

Poetry Series

satbir bakshi
- poems -

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satbir bakshi(India)

I am a 55 years old ship captain, poetry has been the bane of my life ever since I was a young lad - good poetry has been the anchor of my life too. I used to write prose and never published my poems for fear till while on poemhunter I was encouraged by the Hon'able Ms Nivedita Bagchi.

I live in NOIDA near Delhi and love country music, good poetry, cooking, dogs and garlic.

Ambition

AMBITION

Ambition~ sweet sweet and so neat
But~
I never had any liking for such meat.
Ambition makes one happy for a while
Makes one laugh but eventually makes you cry
And~
Leaves your friends and folks high and dry.

Ambition is nice in small doses
Taken under the mind's advice
For when taken in a larger dose with the heart-
In Mind
Ambition usually leads to a sad demise.
Of your very Soul! ! !

History and Ambition have never been~
Good Friends~
Remember Brutus~
"He was ambitious – thus I slew him."

~satbir bakshi

satbir bakshi

Ameeta

Your face
still haunts the windmills of my mind
Your grace
so undefined
That silly jeep race
took you away from me
forever
The thoughts make a silken web
in the tapestry of todays life
have not yet unravelled - reason
Why this was so?

satbir bakshi

Ask The Dust

Ask the dust
What you must
But ain't it a fact
That life is never just

Ask the dust
whether it is california or bust
Believ it but you must
At least for the silly trust
Ask the dust-and
All the dust asks
Is a dose of absolute lust
Trust the Dust - and
Ask The Dust!

satbir bakshi

Dulce Et, Decorum Est, Pro Patria Mori

Dulce Et, Decorum Est, Pro Patria Mori
Its sweet and proper to die for one's country

Blood looks violet on fresh snow
Says my friend- Laljee
He should know - having left
Two vertebrae at Siachen.

If one could hear
The frothy blood come
Bursting in spurts from
Bullet ridden lungs

My friend you would not
Tell with such vigour and zest
To little boys
Ardent for some desperate glory
The Old Lie
Dulce Et, Decorum Est, Pro Patria Mori

The last stanza is dedicated to the actual poet Wilfred Owen

satbir bakshi

El Hijo

EL HIJO – THE SON

Now hear me first
Before you claim
Your share of the booty

That night I fought on another front for other causes
And you were not even a speck
On my cognitor's periphery

Like a rhino gored in the groin
I charged into my woman
Muzzling my head into her supple breasts.
Like a young calf....

Sucked blood from her navel
Till the oysters silver gullet opened out to receive the drops.
Then I slumped beside her torso, deflated
Limp eyed with a dead bird's stare.

Were you with us then?
Like the third traveller
On the road to Emmaus –
Seeing hearing anything?

After nine harvest moons
One afternoon you barged in knocking the front door of its hinges
To grab my woman
Nibble toothlessly at her moist nipples.

Even impostors have some grace
But you arrive with the assurance
Of a state warrant
And I surrender willingly
To you – my conqueror.

~ SATBIR BAKSHI

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Fiat Justitia Ruat Caelum

Fiat Justitia Ruat Caelum
(May justice prevail before the heavens fall)

The Goddess of Justice
Is wholly and truly blind
In my native land
That's an indisputable fact.

I realized this when one fine morning
I understood the meaning of fear
When I heard the blare of the fox hunter's sounds
For when they are chasing the poor bloody fox
It is wiser to be dressed as a hound.

In my fifty five winters of peeping in every nook
I have seen every scoundrel, lothario and crook
Go scot free and watch the clouds go by
While any misguided soul who vexes eloquent
At the injustice of it all.....
Is hauled in for contempt of court.

