

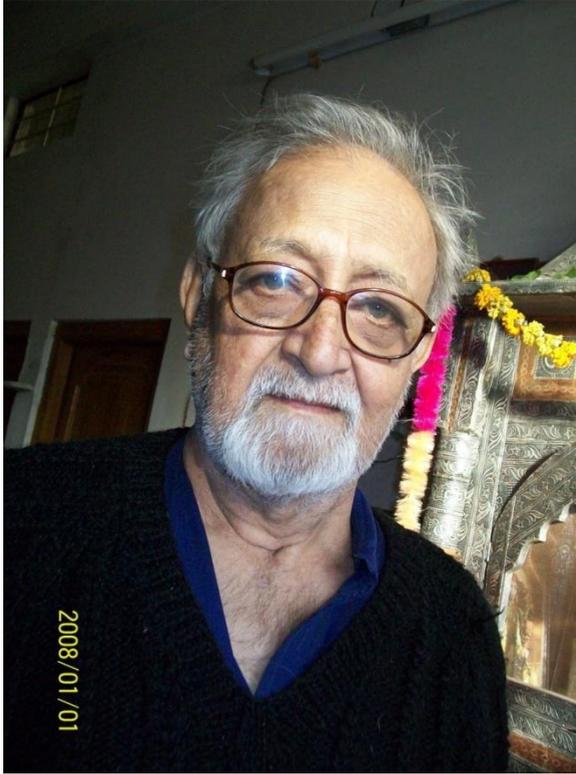
SO VIYOGI SAYS-----

VIYOGI DI BYAJA
WRITINGS OF KUNWAR VIYOGI
IN
21 VOLUMES

KUNWAR VIYOGI

SO VIYOGI SAYS-----

NOW I KNOW



KUNWAR VIYOGI

(Collection of poems, Gazals and Sher)

VIYOGI DI BYAJA VOL. 3

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

Address- Mrs. Sudha Randhir Chaturvedi
M-327, Utsav Ashiana
Kalwar Road, Jaipur, Raj.

e-mail : sudha.chaturvedi5@gmail.com

Mob. 9829738844,9829245255

Kunwarviyogi.com

Copy right---- sudha randhir chaturvedi and
Poonam Singh Jamwal

Price: Priceless

Publisher-- Sudha Chaturvedi January 2018

Dedicated to- My Husband and Friend—Randhir



Sudha

contents

1. Preface
2. Acknowledgement
3. Index
4. Poems
5. English translation of “GHER”
6. Gazals
7. Sher

Preface

Kunwar Viyogi has made a great and remarkable contribution to the modern Dogri and English literature and also to journalism. He has not only enriched the literature of these languages but has also embellished them with Philosophical depth and solemnity. He will always be remembered for his sensitiveness, devotion to values, delineation of beauty and the true vision of the self. He has courageously attacked political and social evils and has stood for social reforms. Subtlety of feelings, profundity of thought, love, compassion, mysticism and consciousness of duty make his personality distinguished and unique. His extraordinary command on Dogri, English, Urdu and Hindi languages makes the expression of feelings and thoughts easy, lucid and interesting at the same time his prose is as impressive and interesting as his poetry is. Kunwar Viyogi has a rare gift of shifting immediately from antiquity to modernity and from traditions to latest ideas. With his broad and humanistic vision he can feel the suffering of the whole world in his own personal grief and the joy of the whole world in his own personal joy. External grief's of the sensitive poet bind him to the world and at the sometime there is the lamentation of the infinite consciousness bound in the limits of time and space. External and internal sorrows are well expressed in prose but it goes to the credit of Kunwar Viyogi that because of his command on the languages, he has expressed them in an equally impressive way in verse also. In spite of not being very well-versed in figures of speech and nuances of language, he has

been able to convey to the reader the innermost feelings of his heart. He has very aptly used similes, the objects which are compared, proper words at proper place and given expression to the deep meanings that he wants to convey. He very skillfully carries the reader from simple to complex and from concrete to abstract.

In this book we can see the skill and experiment with different “VIDHA” and techniques poem by Kunwar Viyogi .,

Sudha Chaturvedi

Acknowledgement

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

Later I realize that in his absence, it was a mammoth task to rearrange his writings scattered all over in about 85 registers, diaries and even loose papers and more than 2000 news papers pages. Most of his writings were in pencil and I have no knowledge of either Urdu or Dogri! 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, gazals, poems, kundalian, 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 Sakshi Bhav.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge and thank everyone who made this presentation possible. I am grateful to the kind help of Shri H.R. Sharma who not only boosted my moral courage

throughout preparation of the publication but also helped in editing the book.

I would also like to thank Shri A.K. Gupta who is Editor Cultural and Art Academy, Jammu for editing and rearranging the poetry.

I am happy to present Kunwar Viyogi's , "Now I know" to the readers. I would like to apologize for any shortcomings, spelling mistakes or other errors in arrangement or presentation of the book. I tried to present in its original form and also tried presenting some writings tagged- incomplete or to be improved.

Sudha chaturvedi

INDEX-----

I Kundalian

- 1 challenge
- 2 Lament on Love' Fiasco In Meera's

II Poems-----

1. NOW I KNOW
2. Just beyond my understanding lurks
3. STREAT KID OF SLUMS
4. "THE REASON WHY"
5. Tiltng of couplets-- "FOUR LINES"-
6. Monologue
7. Teacher's Mood-----
8. YOU ASKED ME HOW WE MET?
9. LOVE - 1
10. Who am I ? Why I am here?
11. Truth is beautiful, but what is TRUTH?
12. MY SCHOOL
13. An effort to compose a poem-----
14. I once sat with you or sad.
15. How I need a single fringed night,
16. If the killer thinks that he kills,
17. SUDDS—
18. Friends of yesterdays are gone and Time
19. HEM OF YOUR DRESS-

20. It was not the Ending
21. Main Awasthi's dedicated band
22. LOVE - 2
23. Until you came to me
24. A Non – Conversation
25. The night sky blinked its eyes and dared me on.
26. Will hit or miss the moon, it hit the moon
27. SODH SAMUNDREN DI
28. BELLS
29. The word – Viyogi means – one who burns
30. Limericks-- humorous 5-lines-----
31. what I have done or tried to do or failed
32. The fingers of the power
32. Now that I have got you
33. Life is made of timeless moments
34. VAIN FEARS
35. My myself striding on my weary back,
36. Gimmicky-----
37. IT WAS LONG AGO
38. So there I was, filled with guilt's, lonely,--
39. The conflict between good and evil
40. She is my wife, a lovely person.
41. Twist of destiny were set like small
42. O! Prists, What is on Fire ?
43. who says there is void
44. what it was forgotten for—
45. There is house that is no more home
46. There is nothing but a feeling left in me
47. VACANT LOT IN FATTU CHOGAN—
48. Art of Living
49. Can antagonism simply be lullabies to----

