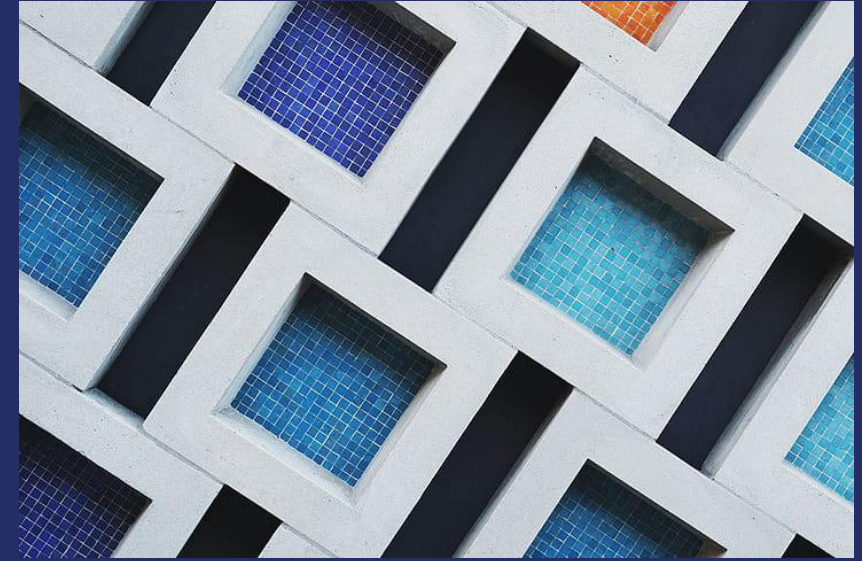


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Odes To Survival (A Short Collection of Verses..)



Hemant Gawande

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(A Short Collection of Verses..)

Hemant Gawande

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ODES TO SURVIVAL

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Genesis Global Publication

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(A Short Collection of Verses..)

by

Hemant Gawande

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Odes to Survival is a collection of poems which is a journey of an individual towards his own self realization. An ordinary effort towards spirituality uncovering mundane issues of life: love, life, death and personal growth.

I hope that as a reader you are able to connect with and relate to these verses. I hope you enjoy reading it!

Hemant Gawande

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PRELUDE:

THE ODYSSEY OF MANKIND

*"Oh Mankind! how humane you were
that through ingenuity and prowess
you fabricated scintillating wonders
in this agnostic and hermetic world
with fecundity in action & least hint
of egocentrism in your blueprint"*

The roots of history
lie in the prehuman past
And it's hard to grasp
just how long ago that was
Ever since the creation of
Adam and Eve
On this bountiful
earth's refuge
The instinct of curiosity garnered
and reigned his mind
Characterized by the drive
to discover and espy
And to excel finest of trivia
and that of the very megalomania
But man didn't led his thoughts to hang up
and as a layman began to rise up

[Like 'Phoenix'
from her own ashes]
From the cradle of Mother nature
and initiated the spin as voyeur
winding harbor to harbor
Ruling out any of the accruing hurdle
with a patronizing eye
Cognizing the beauty of resplendent nature
being a total go-getter
Utilizing most of it
and living up to it
Reaching the panache
of triumph, charge and way
Creating marvellous landmarks on earth and
extending his realm acrosss the cosmos in a sway

VERSE 1:

ODES TO SURVIVAL.....AM I WHAT?

I journeyed from hades to heaven
But couldn't develop the effrontery and brazen
Which keeps on changing with situation
And is always of a varied disposition
Someday it looks 'joie de vivre', the other day
it has different complexion
One day passes with boisterous bedlam
The next day encompasses peacefulness and calm
A day I feel on top of the world
The successive day I feel tame and flaccid
At times I feel plenty agog and conceited
The moment after, I feel downtrodden and forfeited
This is the basic drive of survival
In which individuals rise and fall
For they know not what their faults are
Whither they win whither they mar
Whether they are an imbecile or a sophist
Whether they are an 'Alexandre the Great',
of exhilarating extravaganza
Or a mere arty- crafty 'Don Quixote of La Mancha'

VERSE 2:

CHILD'S PLAY

A child plays in mud
and dirt,
builds sand castles,
paper planes,
paper boats
and floats
them in water tank
in wake of natural bank
his creativity is
beyond imagination
nobody could
ever assume that
the same child
would grow up to be a man
and create deadly missiles and atomic bombs

VERSE 3:

OF MORNING HUES & BLUES...