Salus Populi Est Suprema Lex
(The people's welfare is the supreme law)

~ Dedicated to the memory of one and only Justice Nani Palkhwala

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Haiku

If all men are Brothers
Then why are the winds and waves
So restless

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Haiku2

Life is a beautiful dream
Slightly more coherent than most

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Hiroshima

Oh! The mushroom cloud
Oppenheimer takes solace
In my Bhagwad Gita and
Quotes Lord Krishna
I have become death
The destroyer of Universe

The Emperor when told -
The old wooden palace
Reduced to cinders- Asks
What about my old Elm tree
For a palace can be built in a month
It takes a hundred years for
An Elm to fully grow
We will surrender says the Emperor
Why - asks the Diet
I cannot see the slaughter of -
My people.

Young army hotheads-thinking
Emperor has been ill advised
Ask the General to follow -
The Code of the Japanese Soldier
And overthrow the Emperor and the Diet

Sayeth the General-
You talk of the Code of the Japanese Soldier
The Japanese Soldier has but one code -
'He always obeys his Emperor'.

And commits
Harakiri

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I Cry For You

When then world is darker than
I can understand
When nothing turns out the way I want
When the sky turns grey
When the wind is high
When I can sing through the
Lonely Night
I Cry for you

Why do you sigh so silently
As I Cry for you
Where would I be if you never help
Me Through
I Cry for you
But then
As I Cry for you
Did you ever realize
Am I the only one?
Who cries for you? ?

~ dedicated to Melanie C

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Lilly Marlene

This was originally written in German and was loved by the German and the Allied soldiers alike as Lilly to most was a street walker but she was the soldier's one true love

Underneath the lantern, by the barrack gate
Darling I remember, The way you used to wait
T'was there that you whispered tenderly - that you loved me
You'd always be, My Lilly of the Lamplight, My Own Lilly Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, Time for us to part
Darling I'd caress you, and press you to my heart
And there beneath that far-off lantern
I'd hold you tight, We'd kiss good night
My Lilly of the Lamplight, My own Lily Marlene.

Orders came for sailing, Somewhere over there
All confined to the barracks was more than I could bear
I knew you were waiting in the street, as I could hear your feet
But could not meet, My lilly of the Lamplight, my own Lily Marlene.

Resting in our billets, just behind the lines
Even though we're parted, your lips are close to mine
You wait where the lantern softly gleams, your sweet face seems
To haunt my dreams
My Lilly of the lamplight, My own Lily Marlene

Only the translation is mine

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Mama You Are On My Mind

MAMA

Mama you were on my mind
As you went gently into the tender night.

No one knew English Literature better than you,
But your own life
Was better than any Galsworthy Saga.

And as you went gently into the tender night that morning

Mama you are on my mind.....

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Memories

Memories mostly make for
The strangest of dreams-
Those that more often than not tend to go awry,
Making the silly mind wonder
As to why have memories at all?
But then maybe
Memories are better Axenic;
So the poor human heart
Can hold on to them dearly
While patiently paying the price
Of having them at all.

But on the other hand
Memories do take a memorable stand
To tell us – Where we went wrong?
But the poor lonesome heart is still going strong
With nothing left in it – but a steadfast will
That says tenderly – Move On!
So one moves on hoping against hope
That the memories will sometime try and etch
Some memorable melody or the sweetest of songs.

The sweetness of that song – again evokes
A memory that has once again gone awry
But the heart says, why should I be sorry?
Without realizing that it is only memories
That are evoking this soft and subtle response
Ultimately –
Memories bring nothing –
But, Diamonds and Rust.

~ Dedicated to Joan Baez
~ Satbir Bakshi

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Ode To Bacchus

Bacchus? ? ?

Why do they call you that?

My answer is straight and flat

Once a simple soul comes into your arms

He is forever your guest

And that is an age old fact

That fact makes one realise another fact

That thanks to you the world is not flat

If I can attain heaven in a penny

Why do you envy me? ? ?

