain,
the picture was completed with singing birds.

I felt as if I was in another world,
I saw a distant house I walked towards.
A strange house it looked indeed,
cautiously I moved forward.

The framework of doors and windows were visible, ,
its roof was huge and white like a dome,
Doors and windows, however seemed invisible,
celestial light it emitted and I knew I was home.

As I came to stand before the house,
I heard chanting of Om coming from inside.
I realized that the chanting was from within,
coming from the rooms inside.

I felt at peace upon entering
all my aches and pains were vanishing.
Was it the house or the chanting,
that was effecting this miraculous healing.

As I walked through the doorway,
no one was there whom I could meet.
I saw a number of open doorways,
that led into rooms with chanting sweet.

Someone came toward me suddenly and stood,
dressed in a flowing white gown with a slash tight.
Tears rolled down as his aura was so good,
His clothes emitted pure celestial light.

For a minute i was held spellbound,
he smiled and blessed me with raised hands.
Thereafter I do not know what happened
he vanished and I found myself in familiar surrounds.

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Renu Kakkar

What Is Death?

Death is always watching,
it is bidding its time.
During the day observing,
not stopping even at night time.

It keeps a constant vigil,
as our life it will whisk away.
In happiness, sadness or when ill,
we cannot stop it but deter it if we pray.

Death can take us during the day,
or it can take us during the night.
Life here is like a temporary stay,
But death takes us for a permanent rest.

It's permanent presence,
Is scary indeed for us all.
It's inevitable dominance,
makes us feel we're just clay balls.

Death for everyone invisible, .
we know that for sure.
Its presence is invincible,
it will take us for sure.

Knowing when it will show its face,
can not be taken as a guarantee.
It takes one with completed case,
the youth and sometimes the babies.

Sometimes as it happens everywhere,
Death's helpers make strange blunders.
By mistake for a judgement somewhere,
a wrong person is taken in slumber.

Upon the mistake being sorted out,
the wrong person is returned.
Giving an opportunity to all about,
To see what happens when death had called.

Death is a passing phase,
to repair to rest and to be overhauled.
Before coming down in a renewed stage,
to learn life's lessons not yet learned.

The cycle of life and death moves continuously,
till we push to move ourselves out of it.
By learning our lessons earnestly,
we ensure that we do not come back to relearn it.
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Renu Kakkar

Will Power (Believe In Yourself)

Have dreams to make into reality,
use you mind to channel thoughts rightly.
Obstacles, one meets in all walks of life,
learn to deal with them with a laugh and a smile.

Winning one day and losing the next day,
from broken dreams one rises again we say.
Rebuilding a future again from basics,
like a phoenix one should rises from the ashes.

Don't harp on your losses in life,
rebuild and try again for a better life.
People to discourage are everywhere,
pay no heed to them as they are not with you here.

Keep your head firmly on your shoulders.
even if all blame you for unforeseen blunders.
Hold on to your will power in spite of all obstacles,
the blame game is just part of their fenders.

For the sake of their age, make some allowances,
and the fact that they don't know your capabilities.
Trust in yourself and your work potential,
you will rise like a phoenix they will know your worthiness.

Sometimes it seems that we do not like others,
but this stems from what we dislike in ourselves.
The realization of this fact is understood by very few,
if all understood they would be saints, it is true.

Hatred in the long run does not pay,
no matter for what reason it is allowed to hold sway.
Few realize these words of ancient seers,
pretend to know all but they never become wiser.

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Slowly Slowly He Came Into My Life

Slowly slowly he came into my life,
and I don't know when he stole my heart.

I had never thought that this could happen
but without asking he left with me his heart.

How do i handle the situation as it is beyond my control,
quietly quietly he became the permanent guest of my heart.

He has gone and settled abroad,
and without asking he keeps comes into my thoughts.

It is the limit now of all this comings and goings,
if he comes today, reality will take the place of thoughts.

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Renu Kakkar

Come Air Please Come To Me Now

Come air please come to me now,
my important message you take to her.
I have to meet her today somehow,
please go and deliver this message to her.

Her fragrance comes with the breeze,
and I feel that she is here with me.
Even though she is not present here,
but I feel that she is always near.

Go go and tell her now only,
explain to her she is my life definitely.
We are life partners from many lives,
make her understand this fact positively.

Tell her how can I live without her,
go make her understand this today.
Without wings may she come flying,
my heart's message she could hear without my speaking.

Come air please come now,
my important message you take to her.
I have to meet her today somehow,
please go and deliver this message to her.

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Renu Kakkar

I Have Been Here Before

Sometimes I feel I have been here before,
but when and how i just can not remember.
Is it an emotion rising from the heart's core,
or a dream sequence which one sees in slumber.

Perhaps it is a premonition of things to come,
of the visions I see coming in pieces.
Perhaps giving warnings of tragic fearsome,
which may adversely effect my mental peace.

Perhaps the intuitions are of happy times to come,
the visuals that I see fleeting before my eyes.
Telling me that life is not yet done,
Do I wait for the dream sequence to becomes a reality.

I know you as if from a distant dream land,
we have been close my heart proclaims.
How long ago was this I cannot understand,
a veil falls when I search within my heart and soul.

As I search within for an answer,
no reply is forthcoming as is expected.
Future events are meant not to be clear,
only when time comes are events revealed.

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Renu Kakkar

Should I Return?

Life takes us along a set course,
our choices our decisions made.
But sometimes we meet a reckoning force,
taunting and declaring them to be fake.

I left the restaurant that day,
with tears in my eyes and pain in my heart.
The memories of a dear one do not fade away,
they stay entrenched as if never to depart.

Years passed by living on my own,
but the heart was constantly being pulled.
Reminding of all the times that have gone,
in the company of someone I loved.

For years I thought to return,
to the place where my memories were contained.
To visit places that were of our concern,
Is a question that haunted my mind.

I walked alone as a traveler on the road of time,
under the cover of the rainy skies.
Should i turn back, with a smile?
I wondered as I inwardly cried.

I had left thinking her dead,
leaving my town my world and my love behind.
Knowing her to be alive was a God sent,
does she wait for me eagerly lifting the window blind?

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Renu Kakkar

Brides And Bridegrooms

So many expectant bridegrooms, looking for brides,
so many suitors, as if waiting at the aisle.
Will they all find girls of their dreams, I ponder?
The girls are thoughtful and also in wonder.
Marriage is a risk that is taken by all
Will their expectations culminate into exes and naught?

Most men look for moneyed females,
a lazy life to help them financially pass.
These days who sees character, talent or looks,
Money is the criteria which hides all blotches.
The girls not so moneyed are left high and dry,
No suitors for them and another year passes them by.

But what is this I see in a poor cottage there?
Stands a man on the carpet threadbare.
A man of character he surely is,
Possessing a serene face sans any airs.
A light of love shines around him,
As he kneels before the love of his dream.

She and he are lucky to have found each other,
Compatibility and love are commodities that are rare.
True love is an emotion that lasts a lifetime,
Provided it is nurtured with care and kind.
May we all find life partners that are so loving,
Life will become a dreamboat of understanding.

Renu Kakkar

Would Never Have Let You Go

You have gone and without you,
somehow I will learn to live it is true.
The flame of our love in my heart will brightly burn,
and I will learn to smile through the pain.

With my own hands it seems,
I extinguished those flames perhaps?
The times I spent happily in your company,
cannot be erased from my heart so quickly?

I did not asked from life for too much,
but my eyes are for ever now moist.
I have found myself facing adverse conditions,
fatigued after the struggles with my circumstances.

With my own hands it seems,
I extinguished those flames perhaps?
The times I spent happily in your company,
cannot be erased from my heart so quickly?

If i had the tiniest hint of the impending,
the doom that awaited my boat a sailing.
I would have stopped what was to have come,
and not let you go even for a second.

With my own hands it seems,
I extinguished those flames perhaps?
The times I spent happily in your company,
cannot be erased from my heart so quickly?

I would have stopped you i am sure,
Destiny has shown me this day unfair.
It seems as if even the angels,
were not happy with are meets.

With my own hands it seems,
I extinguished those flames perhaps?
The times I spent happily in your company,
cannot be erased from my heart so quickly?

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Renu Kakkar

The Head Of The Family Is Lazy

Again comes Saturday and Sunday,
work to be done though the day's a holiday.
Hey what is this? the Family Head is lazying away,
all the newspapers he is reading today.

The Home Government (wife) hands him a list,
the month long required groceries are to be bought.
But the Family Head is lazying away,
setting aside the paper, he is channel surfing all day.

Order has been given by him for chick pea and pooris,
of kidney beans with gravy and rice as well as cottage cheese delicacies.
His wife, a servant, he has now made,
And friends he is calling for lunch to partake.