Incomplete dreams

Semi broken sleeps

Milkman's shout

Doggie's bow wow

Maid servant's routine chores

Sisters in the nearby convent ringing bells

Newspaper's lethal attack

Directly onto one's head

The bed tea on the side table

Turning into chilled tea

The last attempt

By mommie dearest

To wake me up

From my dire sleep

Straight over my face she poured

A jet of water

I felt I were having a shower,

in my sub-conscious dream

in the garden of Eden

Alongwith me was

A sexy 'Femme Fatale'

As she started to open

my topmost shirt button
in an endeavour
to strip me down
and pulled me
over her bosom
some coarse thing rubbed
and interferred
between
our union,
under the cascade
I opened my eyes in a haze
which were wide shut
due to shame earlier
What I discovered
was my woolen blanket
Lying on my bare chest
Oh! I was out
from a deep slumber

VERSE 4:

JOB FRONT

[scene inside an industrial premise]

Employees gushing inside the gate

Waving hands to security brigade

Rushing hurriedly to their departments

Punching cards hastily inside the instruments

Falling over each other

Reaching their departments

to sign

the muster roll at time

Because everybody wants to succeed

In this fast world

and lead

the rat race

as a winner

not a loser

Because every action of his

counts

and is kept a notice of

in the corporate world

Why he is late

or why he absent?

That is what labels their performance

and that is what their appraisals
are comprised of
Which later decides
whether they should be promoted
to the next grade
or left to stagnate
In the same cadre.

VERSE 5:

ROMANCE IN AIR

A common episode in a cityscape

Folks on the move

From far across the places

and distances

They leave and arrive

Hark back to tentative

roots and lead nomadic lives

Workplace romance in the buzz

The couple ties knot

She's very ambitious he's not

'The seventh-year itch' comes

before their first anniversary does

The couple separate in a jiffy

or carry on their relation

in a slogging manner

the aftermaths of which

their offsprings have to bear

VERSE 6:

OF RELATIONSHIPS AND THEIR COMPLIANCE...

My father is an introvert
while my mother is not
the natures of the two vary poles apart
For the external world he is very timid and bashful
whereas she manages to be perky and vocal
While my father is passive and slips from worldly matters
my mother is agile enough and takes over the charge
People say that my mother is too loud
and dictates her husband
and that she should remain within the limits of familial bond
where bread-winner is the lord
and that matriarchy is not at all acceptable
in a sensible(read orthodox) society
as a form of family
and that subtlety
is the jewel of femininity
and that path to salvation
for a woman is only by being
a truly devoted better-half(read slave) to her man
But I know that these are simply allegations
I don't ever get moved by them
and don't have any statement to complain

But my only regret is that
why don't people accuse my father?
on his virility
and his infidelity
towards his better-half
and his family
They don't ever jibe
him at his cowardice
C'oz they know not
that he was
a loser in life
and therefore
constantly runs away
from responsibility
handing over the authority
to the lady lord
But hats off to my mother
for hiding from the world
the strife in her life
and bringing before people
the good character
of her hubby
and it is irony
that she merrily takes

all the sarcasms
in her own kitty
and nurtures a hopesome thought
that someday at least
her own children will be grown
up enough to understan'
her grief and provide a moral stand
and bring laurels to her yet now tarnished
synonymous name
which people pronounce in awe
to scare their children
that if they don't finish fast
'Miss Hitler' will come and thrash them out
But don't worry mommy
for I understand the agony
in your life
and the state of your mind
From my heart and soul
I appreciate your circumstantial
transformation from a vulnerable
to a strong-hearted women of substance
and my zillions of salutations
go to you, Oh! fairy mother of my life
It is you who gave me the purpose

of my very existence

And I will live up to your expectations

bringing every single bit of joy

one day with a feeling of respite

and a sweet smile on your face

so that we two can together dissolve

into ether and renounce from this material life

VERSE 7:

OF BETRAYAL, VILLAINY & INHERITANCE...

The other day I saw the antagonist decry
against the most sought after dynasty

of the silicon city

& the most talked about

business house

belonging to the same

family

in the most popular soap opera

on the telly

The antagonist in question

had a severe angst

against the entire legion

The legend dates back

to a period of three decades

when his mother and the only son

of the then political tycoon

somehow fell in love

while their eyes met in a true

fashion like every

single love story

does in classical M & B* *MILLS & BOONS

They knew no bounds

and cared least
about the future of the short-lived tryst
they were into at
that very instance
Under the milky full moon
on the coasts of a blue lagoon
They had dared to make a love
but could not escape
from the nasty captive hands
of the cruel tyrants
Well the folks could separate
the amorous duet
physically but could not break
their eternal love
Cupid had done his act
and the tiny seed lay secure
into the womb
of lady love
which nobody could succumb
to decease
as it had already started
to take a breath
under the aegis
of the almighty

