

SO VIYOGI SAYS-----

A SONNETS ROSARY

(Vol.-1, Collection of 185 sonnets)



“Oh century! You are alive and I am also alive,
How can you say that I have not won as yet?”

KUNWAR VIYOGI
VIYOGI DI BYAJA- VOL. -1

A Sonnets Rosary – Vol. I(Collection of 185 English sonnets)

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Kunwar Viyogi di Bayaja:Volume- 1.

Editor- Sudha Randhir Chaturvedi

An anthology of writings of Kunwar Viyogi in Dogri, English and Urdu compiled and published by Mrs. Sudha Randhir Chaturvedi.

Copy right---- Sudha Randhir chaturvedi and Rounak Singh

ISBN:

Publisher- Mrs. Sudha Randhir Chaturvedi

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www.Kunwarviyogi.com

year of publication: 2017

Price:

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Sahitya Acedamy Award 1980





Dedicated to my Husband & Friend- Sudha

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Kunwar Viyogi says-

Dear Friends

I present to you, my book “First Croonings”.

Sonnet writing is a completely new form of poetry in Dogri. It had its genesis in Europe. Of all the forms to have emerged from Europe, sonnet is the most comprehensive and an all-encompassing one. It can also be understood as a short poem of 14 lines. Ever since its origin in the 13th century, it has been in regular usage of the poetic compositions. The form has seen its rise and fallen out of favour but it never lost its sheen and went out of fashion completely. In every literary epoch of Europe and England this literary form has found wonderful compositions. The form and the compact structure are able to hold multilayered meanings that unravel the mysterious poetic truths.

The writing of sonnet, it is confirmed, had its beginnings in Italy in the thirteenth century from where it travelled to Tuscany and was picked up by Dante for his composition ‘Vita Nuova.’ It was nearly at the same time that the Italian poet Petrarch also adopted the form and wrote many timeless sonnets. It was Petrarch in the fourteenth century who endowed the sonnet with its characteristic form. He made it simple yet comprehensive and beautiful. It was he who revealed the scintillating beauty layered up in the depths of a sonnet. That is why, Petrarch is known as the ‘Father of the Sonnets’.

In terms of its structure, a Petrarchan sonnet has an octave and a sestet. The octave raises and describes an issue related to the heart, mind or society. Moreover, it conveys a stream of thought or emotion; history; politics;

moments and ideas in the most substantive manner. The sestet deals with the resolution of the octave. The rhyme scheme of the octave is such that the first, fourth, fifth and the eighth lines rhyme with one another and the second, third, sixth and seventh rhyme with one another in the similar fashion. But the peculiarity of a sestet is that it is quite flexible. The six lines can be written in the form of three couplets or it can be written in the form of a quatrain and a couplet. The only restriction is that the first, third and fifth lines should rhyme with one another. Similarly, the second, fourth and the sixth lines should share the similar rhythmic pattern. So the rhyme scheme of a Petrarchan sonnet can be represented as **abba abba cdcddc**.

The form that began in Italy spread rapidly throughout Europe and soon incredible sonnets were being composed in almost all the European languages. In England, the sonneteering began in the sixteenth century. Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Howard introduced the form in England. Initially they translated some of the Petrarchan sonnets and then went on to compose a few of their own. Following in their footsteps many other poets began to translate French sonnets into English. Amongst them was the renowned English poet Spenser. Due to these translations the form of the sonnet became a much discussed and admired trend in the English literary circles. The translators and the poets began experimenting with the form within the particular structure of their own language. This led to the emergence of an indisputably distinct English form of the sonnet. This form is what is also known as the Shakespearean form. This form is made up of three

quatrains and a concluding couplet. In terms of the rhyme scheme the quatrains can be written independent of each other with the first lines rhyming with the third and the second with the fourth. The famous sonneteers of the period were Spenser, Sir Philip Sydney, Samuel Daniel, Michael Drayton and others. These poets also attempted to use sonnets as a verse form in their fiction. The best sonnets of the period- lyrical, simple, nuanced and thoughtful- were those penned by Shakespeare. He wrote 154 sonnets in all for which he is acclaimed as a sonneteer, though his uninhibited poetic expressions in his songs and plays are no less. The rhyme scheme of the Shakespearean sonnet is **abab cdcd efef gg**.

Milton adopted the Italian form in his times and composed beautiful sonnets. A form that began as a satire or enunciation of the theme of love began to incorporate almost every aspect of life like philosophy, morality, ethics and others, by the Age of Milton. In poetry this form had well demonstrated its comprehensive, flexible, malleable and balanced expressions and the English language whole heartedly embraced it. The compact structure, pointed focus and balanced ideas made it a forceful and influential stream of poetry.

At a superficial glance one feels that between the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean form the former is more challenging. The Petrarchan form has been likened to the rising and the falling of the waves in their cadence. The Shakespearean sonnets due to their structure of four quatrains and a couplet appear simpler. Though it cannot be denied that the Petrarchan sonnet precincts a poet's imaginative flight due to its rigid rhyme scheme, however, it is to be kept in mind that a sonnet deals with

a single theme. This makes the Shakespearean form more challenging. It is quite difficult to present a situation or a conflict for twelve lines and reserve only the last couplet for resolution. In many instances the master craftsman himself was unable to provide a satisfactory resolution in the concluding couplet. A sonnet seems well rounded off only if it concludes with the characteristic two lines that have the brevity of a proverb, comprehensiveness of voice, finality of a couplet and the flexibility of poetry. It may be likened to a bow and an arrow. One can pull back the string of the bow for twelve lines and then shoot at the last two. The shot must be so perfected that it not only targets and injures its mark but draws the very life out of it. If it achieves this, then alone does a Shakespearean sonnet realise its brilliance, complete in all the sixteen virtues of art. One finds an abundance of lyrical and musical sweetness in it.

Sonnets like the couplets of a *Ghazal* are spicy, quintessential and decisive. They are neither too short to lose meaning nor too long to seem unwieldy. It is like a perfect fitted cap- neither too loose nor too tight. The sonnet penetrates our consciousness most easily almost like a thoughtless thought and the subsequent stirrings simply grip and entice the soul. Sonnet is that particular guise of poetry that encompasses within it the entire poetic expanse. It is a particular garb of poetry that gives its body a leviathan form.

Shelly, Keats and Leigh Hunt did not like the sonnet form much since to them its restrictive structure clipped the flight of their imagination. Yet, all three of them composed sonnets and freely used the form. Shelly's

“Ode to West Wind” and the best odes of Keats are written in the flow of a sonnet and the critics world over agree that they are deeply influenced by the sonnet form. Very few sonnets of Wordsworth form part of the college curriculum. Mostly he is regarded as a Nature poet. Very few people know that he is a par-excellence sonneteer and has written more than five hundred sonnets. Many critics even assert that he is at his best in his sonnets. Apart from these, Elizabeth Barret Browning penned brilliant sonnets in the eighteenth century. Earlier American poet Longfellow and the more recent Robert Frost too composed many beautiful and profound sonnets. Even today the sonnet form is read, written and appreciated among the connoisseurs of poetry. Modern English poetry, having lost its way in the maze of verse libre is turning back to metrical compositions as it is only the metre that distinguishes poetry as poetry. That is why I think it is obligatory for all the poets in different languages to understand the different poetic forms amongst which the sonnet is like a vitamin shot that rejuvenates a weakening language. It is like an adrenal dose to a stooping spine.

Before I proceed to write about my two hundred sonnets I would like to point out that in European languages **Radeef** (*Radeef is the word/phrase that is repeated at the end of the second line in every sher*) is not used. In these languages due to their structure, form and grammar the passage always ends with the **Qaafia** (*Qaafia is the pattern of word(s) that rhyme and come just before the radeef in the second line of a sher*). It is possible to attempt this in own languages but it sticks out like a sore thumb. The reason is that in our language the verb comes at the end of the sentence. The verb may be placed syntactically in a different position

but it hinders the flow of the verse and at times with disastrous results. That is why in the present sonnets I have used *Radeef* as and when required in accordance with the simplicity of the language, flow of ideas and demand of the structure.

In writing the sonnet its lucidity, simplicity, sombreity, knowledge of diction and how to rein it in, all these assume great significance. In the absence of these the sonnet may appear to be aesthetically composed but it becomes lack-luster. I met and had an affair with the sonnet only after joining the college. The first ever sonnet that I read was “A Consolation” by Shakespeare. The ending couplet of the sonnet is

For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

During those days I hardly understood English. By the time I reached the sixth grade, I had mustered some words of English by rote with great difficulty but the formation of paragraphs, the importance of punctuation and its use, and proper pronunciation were still way out of my reach. In reality, even our college professors were not proficient in them. Of all the professors who taught us English, I was most impressed by Prof. Nilambar Dev Sharma as far as technique and proper pronunciation were concerned. In view of these things, I really enjoyed his English conversations. Though his proficiency was not great yet his self-study of English and his technique were praise worthy. From his looks as well as his appearance, Prof Nilambar Dev Sharma looked like an Englishman and he would also dress up like one; he would always be prim and proper in his carriage. In spite of his simple and calm disposition, his influence on us

was tremendous and we would attend his lectures with great dedication. I would look at his face unblinkingly and try to emulate his manner of speaking. However, the bottom line is that despite my poor knowledge of English, when I first read the Shakespearean sonnet “A Consolation”, I simply fell in love with the form of the sonnet. The concluding couplet of the sonnet simply seeped into my being and became a part of me. In those days, I also read two other sonnet- Milton’s “On His Blindness” and Keats’s “On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer” - that left an indelible impression on my mind. I still remember these sonnets by heart. But what I admired the most was “A Consolation” and I would hum it from time to time. There was no one to guide us in this field and so like an amateur, I would read whatever I could lay my hands on. Whenever I would read sonnets I got the feeling as if it were a musical strain that I had experienced before and I felt quite familiar with it. There’s a word for this feeling in English borrowed from French *Déjà vu* which is beyond translation.

I started writing in Dogri in 1956. In those days my social circle was quite limited and I was very passionate about writing in Urdu and English. My poems and stories had started getting published in Urdu periodicals. I was more acquainted with Mohan Yavr, Ved Rahi, Jagan Nath Azad, Kashmiri Lal Zakir and Thakur Poonchi as compared to Ram Nath Shastri, Kehri Singh ‘Madhukar’, Vedpal ‘Deep’, Shambhu Nath Sharma and Deenu Bhai Pant. These leading Dogri writers also did not know me. I had no knowledge about the existence of any Dogri Sanstha. The main reason for this was that I had passed my high school from boarding and I was new to Jammu. Due to this, I never recited my poems to these

great literary figures although I had started listening to their poems during *mushairas* (poetic symposiums). By 1975, I had started getting acquainted with Dogri and the Dogri Sanstha. However, between 1956 and 1959 three such incidents occurred that my writing in English and Urdu was interrupted and I willingly donned the mantle of Dogri. In Jammu, a literary and cultural association was formed to promote theatre and to give a platform for reading Hindi and Urdu creative writings. In 1955, I started participating in the events organised by the association. In the winters of 1956, the same association decided to organize an **Urdu-Dogri mushaira** at Gandhi Bhawan, Jammu. The convener of the event could not gather the courage to go and invite the renowned Dogri poets herself. So she decided instead to contact the Dogri sanstha through a lesser known Urdu poet, Balkrishan Sagar (who was an employee at the Post Office). But due to certain reasons the prominent Dogri poets could not participate in it. In the Urdu ‘mushaira’, many poets from outside the state participated under the leadership of Bismillah Syeed. Since the prominent writers of Dogri could not participate, I was given the duty to recite some Dogri poems. In this context I wrote my first Dogri *ghazal* (a form of lyrical poetry). Of all the ghazals read in the ‘mushaira’, twenty onewere Urdu and there was just one ghazal in Dogri, mine. It was the first time that I was participating as a poet in *amushaira*. It was at this very event that Bismillah Syeed won the hearts of the audience by reading his immortal couplet:

The Threshold that does not command the bow of every headis no Threshold

*And the head that bows by command at every Threshold
is no head*

At the time I was just sixteen years old and was blessed with the opportunity to read my dogri ghazal at the event. I received a little appreciation as well.

However, the luck struck me the next day when I was standing at Fattu Chughan and to my surprise a very pleasant looking man came up to me and asked:

“Boy, wasn’t it you who read the dogri ghazal at Gandhi Bhawan yesterday?”

“Yes, indeed”.

“I am Tara Smailpuri. I really enjoyed your ghazal”.

“Thank you for your kind praise”.

“You had beautifully composed these lines:

He stopped sharing his sorrows with me

He stopped shaking the tree of miseries

What happened, my dear? Catastrophe

He stopped speaking to me.”

Listen dear! I can see a lot of talent in you. Keep writing, my lad and mind my words, if you are able to capture the flame of your passion in your words, you could simply marvel the world with your art. I was amazed to realise that someone had made the effort to remember my songs by heart. This thought emblazoned my very being and I was unable to give any immediate reply to Tara Smailpuri. Observing my silence, he narrated a few jokes and a couple of ‘*kundlian*’. After that he gave me a pat on the back, wished me well and went on his way. That day onwards I made it a point to attend every dogri *mushaira* as an audience.

In 1958, I wrote the poem “Bholi”. I showed the draft to the Director of the Literary Association. She requested Mr. Venu Bhardwaj to read it. As soon as Mr. Bhardwaj read the poem, he made me sign a contract to recite it in the ‘*Kyari*’ programme. This programme was compered by Prof. Ram Nath Shastri. I clearly remember that after listening to mypoem, Shastri ji greatly appreciated me and asked me to keep in touch with him. His appreciation and preference was of great importance. Everyone knew that he only offered praise where it was due and he never exaggerated.

I was ecstatic. ‘Kyari’ programme ended at 10pm and I reached home elated. The next morning dawned with a call as early as at 7 a.m. from Ved ‘Rahi.’ I knew Ved ‘Rahi’ but he did not know meby then. He wanted to publish my poem ‘Bholi’ in the periodical *Yojna*. This incident boosted my confidence so much that I wrote a dozen ghazals and around ten-twelve poems during this phase of time. Besides this, I also penned down three-four Dogri stories and two memoirs. Many of these were published in periodicals like ‘Tawi’, ‘Yojna’ and ‘Trikuta’. An account of all that I wrote during this year is as follows

Poems – 1. Aahlda 2. Bholi 3. Jalo Khala 4. Hirkha de Gunjal 5. Bhandare da Ghar 6. Juga de Rakhe 7. Jhusmusa

Memoirs - . 1. Do Kishta 2. Khoona de Akhar

Stories - 1. Duskde Chete 2. Ratto 3. Dib Raste 4. Iddar bi Dikh 5. Mareli 6. Pagal Devta 7. Hirkha da Bhaar.