50. Love is a deity
51. A generation that has fought for freedom
52. A grain struggle with poverty ensured,
53. MORAL
54. It is very vulgar mind that would wish to
55. Moment--- Out pouring-----
56. DOSSIER COMPLETED
57. A short biographical sketch of KV
58. So there I was, filled with guilt's,
59. Friends of yesterdays are gone and Time
60. Rational Nexus-- Reasonable Relationship
61. I am ready to meet my maker,
62. It is not the mountain that wear
63. , There is happily enough, sufficient tinder,
64. The moments that are spent-
65. Have you walked the streets in the evening?
66. If you are thinking this then think again
67. Light Hunt-
68. Life is not the least, a laughing matter
69. I thought my pains were done and past
70. This stuff amounts to nothing friend out
71. For those who patient pataiat bear, Is ----
72. The beauty of lonely perfect moment
73. No Non-sense-----
74. I dreamt that I have woken from a dream
75. Life hardens us as years by year it flows.
76. As the flute is without breath, piece of --
77. You are due for a stroke of luck, first
78. Stayed in the hotel/Dak Barlow/--
79. The day of big hug-----
80. JOY
81. The fingers of the powers above do tune.

82. I sit and muse the all the great things
83. what I have done or tried
84. Affairs of night
85. "Happiness is the good, the place to be
86. Now that I have got you
87. My myself striding on my weary back
88. If you are thinking this then think again
89. For TAYE YAR KHAN
90. And our pretences of intelligence
91. Love is a deity
92. I almost think if I could wander out
93. There is a house that is no more a home
94. What it was forgotten for
95. In so far as your question is concerned,
96. Any thing that speaks of more than truth
97. Angst of having failed will take a while
98. To come near each other- two people
99. When I think, that after my demise
100. Chanab Da Sauda
101. A Ball of Gold
102. Facts Of life
103. This stuff amounts to nothing ---
104. So let us not rush. Let us put our
105. I say let us dream
106. I have often heard many envious,
107. I may be taciturn, blunt or terse
108. The ocean of this life is --
109. I have safe guarded every --
110. He seems to be more afflicted

111. Remarkable conjunction of --
 112. Translation of Daloo's song
 113. A thousand useless things happen
 114. Enough is what we give and ---
 115. That fleeting moments rustle like
 116. And inspirations of a Ghetto boy
 117. I have often heard many envious,
 118. So many little things remain undone
 119. DOGRI SONG BY YASH SHRMA
 120. The Dogra Syndrome
 121. Lonesome Heart
 122. Refuge
 123. Bus- Queue—Man
 124. Double Shame
 125. He and He

III English translation of “GHAR”

IV GAZAL---

- 1 All world describes my habit, not to
2. I spent my life and mended everything
- 3 My heart is bleeding bleeding . What to
- 4 I came to life unknowing- Now I know

5 Have you given a thought, my dear
6 This life is a fearful void. Is it so?
7 This life is full of fright. That's alright.
8. I have often heard many envious,
9 I was, to the cross of life impelled
10 A single word has
11 And strong enough to offer not the

12 Enough is what we give and what we get
13 Two winding trails issue from the hill
14 I dreamed this an easy thing to do
15 And strong enough to offer not the reasons
16 . So there I was filled with guilt, loneliness,

V Sher—

1. That fleeting moments rustle like a
2 “ Could one make a deal like that,
3 Yesterday was okay – Today tastes good.
4 It is not the mountain that wear,

5 Time does not move, it is me,
6 A generation that has fought for freedom
7 But it can not pass the intense persnol
8 For those who patient pataiat bear, Is—
9 “ Could one make a deal like that,
10 Oh century! You are alive and I am
11 Time does not move, it is me,
12 There is no way in which one man can feel in
13 Dunia Ne Tajurbaat O Hawadas ki Shaki Main

E- KUNDALIYAN---

1. CHALLENGE-----

(After reading Waris Shah's Heer in Punjabi)

'Waris Shah' is dead but immortal 'Heer' still lives,
To numberless admirers, it utmost pleasure gives,
It utmost pleasure gives but with sadness so much tingled
That those who read it deeply get saddened and unhinged
This poem immortal matchless, this song without a flaw
O! 'Heer' immortal lives on, though dead is 'Waris Shah'.

Immersed in 'Heer' I think of those days the present times,
And I am sure convinced than that these are different climes,
That these are different climes and are empty of all art.
Then due to this neglectfulness which steins from broken heart,
I think of people's selfishness through gentleness rehearsed
Their pseudo love of Poesy but really self immersed.

Now do not tell me that now like 'Heer' nobody loves,
Just look at the rambling young ones how wrong assertion
proves,

How wrong assertion proves and see how their veins do
burn?.

With whitened heat of passion and how they look and turn,
To see beloved young ones and with their eyes show,
I want to take you now love –I want to take you now.

I wish that someone like him with vision half as great,
Does come to present times then can many 'Heers' create,
Can many 'Heers' create with his pure impassioned grasp,
To make the lovers react then and in their wonder gasp,
I search in corner, with deep devotion try,
'No' one accept this challenge except 'Viyogi' I.

2. Lament On Love's Fiasco In MEERA'S Refrain

I

Sequestered in my heart, love, my love, for you resides
And waits in patient wait love till fate its fate decides
Till fate its fate decides, love, and gives its judgment wise
And either lonely leaves me or gives me this surprise
To hold you in embrace, love, by pain and grief unpesterd
My love for you Oh dear love! is in my heart sequestered.

II

But till it happens dear love, my mourning's do not pause
Though spell bound this world hears and gives me much
 applause
And gives me applause love mistaken that I sing
But to my mourning's melody, with truly full love I ding
And keep it repair love, my empty, rickety hut.
Amidst my these admires I do not see you but.

III

Enriched by my grief, Love, I come to this impasse,
Bewildered are my songs Love! Look what has
Look what has come to pass, Love, so breathless is my breath
And which of them is sweet, Love, this life or peaceful death
In living body soul love is grieving thus sepulchred

By doubtful paradoxes my mind is so encircled.