But the duel in offing
was yet to brew
and the plots in laying
were yet to screw
Pendulum had taken
a reverse swung
Time had come
when conspiracies
hatched till now
had to be brought to the fore
and the melodrama
was to unfold
Coz' who ever knew
or ever dreamt off
that the same seed of love
planted years ago
would turn into
a thorny bush
at the rush
of the siver jubilee hour
of the business venture
and would return as a
robust eligible bachelor
He would then pose

as an arch rival
in business
to his own kinsmen
For he had built his own empire
ever since his mother sought shelter
at the house of a merciful millionaire
His godfather was an ailing invalid
and his mother served
as a helping hand
to him to get freedom
from his life long ailment
In rejoice he took on his shoulders
the responsibility of hers
and her yet to be born
or should we say his own
foster son
After a few years
the aging millionaire
died in solace
but before dying pronounced
this kid
as a heir
to his riches
While he grew up

he learnt
all the tactics
of business
and learnt to cope
up with the market
While the economy
showed depression
he acted wisely
and heard his conscience
and played safe
and stood secure
in terms of financial restraints
Now according to him
the time had come
to avenge
himself & his mother
and prove to the world
that he was not an illegitimate child
All the rights
of which his mother
was forfeited
and deprived
off as a
daughter in law

and of him
as a
grandson
had to be recovered
from the very legion
of untold kinsmen
So when the economy was in depression
he used his wit
as he resorted
to the weapon of bull trade
and purchased all the shares
of the legendary business house
and made them empty
through his treachery
Now he made his next move
A single kid would prove
heavy on his kiths and kins
and ask for a major share
in the family's riches
as he was the director
of the company now
since he had managed to purchase
the company's maximum shares
and then he would nominate

himself as the best suitor
for the best entrepreneur
award for the on-going year
Veils were raised
and sins were accepted
confessions were made
while the guy
and his mommy
were eye-to-eye
with the feudalistic family
What a deadly smite
on the cheeks of the polity
and the dirty games
played by the filthy dynasty
Or should we say an act of jurisprudence
by the benevolent mother nature

VERSE 8:

GAMES AT TWILIGHT

Children play numerous games
at the onset of dusk
which they device themselves
to find an excuse
to spend their time out
with mirthful harmony
and rythmic synchrony
in their temerity
to run from
their home
to break free
from the chaos
created by parent folks
at those times
to finish their homeworks
and learn their lessons
for the next day to come
but their truancy & impudence
is nothing major
as compared
to the severe acts
committed

by the elder ones
of the society.
Gamut of child play
in the dirt is a sight most common
but what doesn't appear in public
are the rotten games played
by matured lot under the backdrop of dusky night
Washing dirty linen in public is a sight common
But what isn't common are
dirty acts of human intolerance
executed under the darkness of night
Promiscuous sexual behaviour, men straying, infidelity on rage,
public accusations and rapes
and other acts of anti-civilization are common
but what are not discussed commonly
are acts of barbarism straight from the dark-ages:
conceiving illegitimate babies and throwing them into garbage,
kidnapping children, selling them to orphnages
or foreign childless parents with huge bucks,
or selling their organs for money,
selling one's own blood by oneself quite frequently
until the body starves to bones,
and selling daughters to local pimps
who carry them to overseas nations

for prostitution

For a very small sum of money the relatives

do the needful to the pimps,

mercilessly put their darling daughter at stake

and ruin their own babies' lives

for ever

But what should they do?

Hunger has no precedent

to overcome it

"Everything is fair in love and war"

And to raise a living

in a poor country is none less

than a deadly war

To escape from the warring effects

and the onslaughts

caused thereto

the inhabitants go for such filthy

but safer, sure-shot and easier ways of raising money

in turn embracing sins like house-breaking, brewing illicit liquor and dacoity

Intercourse of poverty with innocence

results in many a deprivation

But when the deprived one learns

and finds ways

to overcome his state of helplessness

then the resultant is a deliberate loss
of pristine innocence
Eventually the individual becomes
a corroded human being in his
demeanour and no more sobs
over fundamental necessities
What appeals to him now are
the objects beyond his reach
The overall result is emanation
of sultry thoughts from his knave mind
resulting in selfishness and crime.
And gradually one day his own conscience
eats him down

VERSE 9:

THE MAKING OF A MAHATMA

(a saga set into the medieval times)

....well I first went into the wildest part of the kingdom
where I witnessed deliberate quarrels, haggles and
feuds amid the populace of the serfdom
going blatantly out of control and suppressions
garnering relentlessly
with malice aforethought, & the struggle for survival
and liberty
from the nasty captivity
of the aristocracy.