Bacchus the fact is you are the

One and only

True fact

~satbir bakshi

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Requiem

Once in the winter snows
We promised
To meet again
You standing
Alone and forlorn
But our hearts have long torn
This tapestry of desire
What life has done to our feelings
Shown us harsh springs and fountains
Deeper than the sea
Grief a fixed star and Joy a vane
That veers
These many years
Oh that promise
In the winter snows

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Son

When you were fourteen you could not bear
To hear
A word spoken by me
Today at Twenty one you realise, what a lot
I have learnt in the last seven years
Life is like a maze of dogs
And they open from the side your heart
Think a lot
About everything you've got
For you will still be here tomorrow
Your dreams may not
Look at me I am old- But I am happy
I'm not making love to anybody's wishes
Only for the God I see.

Inspired from a lovely song by Cat Stevens

satbir bakshi

Teach Your Children

Teach your Children Well
Teach them All your dreams
Children are small kites
They try to soar high and
Lifted by the winds
They Fall
You coax and mend the hurt
And the small kite becomes
more distant but you keep
Assuring them that they will
soar high one day

As time goes by and the leaves
Begin to fly - you page them
So do they
Till one day the time comes to
Cut loose the string
And See them lifted by the wind
And See them fly into the night
Sky

When they need more string
You keep letting it out - till
No more string is left
But You- Standing alone in the
Rain.

What kills you finally - Is when
They leave? ? ? ? ?
And Never Look Back
There is a sweet sadness that
goes with that strange joy now
You know
As The God Lord above is the
Judge
You did your duty.

Dedicated to the late Erma Bombeck

satbir bakshi

The Pc Prayer

PC PRAYER

Every single evening, as I'm lying here in my bed,
This tiny little prayer keeps running through my head.

God bless my Mom and Dad, and all my family
Keep them safe and warm, for they are so close to me.

And God, there is one more thing; I wish that you could do
Hope you don't mind me asking, bless my computer too.

Now I know it's not normal, to bless a motherboard
But listen just a second while I explain to you, "My Lord".

You see, that little metal box holds more than odds and ends,
Inside those small compartments, rest so many of my friends.

I know so much about them by the kindness that they give,
And this little scrap of metal, takes me in to where they live.

By faith is how I know them, much as the same as you,
We share in what life brings us, and from there our friendship grew.

Please take an extra minute, from your duties up above,
To bless those in my address book, that's filled with so much love.

Wherever this prayer may reach, to each and every friend,
Bless each email INBOX and the person who hits "SEND".

And when you backup your heavenly hard drive on your own CD – ROM,
Remember each who have said this prayer, sent up to .

~ Hon' able Poets it is this little box that brings us together on Poemhunter.

~ Dedicated with thanks to my Anonymous Chat Friend Angela 55a who wrote it
all, I have only polished it a bit here and a few bits there.

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The Sea

The sea shall give men new hope
as sleep bring dreams of home

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Walls

Walls

Walls they place you
But Doors show where?

Through the half open door
I hear
The soul stirring strains of
Besame Mucho
The lyrics gently bouncing
Upon the walls and piercing
My heart.

But then again – remember
Walls place you- But the
Doors always show where.

The Good Lord they say-
Loves a man who sits at
Her side – by the doors and
Catches her laughter.

That laughter softly tears me
To Tatters.
For nothing is left of me – Each
Time I see her shadow –
Through the now fully open
Door.

Well, my friend
Walls do try to place us
But only the doors show
Where? ? ? ? ?

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Woman At The Traffic Light

I remember with a tremor
In my heart
On a cold winter morning with
The fog enveloping everything
Around me

Seeing a young woman at the
Traffic Light
She in tattered and torn apparel
Shivering – teeth chattering
Trying to coax some milk from
From shrunken and shrivelled
Breasts
And feed her skinny child
In the morning winter light.

Today, thirty years hence
When I drive my son
To school
In a centrally heated car
I again see the same women
Standing at another
Traffic Light
Trying to again coax
A dropp of milk
Into those shivering lips

Whither my country
I want to jump out my car
And
Burn this world to cinders

While all this time
Stocks of grain are overflowing
In the warehouses of my land
For the rats to eat at leisure

And the middle-men
Swirl like deverishes

To the strains of
Twinkling anklets
Of the ladies of the night.

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