His wife hits her forehead with her hand,
what a madman I have by mistake wed?
Wish I could also get a job somehow,
bossy behaviour lessons he deserves now.

Is it easy to do a job tell me?
the kids and the house are not easy to manage?
Such Family Head type people are everywhere,
a voice from within was head by her.

There in office bossy attitude persists even today,
work done by women, is done by them they say.
Multitasking is something they all make noises about,
multitasking is in reality what women do without a doubt.

God for a day please reverse the flow of the Ganges River,
let the family head become the head of the home government, Sir.
Multitasking and cooking, his headache will become,
I will read the paper or do channel surfing, then.

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For You

Keep the flame of your longings awake,
in life a name for yourself please do make.
Your sad face does not look good make it bright.
bring a small smile, laughter in your life.

If this life had been happy always.
I would have sought and obtained self blessings.
We say all people are our kith and kin,
but never ever does this happen.

I want so much for you,
to stop time if i had power to so do.
Give all my dreams for you,
if need be to give my life for you.

Each second is beautiful for me today,
in my heart i see your face there only.
Let the worldly wise think what they want I do not care,
not their company but I need your company and care.

Life is not in our hands,
we all know these facts.
If you cannot come at least promise to do so,
i will live my life waiting for you.

I sneezed non stop just now,
it seems some one remembered me.
Tell me is it the truth or is it a dream?
I feel that that you remembered me.

One day from this waiting i will get relief,
my heart will swell up with eternal peace.
I pass my days and nights in your memories,
Are you also passing your time in my memories?

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Families

Families we all have who shower their love on us,
the love remains steady even when we behave like idiots.
Sometimes we are boring, lazy or extremely bad,
in spite of all this our families love us which seems sad.

We cannot chose our families like we chose friends,
but sometimes family members look like odds and ends.
There are some common things among them and us.
we may not admit but our families mould our lives.

We might end up looking like our great grandfathers,
having personalities of our great uncles.
We might have eccentricities like our granduncles,
and be called as similar family black sheeps.

If we ever ever feel mad with our families and want to run,
we should think before assigning them to our mind's dustbin.
Ask those who have no family, how much alone they are.
families are not made with an exchange offer.

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Renu Kakkar

What My Future Holds For Me?

What does my future hold for me?

I wish I could get to know.

My past goes with me,
where ever i want to go.

The best years of my life,
are perhaps gone for ever.

But in my memories of life,
they live on for ever.

My friends and dear ones are no more with me,
but they are ever young in my memories.

Their pictures will for ever stay with me,
as long as i retain those memories.

When ever I feel the need,
to talk to them.

All I have to do indeed,
is to my mind recall them.

As of now it is the present,
that is what is most important now.

The memories were of past,
and a new day begins as the sun rises tomorrow.

Giving me a fresh new page to write on,
all new memories for the future.

I have to live in the present and in the now,
before my time comes some day in future.

I will build my memories again,
adding new and better ones every day.

Ensuring that I become a better person,
than I was yesterday.

My own betterment,
is a spiritual upward pathway.

Striving for excellence,
is the lesson of my destiny.

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A Place Of Love

Let us go somewhere come,
very far away from here, come.
Where no one knows us,
where no one can recognize us.

A dream like place for us,
the moon and stars are there for us.
The earth and the sky is ours,
where only we are and no one else.

Let us go somewhere come,
very far away from here, come.
Where no one knows us,
where no one can recognize us.

The sun brightly shines for us,
the moonlight is too spread for us.
No one is there to trouble us,
is there a place like that on earth?

Let us go somewhere come,
very far away from here, come.
Where no one knows us,
where no one can recognize us.

A house full of love we will build,
where love birds will also be found.
The angels of love will also be there,
a garden of love not found anywhere.

Let us go somewhere come,
very far away from here, come.
Where no one knows us,
where no one can recognize us.

Renu Kakkar

Smile A Little, Happy You Will Be

Smile a little, happy you will be
Laugh, your life will change definitely.

Stop a while, there is time
Live your life, while in your prime.

Don't say, I have no relations
find time, get rid of the limitations.

Stop making excuses, like a steeple
be friendly, try to meet people.

For today, sleep today
see dreams, new ones every day.

All people carry, some hurt within
have a good cry, and be with it done.

Have sufficient money, but don't run after money
learn something new, repentance later is not so funny.

Renu Kakkar

Strangers Come Into Our Lives After Winning Our Trust

Strangers come into our lives after winning our trust,
to occupy in our dreams places that are prominent.
We trust and believe them to be our own,
but by breaking that trust they vanish into the unknown.

Spring comes and leaves us after a while,
in bad times many friends also leave with a smile.
To whom can we complain about this,
as soon as day breaks even the stars leave us.

The shade of trees provide relief from the scorching sun,
but some trees cannot even provide shade in the afternoon.
During the peak summer hours some shady trees betray us,
so why should we lament when people behave thus?

Coming and going are the norms of the world in which we live,
seasons, scenes, nature and people are time bound to leave.
The sooner we understand that life deceives,
we will not lament if someone dear leaves.

Renu Kakkar

My Guardian Angel

When I feel lonely and sad,
like everyone feels sometimes.
When there no one around,
from within me I hear chimes.

I turn my thoughts inward,
searching deep within my heart.
A voice of an Angel is heard,
telling me that we are not apart.

A smile lights up my face,
and I feel the sun shining again.
I hear a soft and sweet voice,
telling me that everything is fine.

We seem to be alone, it is true,
but I never feel alone at all.
Whenever I am sad and blue
all I do I to give myAngel a call.

My Angel I have yet to see,
as I only hear its voice.
I do not know if it is male or female,
as I have yet to see its face.

An Angel's love is there forever,
this Angel of mine is really grand.
Giving sound advice whenever,
I need it like a friend.

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Renu Kakkar

Living Life Lifelessly

I live my life,
as if it is lifeless.
As a flame of a wick lamp,
emits no brightness.

Separation was written beforehand,
now meeting is impossible.
How two hearts are pained,
no direction to meet seems possible.

I live my life,
as if it is lifeless.
As a flame of a wick lamp,
emits no brightness.

It looked as if,
i would acquire happiness.
But my boat got stuck in a whirlpool,
reaching the bank was aimless.

I live my life,
as if it is lifeless.
As a flame of a wick lamp,
emits no brightness.

A smile on the lips is seen,
but it does not reach the heart.
I smile to hide my pain,
so no one can see my hurt.

I live my life,
as if it is lifeless.
As a flame of a wick lamp,
emits no brightness.

The moon, the fresh air, the scene,
are no longer necessary.
If you can not be with me,
their being here for me is un happy.

Somehow manage and meet me,
awaiting for you my eyes wait anxiously.
Do not take so long in coming,
that i am not alive to meet you eventually.

I live my life,
as if it is lifeless.
As a flame of a wick lamp,
emits no brightness.

Renu Kakkar

Winter Knocks

The nip in the air, winter onset is indicating
the wind blowing has a biting feeling
making a sound while it is blowing.
to face the cold weather our town is readying.

The sun is seen less and less
it's warmth is un felt, if it comes
People dress in dark and heavy clothes
as if to match the gloomy clouds.

Towards December the cold intensifies
the neck, head and ears take cover
As the doorbell rings we look at each other
whose turn is it to open the door?

The warmth of the room heater is 13 or less,
temperature outside of 2 or even lower it goes
As Christmas nears, snowflakes the town witnesses
higher regions have snow covered mountains.

Christmas and New Year is a white one
with a white blanket cover of soft snow
The clouds not to be outdone
matches the snow on trees, houses roads to the bone.

Nights are without clouds and clear
seems as if the stars are much near
Tourists come here for mental peace
this time for them is a bonus indeed.

My home town I am missing
would love to watch snow flakes falling
I'm ready to face the north winds biting and blowing
My childhood memories I would enjoy reliving.

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How Important Is It To Study? ?

Anand was a poor lad,
which was indeed a pity.
A will to learn he had,
and his maths was indeed wizardly.

Languages especially ancient,
he was comfortable learning.
His spellings were great,
and Geography was outstanding.

A real intelligent kid,
who had a great intelligent quotient.
To teach him a teacher would be proud,
making of a great man was his potential.

A tailor shop his father had,
wanted his son to join the trade.
Study books and fees was now matter dead,
son should help earn family its bread.

Anand sits cross legged on a low table,
and now learns to snip and sew,
Snipping at cloths that he is able.
to make them into wearable clothes you know.

Poor Anand what a life's waste,
as he bravely faces a future unpalatable.
Indeed a matter of a study case,
emotionally blackmailed into undesirable.