IV

Thus by my fate rebuffed, Love, I grieve in deep dismay,
I ask for peaceful death, Love and in a while I may
And in a while I may love then from this world depart,
My fate is worse than 'Heer', Love who won her like Ranja's
heart

And 'Shereen and Farhad', Love were not a bit like us
They failed but knew their love, Love, their authors tell us thus.

V

Unknown to lovers, love, Love this love for lovers grows
And lover can be saved, Love, if consequences knows
If consequences know, Love, of its occurred sting,
I and I had this thing known, Love, I would have done this
thing,

Forwarded potential lover's, in hills dale and town
That love for lover grows, Love, by lovers is unknown.

VI

Wearer only knows, Love, his shoe is pinching where,
So ignorant of pain, Love, of grief so unaware;
Of grief so unaware, Love, this world preoccupied
In usual avocations, no time to look my side,
And if perchance it sees me, when I am a little nearer,
It scoffs at my apparel, of which I am the wearer.

VII

Had I known that love, Love, such endless misery brings
I wouldn't have cherished, Love, love which- poisonous snake like stings,
Which poisonous snake like stings, Love, by him who are possessed,
Their sole companion, pain Love, with pain they are obsessed,
And in perpetual grief, Love, they warble and go mad,
I would have shunned this love, Love , this knowledge if I had.

POEMS-----

1. NOW I KNOW

I

I came to life unknowing- Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

II

I spent this life in ignorance confined,
And looked at distant shore for knowledge and
With muddled comprehension ill –defined,
I chased mirages in the desert land,
I looked ahead and also looked behind
But did not look at what was in my hand
In futile charades myself I did bind
And thought this was a vision lovely grand,
By mistakes till I stumbled on my mind
Where knowledge in true visage I did find. .

What blunders I was doing- Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

III

I strove with all and in mad love with strife
I blundered in premeditated art,
And in this process hurt my groping life
This living unattended bleeding heart,
I hurt my children, friends and foe and wife,
Who from my meanderings shyness and start

Perchance I heard then rumor who was rife
That old 'viyogi' preaches in his life

To strive with none unknowing – Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

IV

I came to life unknowing, terrified,
And fugitive in life, from life became.
I thus all pleasure missed and was denied
True happiness and self and love and fame,
And for these things went looking far and wide,
But shadow and sunshine looked the same,
In deep disgust then I my fate described,
My mind ensured in defeatist frame,
My haggard visage all my claims believed
With deep disgust and with shame faced shame,
I then refrained in a life and openly cried,
Inadvertently called Him by His name.
I took His name and he became my guide,
Found knowledge and forsook I all my pride.
No doubts now in my doubting mind reside,
No terrors spiteful at me daily chide.
And I, while standing peaceful at His side,

Now sink and I am going- Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know.

V

My race is run and in a few mild refrains
Which tuneful scatter in few verses mild
I say that I am habitual of pains
Unmindful like wonder - struck wondering child
I take whatever of my life remains,
Unbothered, and unhindered, unbeguiled
By ruses of this life's incessant rains
And live in states of mind reconciled,
To shallow breathing, muddled, fevered brains
And war in my hand in blazes roaring wild,

My feverish pace slowing - Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

VI

In labyrinths of mind, befogging lanes,
With countless hurdles striven cunningly tiled.
I roam and see relentless chugging exiled,
Go hurtling as if from my life exiled
And scattered to the winds my conquered gains,
When from the completion I resiled
And to the remotest places take my banes
To keep them hidden and in covers piled
And then I feel my life a bit reviled
And by its senseless wandering tired and riled
I look at all black colored bloody stains,
And in my memory keep them safely filed,
O! I, my worried moments have thus whiled

I in the face frigs laughed and smiled
To shed all the fetters, fearful steely chains
To easen up all terror stricken strains ,

My feverish pace is slowing- Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- now I know.

Oh! Those who glorify their blood and state
And flagrantly go flaunting fertile fields
Oh! Old 'Viyogi', go to them-Narrate
What power does this time on mortals wield,
How each successive moment, separates
It counts and lastly nothingness to yields
And ceaseless carries on at constant rate
To pound to powder, harangue berate.
All saber rattling soldiers, emperors great.
And on the dot, on each appointed date,
He blows them to the winds soon or late
Its omnipresent moves passes, wheels
And rueful mortals curse their luckless fate.
So please 'Viyogi' go and reiterate
How omnipotent time, this ogre is,
And all true knowledge just amounts to this
That every mortal in its presence kneels
And tell them that he much insulted feels.
Our fleeting moments if we equate
It tarries not a moment, don't wait,
In vain the mortals take to tiny heeds

So those who glorify their blood and state

My friend are merely crowing-Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

VII

From whence this soul has come and where it goes
I want to know, come tell me, if you please,
I ask the wrinkles on all wizened brows,
Then feel their posture in deep thinking freeze
Such pin drop silence occurs, gentle breeze
Appears like howling and high soaring geese
In mid flight cease their roaring quietly browse,
And when we hear feathers earthward ease,
Then falling thus they whine and howl and sneeze,
And rainless clouds like ships advance in rows,
With all this movement silence does increase
The tumbling snowflakes then appear to wheeze
And lodge in leaves of screaming tossing trees,
But silence every moment grows and grows
I with a spasm feel my breathing cease,
Like ships when on the heaving breast of seas.
Their stifled anger go and then release
And in confusion seaward point their prows.
Then all their anger when great ocean sees.
It laughs and chuckles in a trice does seize
The reckless tiny vessel lays its siege
With not a whimper whence no body knows,

And silence every moment ponderous grows
And to my queries I get silent NO's
Tell how our body with such recurring ease
Renews on sole its for expiring ease
By simple copulation, passionate throes
Of bodies twined and fitting crease to crease
In fringed lonely spasm, single squeeze,
Through hormones capture souls and without pleas
And lifeless piece of flesh enlivened grows
And mortals say their prayers, take their vows
O! how I wonder!, how my wonder bows
But says 'Viyogi', tell me all its 'HOWS'
I want to know, come tell me if you please,
From where this soul has come, where it will go
"Don't question Him" on this, he doesn't know
He says, he doesn't know but it is so,
That at least I do know that I don't know

My pleasure keeps on growing- Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know.