It was the seamy side of life.

Oh sorry! 'twas a wrong number for me.

So again I stood and marched forward,
my eyes looking ahead, my steps well advanced.

This time I knocked into the hull of a leviathan.

No 'twas a ship, I should say, rowing to the lands of Manhattan.

I climbed the stairs and crossed the gazebo hall

'twas an orgy, I discovered when I entered the crystal ball

There was a grand soiree,

in a lavishly well crafted marquee.

And the people busy in hobnob loosing their sentinence,

playing lyres & cymbals gaudily without any signs of cognizance.

When friends meet hearts warm,
when buds bloom bees charm.
But I was pale like a white sheet of paper entrapped
between the raskills' ongoing smut.
I could do nothing but keep my EYES WIDE SHUT!
Again 'twas a wrong number for me.
First I could not bear the smite,
next I could not makeup my mind.
So with plethora I fled from the station and sought
respite at the house of a recluse
who would patiently understand my dilemma and here my impasse
...after all life is a journey
and this time it was the sound number for me....

VERSE 10:

ON THE NATURE OF PRODIGIES...

Why do people follow the rut
and can't dare do anything against
the routine behavior
and the general demeanour
portrayed by regular mob
Why do they sob
when they do not fit the bill
and don't simply chill
over the ongoing fuss
C'oz it's for the rigmarole mass;
for public who simply don't possess
the necessary mettle
and the very forte
required to stand out
from a tumultous crowd
Special people don't act that way
They have the guts to create waves in a sway
They rule the roost
and live for the moment
They know not the stupendity
by which they behave in peculiar way
C'oz they are born to be different

and are endowed with an in-born talent
and in their span of lifetime, before they are dead
they create something to give to the world
knowingly or unknowingly
C'oz they are a prodigy
for the rest of the society

VERSE 11:

STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

A born-to-win maestro was speaking
openly at a press conference
unleashing all his secrets
unveiling all the hidden truths
that he hailed from town nowhere
that he was one out of the most downtrodden
that he lacked very basic of the amenities
that he was totally out of reach of the material facilities
which his better-off contemporaries
residing at the upper end possessed
They were the ones surrounded
by comfort
from every side
So they yearned least
for achieving success
But for him it was the time
to try and tame
the gruelling situations
which acted as a pushing factor
that led to the metamorphosis of this winner
Necessity is the mother of all inventions
Irrespective of what are the resources available

Success is not attained by chance
but has to be worked upon
Success is achieved
through labour and hardship
Success never comes
at your doorstep
Success is relished most
by those who deserve it
i.e., the work hard for it
Those who achieve success by sheer chance
are those who don't realize it's value
and don't execute effort for success in future
But those who actually crave for success
have had burnt their lives
in the wake of success
They would really know the preciousness of success
against those who are surrounded by utmost material comforts
thereby caring least for it
that they believe in ideology of living for the moment
and wasting their parents' fortunes
Success has to be welcomed by you
Nobody else would spoon-feed it to you
The substance has to be in yourself which needs to be nurtured
and strengthened at your own discretion

Nobody else can visualize your inner-self/ your persona in overall
or care to make you self-realize it

While it comes as automatical
only what needs to be done is self-assessment
and be confident about it

If done with ease
then noone
can deter
you from successfully

marrying success

This is my magic mantra
which every one can adopt
and lead
a successfully successful life

VERSE 12:

BOUNTY

Surplus of resources

Of ideas & thoughts

Of faculties & interests

Of beliefs & notions

Of chances & oppotunities

The only need:

To pay them heed

On the right time

To harness them

Before somebody else does

C'oz there's abundance

of human race too, who are always

eagerly awaiting

and aspiring

to grab on

the chance in pipeline

which would move them ahead

and leave the rest as descendants

Excuses don't work

That they are lucky we are not

The reality is that

they were total go-getters

with enormous fire
and a great desire
They didn't gave up
C'oz this earth is bountiful
With opportunities profuse
For everone and of every type
Of mixed natures and areas
Which would click different personas
as is people with varied mettle
So shed this complaining nature
Oh my dear!
And proceed in life forward
Rise in conduct and on this note
Try to loose all your inhibitions
Then I am very sure
Far across there
Lies your dream destination
which from times unlimited,
you harboured as deep-seated ambition

VERSE 13:

SUPREME POWER

Is there a God

I don't know.