As your clothes he for you fits,
wonder what in his mind he thinks?
Perhaps, that he is really a misfit,
what life has more unpleasant surprises?

There is hope in every situation,
a kind client one day came by.
Got him admitted in school open,
to complete his education by and by.

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Renu Kakkar

Building Dreams Into Reality

Bright cool moonlight,
my love comes this way.
Please shine your light,
to illuminate his pathway.

Please be around,
to give that aura of togetherness.
Do not disappear behind a cloud,
that I have to talk in darkness.

This stranger fills my life to the brim,
most precious and most dear.
Meaningless is my life without him,
watch over him if i am not here.

I see him in my dreamland,
where we all go when asleep.
You moonlight in that scene grand,
lights up our pathways in leaps.

There we walked together,
in your cool moonlight.
Building dreams of our future,
in you light bright.

So also tonight,
we meet again in reality,
Our future is bright,
as we chalk our plans for infinity.

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Renu Kakkar

A Different Type Of Homework

Being a science student I attended cookery class for only one term (3 months) in Class 8th...This poem is a small contribution for the Cookery Class when we had to make Cookies at home and take them to school for checking/inspection :) I have tried to make it a funny poem :)

I was given homework to do,
a good presentation I made.
Next day I showed it too,
and all my friends admired.

My teacher came to inspect it,
and she sniffed it like a puppy.
Then she took a small bite,
chewed it and looked happy.

She took another bigger piece,
munching away and smiling.
I watched not feeling nice,
seeing my homework disappearing.

Soon she had finished it all,
I stood with my mouth agape.
My homework seems vitamins full,
that a teacher ate it with a burp?

Normal marking of assignment is to make you pass,
What of tasting and then eating your homework?
Your marking is done like this in class!
in cookery class the teacher eats your work. :)

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Renu Kakkar

A Sweet Song Of Love

Listen to this sweet song of love,
a different love song of our strife.
The victory of truth in life,
listen to this sweet song of love....

Walking together in our dreams where have we reached,
just look how blue is the sky here.
Our song is even sung by the birds here,
where ever our eyes can see is pure light spread.

Listen to this sweet song of love,
a different love song of our strife.
The victory of truth in life,
listen to this sweet song of love....

Cool cool breezes blow here always,
beyond the stars is our little cottage.
The rainbow colours are here to manage,
they where they commence their journeyof joys.

Listen to this sweet song of love,
a different love song of our strife.
The victory of truth in life,
listen to this sweet song of love....

Forbidden to meet each other in this world,
encircled within our customs were we both.
imprisoned and guarded were we both,
we died in breaking away from the customs of this world.

Listen to this sweet song of love,
a different love song of our strife.
The victory of truth in life,
listen to this sweet song of love....

Renu Kakkar

The Rainbow's Promise

After the rain has stopped pouring,
and the thunder has stopped its growling.
Dark clouds with drops of water suspended,
makes in the sky an arch of 7 mist colored.

Rainbows are visible after stormy weather,
a time when things look sadder.
From the darkest gray clouds in the skies,
does a rainbow burst forth we all know why.

They say the rainbow was sent for Noah.
A promise that God's words would remain
The rainbow's message carved for infinity,
made to all mankind by God Almighty.

The rainbow is a sign of this promise,
that he will guide us through the storms of life.
Provided we have faith in Him always,
and face stoically what comes in life's difficult pathways.

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Renu Kakkar

To Live In The Now

We hanker for the past,
living in the present.
We worry for the future,
which is yet to come.
Why can't we live in the present?
everyone had a great past.

Building good our today now,
to ensure a happy future.
But still we worry,
messing up our today.
For a eventual tomorrow,
that will arrive somehow.

What ever happened,
happened for our good.
what ever is happening,
is happening for our good.
Whatever will happen,
will happens for our good.

So live for today in the now,
building a good base for tomorrow.
When tomorrow comes,
it will today become.
The rising sun to you is given,
a new day to build your day upon.

High blood pressure and tension will go away,
if you give up worrying for today.
Each today added will form a chain,
future entire will be happy without strain.
From your mind remove any negative thought,
do your duty with a compassionate heart.

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Is It Diwali Or Bankruptcy?

Here comes Diwali,
but my pockets are empty.

Inflation has caught us tightly,
and is at 9.72% definitely.

Petrol becomes dearer it is seen,
Rs 500 hardly lasts for a week even.

Gas cylinder's cost is also increasing,
Rs 400 it is now costing.

What to cook and what to eat,
petrol rate on things cause a cascading rate.

Same is for lighting and same is for fireworks,
how to buy sweets and dried fruits for self and guests.

In countries of even the third world,
the cost of petrol is half or even one third.

The Government is not for the poor but for the rich,
Bankrupt they are making us all but Diwali is for the few rich.

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A Caged Bird's Song For Freedom

See the birds on the trees are free,
to leap and soar into the skies.
Bask in the glory of the sun,
or sit on logs floating downstream.
Bathe in the puddles formed by rain,
or in the dust to get rid of their back pain.
Sing from dawn to dusk,
eating grains and worms from the grass.

I am a bird kept in a cage,
hitting my head on the bars with rage.
Neither the sky to soar upwards to,
nor the treetops to hop and leap to.
Not to sing to my heart's content,
or fly to where the rainbow ends.
Eating whatever is given to me,
even if it is disliked by me you see.

My foot is tied,
to the cage's side.
My cage is narrow,
movement is slow.
I dread my death
in this prisoned place.
Before my time is up you see,
freedom for all is necessary.

The songs i tweet,
are painful indeed.
But on deaf ears they seem to fall,
no one yet heard my help calls.
I wish to fly away away and away,
someone kind my songs will sway.
opening my cage and setting me free from doom,
to live a life that's a God given boon.

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A Girl In White

A girl dressed all in white,
walks alongside the roads every night.
She disappears as soon as the darkness goes,
and as the sun peeps through the clouds.

Stopping any motorists or a hiker,
walking the roads or even a bicker.
Asking for a lift to her home,
situated at the outskirts of the town.

Outside the town is a cemetery,
the car stops at the gate suddenly.
She gets down or not no one knows,
as she is not seen in cars or where she goes.

They say she died suddenly,
while travelling on this road to her family.
A motorist was driving at very high speed,
hitting her and flinging her body high indeed.

Her head hit the road thereafter,
and she died without being aware.
Her soul travels the same road every night,
homeward bound, she is dressed in white.

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The Strange Train Journey

Many people boarded the train
our journey had just begun.
In a coach there were 4 of us
5th passenger joined and someone else.

We all wore clothes that were in fashion
his clothes resembled some other nation.
He seemed to be a formidable chap
and we could just listen to his crap.

He carried a pack of cards with him
our future on cards he would be telling
He had tarot cards you see
we were all scared of our future to be.

One by one our cards he displayed
interpreted and then predicted.
The future of all of us was not too good
soon an altercation ensued.

All with ego issues making points
those not listening were given strikes.
Soon there was firing
4 of them lay on the ground dying.

I being the only one left out of this bloodbath
looked at the strangely dressed man and this aftermath.
Do not be scared my child, said he
Get down at the next station whatever it be.

This train is not meant for you yet
by mistake you have me somehow met.
The bad and ugly souls I come to take away
train journey never stops even for a day.

Heaven is on earth and so is hell
they go through this daily ordeal.
It was something they did long ago
but in their minds they are yet to know.

Station comes my child now your things you gather.
try to forget this incident for ever.
On the path of righteousness if you remain
your journey will never be on this unending train.

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Decorated With Flowers

Some flowers were being put on you
some flowers were being put on me too.

New clothes had been purchased for you
new clothes had been purchased for me too.

You were being dressed up
I was also being dressed up.

There were musical instruments playing in your home.
there was the time of mourning in my home.

You were on the threshold of becoming someone's wife.
I was on the verge of leaving this world for another life..

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Haikus-Some More

-Night's Moonlight!
close your eyes
feel me besides.

-Wind sounds outside!
no need worrying
me saying, you i am missing.

Walking in mist
feel wind on you,
-that's me saying i love you.

-Feeling a tug!
my hand clasping
your hand it's holding.

Pretty flower bouquet's decor
purpose serving,
-at you smiling.

Prayers and chant
your day describing,
-I'll be hearing.

Unhappy mood
feeling low,
-you I am missing.

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You Love Someone Else

I got to know today from a friend
that you love for me is dead.

My purpose in life I seem to have lost
Loving someone has its cost.

Do you not love me anymore?
have you forgotten me for sure?

Before you leave be sure
that his love is much more true.

I can find somebody too
but I love no one else but you.