VIII

One moment spent in wonder on this Earth
Is more rewarding than imagination
Can grasp. And wonder's universal girth
Can win for you a dazzling sublimation
To have an inkling of its real North.
You keep on keeping on to destination,

And when you think of birth and rebirth,
And wonder at the wonder of creation
And bow before it with due adulation
Each grain is full of pleasure and no dearth
Is there of true seekers of the Mirth

This river keeps on flowing-Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

IX

Men with much clamor tiny things achieve
But nature strides so greenly in quietness
Mind baggling feats achieves. To harness
Same forces which we mortals don't believe
In total silence tosses and does heave
In tranquility and with such tenderness
It like a feather lifts this Earth does leave
To make it move in orbit and endless,
This motion carries on O! let me guess
To carry on the show or just impress,
On mortals their true worth who daily grieve
Their tiny efforts and great Epics Weave
And make their lives one huge befuddled mess,
And blinded grouping move in such darkness
And cry in pain and ignorant distress,
All size is relative I have learnt, yes.

Each level is mind blowing- Now I know

What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

X

So happy happy from this life depart
And happy happy in this life you stay
But just remember what minuscule part
You in this daily scheme of things do play
And if you bar ken to this lovely thought
That everything with depths unknown is fraught,
Then you will win the battle, every way
Will open for your pleasure and you may
Drink deeply in the fountains which are wrought
A squandered in this world in wild array
Then you will love your happy happy lot,
And make no foolish gesture- Take away
Some tiny piece of land and on line plot
To hold your insignificant display
To make believe in what, what is not
And ill confine your right and limited say,
Come in the morning breeze and happily sway
And see the bubbles on the fringe of spray
And all sad thoughts of grief to keep at bay.
And this beauty which for you is brought
By power sizeless, smaller that or naught
All for the taking, free of cost and pay
In sizes numberless so come make hay
Drink pleasures in one constant thirsty draught
And in true humbleness you kneel and pray

And says 'Viyogi' mortals frankly ought

To know that life is glowing- Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

XI

True pleasure lies in giving and imparting
Some pleasure to your friends. Then departing
And love is never having to say sorry
In heated moments when the words are awry
O! love is unpremeditated wanting
And how infatuating and enchanting
And when the lover wants it in a hurry
Then without reason every thing granting.
True love is never grudging, never taunting
And when the friends are sad and labor weary,
Then love is quickly winning not to tarry
Love is lovers every moment haunting
With kisses O! when he is tired and wary
Of struggles and then altogether chanting

'Viyogi'! Love is all –allowing- Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know

XII

But if you ask me frankly how I know
Then I will tell you, hark, and you be quite,
And I will tell you, listen, wait a minute

But ere I tell you let me take delight
In how I came to know the wrong and right
And how I thus expanded my insight
Of life's brilliance, radiant, glowing bright,
But you interrupt and ask me how I know
I frankly know not how, but –Now I know

I came to life unknowingly_ Now I know
That love is all allowing-Now I know
What pleasure is in knowing-Now I know

2. Just beyond my understanding lurks
A thought profound but fighting shy of words
And moves in countless hesitating jerks,
So, what melodious tidings it heralds
Like hammer poised to strike the nail in wood
Like rain predicting all-ravaging flood,

The drizzle continues and continues
And seeps deep down the bowels of Good Earth
And expectation of roaring waters rues
And laments false expectations worth
The lovely, tearing tantalizing breeze
Of thoughts profound does vow, does never cease

The hammer looks menacing when so poised
Though threatens but it does not drive the spike
In molecules of wood. Revering raised,
It threatens more but does not still strike
By some hypnotic power so sustained,
The stroke will fall when ever so ordained.

Like hammer poised in hand to strike the nail,
Like water laden clouds predicting hail.

STREET KID OF SLUMS

(condemned)

His brazen look of repentance for his ilk
Is apparent in his furtive, rumbling gait,
Ensnared in debilitating anonymity
Encrusted the dust of dirty lanes
With gritty lift of shoulders deft in chin,
Not hiding the big tear in worn out pants,
Just on the seat where world has kicked him so
Frequently that immune to all these kicks,
He still persists in moving ambling for
A toe- hold on the owning of this life .
These castles which he makes and daily builds,
But ignorant, condemned creature-poor
At least an effort makes though badly fails.
Oh! listen hombre, listen O! Gritty kid,
This stuff amounts to nothing friend out there.

You hamstrung with false hope and mediocrity
Contemplate good times. This nightmare
Is ugly ugly ugly without doubt.
Quiescent through of wishes impish grope
But cope they not and merely cul-de-sac
Personified has now become-your life,
Disrupts with - slapstick answers. Hardly cope,
And pure for what is not what you each
You dream of coves hopeful, hopeful where
No street exist, no trouble -lurching wants,

But get no clue of their existence sweet.
Nowhere to go no way to get in there.
You do not know that purses snatched in streets
No riches give but heady moments give
Though for this in the stinking rotting jails
Few bulls are rotting in society's yoke.

Just waiting for parroted to routing go
To answer ruthless tug of waiting streets.

The jails are full of rambling, bellowing bulls,
But streets are thronged with those who got away
Who still have bit of spunk in youthful lovers.
With which to throw impatient kick or two
In luckless dreams of break my from this bleak
And vicious circle-but with touched in tails
With scamper back for meals-unashamed
To jails and in this manner yet survive
To crawl away by inches to their end.

I don't deny that manful, manful tried-
You all your efforts used to break away
From viewless cramps of wire -pulling down
But as I told you kiddy-once before.

This stuff amounts to nothing at this place
I don't blame your father and the streets.
Your father for his part to perpetrate
With thoughtless copulation carried out
For nothing else but spasm of the sperms
Ejaculating with a single flash
And getting him a moment of relief
From loveless fires roaring in his blood
And streets. I blame for crushing under heels
The consequences of loveless kiss of flesh.

4 “THE REASON WHY”

“Viyogi” wrote while living, many books
But now from after- life when he looks,
He see that they like men can talk, and give
Their argument, no obstacle brooks.

Through busy, busy working he can see
That they are all interested, make a plea ,
And like a doting father says “Oh! Come”
They after all are his own progeny.

With deep affection, tender feeling, love,
And in addition to the all above
He asks them sharply in my absence, “sons,
Did my contentions in the world you prove?”

They want to speak at once-clam our make
And all panoplied on their shelves they wake.
He cuts them short with his ascorbic tongue
For charity, and good listening were at stake

Disciplined speakers in the parliament
Don't get out of turns make comment
So in their turns, the leaders will speak
And we will thus conduct the argument.

So in a hurried huddle all of them,
Consulted in loved whispers like a boom,
Ensuring silence sounded but they chose,
That who waved speak for what and who for whom.

'Viyogi' noticed that the leaders four
In number were he knew it all before,
As in his lifetime he had noticed this,
Whenever he was asked to give encore.