Among the above mentioned poems, Jhusmusa was a particularly long one with more than three hundred lines. This poem was greatly appreciated by Sansar Chand

Baru and in order to remove any strain of antagonism to poetry in the heart of my father, he read it aloud in his presence. I only remember the first stanza of this poem which was something like –

This time, the time of night

When far away seems the light

This time the time of night and approaching light

They play hide and seek: dark and bright

In the very beginning of 1959, I translated Khalil Gibran's book *Prophet* into Dogri in the form of verse and also wrote a dozen of ghazals. Besides this I also completed my poem 'Kaza'. In September 1959, as a result of a competition organized by my college, I became the editor of the Urdu and English sections of my college magazine "Tawi". Besides, I was also elected to head the English group of the debating society of the college. My interests also included playing hockey and football. I also participated very actively in all the activities of the Student Union. While participating in all these activities, I made sure that I always stood ahead in studies. Engulfed in all this, I was so busy that I could neither become a member of the Dogri Sanstha, nor be a part of their gatherings. In October 1959, Charan Singh came to me with a ghazal that he had written and introduced himself to me. He had just got himself enrolled in the college. Our acquaintance soon ripened into deep friendship. Charan Singh was a member of the Dogri Sanstha at the time. Although I was not a member of the Dogri Sanstha, Ram Nath Shastri ji started inviting me to participate in every *mushaira*. I, Padma Sharma and Charan Singh would sit together, among the Dogri poets, like children. All three of us were around

eighteen-nineteen years old at that time. Charan Singh was not at all interested in studies and neither did he participate in any other activity or function. Padma gravitated towards family life. Out of the three of us, it was only me who participated in sports, editing, drama, student union, debating and other literary activities. Despite being immersed in all these activities, by the end of 1959, I published the following poems that I had written –

1. Bholi
2. Aahlda
3. Hirkha de Gunjal
4. Jalo Khala
5. Duskde Chete
6. Khoona de Akhar
7. Twenty three ghazals.

Besides these I had also garnered a dozen more of poems, one translation, twenty ghazals and many stories to my credit. I have narrated the above three incidents because they left a deep lasting impression on me and directed my future course of action. The year 1960 started off with great enthusiasm. I had written around a dozen of sonnets in my broken English. It was during these days that I heard about Professor Ram Nath Shastri's poem, "Raati da Khiri Bela" in a *mushaira*. After listening to this particular poem, I was so inspired that I jotted down my first Dogri sonnet while sitting in Ustaad mohalla in Charan Singh's room. In the beginning of 1960, Shree Prashant who was writing in 'Rekha' those days chose my poem "Bholi" among the three best poems written by the upcoming Dogri poets during the year 1958-1961. It was during the *mushaira* held on the occasion of Prince Karan Singh's birthday that Shastri ji made me recite my poem "Aahlda" in the company of renowned Dogri poets. Occasions like these gave me confidence and

boosted my morale and so I continued to write and work on my English and Urdu simultaneously. In July 1961, I got selected in the Air Force and joined the Air Force Flying College, Jodhpur, but my enthusiasm did not dampen even there. After moving there, I still published ten gazals in 'Tawi' by 1962. Alongside, I wrote a one hundred and ninety three pages long Dogri novel in my notebook which I titled "Hirkha di Bharmali". With a longing to show my writings to Prof. Ram Nath Shastri I sent over the handwritten scripts to Charan Singh without retaining a copy. Following were the works that I had sent over to him:

1. Jhusmusa
2. Juga de Raakhe
3. Bhandare da Ghar
4. Farishta (translation)
5. Kaza
6. Five Dogri Sonnets
7. Three Dogri Stories
8. Hirkha di Bharmali (Novel).

Out of these, my poem 'Kaza' (also titled Man mana de maamle) was published in Mr. Prashant's 'Rekha' and in 1962 itself Ram Nath Shastri wrote to me that he found my work profound, unparalleled and best among all the upcoming Dogri poets.

After reading such wonderful words written in my praise by Shastri ji, my heart danced with joy and I was so happy that I started requesting Charan Singh to send all my other writings to Shastri ji but he always wrote back with the same answer that "Shastri ji has not been able to find time to read them." (Shastri ji says that no one had even mentioned these poems to him till date).

During 1962, I sent my letters with my poems and ghazals to Kehar Singh 'Madhukar' as well but did not receive any reply. After joining my job, it was in 1965 that I came to Jammu and met Charan Singh. This

meeting proved to be detrimental to my relationship with Dogri literature. Charan Singh first informed me, with great remorse, that my writings had been destroyed by termites. This was a terrible heartbreak for me. I did not say anything to Charan Singh but the loss of my works still haunts me to this date.

During this meeting Charan Singh gifted me Professor Nilambar Dev Sharma's book "*An Introduction to Modern Literature*". In this book Nilambar Dev Sharma wrote that I was the best among the new generation poets of Dogri and also expressed his desire that I should continue writing even while serving in the Air Force. He also wrote many other encouraging things about me. He also mentioned my name in the social setting and postscript of this book with great satisfaction, but after reading about myself in this book my heart soured. In his writings he had made no mention of my poems 'Bholi', 'Aahlda', 'Hrikha de Gunjal', 'Man mana de maamle' and 'Jalo Khala'. These poems written by me had already been published and much appreciated. He had mentioned in great detail, however, my unpublished poems like 'Bhandare da Ghar' and 'Farishta'. Unfortunately these two poems had perished. It was wrong on my part to have felt offended with Nilambar ji's book as he later shared it with me that he had read only the scripts given by Charan Singh to him and he was not acquainted with any of my other writings.

Except for this, the beautifully written book by Nilambar in English is only a foreword to Dogri; it is neither a criticism nor an appreciation. The reality was that the following beloved- writings of mine left me and disappeared for ever and I have not met them till date.

1. Jhusmusa 2. Juga de Raakhe 3. Bhandare da Ghar 4. Farishta (translation) 5. Five Dogri Sonnets 6. Hirkha di Bharmali (Novel)

I am reminded of all these works at times but they recede again into the shadows of memory. Later, I fell in the vicious circle of life and livelihood which led to the severing of my bond with my beloved Dogri.

At times my heart would admonish me, deride me for my severance and then I would write a letter or two to Charan Singh, Madhukar or Shastri ji. Out of these three only Shastri ji remembered me and replied to my letters. In a way, I had expired for these true disciples of Dogri. This carried on till 1977 when I could no more resist my passion and urge to write in Dogri. So, I went over to Shastri ji and handed over my diary and registers to him. In 1978, Shastri ji introduced me to Om Goswami. It was through this acquaintance that I gained a re-entry into the realms of Dogri. I am sure, that had Shastri ji not taken interest in my case, I would have once again gone into hibernation with regards to Dogri. But what benefit did the genre of Dogri reap with my reappearance into the realm? The answer, I guess will lie with the generations to come as they are going to be the true recipients of my work. As far as my personal opinion is concerned, I take myself to be a lover of lyrics and melodies and keep meditating on my work irrespective of the outcome. Till 1978, my interest in Dogri was restricted to “Namiyan Minjraan”, “Dharti da Rin” and “Badnami di Chaan” as by then, I had come across only these books. But today, I have an entire treasure of books in Dogri that I keep me engrossed.

Meanwhile, after re-entering the precincts of Dogri Sanstha I persuaded them to print one of my poems in

1979. It was titled “Ghar”. I am sure that the curious readers by now, must have read the poem. My collection of two hundred sonnets is a gift that adds to the already existing number of works. I also have the plan of publishing *Poorne* (a collection of 400 songs); *Ghazals* (a string of 300 ghazals); *Parachit* i.e. *Toona Manhas* (Novel); *Hikhiyen da Elchi* (Novel); *Uuye Kjjle di Liker* (Novel) and *Sukhne de Bhaishal* (Novel). In this process, I am being helped whole heartedly by Shivramdeep and Om Goswami. I am beholden to them. I am hopeful of successfully accomplishing my plan.

I am divulging many personal details to my readers and patrons as I feel it is important for a person who has been away from family for decades and as such owes a detailed explanation to the family that has invested its faith and confidence in him. I feel it imperative on my part to fill the gap by explaining my genuine position to my readers. The focus right now with me is the subject of sonnet-writing in Dogri. It took a lot of time for me to understand the difference between ***Behar , Radif, Qaafiya***. And I think it to be my utmost duty to make you see the distinction between various kinds of sonnets. I have already distinguished the Petrarchan and Shakespearean sonnets. Now I want to especially elaborate on the topic of metre. Sonnets are composed in different metres- Iambic and Alexandrine being the most frequently used.

The word ‘iambic’ comes from *iambus*. It is a pair of words in which one is spoken with greater stress than the other. It is taken as a special effect in English language. Hence, it is considered as the famous style for English poetry. The length of poetry depends on the addition or

elimination of the iambic pair. You can look at the following lines from Shakespeare that consist of iambic pentameter.

The lines above have been made with pairs of iambs. This part can even be measured in syllables. This meter is most suited to English language. Alexandrine is more often used in other European languages and it too is based on syllables.

A syllable is that part of word that can be spoken in the same breath. The beauty of sonnet in poetry can be fully realised only when it has twelve syllables. However, one is allowed to use between twelve to thirteen syllables. Iambic and alexandrine used in different combinations with poetic discretion perfectly fit the sonnet structure. The special feature of these is that they are neither too long nor too short to capture the meaning. The flow of the language and the playfulness of a proverb can be well captured in these meters. I have already stated that the sonnet had its beginning in Italy. Apart from English, the other languages of Europe too can contribute poetic forms to us. But I feel that one needs to comprehend the core of its essence, the lucidity of its narrative and its idiomatic use for understanding a language. Also, as per my opinion, the teachers of a language are rarely its poets and writers. The best poetry is when, the words, melody, the balance of thoughts come effortlessly from the heart. It is forged in the furnace of one's being and moulds itself in the technical structure of the sonnet. As I have already shared before that no one has ever taught us these minute details. I have till now written two hundred and sixty one sonnets in English. Some of these have been published in English periodicals while, others

might get published under Writer's Workshop, Calcutta. Most of my English sonnets follow the Shakespearean paradigm.

But for my Dogri Sonnets I always use a different yardstick which can be discerned from the following line:

Dine ch chounma ik din farar me kari leta

(The fourth one among all days have I abducted)

I want to clarify at this point that my Dogri and English sonnets are independent of each other. The difference between them is so vast that they rarely seem to meet at any certain point. My only advice to you is that if you fall I love with my sonnets after reading them and you feel inspired to write them yourself, then you must make truth out of these lines that I am stating below:

Dine ch chounma ik din farar me kari leta

Unde kanne jae pujja Mansar, ruche de Chama.

After truly practising the above stated words, time and again and instilling them fully into one's self, a person should be able to create his own treasure of experiences to be used in writing. This is an unsolicited advice and so one may treasure it without any gratitude or dismiss it without any remorse.

They clearly express my straight forward opinions and there is nothing more that I want to say except that these stand as a testimony to my simple and carefree views. They translate my deep and true discontents and triumphs. They are an expression of my very being. They have been crafted painstakingly. Their style of narration is free from pretension and is replete with simplicity. I am sure that these sonnets will initiate

a new trend in Dogri poetry; a new and sincere idiom; a magnanimous stream; a new and uninhibited turn and, would be a clarion call for Dogri to rid itself of the present claustrophobic garb I am also hopeful that the kind extended by Mr. Shivdeep ji in its publication as if it were his own, will continue in the case of other writers as well. I am also greatly indebted to Krishna Lal Sharma, Sham Lal Raina and Gyan Singh for their magnanimity that I am sure will never diminish. As a result of this surety I bring forth to you, my dedicated readers and skilled practitioners, the copy of my book, "First Croonings" with great love, affection and hope. This pioneer work of mine is an attempt to infuse thrill, adventure and passion into the hearts of my dear readers. Lovers of Dogri! Heroes of Dogri! Accept my gift filled with immense love for you all.

Kumwar Viyogi

(Translated by Dr. Garima Gupta. Jammu University)

Acknowledgement

This book is tribute to Group Caption Randhir Singh, fondly known as Kumar Viyogi in literature circle, I have relived the memories through his writings. What could be a better tribute to him that make his writings reach a wider audience? So, I embarked on the journey of collecting, compiling and presenting his unpublished writing in English, Urdu and Dogri from 1956 to 2015.

Later I realised that in his absence, it was a mammoth to rearrange his writings scattered all over in about 85

registers, diaries and even loose papers and more than 2000 newspaper pages. Most of his writings were in pencil and I have no knowledge of either Dogri or Urdu! I however, took it as a challenge, a sort of junoon, a commitment to the fond memory of my late husband.

He was a prolific writer who left behind a great treasure of sonnets, ghazals, poems, kundalias, dohas, stories, short novels, features and what not.

He was a multifaceted personality, a combination of courage, bravery and sacrifice, quick witted and extraordinary. He was a person of great sensitivity, almost a philosopher who observed life with great sakshi bhav.

Its a pleasure to acknowledge and thanks everyone who made this presentation possible. I am grateful to the kind help of Sri Har Har Sharma (Retd. Education Officer, Jaipur) who not only boosted my moral courage throughout preparation of the publication but also helped in editing the book.

Kunwar Viyogi's Foreword (Translated by Dr. Garima Gupta) Thanks to Dr. Garima Gupta, Jammu University for her love for Dogri, English and Kunwar Viyogi's work.

I am happy to present Kunwar Viyogi's, "A sonnets Rosary" to the readers. I would like to apologise for any shortcomings, spelling mistake or other errors in arrangement for presentation of the book. I tried to

present it its original form and also tried presenting some writings tagged- incomplete or to be improved.

This book is a gift from a indomitable, passionate writer and the poet to the world of literature and English language. With this Jammu Region and India will present to the world one of the greatest English language poet of 20th century.

Sudha Randhir Chaturvedi

A Sonnets Rosary

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1. ON THE EVE OF WINNING AN AWARD

I, up to today was unsung unknown.
Unrecognized, unwanted and unread;
And barely barely earning daily bread
But today I can call this world my own;

For it has showered on me, wild renown.
This my adulation makes me note;
My poesy on which they greedily dote;
Is half of what my word have left unshown.

Ah! I am ignorant of verb and noun;
And subtle nuances, I completely lack.
So says Viyogi, listeners, note it down;
And to me this recite, read it back;

To help me curb my pride, that I may
Convey in words, what I want to say.

2. KEEPER'S DUTY

My wisdom is the keeper of my heart,
And it is good that it should always guard,
This throbbing fistful of my flesh. Regard
It prone to upsetting the applecart,

Get crushed beneath its weighty mass. Smart
And weep and wail despite each subtle nuance,
To sure disaster venerably advance,
This fledgling and dull-witted bleeding heart.

But in its duties, wisdom, the upstart
Should take a little rest and recess,
Acknowledge that heart does play a part,
In all creative moments of this mess.

Which life is. And hence to it impart,
Unguarded moments, indicate largesse.

3. GOD'S GIFT

He thinks that I am happy and content,
By being gifted this world. Without end,
I could have reasoned with Him O! my Friend
And asked Him "Did you take my due consent".

Ere sending me to this vile continent.
Asphalted specter of the gruesome mire,
The dormant grave of a poet's pure desire,
Yes I could mouth this denouncement.

I prefer but to leave His government,
Uncensored. And He finds me fit and trim,
At peace with life and without a lament,
Pre-occupied with songs to the brim.

My cup is filled. He thinks I am content,
I too, keep silence haggle not with Him.

4. AN EXERCISE IN FUTILITY

My time had come and I was not so keen
To leave this world – for with all pomp and frill
I had enjoyed its pleasures – and unseen
Where still to be enjoyed. Many still

Where trails which beckoned me with impish charm
So I engaged old Time in deep debate,
To slacken Him me thought would do no harm,
And on some problems make him speculate.

I said “To hurry is a brazen waste”.
He looked befooled; I added with a nod,
“And if you must, then slowly slowly haste”
He chuckled, told me “move with a prod”

I didn't argue, weep or make comment
For Time, the hunter, brooks no argument.

5. HUMILITY-2

True humility true confidence bestows,
To face the truth and know your worth besides,
It neither scoffs at itself nor it crows
At one's imagined talents and bestrides.

This worthy charge happily takes a ride,
To realms of success, it steadily goes,
And truthful, truthful all its limits knows,
And by its limits always thus abide.

It neither shouts triumph nor does hide,
(when it does battle lose) in hedge grows
Of black regret and always it does bide
Its chance to plough with numberless furrows

The fields of life and makes its losses guide,
And point the way to where the victory grows.

6.

JOY

I happy happy like a fiddle fit,
Pirouette and to the beat of pleasure hum,
And throw my arms around you to submit,
To hurting hugs. And now that you have come,

No harm to tell of loathsome agonies ,
Which tortured and tormented your beloved:
To see the mynas kissing on the trees,
And I so lonesome – unkissed and unloved,

To write the letters filled with ironies,
Of circumstances, tear them up and blink,
The tears away to hide the miseries,
Lest you may not so cowardly me think.

But nestled in your arms, I admit
I don't remember pain – not a bit.

7. MISCHANCE

The very act of your coming does
Miraculous things to me. Adrenalin
Revamps my ailing body. With a buzz,
Sweet happiness then rises from within.

The reservoir of love. But alas!
My quick revival by you is mistook
As health vivacious. My diseased mass
By racking sobs is tossed and badly shook.

This vicious circle continues. You glance
At my up surging health; then depart
With no attention paid to mischance
That your coming perks in the past

You come! I healthy look – and perhaps,
You leave me thinking okay, – I relapse.

8. MY FRIEND JESUS

You may be God's darling – Mary's son,
But I am worried about my harsh malaise;
I look for pain's remedy, you for praise
Of your commandments. But it matters none.

To you that I am anxious. Everyone
Like you is occupied with rescue
Of sinful souls, forgiveness. And you
Are talking of Great God's kingdom own.