There is no need for me to find someone new
If only you could understand that i need you

In life true love is experienced only once
second time it is called a compromise.

you are leaving me to make a life compromised?
or love you have found now and life with me was compromised?

It is your decision and you should happily remain
within your happiness I will search for mine.

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When My Time Comes To Go Eventually

When my time
comes to
bid goodbye
eventually.

Leave earth for
residence in
the sky
permanently.

I hope I
will step
away then
quietly.

Without saddened heart
or grumbling
but go
happily.

Remembered for the
goodness that
was in me
hopefully.

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The Saint Who Came To My House

The Saint came to my house suddenly
accompanying a student who came to learn Reiki.

A tall person was he with powering personality
his attire was of an Orange kurta and an Orangi Lungi.

I was taken by surprise
such a personality in my house..

The fragrance of sandal wood he emitted
His forehead had the sandal wood smeared

He did not eat or drink anything that i offered
but i obtained his blessings as his feet i touched.

I did not know what to give him so I gave him a diary
and gave one to my student of Reiki.

The Saint did not want to accept the diary
saying it was a gift he was going to return one day.

he was dropped by my student in the middle of the market
but was not observed going into any house even

I gave him an empty diary without words in it
I write poetry here but in my mind he seems to write it.

From were he came and who he was no one know
sandal wood fragrance was for family and not for persons unknown.

The Saint came to my house suddenly
accompanying a student who came to learn Reiki.

Renu Kakkar

Thank You, My Dear

Each gentle word from you is soothing
lightening up my entire world.
Each word of yours shows caring
the gentle nature of your divine soul.

With you around me there is no darkness,
all dark places become illuminate.
If I ever feel any loneliness
your love makes me part of the infinite.

You speak words straight from your heart
so sweet and innocent and true.
Your honesty and caring state
akin to an umbrella of love for me and you.

I thank you for standing besides me in these years
believing and supporting me till today dear.
Without you, I wouldn't have made it here
a dawn of an even brighter future awaits us, my dear.

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God The Painter

Who is the greatest painter on Earth?
none other than God who created this Universe.
Incomparable is his working
beautiful dawn, dusk and rainbows he is making.

The landscapes are painted green
sky is blue with clouds in the scene.
Hills and vallies are there too
snow covered mountains for me and you.

Beautiful butterflies and beautiful flowers
our hearts these delights gladdens.
The birds and animals in nature
Springs and waterfalls complete the picture.

Lullybye sung by the Oceans with its moves
rhythmic music played by undulating waves.
Most wonderful creation are humans and their races
showing different types of smiling faces.

These smiles are infectious indeed
making a non-smiler to smile with speed.
Smiling at someone lightens your day
and brightens up another person in a special way.

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Fate

it was not in my fate (kismet)
that my life partner would be with me
on the difficult terrains of life
he would walk besides me
it was not in my kismet....

the promises made to me
you have forgotten
those made before the marriage fire
you have also forgotten
it was not in my kismet.....

away from my world
you have gone
on the path of life
you have left me alone
it was not in my kismet.....

i will face every difficulty
if necessary alone
so what if you are not beside me
memories alongside me will not make me alone
it was not in my kismet.....

though in this life our companionship has broken
in the next life i will not let it happen
if need be i will like savitri
fight with yamraj (god of death) to get you even
it was not in my kismet.....

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Poem Of Spring

flowers are blooming
in springtime
high on
a tree.

riot of colours
displayed in
full splendour
for me.

telling me come
and enjoy
the display
here see.

spring is the
season that
makes blossoms
to be.

poem of spring
blossoms made
for you
and me.

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House Of Memories

The upper floor window
is permanently closed now.
As a child once kept vigil
of comings and goings of people.

The lawn is covered entirely
autumn leaves falling unashamedly.
The roof is also covered
on seeing all this i feel dejected.

The plants a lady had maintained
have disappeared and flowers have since died.
Rust covers the door handle and the lock
indicating stopping of the time clock.

As I enter the house and peep in
dust covered look greets me from within.
All the dishes in the kitchen at their usual place
steel utensils used by a child to even see his face.

Time here has stood still
in other rooms too I get the same feel.
Cockroaches and rats have a field day
naturally there is no one to drive them away.

The place where family daily gathered.
the family area where the parents also prayed.
It is now silent like death descends
dust on musical instruments seems gathers.

Some clothes still hang on the clothes rack
leaving everything all had moved to a different track
Earthquake that year had not damaged the house much
lives were lost in the stampede aftermath.

The old man and his wife lived alone they said
no one came from family for funeral.
After the rituals were over
the house was locked by a villager.

The neighbour performed the last rites
the old couple's children were his friends.
Now when I see this sad sight
remembering with sadness I sigh.

Had the son not insisted on seeking fortune in a big city
he may have been here to stop this tragedy.
If he had wisely stayed to his roots true
I would not be telling this sad tale to you

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Changing Faces Of Indian Womanhood

What is so special about an Indian woman
she gives an aura of no nonsense.
Draped in a sari or any Indian dress
for her family, love and care she spreads.

The uses are many of the Indian dress or a sari
behind the chunni or pallu, children hide who are shy.
The chuni or pallu is used to wipe a crying child's face
or cover a baby while carrying it outside.

Red vermilion on forehead and in hair partition
a nose pin and a necklace of black beads in a golden chain.
Her status of being married is so indicated
something not to be taken for granted.

Where ever she is, she toils from dawn to dusk
in the kitchen or the farm or her place of work.
Never complaining about her double shift
ensures family and children don't face neglect..

An Indian woman will normally avoid a divorce
in case it will mar her child's growth.
Her unhappiness she does not project
the family comes first in all respect.

But things in 21 century are changing at a fast pace
Modern Indian women have adopted western mannerism and dress.
Lifestyles are also changing beyond recognition
not mother but maid is looking after children.

What obsession with the modern concept of living
unknowing that materialist societies to family values are returning.
how long can materialism sustain family ties
one day the dawn will break and people realize.

There are good and bad habits in all regions of the world
adoption of habits is good if sagaciously done.
One should discard everything which is harmful
even from own customs and adopt from anywhere which is helpful.

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A Special Person

You ask me what is troubling me
what do I keep thinking always.
Just what the future hold for you and me
that's what occupies my mind most days.

I think of you all the time
I think it is time now to tell you
Being around you makes me smile
my life's aim is to be besides you

When you enter the room i feel happy
a light from within shines bright.
The happiness reflects outwardly
my soul feels at peace alright.

I am happy when I'm with you
and sad when we are apart.
Now all I have left to do
inform you are entrenched in my heart.

You make me feel happy all the while
you make me smile all the time.
You make me feel so special
the way you treat me even if it for a short time.

It was inevitable though I should have been aware
you are such a considerate person dear and true.
It happened all of a sudden when I was unaware
could not help myself and fell in love with you.

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Ponder About Time Fleeting By

Sometimes I ponder why
time no longer moves slowly
Every step I take forward
Is practically a step backward

Day seems to finish too soon
Before I know it Sun changes to the moon
Night is weary and wakeful
Providing no rest for the body or soul

As a child everything was fascinating
Each object was new and captivating
Sleeping and dreaming of fairies and castles
slaying dragons, meeting talking animals

Now sleep for many is elusive
to call it one has to be cultivative
Popping pills is a norm for some
for others its counting sheep till sleep will come

Sometimes I wish I was much younger
Though i am not that much older
During youth nothing is unavailable
And also nothing was unattainable

Time though fleeting is still on my side
but impediments do slow my stride
Being cautious, strong and etc thrown in
Sometimes I really wish i was young again

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Me And My Goal

I am on my way to reach my goal
all along it has been a tough fight.
playing hide and seek has become my role
my goal still remains hidden from my sight.

I have had a real tough time.
and no closer have I reached.
This elusive goal of mine.
is like searching for a heart beat.

At the end of the tunnel is a light
That has been avoiding me.
A long time I have been searching it
will i manage to reach it this time.

Even I deserve to receive
and rest after the long tussle.
The reward of happiness and peace
should be mine after all the faced hassle.

I ask myself, will I ever fulfill?
all my aspirations & dreams?
Or will continue to struggle still?
to reach and realize my aims?

Why is it that honest people suffer?
in this corrupt absurd world?
Why do the idealists endure?
who is the guardian angel of the wayward?

It seems we have paid the price
and reap what we had not sown.
Bringing to book had seemed a farce
but people are being caught now for corruption.

So I am hopeful for the future now
as on a new threshold we all stand.
As agony and pain step out to take a bow.
in sensitiveness corruption almost dead.

Now I can say that I am on my way to reach my goal
almost gone is the long tough fight.
which played hide and seek with me in the penultimate role
my goal will no longer remains hidden from sight.

