

...my pen scrawls...

Visions Unbound

(Feb 2018)

When...

Scattered rays from faraway stars
Reach out to me, through the still of night,
Furnishing patterns of flickering fractals
On the uneven landscape surrounding me.

Rain lashed dampness on nearby paths,
Blows on a whiff of earthly scents,
Forwarding pulses of lost moments,
Binding my ethos to farthest of times.

Then...

Stationed at crossroads of ups and downs,
With the arrow of time squeezed on its line;
Apart in years fall nearby on planes,
Projected and collapsed to static designs.

Whirlpools of shadows and visions of past
Catch up in circles that dance around,
Evolving onwards to lengthening trails
That leave out a few but dizzying depths.

Later...

Frantic and fragile through darkening alleys,
Drifting so random with numbness nostalgic,
Will I keep flying on dappled visions?
Or dart on a spiral to the darkest of depths?

Returning rhythmic of half done missions,
Recurring allures of trailing passions,
Push me out onto the vastness of Cosmos
Spreading with fervour on Nature's bounty.

Give me a hundred lives to live!

(Jan 2016)

Give me a hundred lives to live,
Just to pursue all of my dreams,
Varied and many, to perfection,
One at a time for fruition in full.

 One single life, for me to chase
 All the flaring quests on my mind,
 Each in an attempt to discern in full
 The complex nature of world around.

A life for sure, long and full, to
Map onto stretched canvasses
Images and visions, all in my mind,
In strokes of a million hues abound.

 How about one life just to set free
 Bottled up views and themes in wait?
 As poured out in verses, all along
 Kindling with sparks of bliss and joy.

Then should come a relaxed one
Just for reading and reading again
All my favourites on the shelves
Stretched on a divan, dawn till dusk.

 When can I enjoy the joys and thrills
 Of traveling leisurely over all lands?
 Happily drifting and sailing on seas
 Drunk on the infinite shades around.

More of such pressing passions rove,
Lost in the lanes and nooks of my mind
Yearning for fulfillment, life after life;
So, give me a hundred lives to live!

Eternal search

(January, 2012)

All through my life I was searching and searching,
Since the time when conscious thought trickled in me;
Every wakeful moment with ever increasing zeal
With all the five senses bestowed on me.

Searching and searching I grew up and flew
Detached and senseless over travails of life;
Sorrows and joys all glazed past me softly,
As I was seeking for the essence of life.

All through the throws and the jerks of abandon,
I looked for this essence in internal quests:
Never could I get this in fullness and rigour,
Though I could get its sparks in bits very often.

The richness of those sparks fills me with bliss,
With expanding zest to pursue the search;
To fix all the bits for the fullness still hiding
Till the gush of its wholeness zooms me to fruition.

Bliss filled Moments

(August, 2010)

At times I find myself poised on feet
On the edge of a highly pivoted cliff;
Lonely and cold but confident.
One step ahead can drop me down
The fathomless darkness beneath;
Never so keen on stepping back,
But instead free to look up and
Engulf the vast emptiness above.

This moment I feel transparent
And akin to nothingness above,
And start seeing all around
As if from a forlorn planet.
Aha ! I then get transformed,
My self lost in abandon:
In the glittering vastness above
Skipping the real me for ever !!!

With that, I spread around fast and fill
The silence, with blissful steps all over.

Forlorn..... Forward

(February, 2008)

Frozen in time as a fossil I stayed,
Stuck by the harshness and hardness of life;
Gone are the days when I used to struggle
To pitch up my talents with ways of my life.

Vibrant in waves of visions and hopes,
Fathomless powers to conquer my fate:
Fighting all alone for justice and chance
In this gigantic playground of fouts.

But with a crash, I landed on harsh land,
And lay there forlorn in ruinous mood,
Until my whole being drained into void:
Rhythms all merged into pathos of fluid.

Nectar of peace slowly trickl'd on me
Covering all cuts and corners alike;
Raising me up with firmly set steps
Ticking of time cutting slices of bliss.

Behold ... my Beloved cell phone

(November, 2008)

Charm of your grace in the curl of my fingers,
Forces all eyes to focus on you.
Magic in having you glides me through life
Blooming all paths with bliss alike.

Soft and small touches can warm you up but
 Caressing pats often put you to sleep.
Sharing my secrets and keeping an eye
 Day in and day out you are with me

Setting me close to my kids and my kin
 Bridging my gaps to friends across.
All through the night you lie on my side
 Keeping a vigil that secures my sleep

Waking me up in the morning for sure
 Softly with music that kicks my day off.
My views of the world lie frozen in you
 Myself, so lively when seen on your face

Be with me forever, my cute beloved!
 But for you, I would be nuts in a day!