O! great messenger! holy, pious, wise,
What sort of love is this in your reign
You could my follies numerous; give advice
But unaffected by my woes remain.

True friend is one who in sin or hellish vice,
Is present - , counsels not and shares pain.

LOVE OF WOMEN

I loved them in my childhood, youth and now,

I love them more and myself for this preen

This world denounces this as sin but, how

Lovely and enchanting, , heady is this sin.

With women I conspire (I have balls),

These beautiful creations always make

Me helpless, I heed their heated calls,

And after this am ready for the stake,

Like one who loves roses must beware,

That under tender leaves, thorns do lurk,

Like one who wants the honey must prepare

For stings of honey – bees gone berserk.

You made them , Father, and your work is good,

I love you Father and your womanhood.

10.

DAUGHTERS

How quickly daughters grow, unlike sons!
In a single season, like the stalks of wheat
Get ripened. Daughters forget childish puns
And blossom into blushing maidens sweet.

Like young ones of the sparrows, wingless hatched
Are fondled, by the beaks of mothers fed,
And quickly growing wings, unattached
To mothers they become, and instead

Of welcome chirpings, nests are empty left.
And likewise fathers also lonely lonely feel,
When homes, of their daughters are bereft
They feel that life upon uneven keel

How quickly daughters grow, unlike sons,
From childhood to the teens in a dozen suns!

11. WORDS

Says “Viyogi”,- choose your words with care
They come in unsuspected meanings garbed,
So of their apparent apparel beware,
For when their sweetened look, can be barbed,

An inadvertent inflexion, change of tone,
Or unintended stress, careless pause ,
Can deadly misunderstandings cause
To misinterpretations words are prone.

The Words can cripple, maim, make you cry,
Or injure deeper than the lashing knives,
Or with sweet nothings make you sweetly sigh
With light euphoric breathing, all your lives.

So keep their consequences in your mind,
They can be cruel. Also can be kind.

12. MY DAUGHTERS

Three fairies while asleep, while awake,
Three restless souls. These my daughters are.
And when engrossed in writing, for my sake,
They hold their restless questionings. And bar

Their hushed breathing, every sound is stilled,
But when I lift my head or leave my pen,
The muted silence is so quickly killed
That cacophony breaks out there and then.

They query, what I wrote, what about,
And ask the meanings of the words,
These fair extensions of my soul, no doubt,
Are like the fluttering, singing, chirping birds.

I answer them and wonder, that one day,
They would, their youth attain, and go away.

13 VISIT TO PATNI TOP WITH HER

When hand-in-hand in lovely woods we roamed,
Of pines and firs and birches so serene,
We hugged and kissed and laughed and now entombed,
In memory lies this happy happy scene.

Was every nook and corner by us combed,
What heady moments, what wild vagrant mood
Was ours. This love-laden aptitude
By lisping whispers of these veterans groomed.

Though gnarled by roaring winds, they brooding stand;
Time- honored, leafy cushions at their feet;
And pointed needles skywards in the air,
We hidden in their shadows hand-in-hand

You whispered this to me in that retreat,
“All things are lovely when my love is here”.

14. PATNI TOP RE-VISITED WITHOUT HER

Tranquil, peaceful, calm, in solitude,
Birch and pine and fir trees stand in truce,
And when some vagrant wisps of wind intrude,
They sway and sigh and whisper. I deduce

That mighty storms all , wrathful, flashing, rule
Have gnarled majestic trunks of sturdy trees
And bent them double, made them rough and crude ,
Though now they brooding stand in apparent peace.

Love, when I met you first, the woody lanes
Were the same. These everlasting veterans are
Bedecked with beauty of some fitful peace
And stand in silence bearing aches and pains.

But where are you? Your absence leaves a scar,
What wrinkled, twisted, lifeless woods are these?

15. PAST FRIENDS

Oh! friends of yesterdays, moments past,
Your faces floating come and floating go.
My clouded memories, all aghast ,
When leave me, to you. I salute and bow.

For beauteous moments, to me which you gave.
Through unconnected to you now. they stand,
I treasure them and dote on them and save ,
For they so often tease my memory strands.

The memory which your faces has forgot
But every moment in its solitude,
When it accounts for what my life has wrought
It thinks of you with love and gratitude.

For when I find myself in grievous bind,
I need to look and want to look behind.

16. CONSOLATION

This world so full of such like wonders is
That soulful verses, words of mine et all ,
My loves, my deep desires, longed for bliss
Are like some child's illegible scrawl

On walls of life. And every port and state
Has once been visited by some sailor past,
Who lived and died with gusto. And all great,
Unrivalled statues by late sculptors cast;

And every verse that matters has been writ;
And every battle has been lost ere won.
At heaven's crowded gate repenting sit
That herein also I am the late one.

But one great consolation I have got
I wrought with love, whatever I have wrought.

17. Who Seek Unbridled Power

Ambitious men, unbridled power seek,
How luckless, fatal wish is this not know
Alexander, son of Philip, mighty Greek,
Did rise from dust and into dust did go.

And likewise Akbar and almighty Rome,
For fleeting moments, they, their fate belied
With loud, defiant, warlike beats of drum,
But unflinching in the end, they also died.

And great Ashoka's bones now buried lie
In the Ganges, under heaps of mortal bones,
And into dust are turning by and by
All kings and sparkling scepters, priceless thrones.

So men, who seek unbridled power must
In time, by Time be trampled into dust.

18.

FLOOD

Just beyond my comprehension lurks
A thought, demanding some befitting words,
And teases, pleases, tantalizes, works
Unknown to me. A shepherd tending herds

Of poems unwrit and melodies unvoiced
And on the fence it prowling, still remains
Unwarned, lovely unsung unrejoiced
Till “Enter Thou” , He lovingly ordains.

Then feather – like it falls upon my psyche.
To push aside the boulders of restraint
And hurtles on the trail so feather – like
So effortless and without one complaint.

That words like torrents come in pouring showers
And lovely lyrics echo in the bowers.

19. Enchained To A Stranger And Handcuffed

Enchained to a stranger and handcuffed
(As every man in life does feel some time),
I felt. My every query is rebuffed
So stubborn is this stranger in his prime.

And my afflicted mind in barricades
Of ignorance does fumble and argue,
Embarks upon its silent, fruitless raids
And shadows as realities I construe.

In meek allegiance wounded it retreats
Subservient, humiliated, in dismay,
To lick its wounds but in a flash it meets
The truth and then in wonder turns to say,

“In vain I struggled, made impassioned plea,
It, all the time was I, enchained to me”.

20. FULL – THROATED SONG

How sad but true that unless grief is told,
Unnoticed, hidden in the heart remains
And unless man is vocal, open, bold,
It feeds upon its vitals, daily gains

Such strange hold on mortals, young and old,
So says ‘Viyogi’. And this slimly fiend
Enfeebles, sucks blood and leaves behind
A shell, but still it keeps the strange hold.

So beat the drum of grief, O! loudly beat,
In forceful tones embark upon the world
And let it soaring fly along the breeze
And tell its woes once and then repeat.

And always keep your flag of pain unfurled –
No peace ‘Viyogi’ in the silence sees.

21. A True Friend's Advice To Bear Her Loss

How true that grief can never bring her back,
why curse luck, wail her loss, berate
Her earthly absence? why not fill her lack,
By thoughts of moments spent with her? Ah! fate

Has taken her. You say, "All grief is black",
It smears sacred moments spent with her,
You sympathies. Your presence in a blur,
Unsettles me and huddles in my shack.

I all anew bewail her grievous loss
And ache and burn. My heart unheeding grieves.
How true is what you say but still my dear,
I try to banish grief but cannot pass.

And you, yourself are wiping with your sleeves
Your eyes, though telling, not to shed a tear.

22.

SANNASAR

On good earth's jagged face this lovely spot
Devoid of human footprints, habitat
Of beauty, virgin – like, so sensuous that
It leaves me all enraptured, panting, hot.

Then I thus feverish on this paper jot
Eulogies this place in haunting verse,
And with its spotless virginity converse
And punctuate with pause and dash and dot.

This breathless, undulating, heady place,
I visited once. It lives in memories,
I think of it and when, with noiseless grace
It hurt's me into daylong reveries.

My memories are mares and SANNASAR,
Is like a sharpened, stinging, tapered spur.

23. BATOTE REVISITED

Have you seen Batote on leeward side
Of “Pattnitop” so closely which it hugs
Like startled damsel, newly wedded bride,
Enwrapped, so mutely hugs the bridal rugs.

My Pammi once did in this place reside,
And end of journey for me it became
And to this dame of hills I always came
To spend a few moments with my future bride.

Then felt I like some falcon on the prowl,
When with gigantic purpose it does soar,
But to-day when I see this hilly bowl
I find it barren, lifeless, empty, sore.

For people not the places are my goal
And Pammi in this heaven stays no more.

24. UNPREMEDITATED WANT

When some unpremeditated want
Superior to all needs and circumstance,
Confronts me shinning, then to it I grant
Unhindered passage. Let it then advance.

Like panthers are when wounded, though adroit,
So forgetful of skills and mindless cause,
Such havoc that they let the foe exploit
Their spring upon their foe without a pause.

But all substantial things I ever did,
And every lilting song I did create
Were all achieved when I was by it bid
To follow it O God! and I reiterate.

That in its rare appearance I exult,
And love its buoyant movement and tumult.

25. KRISHNA

His words are living although he has died
And once upon a time in days by- gone
When Arjun was in doubt he thus replied,
“Your duty is to keep on keeping on.

Your path is set and this is so ordained
That everyone should duty bound remain,
And into me is universe contained
And by me all are made and all are slain.

And soul is deathless, deathless it has come,
From me to you and deathless it will go
From you to me. This body – loved by some
Is mere illusion – Maya, visual show”

This thesis by Lord Krishna has been hailed
By countless minds and it has never failed.

26. God Gave A Few Moments

God gave a few moments' lease and man in greed
To fields unsanctioned went and heights aspired,
Let ambitions indiscriminately breed
To satiate his hunger then conspired

With life. This lease of God he much did abused;
And he, his sufferings much did advertise.
Though I acknowledge that in this he used
Undoubted talent, wondrous expertise.

He meditated, prayed and much perspired,
With subtle brilliance, cunning, tenderness
Was able to great God also harness
And dupe Him, till his lease of life expired,

And now in corners whining horrified,
He sits in terror, humble, terrified.

27.

BLUNDER

My love is with me sore and much annoyed,
With pristine anger flushed. Her shallow breathing
connotes that in her heart she sure is seething
With blazing eyes she stares. I avoid

To haggle but this ruse does fail to soothe.
I made an ass of myself, what to do?
I mentioned her in public, loudly too?
I lack sophistication. An uncouth.

I draw attention to the temple bells,
Which in the name of Lord are loudly tolled.
She says that I was foolish and uncalled
Was this and how her bosom heaves and swells

Well! I was deep in her love and proud of you
I made an ass of my myself, what to do?

28.ON RE-READING HIS OWN POEMS

Every thought that rises in my head,
I take it as a message from Great God.
Like weary traveler entering the homestead
Is welcomed with true love, by children prod

To tell about his travels. They exclaim
And shake their heads in wonder much amazed.
By pebbles thrown in water without aim
Are countless ripples, on its surface raised;

And one who throws the pebble is impressed.
Thus God's perennial wonder continues:
Like Kunwar Viyogi- once to me confessed
"I did not write my poems. I refuse

To agree to their authorship. Profess
No knowledge of their writer- nor no guess."

29.

OLD HUNTER

Time, Old hunter, dexterous and adroit;
Like raw novices does not run or rush,
But stalks the prey with patience. On the quiet,
It moves and finds it huddles in the bush.

The prey, oblivious of approaching doom-
Thus hides and feels from danger safe and sound;
And likewise humans, when in limited room
Of understanding, complacency bound

Forget this wily hunter, who his self
has noiseless made to catch them unaware.
He finds them easy prey, engaged in pelf
And petty squabbles over land and ware.

It noiseless, deathless , endless, quietly moves-
In plains and deserts on pre-destined groves.

30.

KABIR

Unhindered by the limits of the language,
Unlettered poet, ignorant of script,
And alphabet, was this medieval sage,
But he his date with his destiny kept.

The language was his maid, meter slave,
And metaphors and similes balls of clay,
He kneaded them and wondrous outlines gave,
And on posterity holds ascetic sway.

To him 'Vyogi', Thakur••- pay homage;
And Arjun Dev ji* followed his mystique.
His all- pervading shadow on this age,
I find in whatever poetic works, I pick.

Extractor of great song from worldly noise.
I wish, I had your felicity and poise.

*Fifth Guru of Sikhs who compiled Granth Sahib
containing, as its major part poetry of Kabir as Kabir-Vani.

** R.N. Tagor

31.

Love Is Wealth

I live surrounded by my worldly wares,
In wealth reside; this very fact I rue,
And look at all possessions. Furtive stares,
I throw at happiness but find no clue

To win one heady moment free of cares;
And feel it melting on my parching tongue;
To sing all lyrics that are still unsung;
And frolic unperturbed like mating pairs.

I see one laborer, then in genuine mirth,
When breaking stones, one moment he espies;
He wipes his perspiration from the eyes;
When sees his love and rolls on dusty earth:

My every moment with such pain is fraught;
I know that love is wealth, wealth is not.

It always works like this, when friends I want,
In loneliness I roam, but I am not mobbed,
When slumber comes, they come to me. I can't
Employ to salvage prestige. I am robbed

Of all ambition, will to live or die.

I wish to cease unnoticed in the eve,
Unwept. In languid slumber say goodbye
And in my gutless state, I, this conceive,

When hope was blooming red, the means I lacked.
Now, means I have but hope is blooming not.
This life is so ramshackle and ransacked,
It sure is devil's ploy shameless plot.

This thought upon the brain is like a cyst
Which ties my life in knots but I exist.

33.

MOSHOBRA

(Simla hills)

Where great Himalayas with Shivaliks meet.
Engulfed by towering pines. I think of it.
I once with Pammi visited this retreat.
Where once again I come and brooding sit:

Recapture blissful moments with my spouse,
With sweet remembrance I my love enhance
For one enamored moment. every grouse
Is buried in this lovely circumstance.

For what enlivens this, my baffled self
Is that once so easily I harpooned
My fears of all wants and lack of self
When I with Pammi came and honeymooned

When selfsame fears come, existence haunt,
I think of it and conquer all my want.

34.

We Met And Lovely Home

We met and lovely home, together made,
In which we lived and loved and then evolved,
A system with which difficulties were solved,
A system in which happiness stayed.

In spite of this I cautioned you not,
Start thinking I can conquer everything,
But in a foolish way, I also thought,
That I can beat whatever fate can bring,

But loathsome fates single tiny sting,
Has taken you away from me forever,
And although I have handled knave and king
yet fate has shattered us at one Endeavour,

This is a room for which I have no key,
This is a wall, past which I can not see.

35.

METHOD

Some method is essential for success
And meaningful and organized work.
The scattered and disorganized mess
Which life is made of often goes berserk.

And we all quietly take it in our stride
To destinations unspecified,
In justification look at scattered stars
Or wobbling, poisonous, planet, that is Mars

And listen to the sages with mistrust,
Who tell us with its stars, planets, suns
The universe with certain method runs;
Some method in this madness is a must.

The nesting bard, the bee in the beehives,
With certain method toils and survives.

36. Striding On My Weary Back

I myself striding on my weary back
Is bent upon to drive me like my fate;
It blesses me with such a cheerful knack
To keep in check my jealousies and hate,

I continue to move towards my end
And ask the staunchest foe, the truest friend,
The burning lamp is smoking, tell me why
Some obstacle is hampering the supply

Of oil to its wicks and the flame
Is flickering, although air is very still.
And on its own volition, its own will,
It seems to make the end its very aim

And this, Myself, through my humiliation
Is searching for my final destination.

37. MOMENTS

You came to me on tiptoe, unannounced,
The fleeting Time was frozen in its tracks
To do obeisance to this moment. Lacks
And woe-be-gone penury were renounced.

Just for a moment by my sore existence,
Where seconds jostle with instinctive haste
And hurry with a monotonous persistence
To prove my unimportance, lay me waste

The beauty of that lovely, perfect moment.
(That neither had a future, nor, no past,
Which rustled like a dream in its ferment;
And like a dream was, in a moment, lost),

Has lived with me forever, ever lingers,
And probes my senses with its velvet fingers.