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Life And Meaning

The sun shining on us in full brightness
the flowers spread a heavenly fragrance
The air we breathe imparts us freshness
we tread life's path with carelessness

Life will become meaningless
if we do not search for our wholeness
Looking within and into our consciousness
proceeding into the sub consciousness

There we find that incompleteness
is due to the soul's search for oneness
As one meditates to attain absoluteness
deeper meditation reveals visionariness

Some say these visions are imaginativeness
others say it is mind travel into space and timelessness
Whatever it is, it brings restfulness
to start the day with extra effervescence

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Musings

Today I stand alone
you have left me forlorn.
To face responsibilities
and to do financial jugglery.

Chores I shoulder alone
balancing office work and home.
The children try my patience
growing up they need your guidance.

You vanished before the end of the play
closing the chapter of life midway.
I wish I could have held you back
Angels say it is just my bad luck.

My face changes as I age gracefully
passing above would you recognize me?
Seven winters have passed by
a few more lines and my hair turns grey.

But there is still peace glowing from within
I know you are there watch in'.
When my time comes after duties are done
to welcome me at heaven's gate you will stand.

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The Storm And Thereafter

The sunlight and its brightness
get engulfed in darkness.
A cut knife silence prevails
as if before a storm the lull is felt.

The wind begins to blow softly
gaining speed it blows wildly and ferociously.
Picking up dust and creating a screen
through which nothing can be seen.

The wind starts swirling
dry leaves and dust it is pulling.
A funnel is slowly formed
reaching from the sky to the ground.

Trees sway to the wind's tunes
which create a howling ruckus.
Not to be left behind thunder follows
and then there is utter chaos.

An eerie darkness in the skies
howling winds crying trees making painful shrieks.
There are bolts of thunder and lightning
cracking and hissing on grounds falling.

God's anger slowly ebbs
we behold downpour as tears.
Some damage here and there
but the dust storm has gone where?

Sometime later there is a cool breeze
clouds disappear and the sun peeps.
no traces of engulfing darkness
sun shines out with full brightness.

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Question Of National Security

The terrorists strike with a bomb blast when Public Interest Litigation are to be filed. New Delhi High Court becomes the target some are killing and many in shock and many maimed.

Strangely a dry run was done by terrorists in May a low intensity bomb was tested here then. Information was available with intelligence agency question is of disseminating this information.

Surprising, the gate chosen did not have a CCTV Camera especially when the building has experienced an onslaught. Surprising indeed Delhi Police is not kept in the picture as if the NIA does not trust them to properly investigate. (National Investigation Agency)

It seems lessons have still not been learned keeping proven terrorists alive never helps. Security agencies should accept these groups to be cold blooded and not to be treated like humans and to be granted pardons.

As long as the terrorists are not shown that we are tough they will come to harm the innocents again and again. They want to prove that the Govt is spineless and laugh with impunity they scare the innocents with their design.

The kith and kin of victims of Parliament attack then the Bombay blasts look helplessly. How long will the request for pardon drama take speedy trials and quick justice is necessary.

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Teachers' Day

My childhood days I sometimes remember
those classrooms, staff room and the principal's chamber
It was so much fun to go to School daily
no tension in life but to play and study

In College came some responsibility
to make notes and do self study
No notes by teachers in college were given
lectures were compulsory at 75% minimum

A Kid feels being grown up is more important
passing out from school to become a college student.
As an adult priorities change even further
past fun and frolic become a back bencher

I remember the teachers who were dedicated
genuinely concerned about children's studies
Extra classes they convened for weak students
to ensure that in exams they stood fair chances

They sometimes taught in the way of story telling
many chapters of history they were explaining
A physics teacher opened up his car even
to explain to us working of a four stroke engine

A biology teacher brought the whole class to our home
to show the sensitive plant in reality grown
A geography teacher took us on an excursion
different types of rocks to see in their habitation

It is said that one's memories fade with time
recollecting incidents is sometimes not very fine
But the memories of school and college I attended
and the teachers who taught me will never get faded

I remember my teachers for all that they taught me
inculcated in me self confidence and the spirit of inquiry
Teachers' day comes around on 5th September i.e. today
I pay homage to my teachers of school and college today

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Anna Hazare's Call

Anna Hazare is known to all
Politicians are scared of his call
An ex-army man of 1965 Indo Pak war
he like Gandhi can gather people from afar

He is so very special you see
a poverty village called Ralegaon Siddhi
He converted it to a model village eco friendly
powered by solar, biofuel and wind energy

Anna Hazare a Padma Bhushan awardee
for the amendment of a law he fights a cause
Old Lok Pal bill gathering dust he resurrected
corrupt politicians and bureaucrats to be punished

The old bill of 1972 was neglected on purpose
to change it to suit corruption practice
An autonomous authority who will make
nexus of politicians and bureaucrats to break

Like Gandhi he underwent a 4 days fast
Government had to step in at last
Agreeing to hold talks for drafting a Bill
participation of government and public to be equal

Talks were taking place it was seen
every day there are enacted new scenes
Designs were there for the bill to be scuttled
Hopeful were people that the process would not be derailed

The corrupt elements were at their dirty game
throwing hindrances without any scruples or shame
By forcibly rallying behind Anna with unity
the nation supported Anna for cleanliness, honesty & dignity

Another fast of 11 days he undertook
all parliamentarians were made to look
A resolution to bring the bill was taken
Government agreed to three main points given

A victory won by Anna for the nation
with the youth rallying in full attention
Next step is to include in the paper ballot
the right by every voter to opt for none is fit

Today's election process has brought about many corrupt politicians
no system exists to recall corrupt inefficient representatives
Casting of vote not considered by the educated a duty
we should imbibe positive thought and move ahead with Unity

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A Child's Plight

No one cares for my flowing tears,
My young age and my fears.
A horrible pain is within my soul,
I sleep slowly as a curled up ball.

The sounds of falling I can still hear,
I try to forget by closing my ears.
Screams of my mother are very loud,
in fear I start to hear my heart pound.

I wish I could escape the constant fighting,
Mother's shouts and father's striking.
A girl of 6 what can I do,
My father a drunkard I hate him true.

My mother gets bruises all over her body,
My father hits out with whatever is handy.
If I come in between even I get blows,
and get covered in all sorts of sores.

My father shows no regret for his action,
Mother will forgive him like a good lady Indian.
Mother is a good woman and so am I,
Against women his attitude is a crime.

My childhood is being lost indeed,
An abusive Daddy and a mother suppressed.
Why can't she get up and leave him?
Does she not think my future is maimed?

An insecure childhood and an insecure future,
What do I look forward to in a future stranger.
My insecurities of now will increase later,
At this age I can only sit down in fear and ponder.

A carefree and happy life is all that I ask,
A secure future for me God do cast.
A child being brought up to accept abuse,
Indeed a thought forever depressive.

A child is innocent and molds any old how,
it's childhood should be happy as of now.
If you as parents are abusive and indifferent to it,
Then as father and mother you have crippled it.

Take note abusive fathers and abused mothers,
the fault lies squarely on your shoulders.
For the sake of you smiling innocent children,
don't destroy their future generation.

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Are We Alone?

Stars shining in the sky
disperse darkness entirely
A man tired and defeat
many give a helping hand indeed

The sun moves alone across the sky
but planets give it company
A lone wick of the lamp spreads light
darkness below it gives it might

Every flower looks a singlet
placed in a pretty bouquet
But on a closer look is seen
many flowers a bouquet contains

We do not walk alone they say
angels are with us always
It is a different matter though
they come forth when requested to show.

Why do we think we stand
entirely alone and dejected
Sometime God is seen
a helping hand to angels is given

Why is mankind afraid
of being alone and frail
Life means to come and go
festivity of life goes on

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Haikus

Stars in the dark sky
twinkle for you and me
never wavering or tiring

Water gushing from a high fall
sprinkling sparkling clean
sun plays hide and seek

Wind blows across the street
lifting dust, leaves, flowers
snatches away my letters

Sun shining in my eyes
makes them brim with tears
unshed no one sees

Rain comes as a downpour
cleaning sky, plants and road
hiding tears that flow

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Hues Of Autumn

My hair turned gray as the autumns pass
remembering many seasons we knew
The richness of those shared times
which were special for me and you

The ticking of the clock of time goes on
As down life's road I alone now go
Our hearts were joined in a bond of love
when we walked in fallen snow

Your eyes would brighten like the sky
And my heart would begin to sing
As our children flung their arms around you
to show and express their loving

All the summers have now gone
And my life is now hues of autumn
I stop and sometimes remember
where our lives have gone

Gray hair and more lines trace my face
like soft shadows touch the wall
Our children have since gone away
And alone I watch the rich leaves fall

Our love stands bright with fewer changes
and one by one I witness going by days
Alone I be but grow still stronger
as you watch me from above as if through haze

Those promises we made to each other long ago
To be happy in any situation I still abide
our lives are still bound together so true
though separated by a wall when you died

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Life A Riddle

Life is indeed a strange riddle
difficult to understand even a little.
Without asking you get what you don't want
but you never get what you really want.