Is there life after death?

I don't know.

Do people reincarnate?

I don't know.

Do souls, spirits, ghosts and devils exist?

I don't know.

An egg came first or a chicken?

I don't know.

But I simply know that

voice of a living being is never dead

& that sound waves

too never decay

Thus I can say

and am very sure

that any form of sound wave

in this universe

does reverberate

and so is it immortal

Thus I also believe

that there is a guiding force

behind these vibrations
and any prayer in reverence
to any
imagined form of almighty
doesn't go in vain
and is necessarily meant
to reach that guiding force
someday!
lest it emerges
from our soul with radiant energy

VERSE 14:

CHARITY

Oh God! give me only that much
which I can safely clasp
inside my tiny palms
I don't want anything surplus
beyond my actual needs
Because I am content
with my present state
Dear God! please, I don't want
an extra inch from your side
Your were so genial oh almighty!
That you created me in my entirety
Without any handicap
for which I vow to you God
But there's a request
Please don't ever make me vain
or laid down
by my own thoughts
at any time so that
I don't ever feel conceited
For this please assure
That I receive
only what is needful

Please make my hands so small
that I suffice myself
by the very basics
& make a regular habit
to donate
whatever I receive from your end
as an extra gift
If not then Should I keep it
in store for
the very needy, the ones who are very poor
Because they are the ones
who really deserve
God's mercy & endowment
And lest
I am not in actual need
I shall make sure
that every share of my extra innings
are mobilised in favour
of these wretched beings
For such acts of
charity, Oh God!
please enlarge my hands,
make my heart spacious
as also make it rule over my mind

Please give me enough confidence
that I try to continue to be a largesse
and never give up
such gestures of modesty in life

VERSE 15:

SLEEP VERSUS TRANQUILITY

An infant spends most of his time
sleeping & is always in a state of whim
Sometimes it smiles
Sometimes it yells
The reason behind it not clear
He talks to the God while in his dreams
God says to the child, "Your mother is dead",
& the child is awakened all of a sudden
We hear his loud sound of cry
God says, "Sorry dear! your mother is alive",
& the child grins with jeers of joy
though in a sub-conscious state
This time he is not awakened
Thus, nature has its own ways
to nurture its creations
Perhaps, nature sings its lullabies
in its own unique mannerism
& teaches its fledglings
the truths & sorrows of life
in its own fashion
However the child appears
to be sleeping to the world

it is actually taking lessons
as is also growing up
under the tutelage of God
surrounded by the forces of nature
in the form of sounds, shocks & waves

We need not teach a child
as to what a mother is
or what is affection about

Nature does its duty

But do we?

Even after infancy
nature always acts as
a safety enclosure to all its children

It always teaches compassion
not destruction

So why don't we?

Why do we deliberately lead
to the fall of man
from being the beauty of beasts;
the paragon of animals

Instead we are a shame
on the living race
by resorting to hatred,
war & destruction

When nature has already
generously done half its duty
So why are we so indifferent
to bring a disgrace
to our human species
Kids learn from their own ascendants
Hate not love & peace is the judgement of nature
Violence not solace is the definition of humanity
War not upheaval is the demand of situation
Wrath not harmony is the reason behind human existence
Materialism not trance is the solution to salvation
Tranquility brings sleep
wherein nature does its work

VERSE 16:

PERFECT MATCH

Looking at the mirror I felt vain at my own visage
Maybe it was narcissism leading to self-indulgence
I definitely spend some extra time gazing at my countenance
I appreciate my looks and continually try to bring them up
Self-grooming is not at all a bad idea
One must be properly groomed in order to enhance his personality
At some point of time I feel that
I am the most perfect
A few seconds later I come up with a fault
So that the grooming process continues
for hours on end at a stretch
After much labour I try
to convince myself before I could safely say
That I am almost ready for the show
However, from my inside I am not at all contented
Well at the glitterati eve
there were many dandies on the move
and many more eligible bachelors
wickedly stealing the show
making me running short of self-confidence
I felt very much ignored and ruined
My hitherto perception about myself seemed

to reduce down to ashes
What I felt about myself had
started to appear haywire
& that I had a blurred vision
None of the girls present could
damn care to befriend me
or even pay a second look
I felt, "How silly am I to be so super-silious?"
preparing for a fiasco since the whole day long
just to be head-turner
Wherein nobody did actually even stare
at my tuxedo or the heavy makeup I wore
So in disgust I plodded out of the Disc
Where I noticed a damsel stepping out from her Merc
She gave me an invitation via her eyes
As if to be an escort to her for the rest of the night
Yes, I made it
It was the best time
I've ever had in my entire life
& the very idea of a perfect day for me
We two are a happily married couple at present
cherishing on the sweetest memory of our meet
& our love at first sight

VERSE 17:

WHO IS SHE?