'Tis not to be: Then let it not be so,
When love is lost and done, say good bye.
Yes ! it is hard to do but let us try.
Let no one see our grief and piteous woe;

So that no kindred friend or wily foe
Would mansion us pity or would chide
And injure more already injured pride
By overmuch, alterative hurting bow.

Yes it is good to cancel such a vow
Which seems impossible to truly keep
It's better still to let no body know
That Whether we are wakeful or asleep.

We have to keep on smiling just for show
Though inside, we inconsolably weep.

39.

IRONY

I should have warned you truly in advance
That if you leave me, I would die of pain,
But by your sensuous presence I was slain,
And thus to warn I never got a chance

You saw me breathing: I was in a trance,
You with the arrows of your glances probed,
But I was lifeless, therefore never moved,
And could not with abundant pleasure dance

And sensations of joys thus enhance.
You took me to be wooden and you sighed,
For no way I had given you response,
My true condition was unspecified.

You turned away, without a backward glance,
I called your name in vain and quietly died.

40. Anniversaries

Anniversaries come anniversaries go.

Likewise men come and men go.

But in this thoroughfare of life, certain
anniversaries and certain men leave

Indelible marks on the sand of time it was the 33rd
Anniversary of the YAKS and such was
The man who inspired it- Wg.Cdr H.B. Singh,
With a unique mix of kindness, benevolence,

Candidness and ingenuity, he culminated
A unique tenure as YAK boss by creating a
Unique celebration. Therefore, the yak family
Presents this 33rd Anniversary Album.

To him and the inimitable woman
Behind his success Shrimati Inder Lamba.

AMEN

41. Peasant Toiling In The Dirt

Behold the peasant toiling in the dirt,
The cowherd, heading cows in the meadows,
The coolie perspiring in his shirt,
Unseeingly, espying every shadow,

The humiliated wife or daughter- in- law
With every vestige of her ego crashed,
Behold neglected daughter or unhonored squaw
Behold reviled, beaten, bushed.

They smile at your sequestered ivory towers,
But if you see them closely for a while,
You notice that behind the tattered covers
There is a cyclone raging in the smile

A heap of dynamite behind this ruse,
Stands waiting for someone to light the fuse.

It hurts, it hurts and sorely tortures me,
Whenever bitter truth, this message sends,
When we account for world's inconsistency,
The list is headed by the names of friends.

Strangers have no power to create life
The island of privilege in plot,
They can not hurt us deeply or placate
The deepest injuries of the heart.

To count them out of life is easy, but,
What pains us gravely, gets under the skin.
And what accounts to an unkindest cut
Is torment gifted by our kith and kin.

Where love is deepest, hurt can deepest be.
For, to our hearts, the strangers have no key

43.

Oh! Leave Me

Oh! Leave me to my musings and my pace.

I know the moves of life I cope. I cope.

And I will reach the pinnacle. In case

I fail to reach the top, the world, I hope

Will understand that this is no disgrace.

I struggle on and take no umbrage

On spiteful words that hurt and disparage,

Investigate all hues which do embrace,

The visage of this hill and not despair

Of haggling argument. So I proceed,

My final destination is decreed:

With deep conviction do I this declare.

Great winners are good losers, patience show,

This sage Vyogi taught us long ago.

44. COURAGE IS THE KEY

To keep on keeping on is simple truth,
But do you know what, for you , this implies?
“O! yes, I know that with your nail and tooth,
You keep on keeping on,” my heart replies,

The stones you stumble on, you merely take
As landmarks of your journey, which apart
From giving you few bruises undertake
To show you where to go, from where to start.

The travelers who this simple truth dispute,
Are singled out by life and are quickly perished.
So give regards to, do not this refute:
By all successful men, this truth is cherished;

And this is known to Emperor, Brahmine, knave
That those who win, if nothing else, are brave.

45. BUILD MY CASTLES IN THE AIR

Once I tried to walk my dreams
And put my mind to only flesh and bone.
And overt physicality's of schemes,
But after a few steps, I fell down.

All my muscles, sinews, nerves and will
Were powerless to put me on my feet,
I tried and tried and tried and tried but still
I found myself squarely on my seat.

All my efforts, having all my sweat
Which I had pre-invested were futile
But I had learnt that frustration and fret
Are never helpful even for a while,

Hence I started dreaming then and there
And bent to build my castles in the air.

46. Parting Of Ways III

When this and that I forget, I remind,
Myself to write it down. but evermore,
I forget- even to keep this in my mind,
And wander aimless, anchorless, therefore,

I do not know- what ailment threatens me,
Though all the greatest sages I have met,
To ascertain the causes and to see,
What calamity is hanging like a threat.

To stifle me and make my love so mute,
And choke the muse that bubbles in my heart?
I long for nothing, wealth nor no repute,
But only with a sense of peace depart.

To kingdom come. And in His loving arms,
Find what I missed but liked in Earthly charms.

47. TIME—III

I would not have asserted it until,
Discerning imperceptibly a moment,
For a tiny fragment of a fleeting moment,
I saw myself that Time was standing still.

Was there a nexus(in my mind) between,
The being of effect without any cause,
The two some of the seen and unseen,
I can not say with certainly because.

The being of effect without the cause,
It was perhaps vision of my mind,
Which it had snatched from palsied claws,
Of what should come from what was left behind.

It should not have been so and yet it was,
Appearance of effect without any cause

48. Improvise Of Silence

Leave your restless wanderings traveler, hark!
And quieten clamorous voices from within,
Which rise. O! listen, be attentive, keen
And what “Viyogi” says, O! traveler, mark.

O'er burdened with the word we call success,
Which world proclaims so loudly. Underneath
The very loudness lie some sounds. Beneath
Your breast is harmony with-in access.

So reach for it and listen, pay homage.
To hurtling go to problems in bad taste,
Be patient, silence can with ease manage
All calamities which lay humans waste.

When you are faced with problems and carnage,
In silence meet them; not in clueless haste.

49.

A Thought From After-Life

The love of women is an endless wheel,
From womb to grave it doesn't humans leave.
We busy busy men this do not feel,
It keeps on hanging lightly to our sleeve

We take for granted cooing lullaby
And mothers hen- like fight, on our behest
When faced with fangless wrath of time. Then we
Come scampering back and on her bosom rest.

And in our married bliss, we much envied
With wry sarcasm do our blessing grant
But least know, how this very blessing need,
All men, though know not this for want of want.

I also came to know this in a flash,
My spouse when kissed me oddly ere my crash.

50. SELF RESPECT

My lips were parched with thirst, when I saw
A crystal watered river flowing fast.

I crawling went to it with heave and haw
My dried up soul—to its waters cast.

But nearing it, well- willed to sorrows drown,
I noticed on its surface ripples dance
And manifold its impish charm enhance.
To me but to look like irritated frown.

On my arrival peeved and disturbed,
I sat then on its bank's though mortified
Deliberately all my cravings curbed
And on its banks thirsty thirsty died.

With open arms, the doors that don't receive
I enter not- Oh! life , I take your leave.

51. The Day I Looked Up From Its Base

The day I looked up from its base, the cliff
 Appeared to be, highest peak of earth.
 Unconquered, unencircled, beau as if,
 Admiring its own Hottentotish girth.

Me thought, to climb and conquer it was hard
But as my wish to do something was strong,
 I started climbing yard by fearsome yard
 Because I think inaction to be wrong.

 Yard by dangerous yard as I climbed,
Uncounted higher cliffs came in view
I felt my urge to climb was rightly *timed*-
 Because with sense of *déjà vu* I knew.

I wondered climbing, as the air cooled
How easily can the ignorant be fooled.

52.

Nikka My Brother

A brother who from very childhood years
Has been an ideal brother, bold and true,
Who showed his chagrin, anger, unshed tears,
Whenever kept bereft of all I knew.

Who cherished me as Lakshman cherished Rama,
And, as his faith in me was boundless,
To shield him from, ruthless life's dilemma, I,
Encountered humiliation, On the sly.

Dependent, helpless siblings needing *ruth*
Were guided and disciplined in this way
To find their place in life and face the truth.
But NIKKA (honored soldier) to this day,

Though, now in charge of facing life's drama
Still treats me like a Lakshman does a RAMA.

53. THE RIVER SAGE

Chenab, with sudden twist and roar,
Makes a perfect arch and flows along
To do a similar thing just north of “Gaur”
And floods my senses with a sensual song.

At Ambaran it southward turns and goes
To ancient town Akhnoor and seems to say,
“Have I put some thought unto your brows:
For you are lost and I am on my way.

Why swim against the currents of your life?
Why not to take the path of least resistance
And like me negotiate the stress and strife
To add some color to your blank existence?”

I wonder at the truth of what it says!!

Is it a river or a sage?

54.

You May Think

I am out for nothing, you may think.
My actions are ill reasoned and illthought.
My aimless life is hurtling to the brink
Of nothingness. Believe me, It is not.

I am out for, not yet, thought of schemes
Like how to carry water in a sieve,
Like how to tap the elfin sap of dreams,
Like how to learn to laugh, unlearn to grieve.

But if you find it hard to so believe
The choice is yours, I for one,
Would even say so much as by your leave
That you may let me think, it can be done.

For you are welcome to your own belief,
But leave me to my fun or to my grief.

55. Dattu's Song

I do not go alone, to water fetch,
From rivers. Now I go with my play mates;
And in their company, walk this stony stretch.
From milling river bank to village gates.

The people of this village are so vile,
That wild stories legend- like they make,
Their vile imagination, full of guile,
Prevents my happy forays. For their sake,

I can not laugh and talk to any one,
For vile conclusions from this they can draw,
To husband's sister and my mother-in-law.
A smile, a guffaw, syllable or pun,
In every flawless thing they find a flaw

O! Dattu teach me damage has been done,
My innocence explain to mother-in-law.

Such countless subterfuges does heart endure,
Such senseless barbs, such thrusting, hurting jibes
That burn and bludgeon, parry every cure
Through helpless, helpless, hopeless it survives.

My heart then enters such wild ecstasy,
It hallucinates and rules the roost like gods
Enslaves the mind; encourages it to see
All hidden meanings, Comprehending nods

At flustered hurried act, the furrowed brow,
Unmanageable harems, the harried kings
Of feelings, burn the heart, but do you know ,
From smoldering hearts, immortal poesy springs?

Then do not tarry, do not make excuse;
Let burning heart, by burning serve the Muse.

57. When I Heard A Dogri Song Of Dattaram

What haunting melody, ah! tell O bard!
In measured tones you master – like recite,
With love embellished symbols, disregard
Unfettered syllables; in pure delight,

And hurl them at my numbness. Then my blues
Are scattered to the winds, where they fall
They remove apprehension, subterfuge
And so disposed they leave me in a thrall?

Thus, all excited, breathless, I eschew,
The clichés old and unaccustomed gasp
In new environment and ideas new,
But all the same I understand and grasp.

And what I say is simple, well – conveyed,
Like “Dattu” says Viyogi, “It is said”.

58. VAISHNO DEVI

From Katra to the Cave in a single file
They walk along the path with rocks strewn,
What power makes them keen and so agile
That all devotees chant one ceaseless tune.

In praise of Durga. Distance eating gait
With every step takes nearer to the Cave,
And as they reach the rocky Palace gate
Of Durga – all devotees rant and rave.

All legends which are dotted on the way
Of this enthralling, ancient folk lore
Are legends, pure and simple, if I may
But I am told to be silent, say no more.

And this devotion leaves such deep impress
I join them, and I raw and rant no less.

59. Your Unkind Words

Your unkind words – inadvertently said
Flow gurgling in my blood stream and they look
So patient and what crooked paths they tread
In veins, and blinded turn at every nook.

The reckless pain lies buried in my heart (Accursed),
And rises in a few sudden, startling spurts.
Unfeelingly it pierces like a dart,
O! Pull it slowly, for it hurts, it hurts.

Pray , listen to what I have got to say,
We, hand in hand did come, and hand in hand
I pray to God, shall go; I always pray
And so unfettered , hand in hand, we stand.

And if you want to leave me, you can go
With ease and just a feeling formal no.

60. IN TIME WITH 2 AUG.

I often think and hope in hopeless hope
For some forgotten tunnels to escape ,
In darkened corridors of mind, I grope
For, freedom, from the life's perpetual rape.

When, no escape I find from cruel strife
Which so remorseless hammers at my guts ,
I come to understand that this is life,
And quietly check my useless ifs and buts.

I make amends for all my gutless days
By firm decision. Hope to end all this
And spend my after – life in peaceful bays
Where rule the gentle waves, eternal bliss.

But if have even then no peace of mind
What method of escape then shall I find?

61. MIDCOURSE MUSINGS

Come, take a fix on life, find your way
And like a lost mariner, do not grope.
Come, do not lose your bearings, go astray
Come, keep your tenuous hold on your hope.

Come, check your calculations all anew
And see that all corrections have been made
You might have missed your figures, one or two
Some vital action might have been delayed.

A misstep or a set – back should not break
Your rhythm Navigator. ‘Tis alright
If clouds do hide Polaris, then you take –
A sight on, Vega, Sirius in the night.

But check your settings on your sextant, you,
Must keep the steps in mind and continue.

62. ON READING MAHABHARTA

This murky tale of fraud and subterfuge,
Of bloodshed, vileness, rape and bloody stain,
On trembling thighs. I wonder who can choose
To call it sacred, but some musty brain.

The sages all rescinding their own vows
Of love and peace and taking to the sword
On words of witless chieftains. Joining rows
Of partisans without a grumbling word.

Yudishtra telling lies, and Abhimaniyu,
The child warrior seen entering this mayhem
To die in labyrinths of Chakravayu
But when I read the “Geeta,” a priceless gem;

Like TENZING on the Everest I do feel
I genuflect, do obeisance and kneel.

63. EYE OF THE HURRICANE

When mangled, bitten battered, bleeding raw
In life, I mellow down and lonely hide
And when some fearful doubts at vitals gnaw,
I check my pace with calculation. Bide

Some fitting moment from this self – exile
And wide commotion. Just to mollify
The curious queries of this world. The isle
Is in the eye of hurricane and I

Rebound with fury startle, dislocate
The plans of all foes. This overture
 Has taken me to such high – ceilinged state,
I scoff at pain and win the day from her.

For when you want to fly and like a swan ,
Then if you think you can, you can, you can.

64 . Keep Perspective Balanced Fisherman

Keep perspective balanced fisherman
That you are tiny, sea is large and vast
And though in wonder look and see and scan
But keep the sails securely tied to mast;

And from its bowels earn your daily wage:
A piece of drift-wood, clump of drifting weeds
Will meet your needs. So let it mightily rage
And churning in its madness meet your needs.

Oh! just remember that your bold forays
Are pranks of children on its mightily breast;
And all the tempting sands on beachful bays
Were boulders once- now broken down to rest.

So humble; humble go and cast the line
To catch a fish or two on which to dine.

I stand dumbfounded feeling for words
Which lurk at hidden peripheries of thought,
Like lovers cheating, prowling palace guards
On ramparts balance totter , tumble not.

That chance encounter with you out of the blue
Has left a tuneful, fierce resonance,
That wild skirmish, errand picturesque
That flawless feeling, wily exuberance.

Like tendrils of a vine to me still cling,
Like many sparkling invaluable emeralds
Are held by necklace, locket, wedding rings
What sweet splendored music it heralds!

With what tentative steps they move Oh! boy,
And what wild chances take and means employ.

66. One Stolen Moment

One stolen moment from the worldly cares,
One wanton thought, one lone unhurried cruise,
One sensuous smile that beckons and ensnares
And lingers balm – like on some bleeding bruise.

Is dearer than all wealth and all repute
Which labored effort wins and men possess,
Indulge in ostentations and compute
The cost with genuine pride. Nevertheless

They find that all this ruthless drive has failed
To satisfy some vague but restless need ,
One whispering melody which goes unhailed
Is irreparable loss to us indeed.

One longing kiss that lessens stress and strain
Is pregnant with more pleasure than all gain.

67.

Pretentions

At all pretentions, one should look askance,
And falsehood poison, ivy – like avoid.
This life is, but an accidental chance,
And world is nothing but a nameless void.