If we pray for the good of all
then God grants his goodwill.
Everything is in his hands
He corrects wrong timing and directions.

Without his consent not a leaf dare to move
thinking big we fail to set in order homes or nations.
Little things we make into issues serious
Some people even dare to think they are our masters.

Kalyug is the materialistic era of today
Full of false pride, lies and deceit is mankind today.
Thinking and holding others in contempt
Some thinking God to be their equal in all respect.

Good thoughts of mankind determines his successful rise
Avoidance of greed and arrogance gives him a meaningful life.
Such persons live their lives as examples for others
such people's destiny comprises nothing but trials after trials.

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Life-Think Positive

Life is not hopeless how ever great be your mourning,
A brand new tomorrow is there for you awaiting.

When you find yourself in situations trying,
Looking for a way out there is time for hoping.

The future brings with it time for healing,
Time to see hurts and pains ending.

The heart may feel heavy and hurt but you are mending,
Time is there to live again and time for praying.

Through the window of your mind see a new day breaking,
God be thanked, for problems that are diminishing.

If you forgive and forget and set your unhappiness flying,
The new dawn of life is a harbinger for a meaningful living.

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Time

The wheel of destiny changes with time,
sadness turns to happiness also with time.

Sun and shade are the sides of the same coin,
similarly darkness vanishes with the rising of the sun.

As nature experiences calm after a storm,
sorrow is followed by happiness as a new dawn.

Whatever is written by God for me,
he has written for others similarly.

Whatever god has aside for me set.
I have faith that I will surely get.

Extremely long is the request list with him,
my name is perhaps like at the end of the hymn.

The wheel of destiny changes with time,
sadness turns to happiness also with time.

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Friendship

Friendship is an unending ocean,
providing you with serenity.
Friendship is like the light of a beacon,
which shows ships lands not easy to see.

Friendship is like the voice of an angel,
that guides you when you are in depression.
Friendship is someone being on call,
guiding you towards the right direction.

Friendship provides individuals with caring souls,
where respect and love for each other is unconditional.
Friendship provides us a boon to cement our goals,
so that the pious relationship becomes eternal.

Friendship is hurt when cruel words one utters,
and a pure relationship gets broken and bitter.
Friendship ceases when hearts start to flutter,
changs it to being in love and a new relationship glitters.

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A Prayer For A Loved One

Someone calls me and from where?
seems from afar and yet also near.
Hearing a voice as if from a silent zone,
dimming voices heard over a mobile phone.

Loving whispers I sense in both my ears,
telling me to discard all my fears.
Life is of a very short duration,
build bridges of a loving relation.

My eyes fill up with unshed tears,
as I remember someone very dear.
In hospital abroad for receiving treatment,
getting chemo therapy for an ailment.

Wondering what the future holds for me,
without you life is impossible to see.
Praying and waiting for your recovery,
if I had wings, with you I would be.

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Roads And Destination

Roads are there and so is the destination
but darkness has made invisible my direction
How do i reach my destination
I can't see any clear direction

I have to reach my destination somehow
it is my life's last resting place you know
Don't delay God please don't delay
sand slips from hands let not time slip away

God please shed some light
if not of sun's light then of moonlight
God help me in my road clearly to see
if you can't take me then bring my destination to me.

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For Babies To Live

We humans have a tendency
to cry at the tiniest of a tragedy.
Like the loss of a loved one to another,
a promotion being usurped by another.

Imagine hospitals with little babies,
who have not even started their lives.
Having to undergo numerous treatments,
like Chemos and various levels of radiations.

There are still others with deformities,
who have to undergo corrective surgeries.
They bravely under go so much pain,
while we howl the loudest in vain.

There are still others with gene mutations
for which there are no corrections.
Each breath has to be measured,
A year passes for each step to be achieved.

Intelligent minds are trapped in such bodies,
communication to them is a search for possibilities.
We are living in our own world selfishly,
thinking our sorrows and sufferings utmostly.

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On Mothers; Day 8.5.2011

As babies we took our first steps unsteady,
Encouragement and guidance made them steady.
And toddled rhythmically across the floor,
Until our bolder steps took us out of the front door.

You worried as to whether we kids were alright,
As we walked life's unknown path straight.
Anything more left to be taught at our tender age,
As we passed through school and college.

Boldly take on life's challenges were your lessons,
That you would be besides us in our endeavors.
Your promise gave us more strength and forbearance,
To to go where ever we wanted with confidence.

You directed us to our destiny and the work to be done,
Now you look around and find your children gone,
To make our own decisions and stick by them.
Where have they gone and how did you let them? .

Mother, no matter where ever we are,
For us you are our shining star.
Guiding us spiritually like a beacon,
Like homing pigeons we will return.

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I'D Like You To Stay With Me For Eternity

I'd like it if you stay with me and become my eyesight,
I'd like it if you stay in my house and spread your light.

I'd like it if seeing you here happiness would revisit,
I'd like it if seeing you here unhappiness would immediately retreat.

I'd like it if you stay in the core of my heart,
I'd like it if you stay in the waves of my breath.

I'd like the aspect of Meera identifying with Krishna in her thoughts,
I'd like to lose my identity when in your thoughts.

I'd like the aspect of Radha identifying herself with Krishna when hearing his
flute,
I'd like to lose my identity too while singing your duet.

I'd like it if we both together traveled in the distant skies,
I'd like it if we both together went to touch the stars.

I'd like it if you as my heart beat live in my heart,
I'd like it if you promise we would never part.

I'd like it if you stayed with me for infinity,
I'd like it if in the temple of my heart you stayed eternally.

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Earth Day 22.4.2011

Listen to the rhythm of the rain falling,
as it falls on the roof above.
And listen to the birds singing,
as they wake you in the morning to move.

Listen to the rhythm the wind makes,
as it blows through the grass and leaves.
And listen to your inner voice that talks,
telling you to rise like the sun and believe.

Listen to the rhythm of the ocean playing,
as it drums against all the shores.
As the sea shell for you is singing,
the song of the sea as to your ear you hold.

Listen to all these rhythms and see,
animals on land and seas play in harmony.
Without these animals what life would be,
devoid of music lives would be empty.

Listen to each one playing in a band,
Each has a piece of a lovely tune to play,
As all players are needed on hand
we also play a role in nature's plan

By cherishing every living thing on earth
We are in tune with Mother Nature
After all we are a part of nature's wealth
indirectly linked to each other.

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Meaning Of Loving Someone

Loving someone is wanting to share
and be with your loved one for whom you care
Making future plans with your loved one by your side
sharing ups and downs of life together with pride

Loving someone is to wanting your partner to rise
in all walks of life with great pride
Encouraging and praising with sincere words
so that the loved one attains set goals

Loving someone is to have a special friend
on whom you can always depend
Who will be there through the future years
and will be sharing with you laughter and tears

Loving someone is seeing fulfilled dreams
one by one, all coming true slowly it seems
From house to children to parents and spouse
sharing and caring affectionately with merit and joice

Loving someone is to have special memories
moments captured in time, you personal stories
All the good things that life brought along
to recall left alone, when emotionally not strong

Loving someone teaches of sharing and caring
and to fulfill dreams that you have been dreaming
Learning the full meaning of affection with its hue
is not for everyone but those with hearts that are true.

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I Like You A Lot

There is something I have to tell you,
for a minute if you listen I shall tell you.
You seem to be like me it is true,
that is why I like you.

Whenever you come to meet me,
thoughtful and quiet you seem to be.
You talk to me as if you are slightly crazy,
that is why I like you, you see.

You come to see me in peak summer hours,
smiling to yourself thinking something about us.
You seem to be shy like me perhaps,
that is why i like you, you I trust.

Perhaps you are apprehensive of what I might say,
may be thats the reason of talking and stopping mid way.
the truth I must tell you today,
that is why I like you a lot, I have to say.

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Why Am I Here?

Sometimes sitting in a thoughtful mood,
I ask myself my purpose here,
Searching within for an answer good,
the reply of which is not very clear.

When i sit in a thoughtful mood,
I ask again who am I?
Searching within for an answer good,
i get an amazing reply.