With one experienced cheerful lazy sweep,
(This habit did from living days he keep) .
He noticed they were 'common', 'why and sweet'
And lastly came his trusted "Mr. Deep".

With this decided argument did start,
And all of them opened on what part,

Oh! they had played to the world convey
His great contentious, peevish kept apart.

And none of them did from their points digress,
So argument did make such fast progress
That I can tell you briefly what conspired
Which briefly in few couplets I express

With overtones of gruffness, counting heads,
Complained thus Mr Deep that none reads
His followers or he himself, on the shelves
Lie waiting virgin like, he concedes

Tough comprehension of their deep contents,
Is what which study in them Oh! prevents.
The first edition in not fully sold
But still to keep on trying he consents.

Thus “Mr” wry befuddled by his sleep,
With much sarcastic gesture in a heap,
Kept sitting and in mirthful syllables,
He scoffed at his performance and did weep.

At all the pinpricks he has much supplied
And thorns to blown up egos has applied,
When sympathized with get up wide awake,
“I flood you friends. He laughed and this replied.

I keep on picking bloated egos, friend,
My repertoire is wide and it extends
To all the fields of human activity
Which smacks of all pretention selfish ends.

Much heart -burn to the people I have wrought,
They hate the way I barb my simple thought
But traditions published, have been sold.
For I am though despised, others bought.

Then shyly, smiling got up, ‘Mr Sweet’
With tenderness and love this world I treat,
He said , “And world accepts with open arms”
That which I speak. Impassioned drums I beat.

Are so enamored people of any art
Like cupid blindly using the love dart

(Have Tthirty bound edition printed sold)

When throws the people willing take to heart.

In swooning youth, infancy palsied age ,
Of can not people without me manage
The truth I speak, no boastful words are these
And with these parting words, I leave the stage.

In entered loudly singing 'common' then
I feel infuriated friends you when
Belittle me with lack of thought and depth
The culprit is not me, Vyogi's pen

This declaration such created hush
That silence with your finger your could push,
Or cut it, with a knife, so thick was it
That with it you could all the loudness crush.

But fringed 'common' gave no thought no heed
He paid. And with his unintelligible speed
Thus went on ranting, dancing, blaming sore,
It showed to all his low and common breed

And old 'Viyogi' listened without guile ,
And kept on making notes he all the while,
And then compared them with his records
And sat reclining with a knowing smile,

When 'Common' thus asserted, "listen runts"
To none your stupid smirking much amounts
When you tusk blood were sucking from his veins,
Then I was swelling all his bank-accounts.

He needed me, OK highbrows, don't deny,
Two thousand sold editions can supply
The information if you so desire
So let him speak and give the right reply.

This great debate then on this note concluded,
Except his brief repartee I excluded
For reasons, readers, still not known to me,
Though long on this repartee I have brooded

He flew away and left his friends on shelves
To carry on this pending for themselves.

His work was done, his limited time was up,
My mind now even on his answer delves

O! I will not disclose that with a wink,
With naughty- dancing eyes and me think
With love expressed his helplessness and asked
For someone to go fetch one parting drink,

And after this parting to us bowed
O! What a grinning visage to us showed,
In life what humans do is “pre-ordained”
And no one ever “Why” of it has known.

5 Tilting of couplets-- "FOUR LINES".....
Atones limits the reach.

1. I used to freely fly; experience things,
Collecting beautiful hues and bounteous stings.
But now I fly upon my doughty will
Science, out of spite, sky has cut my wings.
2. In the skies of sadness, I grope,
Searching for this life's purple hope,
On abandoned paths of memories,
Looking for your footprints on the slopes.
3. Fruitful deals were struck and deeds were made,
Everything was measured, counted, weighed,
But when I read the balance sheet of life,
I felt defeated, cheated and way layed.
4. Was there some unseen hint in this,
I do not really know. I admit.
You told me to be seated in your room,
When, in your room, there was no room to sit.
5. Shed the obsessions, keep your hopes alive,
Let the future on the present thrive,
Lest the ups and downs of road of life
Force you not to continue the drive.
6. The deepest knowledge, deepest doubt up brings
All beliefs and faiths are unfixed things,
Deepest held convictions lose context
From the grave of one the other springs.

7. If clouds provide some shade, I will speak.
If fragrances pervade, I will speak.
If I find a guide to lead me on,
And thus my life is made, I will write.
8. If you don't despair and be bold
If you have the means to buy, beloved,
The paths upon which darkness now prevails.
Are paths upon which countless lamps sold.
9. I fell in love with hardship when I rode,
And still I do not want to shed my load.
Whenever journey's end appears nigh
My mind returns to beginning of the road.
10. Hair adrift upon her moon like face,
Like some intricately knitted lace
The hair/Air-nets are spread across the sky,
The lonesome bird of heart has lost the race.
11. My toiling frugal years lent me fame,
Thinking, I had gold hunters, came rubies.
Finding I had only calloused hands.
They went away to hunt for fruitful game.
12. Like a bud, a rose fragrant vales,
Her glance rarest of the weir entails,
Suggestion of a smile on her lips,
Is like a lovely book of fairy tales.

13. No use to talk of long lost yesterday,
Which for appointed time held its sway.
No use to talk of vanished moments,
But listen to the runs of to-day.
14. If you think you can,
You can, you can.
Darkness – in hope
Put mornings in your memories.
15. If others want to hide, let them hide,
Let others compromise, sell their pride-
Even if other halt to rest or leave,
You continue and take this in your stride.
16. Every happening simple or perverse,
I have safely kept to tend and nurse
And separately flowers from the thorns
Clothed my experience in my verse.
17. My pining heart repents, regrets,
Ensconced in suspicions and secrets,
And signs that show that I am still alive
Are wounds, broken heart, mournful frets.
18. To prove a point may take a thousand pages,
And many a thousand to get the right images .
A million ripples made a mighty wave
Tradition is established after ages.

19. Only in darkness lamps are lit.
A cyclone blows around a halcyon pit
In the womb of night besides the pain
The day is also nurtured bit by bit.
20. Questions have in themselves their replies,
In the middle of thorns, beauty lies.
If life is real this is also true
That revolution lives in hungry cries.

Last night, in a dream, I met my mother
Who once me, with her kisses did smother.
Although I was already an adolescent,
But of world's guiles unaware, innocent.
She was used to calling me, 'young one',
Although I was her oldest child, eldest son.