She comes she goes
Brings joys & sorrows
Teaches game of life
Hurdles, ups, downfalls
Doesn't ever stop
Before one realizes
that she has arrived
She is actually gone
Nobody can capture her
For she is redundant
She adores everyone equally
Doesn't show discrimination
For the individual she is never apparent
But for the rest she is very predominant
As days pass by
people try to avoid her
But they can't manage
being devoid of her
She rules people & their actions
He who tries to adore her,
embrace her, make love
with this graceful lady

is the one whom she is slave of
She mellows over
a period of time
She loves to be tamed
and hates people who are afraid
of her arrival
Her arrival needs to be celebrated
and not mourned upon
It is she who is responsible
for giving direction to the cycle of life
She is indispensable
People take birth
and dissolve into ether
All courtesy to her
But who is she
who is so powerful
Makes us so vulnerable
Almost dependent on her
Yes, you've guessed it.
It's your AGE dear
which shows a chain reaction
but never ceases to stop her pace

VERSE 18:

OF SEPARATION

In some God forsaken moment
at the resting middle age of my life
I would remember those
loving & caring moments
& also those daring ones
which I inculcated in my inner self
Else I bet I wouldn't have been
where today I am
Lest one has the courage
one can not actually succeed
Afterall life is a journey
wherein every destination is untold
& that nobody could accompany you always
as it is your life & your journey
Remember you have come alone
So is you need to leave alone
Bidding adieues to your nearest & dearest ones
The next autmn I was up for a journey
Not a routine one
But being a special occassion
I was called upon for a lucrative job
To a different & untold city

Family was a bit afraid
To send me as I was the youngest
I had never travelled on my own
To such a long distance
But anyhow I managed to change
Their adamant minds,
Made a prudential move
Yes, I did my journey
& here I am

VERSE 19:

PENANCE

Tie me up

Tame me

Chain me up

Chase me

Pull me down

Tear my veil

Assassinate me before all

Throw me into a torture cell

Treat me upon

With corporeal chastisements

Strip my skin

Bare my soul

Coerce me

Poke me

Kill me

Burn my survival

Bury my existence

Crucify me

For my guilts and sins,

put me on a guillotine

But if I have done

a single moral gesture ever in life

Then take back all the credits attached

& simply forgive me my Lord!

VERSE 20:

OF PARCHED DREAMS

The idea of a dream not mollifying
Yes, I have seen
Have felt, have experienced the agony
Taking the shape of a grave melancholy
That was not singular, or one time
But repetitive in frequency
I know how it hurts
For all the hopes are lost
There doesn't seem to be any prospect
Nor does any purpose of one's existence
What comes to the mind
Is to discontinue the present life
& take a new birth
For atleast in it, there's a hope
To be born endowed with
Faculties & resources
But acts of almighty are wicked
As he throws in some short-lived
success into your baggage
Wherein he lits again a ray of hope
& constructs a 'terra firma'
For the hitherto desolate beings

To shed their wretchedness,

Feel the gloriousness of life

Providing impetus to them to move ahead,

To be industrious, to work hard,

Chalk out avenues leaving the results on God

VERSE 21:

THAT TINY VULNERABLE SPARK

(confessions of an infamous fellow)

I am an average individual being

I was never too outstanding

Nor did I lag as a relegated weakling

I progressed at a usual pace

Covered milestones on the way

But I was never ever satisfied

'Coz I wanted to be different

& excel over others

It is my tendency I think

to be vulnerable at times

I never feel comfortable when I am alone

My mind delves over voyueristic matters

Reason I don't know but I am much thoughtful, I guess

Or am I a megalomaniac

Since, from always there has been

a deep seated pronounced gleam

present in a soft corner

of my lusty heart

Well the lust is not of carnal measures

Though a bit far more serious one

I harbour a lust for fame

& could simply go to any height to achieve one
However, I regret not to have attained even a name
That could be registered before an acquainted public
I assume that the thought nestled inside my mind
will some day atleast
see day of the light
Before the spark culminates
into a furious fire and ruins
me to such an extent
that I die in lust deprived
My desires being extinguished,
my ambitions being molested,
my aspirations being raped,
On dooms day:
my corpse being torn-off by scavengers,
my blood being spilled into filth tanks,
my soul being wildered into darkness,
my entire silhouette being submerged into the sea of anonymity,
my custody being disowned at a mortuary,
my identity being orphaned & written-off from history,
As anybody around would then know not that who am I
Since I haven't had succeeded in casting of
my presence by name in the world at large
Yes, I am a looser of sorts!