Then i ask pondering over my life,
wanting to know what lies ahead.
Looking within there is always strife,
between the self good and bad.

I still ponder about my fate.
and the answer I get from within me,
You have time and so wait,
future unfolds slowly to be.

Then I think about trying situations,
wondering why it was always me.
We are but prisoners of our actions,
that culminate in us facing tragedy.

As I continue to meditate more,
understanding of giving of different stuff.
Anyone can give of materials things and score,
the real giver* is one who gives of himself.

I continue to ask within and pray,
why I came here and where will I go?
The answer comes as a flashing ray,
giving me glimpses of what I should do.

Suddenly everything becomes very clear,
my time here will be done one day.
With clarity I see the ending and hear,
leaving the body my soul will fly away.

I am just passing time here learning,
lessons that I did not properly learn.
After my lessons are learnt of giving,
my soul to stars and heaven will return.

* The chapter of 'giving' in the book, 'The Prophet' written by Khalil Gibran

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A Warning By Mother Earth

To our environment we are interlinked,
through food chain to mother earth and beyond.
Exploiting nature and not putting back,
depleted earth has paid us back.

With more vengeance we see nature's wraith,
Earthquakes and Tsunami and flash floods cometh.
A glimpse of the future we are shown,
to make amends is a chance given.

All pay Mother Earth a lip service,
driven by greed we take from her resources.
Tampering earth in this part of the world,
a resounding slap is given by her around the globe.

Our flora and fauna have been exploited,
advancing deserts have been created.
A hole in the ozone layer pollution has made,
the greed of the rich nations when will it fade.

The third world cries for payment by polluters,
the maximum noise is made by exploiters.
How long will they be safe from nature's fury,
Global warming and flash floods are occurring surely.

Nuclear disasters are new additions,
maiming, mutilating coming generations.
Not only in war but due to calamities,
these accidents occur now in regularities.

Stop mutilating the earth please do,
a warning that it will come back to pay you.
Let us amend our ways of living to be true,
and observe environment conservation for sure.

Reflect to 1973 the first environment days celebrations,
and subsequent ones where all nations made various slogans.
We need to abide and preserve for our future generations
they will not forgive us for our lackadaisical commitments.

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A Catastrophy In Japan

Nature again shows its anger,
making the entire world tremble.
Throwing out the ocean in anger,
covering its path islands and islanders.

Waves as high as a tallest building,
cars and houses in its sway it is carrying.
A catastrophe for a small nation,
fires and blasts are the culmination.

We as humans can only stand and watch,
offering prayers for those caught in the aftermath.
Governments move to give help in cash and kind,
the nuclear dust floating around the world they mind.

All awaken to the terror of the nature's fury,
realizing that we are but like leaves very puny.
My heart filled prayers go to those facing the onslaught,
a second disaster for them after the nuclear holocaust.

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A New World Of Love

A new world is being spun for you and me,
a new invisible bond is being created you can see.
Pulling me towards a future I do not know,
fearing barbs of society I cautiously go.

My soul is pulled with an invisible thread,
such bonds like this are to last it is said.
Two lonely persons we are surely,
destiny brought us together truly.

A monopoly on love youngsters claim,
late stage love a hogwash they proclaim.
It is their birthright youngsters shout,
Cupid can strike anyone without a doubt.

True love is self sacrificing and understanding,
loved one being placed in glow of unconditional loving.
A prayer in the heart for the well being of the other,
no matter at what cost to the individual seeker.

True love is for those with hearts of gold,
it is not at all reckless like the love stories of old.
That is what in my heart I seek for you,
us coming together is secondary it is true.

Life's journey we shall face together,
Taking joint decisions on our remaining future.
Though love came to us in the autumn of our lives,
inwardly we know that it will truly survive.

Set in our ways we are for sure,
but love makes us want to live as before.
Together we have made our plans,
let's see what God for us ordains.

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Love Hurts

Love isn't a decision we make,
it's a feeling that itself stakes.
Rising from the heart's core,
unresting till it finds it is secure...

You walked into my life like fresh air,
without my knowing you became so dear.
My thoughts are with you all day,
from waking up till i sleep away..

i have started seeing you in my dreams too,
scenes of how we first met each other so.
My heart starts to pound away in anticipation.
i dread to think it as my imagination.

I love you so much that it hurts,
I don't know how to describe all in words.
I'd like you to see the love in my eyes for you,
as I'd want want to see love reflected from yours.

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A Memory Of Childhood

I remember vividly my childhood days,
how I enjoying the two months summer vacations days.
To escape the scorching heat we'd pack our stuff,
from delhi and bombay we'd catch the plane, train and bus.

Tired and wilted into the cool valley we arrived,
there in the hillside my paternal grand parents lived.
Water there like bottled water from the fridge's snow,
all around us natural clean air would blow.

We would play all day without any restrictions,
kanalpathari or to baghsu we would go with aspiration.
Programmes for pic-nic we would make and set off on foot,
the flowing water was blocked with a slate for mangoes to cool..

Our bedding would be in the courtyard of grandparents house,
the cool breeze would provide a mother's lap and the stars showering guiding
from above.
Grandmother would tell strange stories,
of fairies and u.f.o's would be these stories.

Now there is no grandfather or grandmother and we grow old too,
but even now I go to those cool vallies.
My children accompany me during their excurtations,
I take them along with me to their maternal grandmothers residence.
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The Star And The Sunflower

Hey you up there shining so bright,
How you light up the darkness of the night.
Along with your sister companions,
To lost strangers you show directions.

How can you do that I wonder?
So tiny you are and coming from yonder.
I move with the sun as its follower,
you see I am just a sunflower.

Your light comes from another world,
like the twinkling of the sun in the waterworld.
You remain hidden during the day,
but come out at night to play.

I wish I could be like you,
tied to earth I am it is true.
Like you I would love to be free,
to travel afar and useful to be.

Why do I lament, I am a beautiful flower,
the sun's image within I have acquired.
The star you see above in the night skies,
is a sun of another world like mine.

The star on its own cannot give much light,
all stars combine to shine their light with might.
You are a compound of flowers gathered,
teaching people to live together.

Your each part has uses of beauty & oils.
after your death compose you provide.
Till your end each part is useful of yours,
like each good individual makes a nation good and pure.

We should realise like the sunflower
and not underestimate our power.
We each as individuals have potential,
but when together we are invincible.

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Beloved Stranger

A stranger to me you seemed,
upside down my life you turned.
I was so sure of what ever i did,
now whatever you said held me captive.

I had lived my live as I thought it fit,
without the need for anyone to enter it.
But you came and swept me off my feet,
and before I knew it you became my heartbeat.

I am sure you felt the same way,
as many times you called me in a day.
Making an extremely nice nuisance of yourself,
causing me a bit of undue embarrassment.

Then one day you came suddenly,
in an agitated mood you seemed to be.
Uttering 'I Love you' with great elan,
you proposed with a ring in your hand.

With a gentle look you took my hand.
on the third finger the ring you placed.
The whole day I was on cloud nine,
with visions of happy days in future time.

Our lives now together engaged,
I remember the day we were wed.
a week from valentine day exactly,
our souls that day were united eternally.

How fortunate we are indeed,
that we have found true love so sweet.
A love so true till infinity,
that all dream of constantly.

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My Shadow

My companion since childhood,
by me she has always stood.
I walk with a straight posture,
always sleeping is its behavior.

Her aim is to try and defeat me,
to reach every place before me.
Though she knows she is tied to me,
but she searches for her own identity.

Maybe hassled with my habits,
She looks for a place new to inhabit.
Compared to my life which is scattered,
The life of others seems uncluttered.

I wish it could have been possible,
to set her free for her searchable.
I would have lived my life alone,
And she would have lived her own.

A shadow is a shadow,
God's rules it has to follow.
We are tied together presently,
The time for freedom is not yet to be.

When that time comes,
The day of reckoning will come.
Freedom from each other to achieve,
And resolve go our separate ways I believe.

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Invisible Friend

Together into this world we came,
we lost each other in life's game.

As children we played together,
life's problems broke our pair forever.

I was a good invisible friend,
for a visible person indeed a best friend.

Days of our childhood we lost somewhere,
we, dear friends, got separated from each other.

Time does not take long to come back again,
Full circle and we face memories of childhood again.

Layer of negativeness is removed and realization drawn,
but for some this stage comes when time is extremely gone.

Very few people meet their souls face to face,
if only we'd listened and cared for our inner self.

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A Shattered Dream

It is hard for me to believe,
that you are about to leave.
We were meant to be together,
they all said made for each other.

You have found another,
my love for you is now a bother.
My heart is breaking,
my dream of a future is ending.