Last night when I met her, to me it did seem
I was dreaming that I was in a dream
She rumbled my hair, and called me rabbit
As in the days past was her loving habit
Then in seriousness she asked, 'young one',
How the world has been treating you son.
Speaking thus, this to me, she disappeared.
To her heavenly bowers quickly repaired

I know that your greeting was well meant
But I think it was having a weak content

I am not impertinent, discourteous, clever,
Impertinent and to you mother, never,
But the sequence of the words is all wrong,
For you know this place is meant for the strong.
And confident souls always their talk
With a lot of confident -sounding sentences stock,
You may be smiling at unlike days of yours
As was your habit, I know a bit more
For when you died I were just twenty one,

Your urchin in here has forty years done,
Has suffered more guiles and got more experience,
Has a robust store of blunders and hence
So what he admires is this sequence of words
“Dear son! How you been treating this world?”.

Good morning dear, Teacher,
We hope that you are refreshed
Lo! Due to you frowning quietness
The class is also hushed,

It is good to hear you laughing,
It is good to hear your voice,
And with your moods the whole day
We mourn or rejoice.

It is wonderful to see you
With a face engulfing smile
I hope you are not angry,
We tremble you all the while.

You punish if we are guilty
But say your lovely notes
You came of warn or snubs,
Or call us all turn coats,

And say this in a rhyme,
In tune and every time,
We chatter, laugh and giggle,
We promise to do assignments.

You overlooked our lapses
And never were annoyed,
We dote on you dear Teacher,
We think you rue are tired

We give our word by Jesus
We all will like lambs,
And do whatever you tell us,
All Poonams, Mary and Sams

Remember, dearest teacher,
Your rues are much required,
Your rues are much desired ,
your rues are much admired.

Come, smile and wipe your frown Oh!
And take over roll and names
So that during the whole day,
We play the mental games.

8 YOU ASKED ME HOW WE MET?

As I was playing. He kicked my
Mud house (घरोन्दा) – and ran away,
Naughty boy. I followed him in anger.
Mother applauded my spirit, We disappeared
In the field., where we kissed.
As myself and my mother were busy with
Our chores. He called me out for water.
Mother said- “poor thirsty beggar. Give
Him water”. As I was giving water.
He caught my hand. In fear I
Snatched it and broke my bangles. Small
Droplets of blood appeared on my wrist. I
Cried out in pain. Mother came rushing and
Screamed in horror. The boy was scared.
Open mouthed. I told mother. I banged my

Hand against the pillar. Minor injury.
Mother went inside calling us mere children.
Boy was relieved, called me naughty and
Embraced me with such force that
Blood come rushing to my head.
This is how we met.

9. LOVE - I

(Published in magazine TAWI----- (In late fifties)

I

The moon danced in the cloudy sky,
And lovely made the night,
It dressed the earth in silvery coat,
And pleasant made the sight.

II

A shadow appeared on the hilly way,
And went towards the tank,
The moon and stars smiled to see,
Another on the bank.

III

They met in peace and pleased they were,
They danced and sang and slept,
They slept in peace and were content,
n pleasures they were swept.

.... Randhir Singh (2nd year)

10. WHO AM I? WHY I AM HERE?

The question pops up every where
In infancy, human race
Self same quarries had to face
The known intellectual, Humanoid
Kept on grouping in the void,
Humble plea and meek request,
Carried on this endless quest.

11. TRUTH

(Truth is beautiful, but what is TRUTH?)

And who has got its truthfully measuring rod?

No religion has unraveled it, In sooth,

I do not think, it is a case for God!

12.

MY SCHOOL

Near Kheria's periphery
Like a brooding sentry

The Kendriya Vidyalaya stands,
Teasing my mental strands.

Near Ajit Nagar Gate,
We all speculate
What new pastures to graze in
We toil and leave to fate
And in your wisened corridors
We learn to hate all hate,
And pick up lovely traits,
What blessings you have showered
I sure can't calculate
In my mental territory,
Like a brooding sentry,
The Kendriya Vidyalaya stands

In your grandiose pastures,
We all to-day trespass,
And pick up hundred methods
To look for greener grass.

13.

AN EFFORT TO COMPARE A POEM...

(for my daughter Poonam ,which ended in confusion
With profusion—Randhir)

a. Bees hum—violins trump,
 I say mum_ quickly come,

 Lizard’s hiss -Mynas kiss,
 I say miss- Look at this,
 -. Do not miss

 Parrot Talks- peacock walks,
 Leopard stalks- Fortune mocks,

 Lovely cakes- Mama makes
 Papa Bakes- And Rashmi talks

 On the river- People shiver,
 God is giver- God is giver,

 Sparrows fly- High and high,
 Some are lovely- cry and cry,

 Flowers sigh- I am shy,
 What a guy- I say fie,

Wasps sting- bugs cling,
Flies sing- Ring-O-ring,

Flowers Bloom-like a groom,
I am watching- from my room,
Take a broom- Fret and fumes.

b. Lovely home—lovely home,
 In our garden come and roam,
 What is ROME? What is ROME?

c. Farmers plough- plants grow,
 In the snow- Fields glow,
 What a lovely lovely show,
 Wind will blow- sun will show,
 Melt the whiteness down below,
 Think a bit and knit your brow,
 Clever clever blacky crow,
 Go, no, slow, prow, bough, though, row.

 In this way- Happy and gay,
 Elders say – Pass your day,
 June and May- Holiday
 Very quickly Run away

In there bed- Roses red

Look like bushes – Having Bled

- c. Cats mew and cuckoo's coo
All is beauty though and through
Ogling are me and you
Step this way and mind your shoe
Clouds thunder and Run Asunder
What are these I always wonder

Lightening bright- All is light
What a sight o! what a sight
Night is right or right is might
Tell me mother what is right
Darharing night- gives me fright
Do not fight- say good night
I say Mama Thanks a mite
Tuck me Mother good and tight
Flying kite- gains the height

Snails sneak- Leaves creak
Do not speak- Do not speak
Let them seek – Let them seek
Juicy steak- All the week
Meek and weak- Reach the creek
Finally he in pigeons Beak

- d. In the spring- with a string
 Make a swing- Lovely thing
- In the school- on your stool
 Do not fool- Fear the rule
- Leaves green- All have seen
 Good and mean- Dull and keen
- e. Hot and cold- young and old
 Brought and sold- Pearls and gold
 Jesus toed- All be bold
- Big and small- we are all
 What they call- Mama's doll
 Take a ball- play and fall
 On the wall- Never scroll
- Children came- Played a game
 Call a name- which is same
 Do not blame- never blame
 Do not take a friends name
 Shame oh shame- shame oh shame
- Soaring kite- gaining height
 And sunlight- Blinding sight
 Navy bright- very bright

crockery climbs- Papa drinks
baby blinks- Mama thinks

winding brooks- Fishing proofs
sweating cooks- Boring books
lovely looks- cheats and crooks

booming guns- Enemy runs
fluffy Bums- All young once
Punchy puns- Angry Nuns.