These pains and pleasures pure illusions are,
All sight is sightless, viewless in all view
To all - perceiving eye, the twinkling star,
In sky so blue, thought twinkles, has no hue.

This life is short, so one must live it pure
By concentrating on the distant spot
Where all mirages merge. The verdure,
A movement lingers – then it lingers not.

But hurries in a flash as though unseen,
And nothing is will be, no nor has been.

68.

Messenger

Be fast messenger, pigeon, word of mouth ,
Go – tell the earthlings and the gods above,
And spread it East and West and North and South,
Tell every silent mountain, whispering grove.

O! tell them take some heart and not to mourn;
And feel dishearten on this happy eve,
Remember this to bid them not to yearn
For distant joys. If this they don't believe

That you have heard this tiding from his lips,
Then let them from this tiding take delight,
This evening old Viyogi comes to grips
With Muse and fancy's viewless, wingless flight.

And tell them not to worry. Feel secure
So hurry, brethren, do not long demur.

69. The Feudal Days Are Past

The feudal days are past of the past , and we
Are none of us chained like in the past
Were queens to kings by custom, royal decree,
With fetters held, and bound secure and past.

When much against their wishes were so held,
All ravishing beauties for the lusting kings,
And roaring fires were in the harems quelled
By emperors lecherously. Gruesome things

Were done to them, then cast aside, all drained
Of youth, of feeling, lived in limited scope,
Benumbed by royal glamour, still chained
By golden fetters, lost beyond all hope.

We hold our hands in love, no chains are these
Can walk away at will and when we please.

Love, hold your dagger, let me count my wounds
Some closed, some closing and a few still agape
Withhold and leash your furious, snarling hounds
Till I apply some balm and find some tape.

Then all – anew you wield this dagger sharp,
With thrust and cut, you open up my heart.
On this my luckless plight, but do not harp
Come, I am willing, bring your dagger, start.

These bleeding cuts will give me blood to write
With venom of this sorry testament ,
That life is. And let me for a mite
Hold court and brook no bar or argument.

Love give me such a brisk and tireless pen
That when I write, I write of love of men.

71.

WALLS

‘Viyogi’ lanes of Jammu negotiates
And finds around him walls, walls and walls.
Then wonders what stories and what fates
Are lurking or are brewing , Mating calls

Of unadmitted passion, smarting burns
Of wounding, vile sentences; waging tongues,
Of hibernating lust or purest songs.
He keeps on thinking till he inward turns.

And wonders if at all he wants to know
What lies behind these walls, Questionings
Are stilled and smoothed is his furrowed brow,
He lets them secrets be the secret things.

‘T is good to let the hiding tales decide
Their moments to emerge , Let them hide.

72.

STUPOR

What acts I do (I do in such excess)
Of power, women, wealth and wine included
With poesy. And hence in mute distress,
The woods of life look barren and denuded

Of trees. The living symbols of desire
Are felled without the least discrimination;
And all these sinful logs when set afire,
Result in one black Smokey hallucination.

On mental crutches, ego trips galore
I spend these heady moments as if stoned
And when unhinged, I drug myself bit more
And sink in deepest stupor. Unatoned,

I live these moments – loving one and all;
And willy, nilly, to my end – I crawl.

73. THE CITY I LIVE IN

– a foot – note

I craved for your attention, but in vain.
I failed to move your stoic, clueless cheer
I was rejected by you everywhere
But now you want to name your newest lane

To honor me. No thanks. In times remote,
When you rejected me with vile comment,
This rosary of the sonnets, then I wrote,
To assuage my hurt. The monument

Has risen higher than your wildest guess,
And learned scholars, from it widely quote,
The irrepressible truths of life,. Though, yes,
I once did on you passionately dote.

You booted me and therefore Your Highness
In this have only rated a foot – note.

74.

CACOPHONY

With conches, bells and hymns, chanting shouts,
What deafening, doping cacophony make,
And he, who, this objects , does mistake,
Is “kafir” and subject to luckless rout.

Their vocal chords are swollen, strong and stout/
For singing all above the sacred hymns,
And without understanding to me seems,
And I express my view, they sulk and pout.

I say O! theist, atheist, O! monotheist,
I grant, this group , therapy carries clout,
And hypnotized believers have the least
Awareness of actions, without doubt.

Oh! let me on your words of wisdom feast,
And tell me what all this noise is about.

75.

RESTFUL EASE

Now I have left my loving. Fearful rift
Of heart is sewn, an angry scar is left.
Immune to aches. I, in life adrift,
Am sinking, by some power floating kept

Alive. Ah! wonder in my loneliness.

What wistful hope has kept me thus afloat,
For further painful lashes and distress?
I think of it and rub my tender throat.

And fearful fearful ask my hopeless hopes,
To leave me to my sinking, let me cease,
To let me keep on rolling down the slopes
Of restful restful ease. Let me please

Embark upon the journey of no tears ,
Which peaceful peaceful to my eye appears.

76.

Viyogi

The word ‘Viyogi’ means one who burns

In fires of separation. Pseudonym

It apt. What he gets, he returns

To condescending world. Synonym

To all he lacked in life is this world,

Befitting every moment, every clime,

When by your presence he is deeply stirred/

He burns for that denuded loveless time,

Which luckless moments gifted to construct.

Unchallenged claims of love. When alone

He longs to hold you closely and about

Your most fragrant person make his own.

‘Viyogi’ means a person who burns,

With you and without you , turn by turn.

77.

DEATH WE DIE

What saddens me and hampers every chance
Of living is, we let our fears prevail;
And the wise injunction – “Death does come but once”
Does go unheeded – bludgeons us. Flail

The waves of sweetest music ; granite walls
Of our anxiety roll away unheard
And our existence, akin to rag dolls,
Appearing life – like truly, but absurd

Are these illusions. If we only could
Refuse to die when challenged by each fear
And wallop this anxiety as we should,
Then we could lead a happy life, my dear.

And live like princes, to our loves attend,
To meet our death finally as a friend.

78.

WAITING

The hardship that is waiting is like hell
An eerie sense of doom oh dear! prevails
From dawn to dusk; each hour tolls the bell
Of wired torments, courage badly fails.

And waiting, love, if nothing is at par
With bringing, like Farhad, to the dyke
The channels full of milk. How bizarre
Is this metaphor! Listen if you like.

This Milton mentioned on the waiting's role ,
("They also serve who only stand and wait")
I call it highbrow thinking, hyperbole,
And those who have to wait, I curse their fate.

And waiting is like Dante's burning place,
Self immolation or like death embrace.

79.

MOON AND LOVERS

Like moon to moonlight, love to lovers is,
And moonlight, like a dazzling arch, sprays
The lover's meeting in the night. Love gives
Such high intensity to its surveys

That without love, the lovers are forlorn,
Like bamboos not yet hewn to make flutes
And without moonlight, moon of beauty shorn,
Like trees uprooted have all withering roots.

Moon is luminous with the pale moonlight
And shrouds the earth in soothing loveliness;
Love is like a lark , at viewless height,
Which with its melody lessens loneliness.

Lovers without love – a palsied hand,
Moon devoid of moonlight –a barren land.

80.

Bouncing Cheque

To whatsoever field, I, God, apply,
I face reluctance, back to zero bounce.
And get a hefty “No” as stock reply,
Whenever some ambition, I announce.

You issued me to Earth on your account
Or did you use a cheque-book which was wrong?
To other galaxy it really did belong
For in your earthly balance, all amount

Is less than what you wrote against my name
And like the petty thieves or smart alecks ,
You thought that it would cause me little shame.
You loaded all your dice, packed your decks

And want that I should take the final blame
I didn't know you issued bouncing cheques.

81. ON THE GHALIB

century celebrations

I, to such celebrations, so unused,
Stand rooted to one spot, my habitual way
Of listening to adulations. Much abused
And sullied was dear Ghalib in his day

For unpaid debts and for his drinking cup,
For flights of wingless poesy, beyond grasp
Of shallow minds. With wonder, but set up
All those who understand. In wonder gasp

At intricacies of his simple style
In prose and verse. But what a shameful curse
Is this that these revellers , all the while
unheeding sing his praises, not the verse.

My own reply was this to all I heard,
Forget the praises, let us read his word.

82. OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

The tags were HIS and HERS, without name,
Two places on the table she had set,
To celebrate our wedding day. Forget
I surely did the event. Friendly game

Of bridge, as usual, held me up. To blame
Is not her nature. She did make – believe
That I was sitting there all the same
In front of her. So then she did relieve

The champagne bottle of its liquid. Frame
When empty she did throw away. You bet
When someone asked “How is and where is “Prem”?”
I hurtled home and quickly in a sweat

She saw me breathing hard and said ,“ You punk,
Come, hold me. I am lonely. I am drunk.”

83.

POW – WOW

They ask me , “why do you write about yourself?”

I ask them , “Tell me whom I better know

My shattered psyche or that of others”. Secret pelf

And this way goes on our pow – wow

They tell me, : All observers who are great,

Do outward look and shun the personal view

And with impersonal diction, they narrate

And rest they leave to readers; why not you?”

I tell them, “ They who make this absurd claim

Do only delve in shallowness. Pretend

To know the whole from part and my friend,

I know that all their greatness is selfsame.

Great Thoreau lived forever in concord

And dazzled every thinker , every

84.

DISINTRESTED

Burdened by me cares like a pup
Go yelping cruelly booted, badly kicked,
And in my own self – pity, tears sup
To count my woes and feel completely licked.

So all my verses are in pain composed
And weary weary tearful , all my songs.
This life has gifted pain in droves and throngs
Which in my gift of verses are enclosed.

I, in the selfsame vein compose and write
And my energy continuously saps
And subtle distinction losing, I perhaps
Am ignorant of what is wrong or right.

Oh! I may not complain , take interest
May take my leave of life and go to rest.

85. TEMPLE BELLS OF JAMMU

Oh! temple bells of Jammu pray roll on,
And from my feelings echoing, then return.
This life is rough and tough and really stern,
So for the sake of harassed self toll on.

I, humbly humbly on you now call on,
Be ringing, tolling, pains to assuage,
And keep me company for my earthly age ,
To have a chance to manage and toil on.

Oh! like the days of yore, I falls on
Your sweetest notes to consultation give
And agonized soul, a bit relieved,
To make it thus survive and stroll on.

Oh! temple bells of Jammu, pray toil on
For when I hear you, all my doubts are gone.

You called my name and in my tracks I froze,
And dumb and speechless surely I became.
(And from the time I know your story goes
That I go speechless when you call my name.)

But to-day with determination grim,
I willed and called upon my cowering pals
To help me and they said “we pity him ,
For what is there in tacking lovely gals?”.

So courage and senses came to render help
And voice returned from where’re it had gone
Breathed deeply, I bucked up, like a whelp,
I called your name and lo! the deed was done.

For as I called you also called my name,
And dumb and speechless surely I became.

87. GIFTS OF FRIENDSHIP

To my heart, my knowledge, message sends,
This message hurts, perplexes, tortures me.
“When we are listing world’s inconstancy,
The list is headed by the names of friends!”

Strangers have no power to create
The islands of privilege in our psyche,
They can not prick us deeply. Extenuate
A few minor irritations. If we like,

We cut them out of reckoning. Really, but
What pains us gravely gets under our skin,
And what amounts to the unkindest cut.
Is torment gifted by our kith and kin.

And to our hearts, the strangers, have no key;
Where love is deepest, hurt can deepest be.

88.

DRINKING DEEP

Oh, friends! shed your caution, get involved,
And don't bewail (like a coward) your lot,
The problems that are tough remain unsolved,
Oh! leave them to your throbbing gutsy heart.

And scant attention pay to who on brinks
Of storms are sitting with sarcastic smirk,
But love the swimmer in the storm who sinks
Who some escapade does with courage work.

Among the swirling waters , fearsome waves,
When holy priest from drinking you forbids
In temple. Ask him like courageous braves
To name the places God where absent is.

Where you can drink in blind unending trust
And live in fullest measure, Oh! you must.

89.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Was I wakeful when I ventured , life
Is mere illusion, flash, a blur, a swish?
Were you listening to this rumor rife ,
That in a jiffy granted every wish?

Was I fired up by my happiness
When I profusely gratefulness conveyed?
And were you watching from divine recess,
That just to spite me answers you delayed?

Do you agree joy is mere mirage,
Which often like reality does appear?
Am I now asleep that you, my dear,
Have come to my contention disparage?

Would you take this questionnaire and yes
And would you send answers or your guess?

90.

GRIEVANCES -I

Grievances are like some festering wounds,
More putrid and foul smelling than quagmire
They all reside in bones, their hunting ground,
And constant supplies of new blood, they require.

To try to win them is futile, no use,
By winsome smile or more familiar wink
Or loving kindness, warmth, subtle ruse,
All make them more revengeful , deeper sink.

So, in the crumbling bones they sit and feed
And make us holler, cry and wince in pain.
What unquenchable thirst in this indeed?
With every draught it sharpens and in vain.

Mere mortals, try to gather the remains
Of blessed marrow blown to smithereens.

91. HIGHEST MONUMENT EAST

East possesses many monuments,
But those who reckon these, reckon ill,
The pyramids and the TAJ are beautiful
And the Chinese wall is great. Accoutrements

Of ill – begotten whims and armaments
Of ruthless kings are these, who could ride
With hob – nailed minds, herd poor gents
And trample them to nothing. Put aside

With venom human feelings at their will,
These glittering, great legacies, I deride,
Of boorish boobies; beautiful but still
I cannot look at them with any pride.

No monument is higher in the East
Than “ Bhagwat Geeta” ancient toms the least.

92. Viyogi Keeps On Toiling

“Viyogi” keeps on toiling night and day,
And tells me why he toils at this rate?
He says, “ I toil so that the world can say,
He is a man to watch and emulate.

A man to warm the cockles of the heart;
A man to melt the icicles of fear,
A man’s man but a man apart word or pen,
An unprecedented man , without peer.

A man to hold against all the past defeat;
A man to take the present in his stride,
A man to get acquainted with and meet,
A man to follow as your future guide.

“My friend, I want the world to say of me,
Here is the man and such a man is he.”

93. Devastating

“ Concept of work as a way of life”

They disrupt because they are not coping.

This stuff does not mean a thing out there

This stuff are counts to nothing friend out there,

Nowhere to go and no way to get there,

Contemplating the ugliest night more,

Of grudges and anonymities Hamstring hopes and mediocrities

Ensnoced in debilitating anonymities

Quiescent thorns of wishes impish grope

Disrupt with slapsticks answers just to cope

But cope they not and merely cul de sac

Personified has now become their lack

Of toe holds on the awnings of this life

Don't blame me, blame my father and the street.

I must not let the melancholy get,
A hold on me, at this unearthly hour,
And burden me with unavailing fret,
I must not let grey doubts come and spar,

with phantoms of my aspirations nor,
The fairies on my mental parapet,
Who still are either undecided or,
Who can not face the bile of vile regret,

Who just may give up hope, hating war,
And leaden indecision, I can bet,
Lest I can hold them back, chances are,
That they would tumble over, If I let,

This melancholy get a hold on me,
Then I would toss all night sleeplessly.

95. WE NEED A GANDHI

We really need such men, such like men
Who speak with deeds; not with tongues,
Who do not always keep on puffing lungs,
To fill with loud assertions hills and glens,

Who do not seek the chair and whose power,
Is not derived from where they stand and speak,
But from their inward manna, strong but meek,
They never build a palace or a tower.

The greatness stands akimbo at their feet,
And where they sit, it sits, where they go,
It goes along. They endlessly permeate,
The ignorance with their celestial glow.

We need a Gandhi, who was never shouty,
But meek and humble, still so firm and doughty.

96. ON POONAM'S GROWING UP

Your youth and with it care, thick as thinness
Have jarringly intruded in your play,
 And every pore of papa hurts and grieves,
 But this is what this life is anyway;

And why this life is so? I can not say:
The branches harden and the rustling leaves,
 Will shed their brownish hues and one day,
 In green attire spend their lovely eves.

I also had a doll and I am mad,
 That youth and care came only yesterday,
You were my doll and I am very sad
 These thieves are going to take you far away.

You lost your doll of rags to youth and care,
 But I am going to lose you Poonam dear.

97.

LOVE POEM

If mere touch of your beloved fingers,
Is sufficient to make me years younger;
Perform this miracle and rejoice,
Erasing every wrinkled nagging worry.