VERSE 22:

MOBILITY

Everyday I march ahead

Experience leaps & bounds

Even if I don't have the reason to move

I am supposed to

'Coz life is like a stream of fluid

That has essence only in moving

Stagnation makes it stale

A frog in the well symbolises

a dormant decaying psyche,

A listless personality who doesn't want to shed its inhibitions

Or a chicken, should say who doesn't want to come out of its shell

Even a dead volcano erupts after n number of years

How can one suppress his emotions?

God has made this nature:

A rainbow comprising of diverse colours ;

All are empirically supposed to interact,

inter-mingle with each other in order to give a unicolour effect

It was just a single example

If any of nature's entities refuse

either to interact with the other

or decelerate in their motility

Then the entire life and its gamut will cease

the whole correlated cycle being disturbed

Bringing disequilibrium & chaos

which is hard for man to put back into shape

VERSE 23:

FEAR TO POSE

(confessions of a home-sick)

Destiny thou madeth me so frail that I am always afraid

To encounter a new situation, I prefer being dormant rather than to face a challenge

I am least ambitious, I can say and like straight jacketed elements

I hate outside world and the fast pace of life

Instead I prefer peace & solitaire

I am a monoholic being who also hates appearing in public

I have secluded world of my own where I can give space to my thoughts

I don't ever get turned on by what is in prevalence

Or for that matter, never ever would I follow the rat race

I abhor cut-throat competition & adore things which come on in handy at ease

I am eternal, dream high but don't want to discuss/accept

the milestones & distances to be covered

I am a firm beleiver of God & assume that spirituality can lead to achievement

I am still in anticipation of success by just sitting at home

I know that I am a vain fellow but can't help being the same

'Coz I was born so , or rather situations transformed me into one

So, God! grant me mercy, enough strength & enough confidence to face the world

Destiny hadeth that way through her share, but did she mean to weaken my roots?

Certainly not, I believe, then one day atleast I would stand, rise in conduct, scale to untouchd altitudes & thereby rule

VERSE 24:

SHADES OF GRAY

As such I am always on the giving hand
Can't see people's agony as do I imagine keeping myself on their place
But at times there is a massive transformation
Revernge camouflages me from all around
I tend to get wickedly wicked
I don't know the raison^{^de^etre^} lying behind
I get moved upon
Resort to destruction
Doesn't care about its magnitude
Or the extent of morality
I can't adhere to the Gandhian philosophy
to forgive and let live
Because I am not a mahatma
Or peculiarly different from a simpleton layman
This is the colour black defining the villain in myself
I have confessions to make
But regret not being born as an exceptional enigma
who has the juices to remain isolate from evil thoughts
Pardoning sinners for all their impudence

VERSE 25:

INNER VOICE

My inner voice says
Come on you can do it, dear!
While an outer one says no you can't
My conscience says do it
Whereas my surroundings pull me back
I am confused
Loose all the excitement
Get laid off
Hesitate to proceed
The simple reason:
I tend to give enough vent
to external forces
so that they try to dominate
my course of action
To improve upon that
I'll have to listen upon
that inner voice of mine
Accept it as a command of nature
& the judgement of God

VERSE 26:

OF MOURNERS & CRITICS

When a fellow is wretched
people sympathise over his state
When he tries to emerge
people try to curb his way
When he has had made a mark
people criticize him
When he is prosperous
people envy him
When he commits a sin
people defame him
But is there any single occasion
on this very earth
When these men appraise him
or his deeds
Yes, when he is dead
they sob over his virtues:
show grief over the parted soul
whose unfortunate loss has brought
such a deepening regret to their lives

VERSE 27:

QUEST OF A LIFETIME

Experiences,
Golden truths,
Harsh realities,
Hidden secrets,
Paradoxical ironies,
Allegorical similies,
Depths & heights,
Life & its forms,
Regulation & norms,
Traditions & rituals,
Culture & ethoes,
Virtues & conduct,
Of Eternity & spiritual thirst,
Of Prophecies & trance,
Of Miracles & evanescence,
Of healing, recuperation & decay,
Of moksha & renunciation,
Of birth & reincarnation,
These are some of the mysteries of life
which have an infinite trail
Whilst one actually would want to explore,
these facts, learn & attain mastery over'

it's too late an hour
before one realises that time has come for him
to bid adieus
& leap forward for a journey to a new world
A lifetime is really short
in order to unravel its buried treasures
As one tries to dig in
to find an end to the puzzle
one unknowingly puts an end to himself