Mama tries- Apple pies
Sleepy eyes- say good byes
Apple pies- Healthy sighs

Papa Jo- tells me go
I say no- what a row
Knitted brow- I will show
With a bow- walking slow
Finally though- I will go
When I grow- When I grow
I will never easily go
Papa Jo! Papa Jo!

Sunday times- so sublime
But it passes in no time
Not a crime when I shine
In a rhyme, In a rhyme

Sunday time is sublime
In no time But it passes

f. In the hall- In the hall
I will call- I will call
I am small- I am small
That is all- that is all

Creeping vine-brush and pine
Looking fine- All are mine
How they shine- Like sun shine
Heady wine- Heady wine

g. Rushing Thrush- in a rush- How they push
Find the bush- All is hush- Rushing Thrush
Foundations gush- Flowers blush
Red and flush- Every brush
Who will crush- who will crush
Green and Lush Green and lush
What a Fuss- what a Fuss

Eating Toffees- Monkey copies
Wants to eat all the toffees

Monkey mimics- watch his gimmicks
Tell him no and still he mimics

See the moles- Move their jowls
Taking rolls- In their holes

See the fowls- hear it howl
Shouting foul- on his prowl
Stops to caches there and then

Watch the duck- Neatly pluck
Eating fish Gluck- Gluck Gluck

See the lion – kings scion
Mothers hunting quickly join.

i Running rabbit- quickly grab it
 In your super nicely have it
 Squinting squirrel- In a whirl
 Hundred patterns- you unfurl
 Sugar and slice- All things nice
 We will swallow in a trice
 Good night sparrow- shed your sorrow
 I will see you by to-morrow.

Shady tree- big and free
Shaking, shaking in wild glee

Asking over you and me
How I swing come and see

Lovely rose- Near the nose
Bring close- How I drouse.

14. I ONCE SAT WITH YOU ON SAND.

Wrote your name.
Then erased it.
Now after you have left me,
You have written hell ema lot
Which even time can't erase.

15. How I need a single fringed night,
To take me out of myself without ba
To let my fancy roam far, a far
And not for ever with my worry fight.

16. IF THE KILLER THINKS THAT HE KILLS,

If the killed thinks that he is killed,
They do not understand for
No one kills and no one is killed.
Free from Cause and Effect

17.

SUDDS --

No two humans or situations are
Exactly alike. They may have
Strong similarities, but each is
Unique in some respect. And
Looking for similarities only,
In order to fit your
Preconceptions or
Categorizations, we are
Often blinded to uniqueness.
It is magic. like no other
Magic . Uniqueness
Is inherent in ordinary
Situations also.

18. FRIENDS OF YESTERDAY ARE GONE AND TIME

Friends of yesterday are gone and time
Is fleeting like the lightening in a blur
Like horses moments gallop, where the spur
Is dug in quivering flanks, grey with grime.
To weep at such grave moments is no crime,
All memories are like shadows, self saved
And unsubstantial substitutes and lame/one
Apologies for headstrong bubbling prime.

19. HEM OF YOUR DRESS-

She went away when I was just a promise,
A bud, a seedling, idea of a song
And in a fleeting second, with a whiz
She left me stranded on my journey long.
Liquid murmurs of the rivers;
Many a glad day has come in my life
Gray mornings, barren days, gloomy evenings,
Whispering in impossible hope,
Nursing an impossible hope.

20. It was not the ending
 I had wished – But
 It was the ending
 I had to accept.

21. MIAN AWASTHI'S DEDICATED BAND

Mian Awasthi's dedicated band,
Invites you to a grand
Hooky session, full of prick.
Please miss your usual lunch,
And come with your brood
To eat the sumptuous food,
Where Mian Awasthi's Begum
Would serve Murg Mussalam
With innumerable delicacies,
The intimate intimacies,
Of no-holds barred dance.
Giggles, gossips and romance
You believe it or not
You would enjoy a lot
Come to the Officers Mess
In your reginal dress
At the time given below
At 1900hrs.- you know

Love is a tree
With roots that gore.
You pick up the fruit
And long for more.
You stiffen the bark
It softens the core.
It sweetens the smile
And deepens the joy.
It makes me ogle
And maddens the boy.
It catches the life
In its myriad hues.
It brings to the girls
Their midnight lies.
It shadows me ever
And always boos.
It ripostes the voice
And thickens the speech
It seeds the sigh
It gives us each
Our special ploy,
And lengthens the reach,
Love makes me hunger
And love to touch.
It makes me want

It ever so much
It when love was missing
I never had much
Love is a tyrant
Which tyrants seek
It threatens me so
Though ever so meek
It weakens the strong
And strengthens the weak

23.

UNTIL YOU CAME TO ME

Until you came to me
Breathing was never such a joy
Living was stale, a stringent wail
And the environment was never coy.
Until I kissed you
Kissing was never so great
Heart was never still,
Could never ever vibrate.
Until I loved you,
Loving was never so free
Each day, each day,
Copulating away
Could ne'er ever fore see.

24.

A NON – CONVERSATION

(A visit to Mr. Sharma, my neighbor and colleague while he was stretched on an Easy chair, with a glass full of wine lying on the arm of the chair. We agreed to disagree and our conversation resulted in a NON- CONVERSATION).

To-morrow being SNUDAY- I thought
I will go to Sharma and
Over a glass of “Defense Quota”
(LACED WITH WATER)
Discuss with him- The Humdrum
Of preceding week- there after
Plan the future strategy
Against our new boss- the runt
Who at twenty five—“king”nt (now bear the brant)
Had the teinerity of telling
That I have been misspelling
The word ATICATE- (Etiquette)
Which he seems to possess a bit-
-But demit
By his courtesy I was –Not mollified
I was so mortified
A veteran of Forty two
In fire of shame- I stew
So I thought- P yours
Gab- SHUT Up yours
And I thought “ lls – Then again repeated” Us
And imagined a few cat calls.
It was already dusk when I approached
Said good- evening and broached