Your many pleased presence and its flurry,
Your musical and cooing, honeyed voice,
Your thousand pleased breasts, and my hunger,
For everything, in which your fragrance lingers,

Are elements so strongly volatile,
That if you hold me close for a while,
Then limping years, with a tread virile,
Would flit me back along the endless mile,

To regions ere my birth,- wholly lost,
In getting you beyond my pathless past.

98 Two Steadfast But Unhappy Constellations

Two steadfast but unhappy constellations,
CASSIOPIA, Great Bear, though composed,
For tracing the pole star by calculations,
Yet in this common purpose are opposed,

In method and position; And likewise,
My fears and my hopes are contenders,
For you, my love, though in this exercise,
Are ever emulating, starry wonders.

Where hopes are shining brightly and ascending,
Then fears plummet, shamed and unloved;
When fears see the hopes fast descending,
They shoot upwards, but you remain unmoved,

Like pole star by the constant tribulations:

Of these two wandering steadfast (most unhappy) constellations.

99. LOOKING AT MY MATE
ASLEEP

Your arms around your milky bosom curled,
Your tresses tracing shadows on your temples;
The valleys of your body lie unfurled,
For my contended gaze- which it samples.

Your legs a wee bit bent around the knee,
Reminded me of a picture not far fetched:
An arrow Flitted in the bow, but see,
The bow is as yet, not completely stretched.

Your toe nail digging in our common pillow;
The breathing rise and fall of milky belly:
Deceptive quietness of a silent willow,
When roaring winds have left the elfin valley.

A picture of reposing permanence,
And fluid, uninterrupted innocence.

100.

ALLAH !

How beautiful is what He wants to say,
And what He doesn't want to say, He says,
With excellence, and what He doesn't say,
Is better still. His yeses and his nays,

Are heavenly but what is in-between,
Invisible, unfathomed and unseen-
Is what is really truthful in essence,
The very core of His true excellence,

A pitcher or a girl or a tune,
Are limitations of eternal flow
For us to comprehend but they soon
Dissolve into His omniscient glow,

From filled and the seen and the said,
To unfilled and unseen and unsaid.

101.

MUSINGS AT DAWN

A riddle is each day, when it starts:
Sometime the day is like a soaring lark,
When situations should've made it dark,
The circumstances like the haggard tarts

Should all have etched their faces with deep distress,
But suddenly a flush of happiness,
From hidden sources pours upon their psyche
And makes a laughing stock of all travails.

Some times the day has reasons to be like
The roaring, thundering, screeching mighty gales.
But countless ugly, darting barbed spikes
Are hammered in by every helpful friend,

Into the day's coffin, No one likes
To say how a day would start or end.

102.

THE SOURCE

The anguished unrest of my restless soul,
Has given me what you are calling great,
But every over-stated hyperbole
Is not enough to tell or indicate

The under nourished agony of mind,
(Which feeds on bloody tears), I have starved.
So every word I say is spiked and barbed,
With leavings of the moments hurt and blind.

The under stated promptings of the heart,
Are manufactured by suppressed tears,
My hesitations and my cowering fears,
I carry on creating genuine art.

But only till my unflowing tears wait,
This I can without hesitation state.

103. TO THE DOGRI POET ~KEHAR

SINGH MADHUKAR

I find you so elusive and so fickle
That your manners hide your better side!
The lofty words you write, words that glide,
Through ripened fields of feeling like a sickle,

Are hidden by your hesitating presence.
Aversion of your eyes and your habit
Of flitting just exactly like a rabbit
Succeed in making every lovely cadence

Inaudible to me. Many a time
What you have written Kehar is a treasure
Containing in its bosom love divine,
And candidness of pain tinged with pleasure.

When you can sing with such a genuine note
Then why are you elusive with remote?

104. The Men Are Caught In Funny, Predicament

The men are caught in funny, predicament
They hide reality- work for an image
For judgment, to their fellows to present
Images, manufactured. Modern age

Has coached the simple act in such language
That words of censure sound like compliment
And compliments have lost their old usage
In coached sentences given. Sentiment

Is scoffed at. People hallow hallow gaze
At all- Viyogi does and represent
By shedding tears openly an' always
He makes an ass of himself- they comment-

But on the day of judgment, friends, in fact
What counts is not images—but the fact (or act).

105. I Harbored Thoughts

I harbored thoughts of loving you but now,
The worldly things have stolen my attention.
The trapping of success which bestows,
A feeling of being there, love and passion

Concern me not the least. All desire
Of loving you has vanished. Every pore
Is continuously burning in the fire
Of living and thinking of you no more.

But sitting in my decorated room,
With trophies I have won, I can feel
A fearful feeling of impending doom.
And frantic spinning of the Time's wheel.

Then feelings follow love's backward trail
And all possessions looks so cheap and pale.

106.

YAK SONG

(12, - The ever loved 12)

Has had a chequered life of thirty four
Beloved of her progeny, the 12;
Husbanded by virile paramour.
Envied for its beauty since its advent

When she was first commanded by N. Haider,
It has been led with purpose as at present,
SURINDER (S. Kapoor) in every weather,
Is leading her. And followed by her flock,

She continues to flourish in her travels.

Heralded by her unswerving Yak,

At all its myriad posts and all the levels

The pioneer of the dour aviation (resourceful innovation)

The carrier of the venerated nation

The pioneer of the air transport (aviation).

107.

THAT NIGHT

That lovely night of love and understanding,
That blessed sacred happy, happy night,
When restless Time appeared to be standing,
And everything appeared to be right.

A shining god like and celestial light,
Permeated everything; (not withstanding,
The unforgiving viciousness of plight).
It continued increasing and expanding

With singleness of purpose so outstanding
It made the soul's darkest corners bright
And Time tarried at the day's landing,
That blessed, sacred happy, happy night.

Is still a source of blissful memory
Though you are inaccessible to me.

108. POETRY OF THE HEART

Nuances of promptings of the mind,

When put to words result in poetry.

The rustlings of the movements of a wind,

Are never heard before they hit a tree.

The leavings of a painful eagerness,

The gleanings of a over burdened life,

Can never ever earnestly express,

The simmering heat of feeling that is rife,

But eagerness which at its very crest,

Impregnates the virgin core of silence,

Enables eager heart in every breast,

To comprehend the ever present cadence,

In life's every moment unpretending.

The poetry of the heart is unending.

or

(Devine and eternal and unending.)

109.

Denial To Me

Denial to me, of your loveliness,
Has created a vacuum in my psyche
I only feel it but can't express –
The inevitable pain. I do not like,

The emptiness of feelings or the sound
Of thoughtlessness –pervasive and profound.
I do not relish living in my view,
I would reject the world without you.

Assurance of your love has this charm,
It makes me flower, flourish and convey,
Perceive the situations and perform,
With purposeful endeavour every day.

Your absence makes my life so meaningless,
With every look I like it less and less.

Ah! Once upon a time, there lived a chief
Who had a beautiful and charming wife
Who with her very presence made his life
A dreamy blissful heaven . To be brief,

There was no lady like her in his life
Who loved so want only and played the fife
To banish all his worry and his grief.
This legend is believed to be rife

Till to-day. People say this charming wife
Was able to defeat the greatest Thief
This world possesses- Time and filled his life
With honeyed happiness and relief.

Her love was like a double edged knife
Which cut away all his minds senseless strife.

By word and gesture, hint and subtle move-
I agree , your lack of love conveyed.

I understand, but still one-sided love
And reason without reason, feel betrayed.

I cry and fret and fume and ruminate-
Would it be better if you were unknown
To me? My friend, I can't substantiate-
All I can do is pine for you and moan.

“Would I be happy had I quietly died?”
I asked “viyogi”- man of every season.
He said-“I can not say.” I think he lied
On purpose. Must be having his own reason.

Would I be happy if I were to die?
I can not say but also can't deny.

112.

Huge Regret

With ceaseless vigour I, myself endeared-
To high and low. And when I wrote for you-
The weak and mighty, friend and enemy cheered.
And when to you I come to bid adieu,

I write of you, and feel it in my bones-
A tiny warning of a huge regret
Which pricks the marrow with its deadly thorns.
I fret and keep on saying I do not fret

And missing you, I think of you and write
And with each line my daily stature grows.
But you, my friend are out of worldly sight
Though all to you, I knew, the credit goes.

This -no one knows but if I could, I would
Renounce this world and come to you for good.

113.

Parting Of Ways I

What wild plumage flutters to my mind,
Of hopes and thoughts aspiring far and wide.
Then what unearthly reason do you find
For obscenities for which you always chide?

When I desire to write you sulk and pout;
Ah! what unheard of epithets you fling!
You fail to grasp what I am all about-
And say the words that hurt and wound and sting.

These children, whom I fathered and you chose,
To mother- when they hear it they recoil,
From verbal battles and the wounding blows;
You do not understand their sad turmoil.

The parting of our ways in married life
Has come, my spouse, to end this senseless strife.

114. Have you walked the streets in the evening? After office hours.

Flurry of men and women rushing home
Or waiting patiently and impatiently in bus queues-
Three-wheeler- scooter, cabs-rickshaws.
Or wandering helpless –aimless kind of way

Because queues are too long- buses do not
Come- and scooters and the passengers only
Where they themselves want to go
Have you seen all this walking the streets

With evening- looking for some
Form of transportation within your means?
Tired under the Gulmohar that your darkly
Pre-occupied mind can not see- is that magic

Hour between day and night- which your anxious
Mind ignores? Very very likely you have not?

115.

REASON - I

I, to kingdom of the muse aspire
And you with such a madness always shrink;
But although I have reasons to desire
That you were made for me, I do not think.

Ah! Lady you are so much self-engrossed
That limited I- but can not satisfy
In any way your needs and feel harassed.
From all attachments hence I run and fly.

I tried so hard but all was so futile;
Your worldly nature did not appreciate-
The warmth of my feelings. Lack of guile
Your guarded visage could not penetrate.

And hence I stayed a sage and all alone,
And all alone would be – when I am gone.

116.

PRICE OF LOVE

Ah! Mermaid, I did love your doe-eyed grace
Your prancing buck- like ever-through the day.
With maidens fair, you joined the beauteous race;
Leaving them all with ease so far away.

Your guileless frown and mesmerizing smile,
And intricacies of your probing mind;
All ramifications of your guileless guile;
Were honey to me, were friendly, sweet and kind.

I do not mind few bussing reprimands
Of pure unselfish love, I sure resent
The nagging holding all restraining hands
Of selfish love, though losing you repent.

To let you go, my friend, I had no intention.
You priced yourself out of the competition.

How smoothly flowing the swan- like beauty sways.

And in its own self always busy lives.

To loving soul it scarcely attention pays

And in its own self marvels and believes.

If this was not so, how come you, my friend

Forget my presence, legion of my woes?

Now do not tell me that you didn't intend

To tell me who cares and who knows?

You say that you were busy in my thought

But sage, "Viyogi" says, this is lie.

And with bewitching charm ah! danger-fraught

You look at me and say you always try.

One glance at me you throw and this I grant.

But where is love? alms I do not want.

The shattered grace of youthful, restless days
Is left behind, has run its tiring race.

The effort shows in many many ways
Through stooping stance and withered, wrinkled face.

The halting gait and whitened hair do show,
All nakedness of doubts and doubtless fears.
The time so deathless moves and does outgrow,
All relics of my past and maddening years.

But what befuddles you my ageing mind?
You always were so constant and so clear,
With what most labored effort moan and grind?
When you so be, I think my end is near!

So let us rest, and Time, the deathless churn,
And in its own relentless movement burn.

What haunting song has come out of his lips?
That makes them listen, silent and subdued.
But says “ Viyogi” of this heady mood,
It does not last for long and quickly slips.

He knows the world, the truth we do not grasp,
And hence he sings for himself not for us,
And lives in heavens evergreen and lush,
Which makes us wonder, turn in graves and gasp,

At this disarming exercise in grace-
Which does not turn to ashes when described-
Nor preens itself when it is most envied,
With subtle gesture looking face to face,

He speaks so softly, slowly sweet and meek
That when he speaks you feel he does not speak.

Man's heart is fickle and it shows
In gesture, action, thought and everything.
His loving for all longed for things outgrows
When within reach such longing bring such fate

This transitoriness; all the sages knew
Of worldly hopes. And hence dwelt in Him,
Who all the time does live with me and you
And vanishes every prejudice and whim

Of this and that; of fickle love and lie?
And thus creates such a selfless tribe
He turns them into sages by and by
No tongue can tell this better-describe.

The hopeless hopes, men set their hearts upon
All vanish, only He Himself goes on.

Where mind is weary, friend, do not so urge
That it befuddled blunders as it lives,
And loses all its keenness and upsurge,
Which but a little rest, ah! always gives

“ This body-this, its lonely dwelling place,
Is nothing but an empty useless shell,
If mind was absent from the earthen vase.”
So say the wise men, all the sages tell,

So when it- with its worldly duties tries,
You let it take its siesta, do its will.
And when it nightly for a wink retires,
Yes, let it rest in peace, and you be still.

For so much store of life force it will fetch
That in deep restful slumber you can stretch.

I reached every corner, far and wide.
In nook and brook; in valley; hill and dale.
All manners of comment and spiteful snide
I bore and in the process learnt the tale.

That once upon a time "Viyogi" lived
In ever-widening search of the true Lord.
And all exhausted fell and wept and grieved
But could not. His true countenance behold.

And in that state of mind and body turned
His back on Him and came to live in world.
But while approaching homeward he discerned
A shining figure all divine unfurled.

So at His doorstep, standing near His gate.
He met the king and met a kingly fate.

123.

A PLEA

Come drain the cup and let me fill it more,
And drain it once again and have a treat.
My store of love is full for you. The store
Is my waiting for your lips and I repeat:

When you need love, my love, to me you come
To quench your thirst and deaden all your cares
Of ifs and buts. Be one with me, handsome,
To forget life's why's and when's and where's.

If you can forgive- one thing I recommend,
Be one with me and give me all your love.
For I can always die for you, my friend;
No alibis would crumble my resolve.

For without you, my love, I am not I,
But with you, Earth is mine and so is sky.

124. I gave you up to now, only dreams

I gave you up to now, only dreams
And tried to give you wings to reach the crest.
But all the soaring hopes, lofty schemes,
Have failed to help me build a cozy nest .

The hopelessness and helplessness it seems,
Has leeches on to my psyche like a pest,
And stalled the meaning of all themes,
Depriving me of mirth and Ruth and rest.

My ferries for your sake , all my quest,
And all my wordy hyperbolic hymns,
Are like a bush of thorns in my breast.
Useless paper neatly stocked in reams.

I have no doubt that I have failed the test,
But is worst, that-I feel, I did my best.

125. Unfulfilled expectations fill the mind

Unfulfilled expectations fill the mind
Encumbered with a gargantuan dread,
Of fearsome fear of nascent words, unkind,
Out pouring from the crannies of my head.

Unuttered grievances infest the heart.
Unjustified complaints remain unsaid.
Relationships galore before they start
Upend frustrations and turn up dead.

The soul is all confusion, body tired,
Emotions listless, senses insensate
These are the times when someone is required
To yank me out of this unhealthy state.

To hold me in a comfortable embrace,
And let me weep and still not lose my face.

I keenly looked for idyllic solitude,
And followed trodden paths of every kind,
But circumstances joined my attitude,
Obliterated clues and made me blind.

Impaired my inward reach for myself,
Impeding my abilities to advance.
And what I have of unsought for name and pelf
I got by mere serendipitous chance.

But if I had not been so outward bound,
I would have recognized my ineptitude.
And done something, if only I had found
Inflexibilities of my attitude,

My life would have been different, can I see.
It could have been, but it was not to be.

127. It Was Something Wanting

It was something wanting to be told.

It was something like a pot of gold.

It was something unspoken, untried,

A radiant sentiment, unspecified.

I found it very difficult to hold;

A jumbled of unsentenced words.

On which I was absolutely sold

But I could hardly tell it to the birds.

So, as you come in, I was going to speak

And tell you all about the cooing dove

And all about its innocent and meek

And patient, uncomplaining wait for Love.

But as I saw you coming on the trot,

My vow to forget nothing, I forgot.