Muses on the Eve

(on Women's day, March 08, 2004)

If only I could.....
 Smoothen the frown that borders her brows,
 Wipe off the tear that lights up her eyes,
 Help her to search out her lost and sweet tones,
 Straighten the stoop that is aching her shoulders.

If only I could.....
 Call out to world, she deserves much better,
 She, who leads life in the tune of very Nature,
 Models the next age in sincere good batter,
 With splendor of love and magic of mother.

If only I could.....
 Sing all her sagas in melodious ragas,
 Seek out her fortune cast in grey cages
 Squeeze her all free from gaps of generations
 Secure her talents on ageless citadels.

Reborn to redo?

(December, 2006)

Certainly it is a strange situation

If at some stage in your life
You have the option to start afresh
From the very first breath again

To teach your heart to beat
Both your lungs to breathe
To get your pulse attuned
To the rhythm of your thoughts

To pick up the perfect of all codes
From the multitude of choices
To stamp upon the selected designs
Your own unmatched views

What more can you ask from the world
But to drink the joy and pleasure
Of being the creator and killer of you
And drift along the strip of time.

Tortoise in standing

(January, 2008)

Benjamin Crooksware, Ben for short, is my name. Crooksware is an attachment that one of my great grand fathers acquired under mysterious circumstances and later got carried over down the family line. I am an amazonic tortoise and was in all aspects akin to my community till about 29 months ago, when a series of events have flushed me out into my present state of shameful and pathetic existence. Now standing erect on all my 'stretched out' fours, I constantly gulp down unshed tears and ponders on my 'man made' destiny.

It all started with the visit of a few highbred humans, invading our territory one day. My mom later summed it up as some weird but planned out experiment. There were hours of discussion on how to save us from the stigma of infinite slowness attached to the species. I felt a bit spaghetti-like on being caressed and rolled over many times by each human. Since all my friends, especially that female Bliss who has started to take an interest in me, were around, the collective petting and poking was great fun at that time. But on the second time, the number reduced and on subsequent visits reduced to me alone. Before I could feel elated at being singularly selected for whatever, I began to feel a little uneasy about the strange things happening to me. On one or two occasions, I was taken in a cool cabin and woke up later with giddiness and nausea. What disturbed me most was the way mom got upset about the whole procedure. She talked in heated outbursts how we could have got along well with out getting the "set ups", as the humans called it. At times, she woke up in the night and whispered in my ear in low tones, ""Ben, darling, are you all right?"

A few months later, I ended up standing high on stretched out legs that carried me forward in quick trots against my will, instead of the graceful slow scroll on bent legs I was proud of. The perspective of my vision got restricted to the backs of my brethren, erasing all chances of chance encounters or face to face

small talks. Worst of all, the 'man-given' boon of speed got me into trouble with Bliss also, who began to avoid me like hell. Mom got quite philosophical about this and pointed out that the disparity of time scales lurks at the back of the incompatibilities between couples. Secretly, I even wished that next time the humans would try the same set up with a female so that I may get a chance to start afresh.

I hated most the other creatures passing under me during their carefree strides. That Spinny sparrow once or twice jubilantly started trotting under me, unnecessarily giggling all the time, just to annoy me. Only once I got really scared while Kingley cobra started crawling below me and I had to stand still till he passed. Surprisingly, many times mom sensed the tension in my legs and crawled under me so that I could relax on her top and loosen my legs a bit.

I was sincerely trying to get used to my newly acquired fastness and jerkiness, until that day when I trotted along a long way carelessly and before long lost sight of all my familiar surroundings. Severely shaken, I was leaning against a tree trunk to breath out my confusion, when suddenly a passing team of bipeds got amused in my look-of-a-different pose, put me in a bag and marched off. Before I could make out what happened, I was set free on a grassy surface full of thorns and stones. Very soon I came to grip with the fact that I was in a cage with barbed wires and a small cottage with a pool. Every day many humans passed by in front of me, which often drove me into fits of uncontrollable emotions and I began to hate my jerky high speed motion and confined myself to stationarity. Looking back on the sequence of events that changed the course of my life entirely, I often wondered how Jonathan Livingston or Gregor Samsa would have analyzed the situation.

Once a socially conscious ten year old scribbled on the plate hanging on the fence "Tortoise in standing". May be he meant tortoise is standing; I never bothered to figure out.