Was there something in me that was at fault?
or the promises made by you were fraud?
Love is suppose to last eternally,
but for you it seems to be momentary.

I will let you go away anyway,
It is not that I would like you to stay.
It is not for me to hold you against your will,
binding you to me with promises.

Tell me now, how do I live without you?
as you have been my life for a few years too.
I had been dreaming of a future with you,
the center stage to be occupied by you.

I can not blame you for anything you see,
as around you I had built my world to be.
You are free to go where your heart takes you,
your happiness lies with the likes of you.

It is good that you have shown to me,
and identified the inner self that makes you be.
Had this happened if we were man and wife,
it would have been akin to a wound being tampered with a knife.

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A Magical Christmas Tree

No money for a christmas tree,
David's mother said before christmas eve.
Many bills there are she said,
which have soon to be paid.

David a boy of 9 years reached the woods,
some distance from his house and in wonder he stood.
Fir trees a plenty he there found,
some big some small all around.

But how to cut one he stood in thought,
the axe was big so he had not brought.
under a fir tree which had less snow,
beneath it he sat nice and slow.

There were some twigs lying around,
he picked up one to strike the ground.
Suddenly a small old man in white appeared,
having a tapering hat and a long beard.

He did not look like Santa but was kind,
David felt that help he now would find.
To get a fir tree home real fast,
and surprise his mom at last.

His story to the stranger he told in detail,
the stranger said he would help without fail.
A small tree nearby he told David to pull and see,
this little tree will follow you home you see.

David had never heard of this before,
magical things happen to good children for sure.
The little tree he tied with a string,
so that towards home it be following.

Being a good boy the stranger he thanked,
a story like this no one would have heard.
Some bells followed him home ringing,
as if a message they were singing.

Reaching home he straightened the tree,
He was taken by surprise at what all he could see.
The tree grew big and had a glow,
like the one beneath which he had sat slow.

By magic the tree got itself decorated,
with lights, presents, balls and anything imaginative.
he heard bells from behind the tree,
Rudolf the reindeer of Santa he could see.

A very happy child that day was David,
when his mother saw the tree he had decorated.
Miracles happen for the nice and good,
Christmas time is indeed when it should.

renu kakkar 24.12.2010

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Snow White And Her Caring Friends

Snow White was banished to the forest,
her stepmother envied her beauty and health robust.
Told never to return to the palace,
she was asked to make her home in the wilderness.

Found she 7 dwarfs whom she befriended,
so loving and caring were these little defenders.
She in turn kept their cottage neat and clean,
like a sister looks after her sibling clan.

After many years her stepmother found her
and used poison in comb and an apple to kill her.
Her defenders removed the comb from her hair,
but from the throat, they could not dare.

put in a glass casket she looked sleeping,
her friends her defenders stood always guarding.
Lifting of the casket by the prince awoke her,
her friends let her go realized her happiness was before her.

We should also be like Snow White and her friends,
helping and caring for each other without thinking of gains.
In letting friends go their way lies our happiness,
restricting and clipping wings is making them flightless.

renukakkar 11.2.2011

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Pages Of Life

As i turn the pages of the book of my life,
thinking if it reverses how nice would it be?
Time that has gone does not come again,
but if it comes back how nice would it be?

I would live again moments of my life,
merrily indeed how nice it would it be?
I would correct all the mistakes i made,
good times i will get how nice would it be?

The person i meet in my dreams always,
if i meet him again in real how nice would it be?
The one who is mine is within my heart,
if he comes into reality how nice would it be?

The one who has gone is not mine,
thinking of him would not conducive be?
A dream is a dream and will always be,
but if it becomes a reality how nice would it be?

renukakkar 9.1.2011

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Window In The Sky

Look there is a window in the sky
if I had wings to it I would surely fly.
The window looks quite ordinary
but I am sure it is extraordinary.

No one has ever seen such a sight
we all must not think of taking flight.
With courage we must surely face
and show to them our development pace.

Who could have set up such a window?
through which we can see only our side of the show.
Is some being trying to tell us something?
an image of what our world is by showing.

Definitely a mirror for some and a window for others
showing us all our past crimes and misdemeanors.
With amends what we could make ourselves be
where life is taking us with our own eyes we must see.

Do not consider it as a time portal
to travel into the future and past to unravel.
It is indeed a mirror of our soul reflecting
our thoughts in the sky we are projecting.

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Bird Table Outside My Window

Letting in the Sun's rays upon opening my window,
but mountains i do not see covered in snow.
Only thing visible is a grey sky and a miserly sun,
telling people indirectly that morning has begun.

Chirping of the birds sitting on the bird table,
built two years ago with wood and cables.
Partaking of the food and water set out for them,
is a sight that would delight many a human.

The birds are a few swallows, wrens and crows,
pigeons and house birds can also be assured.
Sometimes parrots and bulbuls come a visiting,
It is a delight to see them eating and drinking.

There is such a commotion outside the window,
sometimes to see them i let time go slow.
When i see them eating their food with speed,
all worries from my mind get discarded indeed.

.
I remember, a bird table my father had made on the terrace,
not here but in my home town where life is at a slow pace.
early morning the birds were up even when slightly dark,
telling all and sundry that one should get up with the lark.

Some of that peaceful slow life i brought with me,
setting it here so that i wouldn't feel homesick you see.
I miss the mountains, the vales and the terraces,
here life is hectic, not as i knew it as slow paces.

William H Davies lamented in his poem 'leisure',
which he seems to have written in pleasure.
'What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare'.

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In Your Memory

My thoughts go to you when I am alone,
a smile lights up my face on its own.
Like a flower bud that is opening,
with great zeal to see what is happening.

You always treated life in a jovial manner,
I start to laugh when I kind of remember.
Upon getting annoyed with you on any discussion,
you'd say you wanted to have with me an altercation.

Your would want to be different on every occasion,
home made delicacies instead of sweets for distribution.
The loss of a loved one many lament their whole life,
remaining unhappy would not be fitting for a jovial man's wife.

Laughingly once you had, a friend described,
who spoke to the photo of his loving wife.
I has asked then that if I go before you,
would you not speak to my photo too?

I remember that you would keep family photos with you,
whenever misplaced a ruckus would be created by you.
Before you would be carrying photos now I carry too,
only difference being my carrying one when you carried a few.

On the crossroads of life when i seek the right path,
an answer comes to me from within my heart.
The loss of a loved one many lament their whole life,
remaining unhappy would not be fitting for a jovial man's wife.

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Character

As the sun rises every day spreading its warmth and light,
build your character every day with good thoughts, attitude, deeds and foresight.
Like the sun your warmth will spread to all creatures small and great,
people will come to you thinking you are God's messenger or saint.

It is said that god helps those who help themselves,
sometimes god wants you to help less fortunate selves.
For them you become a beacon of light,
to solve their problems without a sigh or fright.

You see god sometimes assigns us duties,
leaving it to us to fix these as per priorities.
You must see that everyone cannot be chosen,
chosen are those he knows will handle any situation.

renukakkar 20 Dec.2010

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To Be A Cloud

I wish I could be up in the sky,
like the clouds that seem to fly.
To me they seem weightless in flight,
and to see them is indeed a delight.

Like them I would be afloat,
over the oceans with ships and boats.
I would travel over many lands,
without visas or passport in my hands.

The sun's rays I would reflect,
the rainbow colours I would select.
Cast them on the lands below,
At dawn and dusk with shimmering glow.

Those air borne and in dangerous plight,
my direction would show their path of flight.
Carrying the oceans as steam,
I'd release as droplets for rivers and streams.

A path to heaven I would ensure,
For the souls with hearts so pure.
So what If heaven is not yet for me,
God grant that this cloud I could be.

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Renu Kakkar

Spiritual Being

While meditating or often in my dreams,
I behold someone approach gliding it seems.
A kind spiritual being for sure is he,
The likes of which in reality I have yet to see.

He glides amongst the stars you see,
Planets and stars pass him and me.
The milky way is seen on one side,
And new worlds from old are forming by divide.

His clothes are made of glowing bright white,
his gown and slash emits celestial light.
Flowing silvery white beard and similar hair,
a crooked white stick he strikes here and there.

In front of me this tall thin spiritual being stands,
With a smile he blesses me with raised hands.
with emotion and devotion my eyes fill with tears,
and the white light is too strong to bear.

From where he came he quietly recedes,
the huge darkness of space I again perceive.
I come out of my dreams or meditation,
with a sense of loss and dejection.

When I think of the event of my vision,
looking for an answer becomes my mission.
Who is this spiritual being with kindness and light?
God, Archangel or spiritual guide with aura so bright?

Renukakar, 28 th Nov. 2010
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