128. I Was Inward Bent

I was inward bent though outward bound
And heading to our promised rendezvous
When without as much as a warning sound
When something hit and stopped me in my track

Some object hit my head and onward flew
Oblivious of what was going around
Engrossed in my coming tryst with you
My hand went up and touched bleeding wound

Without ever as much as a warning sound
Like when a coconut hits the ground and cracks
I reeled and heard cacophonous cawing
And knew I had been tattooed by a crow

For it was closing in and withdrawing
As if it wanted me to fight or go.

129.

BLOOD WILL TELL

Blood will out in one or other form,
It is in its nature to be out.
This is what nobody can escape,
A thing, one ought to have no doubt, about.

It will out sometimes in clueless fears,
Sometimes in unstopping fortitude,
Sometimes, in uncontrollable tears,
And otherwise in humble rectitude.

You may classify the blood and call
Your skill in it a scientific scoop.
But still know next to nothing if at all,
About the blood apart from its group.

In blood a man's trust traits dwell,
And other things being equal, blood will tell.

Two winding trails issue from the hill,
Thickly wooded ,foliage curved one.
And recede each towards the silent watermill,
Which sits along the river- on the run.

Towards overhanging river cliff,
Precariously where sits the town
Where perched a town preciously, as if,
At any moment, it was going to fall,

Into the river below. All in all.
The trails, river, watermill and town
Are parts of an ever-recovering theme,
The patent, I have always, called my own,

Ingredients of my being, what I mean.
This is a thing one can not wait to learn.

131. Truth Is Very Bad

Anything less than truth is very bad

Anything more, than truth is more than worse.

Those who don't believe it have been had,

One must move on and think what one can be.

As for as eye could see come back to me,

I thought of questions that have no reply,

And actions that can never be performed,

It was something I had heard before,

How something linger on for evermore,

But fun is in the way we say a thing,

There is more to life than talk, I suppose,

I'll sit and see that small sailing cloud.

There is nothing but a feeling left in me,

That seems to want to tell me how I feel.

132. TO JAGGU, RENU, SHIVANGI, SAMAY

If purest feelings some how can be hoarded

I will hoard them. Yes, I will hoard.

If ship of life can this way be a boarded,

I will take such precious feeling aboard

Then sail the seas of life thus ensconced

And surrounded by a feeling of wellness.

If human beings are loved and foreword,

They will be blessed with truest happiness.

I do not find the words, the way I feel.

I want to put in words my sentiments,

Conveying my thanks giving on even kneel.

I want to, but I don't have implements.

I focus on hand but despite this I digress

For the way I feel is difficult to express.

133. To A Revered MEDICINE MAN

Sharad Maheshwari (May his tribe increase!)
Received me with his welcome arms extended;
Someone tell him from my side, please,
Thanks with folded hands and knees bent.

I have a healthy greed for Earthly life,
But not as an incubating unbccile
I want to ramble in its stress and strife
Like a Speighty oldster but in style

I think that he has given me such a chance
With anything edge technology and mind
Dr. Shardji Maheshwari did enhance
An ignorant man's knowledge and was kind.

He gave me (not his fault) a toothless smile
With humility sans arrogance and guile.

If I had not come out to buy thread,
I tie for luck around my childhood tree,
If I had not been in a mood to feel,
From loneliness imploding and instead,

Had due to countless reasons gone to bed,
Or if you hadn't chanced to throw a glance
Towards the counter where I bought my thread,
We wouldn't have met if it was not by chance.

So who am I to question happenstance
And who to unbelieve the mystery
Of seeing the sprouting seed of sudden romance,
Because my lucky, sacred childhood tree,

Which one love does you and me enhance,
But you will not believe until you see.

135.

I MAY YET

Years have slipped from me and unachieved
Are aspirations and my lofty aims.
I feel futile unheralded peeved
And the very act of thinking hurts and maims

Ah! All golden hopes, Silver dreams,
Have crumbled like an ancient minaret,
Which Time has antiquated. All my schemes,
Are dunes of sifting sand . But I may yet,

Re-write a word or two if I let,
My injured soul renew and retain,
Its hold on hopes and aims dear and pet
And break the all restraining vicious chain

Of hopelessness and lethargic harmful fret-
To find that all my wailing was in vain.

A word containing harmful foul intent,
When uttered in the softest of the tones
Achieves the purpose for which it is meant-
It blasts the very marrow of the bones.

If hit by such a word, a gentleman
Can either take it without a grievance
Or if he cannot do it, then he can
Retaliate in kind and face to face.

And make the utterer eat the humble pie
Or eat his words in order to retrace
The psyche injuring steps by and by.
But yet an unkind word, in every case,

Momentarily(whatever else it lacks)
Has got in it to stop us in our tracks.

137. A young and lovely sparrow

A young and lovely sparrow upward looked,
She is a lovely sparrow, have no doubt.
Her loveliness is within and without,
And to the top best branch her heart was hooked.

To perch and peer on it, she did aspire,
She wished to take to wings and sit on it.
I counseled her to fulfill her desire,
She ought to tackle levels bit by bit.

And ought to know the labor it presages,
Before aspiring for the wanted heights,
And ought to understand the various stages
Of mastering the art of soaring flights.

But the lovely sparrow did not see,
My point and hence we agreed to disagree.

138. She launched herself

She launched herself upwards in her haste,
Got tangled in the branches and the leaves.
Her effort ended in a bruised waste.
With downward hanging head she sorely grieves

With more than wounded limbs bruised flesh,
Under the spell of soul destroying blues,
Which have spun a byzantine mesh,
Around her person without any clues.

For coming out of it and extricate
Her mind frowning state and privacy,
As all the indicators indicate,
It merely is an old woman's tale.

That opportunities, once only knocks.
That chance not taken , future chance blocks.

139.

ALL I CAN DO

So many little things remain undone,
Which needed doing, but I did not do.
And hence with concentration one by one
I count them and my undoing's I rue

So many words of thanks and compliments
Which should have given pleasure were unsaid.
So many times due to arguments
The letters were unopened or unread.

The answers were unwritten unrelayed
What weakness hampered me and held my hand
That countless little debts remain unpaid,
By all ill-ominous winds, I have been waylaid,

All I can do is to forget this and try
To undo my undoing's by and by.

(Chenab)

Since my innocent infancy hood,
I have known this river. What is more,
I know this river like I know my blood,
Which courses through my veins with a roar.

I know this river, if I want I could,
In winter saddle it from shore to shore.
I also know that, when in summer flood ,
It brings the drift wood right up to my door.

I know this river, it can, when in mood
Reach out and touch the centre of my core,
When not in such a mood, perhaps it would,
Then let me brand _apart its hoary lore.

A river from a man's infancy hood
Is bound to grow and stay with him for good.

Love me, if you do, for what I am,
And not for what you want that I should be,
Because the love that limits is a shame,
And love is real when it makes us free.

Yea! free to suck the honey from the flowers,
Like the butterflies and the bees ,
For endless mating and indulgent hours,
Flying fleetingly amid plants and the trees,

To feed themselves and help in pollination,
With nary a much ado or causing pain.
True players in the wonder of creation,
From what they get sustenance , they sustain.

So let's make a covenant, me and you:
Love me as I am and I will too.

142.

I HAD BEEN HAD

My mind on far off things, my steps unheard,
Menacingly advancing towards her nest.

I was out for stars. The mother bird,
Had different ideas in her feathery breast.

She, with a startling crash of twigs and wings,
Up rose towards the sky and loudly cried.
And though my heart was set on far off things.
In the bush, she rose from, I espied

Three nestlings frozen in their fright,
In a wingless huddle in the bush.
The mother bird all ready for a fight
And I so startled by this sudden brush.

But I was out for stars and I was glad,
To let the mother feel I had been had.

143.

AGGRESSION

Like coconut that hits the ground and cracks,
Without as much as even a warning sound,
Some object hit and stopped me in my tracks
And made me giddy ere I hit the ground.

Then I heard a cacophonous cawing
To know I had been tattooed by a crow.
And it was closing in and then withdrawing,
As if it wanted me to fight or go.

Then I saw two cowlings on the road,
Afraid and looking foolishly at me.
And in a jiffy saw and understood,
Aggression's complicated mystery.

Let me tell you friends , loud and clear
Aggression mostly emanates from fear.

144. TOGETHER WE CAN REALLY GO TO
TOWN

When all adjoining rivulets are flowing
According to the gradient of the plain,
To worth, What is the Utterbehni doing
By flowing north against the common grain?

But if like me it knows where it is going,
There, I will let and leave it on its own,
For as the unban settlements are growing,
I am on my way out of the town.

Perhaps, the Uttarbejni doesn't know
That like it, I am also, all alone,
Against the common grain I also flow
Together we can really go to town.

For I will make a hut upon its shore
And neither will be lonely any more.

145.

Little Boy

There lives in me somewhere a little boy,
Who loves a man without a regular daily wage.
And without any guile or any ploy
Is happy with his lot in middle ok.

I have a stereotypical image
Of such an unimaginable man,
I often look at it in deep amaze,
and often wonder if a human can

So choose deliberately to live,
On whatsoever lightly he can carry.
Incredibly I like to so believe,
And still be healthy, hearty, hale and merry.

There is a boy who still resides in me
And such an rageless man we desire to be.

146. UNLESS STOPPED THIS WAY

Avalanche, the mountain with a deafening thud,
Containing trees uprooted, tons of rock,
Pour out upon the highway mixed with mud,
With nary an other purpose than to block,

Our frantic rush for what we haven't got,
And dwell upon the purpose of our rush,
To ask us whether we have heard or not
The moaning mountain's wind or songs of thrush?

Perhaps, it knows that unless stopped this way,
No, we never condescend to brook
Obstacles in our path or any delay,
Or we will never ever want to look.

And see how the floody mouth of May
Can rule the roost on a rainy day.

The quake its epicenter outward sends,
To rectify its kinds is not to break,
Our ceaseless march to our mortal ends,
But just to make us do a double take-

And dwell upon our puny littleness.
To understand the larger scheme of days
It has its own methods to address
That loves to stop us in our errant ways

Then just to see that we do not mistake
Its microsecondal shocking in our stride,
It sends the after shocks in its wake,
Around its epicentre far and wide.

The puniness of man is thus reveled,
Which would have otherwise remained concealed.

Perhaps the sky was, not yet really blue,
Or may be, I was merely out for fun.
Perhaps, I had nothing else to do,
To celebrate the battles joined and won.

Perhaps, it was wind, the way it blew
Or may be, it was the absence of the sun.
Something there was, I neither know nor knew:
Some unsaid thing, when all is said and done!

I did it! Why did I do it? I, for one,
I neither have an inkling nor a clue-
When in the middle of my morning run,
A patch of grassy meadow crossed my view,

I do not know if others did it too?

And yet I walked barefoot in the dew!

149. Something Magical

Ah! There is something magical, divine,
In the crystal, first born, star-kissed dew.
Alike untested, untouched super wine
Or virginity not yet broken through.

The night is done but dawn has not yet dawned.
The day is in but sun has not yet risen.
The leaves are all dew-laden, newly spawned.
The time is like ethereal plantain vision.

Soon the sun will rise and drops of dew,
Will turn into a leafy rivulet.
And this process without much ado.
The surface of the Earth will be wet.

Something there is, I often find in you
The fragile virginity of newborn dew

150. Withheld Tear

Something there is about a withheld tear ,
Something much important yet unsaid,
Some message undefined and unclear,
Some urgent missive unheeded, unread.

Something there is about a tear unshed,
A vibrant sentiment unexpressed,
Or like a lethal wound which has bled
And filled the ins though outs are neatly dressed.

Or feeling inexpressible by words,
A saber which has not been yet unsheathed;
An acid playing havoc with innards
Like toxic air inhaled and unbreathed.

There is something about an unshed tear,
Which may be full of promise or of fear.

Unwillingly succumbing to her wiles,
Reluctantly attracted by her heat,
Enchanted by her charming, impish smiles
Infatuated, beaten, in retreat.

Unable to endeavour to her side
And wounded by her ever-lashing tongue
And cruelly reprimanded, hurt and stung
I count the festering wounds on my hide.

With grim and solid purpose in my mind,
And hardness written boldly on my jowl,
I turn my face in anger till I find
A tremor of repentance in her soul.

Then quickly to her wiles I succumb
And wonder: Am I sane? Am I dumb?

I agree, road of life is long and rough,
And full of humiliations and travails,
Enough is when enough of it entails,
For us to say enough is now enough.

The religion is the opiate of the weak,
And when Nirvana humans in it seek
Like wealthy Lalas who are over-greedy,
They think in terms opaque, foul and seedy.

And those who to the humble Jesus Christ
And attributing Godhood, in my view,
Are sinning more than ignorant atheist
Who doesn't ever count rosaries, who

Is facing hurdles as they come to pass,
And crosses bridges when they come across.

153,

The Earthly time

The Earthly time(we know is meaningless)
Is measured by perception and intuition;
Some secret equation of success,
Is making universes rightly function .

The Earthly time intuition and perception
Have limited ramifications, And I guess,
The otherworldly secret equation,
Is out of human compass and access.

These very words may well comprise a message,
(Some neighbor of the MILKYWAY has sent
Despite the lack of medium for its passage),
Which found the scanners of my poetic bent.

And our pretences of intelligence,
May all consist of total ignorance.

154.

SILENT SUFFERER

(In BULLE SHAH'S strain)

Yes, I shall shed the tears in His presence
But never let Him know my many woes
The racking sobs and unintended throes
Of agony will test His silent patience

The balance in which love is put and weighed,
Should not be used to weigh the lifeless gold,
For love is something never bought or sold,
But given or accepted or conveyed.

The nature of fire and love is the same.
The fire is easily extinguished with water
But tears of lovers can not tame
The fire of love. They make it even brighter.

Yes I shall weep but never ever speak,
And let the tears tumble down my cheek.

The world is vile by nature, it spreads
The vilest of the rumors. I would rather
Ignore it. Dearest let's join our heads
And let it itself hurt and ruin and bother.

For if we unnecessarily now worry,
Indulge in recriminations, fruitless talk,
The night will pass away in a tearing hurry.
The fate would laugh derisively and mock.

Our foolishness. the world can never taint,
The trueness of true love by its rumors.
So let it in the vilest coolers paint,
But see it doesn't hurt but only humors.

And thus amused, come dearest, hold me tight,
And let the world not mar this lovely night.

The rains: The welcome, welcome rains
(Like restless sperms, to the virgin wombs)
Are rushing through the city's narrow lanes;
And seeping into empty catacombs

Of Earth and quenching, unquenchable thirsts.
The hibernating Earth into bursts
Of matchless color schemes and succor.
Is what the rains provide, when extant,

To every blade of grass, grain of mud.
The suffocating heat, in an instant,
When mixed with rains, makes the bushes bud.
the nemesis of the earthly woes and banes,

The rains; the welcome, welcome rains.
The rains: The welcome, welcome rains

157. IT WAS LONG AGO

A few battles I had won in my youth,
And lost a few, but it was long ago.
The Time belies every lie and truth
And every no is yes; yes is no.

A few traces of the past intervene,
And jostle present moments with affection.
A few flashes of a long forgotten scene
Arouse in me a feeling of elation,

A faint impression of a lovely face
With parted lips, sparkle in the eyes,
A presence oozing Femininity and grace
A phantom which appears but denies

A clear glimpse, I tap my puzzled brow.
I knew her once but it was long ago.

The loving unpremeditated kiss
The hidden caress in a friendly voice,
Abundance of a lover's selfless bliss,
The journey undertaken by own choice.

The granite in unmitigated hope;
Determination in determined toil,
The firmness of the feet on the slope,
A loyal friend remaining ever loyal;

The courage of adolescence in travail;
Refusal to accept the dire defeat;
The grimness of the brave when they fail;
Reluctance in the gait in retreat

Are real stuff that make the human dreams;
Are nurseries of all the lofty schemes.

A shadier tree than mother, there is none,
They say that God has borrowed from its shade
And with it all His heavens He has made.
A shadier tree than mother there is none.

Each palace and each garden and arcade,
And every shadow under blazing sun
Is barrowed from this tree and every one
Of this creations on its pattern laid.

When other trees are by the Time waylaid
They perish due to withering of the roots.
This tree is different, as has been conveyed
And perishes due to withering of the fruits.

This truth is known to every loved, son
A shadier tree than mother there is none.