VERSE 28:

COURTESY

Having concern for someone

whom you respect

or whom you adore

or whom you would feel like caring for

Is all about courtesy

Paying dues to fairer sex

Admiring a wholesome personality

Appreciating beauty of form

Accepting a noble thought

Approving opinion genuine of reason

Remembering & sending homage to a passed one

Reciting a quotable quote

Is all about courtesy

Being a part of a noble cause

Helping a needy

Alleviating an under-privileged

Listening to the voice of a suppressed

Or the grief of one who is exploited

Providing altar to an obscure

bringing to the fore his expression

Teaching an illiterate how to comprehend

the vast sea of knowledge

Or helping any body in any sort
Or propagating the vey thought
Is all about courtesy
Be the receptacle in deed an insect,
an animal, a beast, a human or the God

VERSE 29:

EYE CONTACT

Communication is a two way process

Takes place in verbal, written or gestural manner

But duets in love have a peculiar trait

to find ways to contact

through their sea-deep eye-lets

These lotus leaved tanks have much to deliver than words

Such hobnobs characterize intense depths

to be generated for the actor and the receptor

to give room to each others thoughts, expressions & movements

Intimacy is the first rung to the ladder

Representation through eyes is a beauty in guise

Such hobnobs characterize an eternal bond

between the speaker & the listener

Words are silent

But meaning is understood

Mutual chemistry plays part

making the communication easy to decipher

metamorphosizing the instant act

into an elaborate amorous tete'e'tete'

VERSE 30:

CLOCK OF LIFE

Time passes by

One more day,

One more night

Reduces out of my life;

Out of my existence

Have I done anything remarkable

For the human race

Or atleast somebody

Be it, my friends, my family

Or the society

No, not yet, I am a failure

My conscience jibes me at my existence:

"Dear! why do you waste

The precious pearls of time

Which are gifted to you

But in limited numbers

So it's the rush hour

To make an ideal move

Before it becomes too a late

Do realize as to why you're late;

Why you haven't shown

Any considerate progress

As was required from you
Now it's a debt on you
To serve the mankind
In atleast one form
Through any of the talents
You tend to possess
Continuity provides fuel;
Challenge is the spice of life
You always owe tributes to lady life
Which you can pay through your service
Or if any benchmark you create
Before you actually return back to ashes
Lying over the bosom of mother nature
& allow deliverance of your soul from your body
In her act of continuance by the clock of life

VERSE 31:

365 DAYS

Who has stayed

24 hours a day,

7 days a week,

365 days a year

blocked within

the four walls?

A convict

you'd guess

Or a lunatic

you'd suggest

Or a an ailing invalid

you'd add

So am I one

out of these?

No I am not!

But I am something else:

a homesick fella;

a non-opportunist;

an introvert;

a pessimist;

a born loser;

an in all

an enigma for sure

VERSE 32:

OBJETS` DE` ART

Human are like show items
Arranged on a mantelpiece
With season tastes change
Fashions vary, opinions differ
Decadence comes into prominence
Younger generation dethrones elder generation
Items are rearranged
Some are lucky ones
That during reshuffling
They get a chance
To remain on the shelf
While the misfortunate ones
Are either distorted
Or disowned at the first hand
Like ones share their agony
Into the darkness of a dank basement
While the creme` de` le` creme`
Rave about their finesse
& witness the razzle-dazzle
In an heavenly scintillating banquet hall

VERSE 33:

ILL FATED CHILD

Whenever I receive an offer
It seems to be the most top-notch one
Opportunity knocks at my door quite an often
I always make it up to the final stage of selection
I am infamous as a 'most lucky' for that
So I gear up for the call in the offing
Am almost ready for the pursuit
Do the necessary groundwork required
& await in MUCH anticipation
But to my dismay I discover that
The people concerned never do turn up
Who do do I blame for that
My ominous luck
Or myself, for I am good for none

VERSE 34:

CARESS

Incidence from a regular city

Whole day's labour & lithargy

Accusations & humiliations

At the end of the day

What a man wants

is a cool breeze of fresh air

a warm touch

a tight embrace

a cozy couch

with someone to love

& pamper his body head to toe

That would make him forget

pains generated duiring the day

heal the wounds engendered on the way

rejuvenating him for upcoming days in foray