160. Silence Is More Eloquent

When silence is more eloquent than word ,
When words are more expressive than all tunes,
The shepherds of intellect quickly herd,
The sheep of agonies and the boons.

The sounds are only felt but never heard;
The feelings glowing like unrisen moon.
The thought is like an unseen roaring bird,
The heart a string and continuously swoons.

The mood is vagrant and the vagrant mood,
Impatient of commotion and impatience,
Is understood and still not understood,
Intoxicated by a soundless cadence.

The soul is poised to unravel the thistle sounds,
But pen delays the writing of the words.

161. At times senses

At times senses are so free and lucid
And paths of comprehension so facile
That every hope is deeply etched and fervid
And my imagination is fertile.

And I am lucid, fervid all the while;
Profusion of my ditties is so rapid;
So innocent and so devoid of guile,
So keen and sharp, sincere and so avid.

That flow of light is always straight and rabid
But mostly senses poor and puerile
Are lifeless, dark, lost, groping vapid
And the very act of thinking is senile.

I always wait with animation till,
The lucidity appears at its will.
(The lightning comes to run this grinding will.)

162. Hamstrung Hopes And Mediocrities

This stuff amounts to nothing friend out there
No way to go nowhere to go and no way to get there.
Coule rupting the ugliest nightmare
Of grudges and anonymities .

Hamstrung hopes and mediocrities
Ensecond in debilities anonymities
Quiescent thorns of wishes impish grope
Disrupt with slapstick answers just to cope

But cope they not and merely culde sac
Personified has now become their lack
Of toe holds on the awnings of this life
And down the mire of life uncomanded

Through fissures of, Don't blem me
Blame my father and the street.

163.

LEAVE TAKING

While taking leave, I ruminates and wonder
That though my journey has been very brief,
I quickly lost my roaring, noisy thunder
And quietly leave this trail, full of grief.

The beginning was auspicious and serene,
And every thing appeared to be straight,
But misty easiness of clamorous scene,
Did hide from me, the hidden hand of fate.

The dullness of the road defeated me:
No ups and downs, ditches or delays;
No changes in the pace or sudden spree,
The venom of the plainness of the days.

I came with roaring hopes but my parting
Is full of sadness I am now departing.

Well! guard! Go and tell Him, I have come
And the balance sheet of life is with me: READY.

Oh! do not stand so woodenly and mum,
Go, tell Him that my step is sure and steady.

I bring with me the diary of my days,
Containing the account of earthly years:
My hesitations and my wild forays
My confidences, victories and fears.

But hold a moment, Give Him my regard,
O! will He grant me ere my interview,
Permission to go home. O! dear guard,
My want is meagre, fleeting moments few

For I forget, what I did in life,
Ere leaving home to kiss my lovely wife.

165.

I Do Not Think

I dreamt that I was dreaming in my dream
But what was it? I ask you not to ask,
Because to place a finger on its theme,
If not impossible, is still a task.

And though its fragrance in my psyche lingers,
Yet when I try to figure its extent,
It quickly slips like sand through my fingers
Without my finding whence it came and went.

For if I tell it, it will tear asunder,
Its pleasurable aftermath may flee.
Pray, let it hold me in its' nebulous wonder,
And what was it? Pray, do not ask me.

And if I want to tell it, I can still ,
But though I can, I do not think I will.

The reckless pain lies bruised in my heart.
It rises in a few sudden, startling spurts.
Unfeelingly it pierces like a dart.
O! pull it slowly, for it hurts, it hurts.

Your unkind words- inadvertently said;
Flow gurgling in my blood streams and they look,
So patient and what crooked paths they tread,
In veins, and blinded turn at every nook.

Pray, listen to what I have got to say,
We, hand in hand did come and hand in hand,
I pray to God, shall go; I always pray,
And so unfettered hand in hand we stand.

And if you want to leave me ,you can go,
With ease and just a formal parting bow.

167. TWENTY FOUR HOURS

You be a beggar or a great monarch,
Renowned intellectual or a pious sage.
You maybe in youth or you in old age
An insect you may be or a high soaring lark.

God, the great Owner, is impartial one,
He has no favorite, partiality eschews.
So without fail He every day renews
And hours twenty four denies to none.

You use them as you wish or as you may,
In sacred service or narcotic haze;
In laziness or in creature blaze.
He takes no notice gives them every day.

But just remember, listen, take account
That every moment, in the end does count.

My palsied prose; defeated countenance
You feel and ask, "Do you live or just exist?"
My woes are countless and my grief immense,
And I will tell you if you so insist.

My each Endeavour with such fire was blessed,
That life a conflagration in true sense,
Did blaze and so lovingly possessed,
The art to grasp, delight in excellence.

But when so blazing, it extracts to price,
By testing all my hopes on burning embers
I rest behold! and see how in a trice
I flare when my mind, this thing remembers.

That I am not a cowering fugitive.
Now! do I just exist or I live?

Whosoever is up there, running the show,
Mister Supreme Being Sir, please keep it up.
I am pseudo rebel for presence, My cup
(Please! forgive me if I sound a bit highbrow).

Of miseries is overflowing and unaided,
My life is slipping and my parched life,
Is cracked with thrust and my grip on my grief,
Is loosening uncontrolled, unpersuaded.

In forbidden gardens I have lived degraded;
Dissipated precious moments and sinned.
And with the nails of shame coffin pinned;
As the lowest of the wretches masqueraded.

Please listen to my pleas mull over a mite,
Mr. Supreme Being Sir, give me respite.

'Viyogi' reads and wonders as to who
Has written such fine verse and expressed,
In ample measure- pains which lie repressed,
In bones. And at their leisure they do chew,

These very bones to smithereens. Ascends,
the mind of poet to such heavenly heights,
And is rewarded with such deep insights
That with the consent of descends,

A searing inspiration and with ease,
Enfolds the poet in its folds. The guy
Inadvertently writes, the struggles cease.
To all claims of authorship says "FIE"

And if you ask him, "Have you written these|"
He feels embarrassed, Says, "How can I ?".

171. TRUE DEVOTION TO GOD

The heat of shattered wishes burns me up,
In evening likewise burns the glowing lamp.
My cup is empty, who would fill my cup,
I wonder and in frustration, I stamp

My foot on painful corns. Still I burn
In silence. I melt away. For it is writ
That people who in silence burn and mourn
Are worthy of love-goddess. And true grit

Is written on them in the capital words,
Their stature and love, reverence daily grows;
Their grief is personal, though they live in herds
But not a single soul, their grieving knows.

So when their name is placed along His name
The world with envy burns, cries in shame.

172.

MASTERMIND

Your door obtains its prestige from my head,
My head obtains its prestige from your door.
So, this way, easily deeps of life, we tread;
We take our turns to be the boat, the oar.

The legion of our woes does evermore,
Determined make us and we take a clue,
(From rocks enormous lying in paths a few)
Of destinations. reach it much earlier

Than lonely travelers, coming far behind.
And waves of life keep lashing. Pains galore
Are our lot, we each to each are kind,
We grow on mutual kindness at the core.

Our union does become a mastermind,
We meet life with steely strength, therefore.

173. HOW THIS POEM WAS WRIT

This morning like a hawk, fast descending,
A thought did come to me and did engage, My
mind in strangest rumblings, -from transcending;
And made me wonder- “ what does it presage ?”.

I could not in the morning envisage,
My mind would hanker after it, all bending,
Would smoothen flustered feeling, give passage,
By deep attention to this stranger lending.

But it did happen, carried on till ending,
In whispers- did they conversation wage,
And signals to my feelings kept on sending.
So finally on this blank and lonely page.

I wrote preceding lines, the foregoing verse;
This thought was gently, unabashed terse.

174. UNGUARDED MOMENTS

Quixotic hopes are born, when clueless men,
Embark upon this world, this world to win,
One casual endearment, mouthed by stranger, kin,
Appears to them like God send message. When

Their youth attracts some loose moralled women,
They all discipline shed, indulge in sin,
Ill thinking this as sacrest omen,
Of future vistas, which have never been,

Their own to call and feel so self assured:
They deem all moves well meaning and regarded
By ignorance their minds are so armored,
These luckless moments are so much unguarded.

That they are by reality felled and gored
And by experience ruthlessly discarded.

175. MEANINGFUL WORD

A word without a thought is like the sail,
Which wingless flaccid hangs. Or marooned,
Abandoned mariner, no shout, no hail,
From passing ships does hear: Or mistuned,

Ah! strings, no music give, give only sounds.
Discordant note from badly blown – in flute,
So harshly from the depth of brain rebounds.
Or little rift in jumper's parachute,

Which widens while descending. Faulty groove,
In playing record which self same line repeats,
The needle does not as required move.
A simple thoughtful word, description beats.

But frankly can be said that it inspires,
And flings us into all creative fires.

176. INEXPLORABLE EVENTS

Viyogi, in some books is written thus-
That events are inevitable. Some-
Ah! Difference in performance, minus, plus
Is there among men. Events come.

Irrespective of old Moses, Ceaser, Christ;
Inexorable racing go- unchecked,
Enlightened Buddha, great Mohammed—least,
Influence events though these men were decked.

With love and wisdom, power. All in all,
The events would have occurred without them,
For which are credited they. Wherewithal,
Of man-made armaments, can not stem,

The flow of events, But 'Viyogi' this,
I like to say, they give them some finesse.

177. Our Frantic Clutch At Security

Our frantic clutch at security, naked greed,
Such sterility has in our lives revived,
That we have auctioned souls. On our head,
Is written word- "Acquiescence". Uncontrived

And without shame, we hallow- hallow roar
For new apparel, All our actions rake
Of calculated moves, We ask for more,
In quick succession when it does forsake,

The old apparel. The world is competent,
But aimless, hallow, lifeless, gory, dead.
Our needs are purposeless, complement
Our sordid, gutless fears, hopes. Instead

Of writing all our troubles on the sand
For tides to wash away. We trembling stand.

178. One Soul Was Wandering

One soul was wandering in the void, which it
Does wander in- when after death no peace
It finds. The reason being the way it quit
This world or like a soul which piece by piece

Has built ambitious castles yet unborn
And like intelligence it waits untapped,
For tuned receivers- chips of silicon,
By whom this information is entrapped.

Like-wise it waited for the rightful sperm
Containing in its tiny countenance

The chromosomes of Christ or human worm
To pour in rightful wombs- live essence.

It waited—in a spasm till conceived

By poet Viyogi's mater- well received.

179. From Time's Abysmal Chasm

From time's abysmal chasm- just a bit
Of length – our life, we get. Inadequate,
the bounties of this gift- we call in hate,
And stay bemoaning fate- abysmal pit,

Of shattered hopes. And how we here misfit.
What millionth part of time's giant stride
Is life time for us humans. Let it ride
On prancing charger- as if lightening hit

Come, willy nilly on this charger sit
Like me. Which when I see in retrospect,
With dazzling brilliance my short span is lit
By love and faith you gave me and in fact,

Your very presence gifted me true grit,
With which I tackle life—remain intact.

180.

When, I Was Young

When, I was young. Went rambling on the road,
Me thought it lovely winding. At the bend,
Where skirts the hill, it further would extend
And with its winding, endless visage goad

To pinnacles of beauty; deep inroad,
Of knowledge one by one without end,
Would all be mine for me to comprehend.
And thinking thus, determined, my head bowed,

I looked askance at hurdles, milling crowd
Did not a moment on this warning spend
When it did warn me-“Hurry not, O! friend”.
I vowed- but was I sane, when I vowed?

To pay no heed? For when I reached the bend,
Abysmal chasm found, no further road.

Once upon a time, the judges four
Mind, the brain, the soul and throbbing heart,
Sat brooding in deep thought. And on the hour,
They, surgeon- like, then took me all apart.

My tenderness or humble diligence
They all unknowing sought- What makes me trick.,
My piety or pure intelligence-
Or just my mind's ill- adventured tick.

For hours did they heatedly contend,
This subject with their wit and argument,
Discouraged in detail and in the end,
Deliberated long to thus comment.

We tried his case but can not yet decide,
Give benefit of doubt, we take his side.

No hurdles, I envisioned on the path-
When in true quest of poesy I embarked;
And like love-maddened lover, light-struck moth,
I to the heart of this reality walked.

(And turned to ashes), Tightly held my pen;
Then concentrated, all my mind and brain
And prayed to God for granting acumen,
Some semblance of control to thus retain.

But all in vain was prayer and in vain,
My sharp faculties blunted, I was stuck,
Till I donated blood with gutsy pluck
And learned to meekly bow to goddess pain.

Then in a flash, my pen few verses wrote,
Which sage 'Vyogi' now recites by rote.

No door is a door at which no head does bow
Nor head is a head which bows at every door.
To do obeisance sacred is – but Oh!
To take obeisance is a wee bit more.

Essential thing is to be more select,
Though thirsty-thirsty, still with measured poise,
To move along the trails with head erect,
And find oasis. Welcome with its noise,

Of line beyond the silence of the void,
The desert of this life. Be such a place
Which of all ostentations is devoid,
Exclusive but is full of love and grace.

The head that bows to all—is servile,
An open place at best- a brothel vile.

Love- in your absence plans are made, unmade
To say to you all lovely unsaid things.

I stammer, fumble, when in presence bade
And gawk at you all lost in stammering.

I wonder at my fluency of thought,
With which my lilting poesy much abounds.
What kudos these to my person have brought,
My keen perception, observation. Sounds,

Of your speech are music to my ear,
And pleasure to my eye is your sight.
I want to tell you this but when so near,
I find you, I am seized by fatal fright.

I stammer, gawk and stammer and then gawk
But can't decide to look at you or talk.

Oh! welcome love, may love welcome,
Oh! do not make a fuss, Oh! not a thing,
Is now amiss with me, say nothing.
Smother me with love and mine become.

Oh! hug me, hold me, give me kisses some,
And let me where you been, in what regime,
You labored day and night. Don't handsome
Your lovely head you burden. In a dream,

I live and like a fiddle feel supreme.
And for you darling, like a precious gem,
I treasured in my heart and love extreme,
Something to tell but now that you have come.

I half remember this, fume and fret,
And what was there to tell you—I forget.

VIYOGI DI BYAJA
(Collections of writings of Kunwar Viyogi)

- भाग 1. **ROSARY OF SONNETS-I** (collection of 185 sonnets)
- भाग 2. **ROSARY OF SONNETS-II** (collection of 180 sonnets)
- भाग 3 **Now I know** (collection of English Gazals, Poems)
- भाग 4 **The Ante room**(stories & Prose & random thoughts)
- भाग 5 **BANJARAN** (Features, Book reviews)
- भाग 6 पूरने-1 (डोगरी कविता संग्रैह)
- भाग 7 पूरने-2 (डोगरी कविता संग्रैह)
- भाग 8 पूरने-3 (डोगरी कविता संग्रैह)
- भाग 9 बरीकियां-1 (250 डोगरी गज़ल संग्रैह)
- भाग 10. बरीकियां-2 (250 डोगरी गज़ल संग्रैह)
- भाग 11 सन्नेटा दी माला-1 (Dogri- collection of Sonnets)
- भाग 12 सन्नेटा दी माला-2 (Dogri- collection of Sonnets)
- भाग 13 सन्नेटा दी माला-3 (Dogri- collection of Sonnets)
- भाग 14 सन्नेटा दी माला-4 (Dogri- collection of Sonnets)
- भाग 15 सन्नेटा दी माला-5 (Dogri- collection of Sonnets)
- भाग 16. सन्नेटा दी माला-6 (Dogri- collection of Sonnets)
- भाग 17. घर- (239 प्रकाशीत व 66 अप्रकाशीत रूआई संग्रैहं)
- भाग 18. पम्मी (डोगरी गीत संग्रैह)
- भाग 19. सबक (डोगरी रूबाईयां संग्रैह)
- भाग 20. चुटकियां (डोगरी शेर व उर्दू गज़ल-शेर संग्रैह)
- भाग 21 टोना मन्हास (लघू उपन्यास संग्रैह)
- भाग 22 सुखने दे भाईवाल (उपन्यास संग्रैह)
- भाग 23 डोगरी कहानियां संग्रैह
- भाग 24 प्रवाह- निबंध पुस्तक आलोचना, व पद्य संग्रैह)
- भाग 25 पते दी गल्ल
- भाग 26 यात्री-एक सन्त-एक वियोगी
- भाग 27 वो, तुम, मै और कैन्सर