The subject on my mind
He was stretched on an Easy chair
In his lawn
Boneless – unmoving and upon
The arm of the self same chair
Was a glass of “Defense Quota Rum”
(laced with water)
Full to the brim
To make him aware
Of my presence
Any how he lifted his languid brows
Which hinted at a solution
Whose significance
Can be gain said-he hardly knows
Which in essence
Seemed to say- Please sit down
If you may- but don’t moan
About to-day
And spill your sad sorrow
“ Because there is always a to-morrow”.
I took a sip of rum and realized
It was not my imagination
Playing tricks- He had
Actually spoken in a feeble voice
And I had no choice
But to accept the challenge of
His quotation
He had a wrong notion
That he who was two years junier to me
In the office- could get away
From my oratoy’s sway
Especially when I had come

To crib about our new boss
So U a piece of wisdom
Did –at him toss
What about to- day my friend
This minute- This second
Is the only one in which to live
Come face- this spectacle
That every minute is
An unrepeatable miracle
So let us live to-day and crib
But he said ever so meekly
Than before- with out lifting a brow
Even more feebly
“There is always a to-morrow”
I told him boy alright
What do you say to this
That-to-morrow- we may miss
This to-day
Which to-morrow will become
Yesterday.
And to-morrow will be
To-morrow’s to-day.

25. THE NIGHT SKY BLINKED ITS EYES AND
DARED ME ON.

The night sky blinked its eyes and dared me on.
A man must give up partly being a man
And talk about our everyday concerns,
A widower can not sleep off his dead wife.

27. SODH SAMUNDREN DI

I

I used to freely fly, experience things,
Collecting beautiful hues, bounteous stings.
But, now I fly upon my doughty will,
Science (out of spite), the sky has cut my wings.

II

In the skies of sadness, I group,
Searching for this life's purple hope.
And on abandoned trails of
memories;.....

28.

BELLS

Bells, have always fascinated me:
Their music like a soft and cozy clutch,
Affects my very- being, over much.

29.

THE WORD – ‘VIYOGI’ MEANS

The word – ‘Viyogi’ means – one who burns
In fires of separation. Pseudonym
It apt. What he gets, he returns
To condescending world. Synonym
‘Viyogi’ means a person who does burn
With you and without you – turning turn.

1. Do you know Ravi Blagganna
His pet answer is a hefty “na”
You ask for Bangalore
He sends you Lahor/indore
And calls it Heaven’s Manna

2. Let me tell you about Nanda
एक sweet और शानदार बन्दा
But every one says
In the absence of plays
आजकल नर्म है उसका धन्दा

3. Now listen to this interesting thing
A compass sing was coming
Can’t go , said Jaitly
For I have a hurt knee
Manger said- It is not honeymoon but a compus
swing

4. Chawla’s feminine charm
Does nobody no harm
He has a smile
Which once a while
A pears a smole at least in Form

5. बलग्गन को जानते होंगे आप
सुनेगा तो मारेगा.मेरे बाप
Handsome and smart
In each and every part.
Except that there is nothing at the top.

6. Randhir is squadron's scribe
To this philosophy he does subscribe
He manly and tears
Performs and smears
But praises in line of a bribe

7. Talent like Deepak Chodhary in this nation
Comes once in a generation
If perchance
You see him dance
You witness erotic revelation.

8. K,J.Methews- our venerable father
About trifles doesn't bother
Once on his track
He turned and come back
Saw the AOC and wished he had gone rather

9. Every one knows about KaKa
His wife is a real Pataka
If ever he speaks

His Jowru squeaks
Neither food nor that- double Faka.

10. Mahesh Gulati and Santram Pathak
On spell craft are deeply stick
They have a style
But once in a while
I want them not to fight- with luck.

11. Harbans singh Sidhu with ardor
Comes to dance with a roar
But immediately after
He enohes loud laughter
For he occupies the entire floor.

12. People feel that our Alvinder Chand
Is in a very real senses a seared
Courteous and sweet
When ever you meet
But of work- not meet

13. Carol Kumar our member two
Believes this to be ever tame
All great men
Are amorous when
They find that women is new.

14. सब लोग जानते हैं दूर दूर
12SQN का कमाण्डर है मशहूर
In an unguarded moment
If he wants your comment
Tell him- excuse me Kapur
15. There is one B.N.Singh
Known as a generator king
Tall and hiss o me
Athelete and handsome
But he is quite a thing
16. Not found of whisky or brandy
Patel still has locus standi
Fond of Kathak or
और नाच का झटका
he is really very Randy
17. Anand is a intellectual
His achievements are (Actual)
Though in producing a son
This is known to every one
He has proved very ineffectual.
18. Chodhary and Randhir
May be Jatly and Sudhir
Are hen-pecked man

As knows every hen
What a luckless TAQDEER

19. Bajwa is very care free
In every organized spree
When he smiles
Even from moles
He look like comedian Mukri

20. Our dear and talented Ramaswamy
When drunk look like a salami
He sings like Kishore
And what a more
He is a real Harami.

21. इक दिन हमारा प्यारा गावा
कामयाबी का करने लगा दावा
he sent a 901
foer recreation run
901 reached Bawa Dhaba

22. Sidhu was once our Flight Commander
What hit him? He still wonder
Singhal and Chodhary
Came in a flurry
And pushed him down-under

23. Harbajan Singh sidhu like a bride groom
Was a dashing fight commander but with a broom
Came Singhal and Chodhary
And in a tearing hurry
Swept him to the crew Room.
24. Sidhu wanted to fly a jumbo
Unmovable fate sitting akimbo
First let him a Wing Commander
And finally Kheria's SFSO.
25. I asked Blaggna- 'May I go?'
Without thinking he said 'no'
And then started thinking
Smirking and blinking
This is how he runs the show.
26. Blagganna as I have seen
Neither will be, nor has been
Looks very busy
But takes it easy
Post-master in creating a scene
27. As told by Deepak Chodhary
Taleyar Khan was very Dukhi
When Caroll said, 'My boy'

In Banglore you enjoy
He blew up like a Jwala Mukhi

28. Ravi Chawla known as chou
Manages to go to Lukhnow
And wonder of wonders
He pleads and thunders
But fails to get a bahu
29. Once a soiled miserly tanner
In B.N's life threw a spanner
He could not account
This patty amount
And to make it up missed his dinner
30. Life is full of perpetual strife
And allayer's such for a suitable wife
It appears to us
Will not be a success (miss the bus)
At least- during his life.
31. Surinder Kapur have files unread
And doesn't listen to what is said
While listening to your brief
You learn to your grief
He think of shares market instead

32. Mathews returned while flying
And expected some shaabash and daad
But he saw MGR
Waiting in his flag car
And said, " मैं हो गया बरबाद" ।
33. Flexible and smooth like a whip chord
Who says Chand doesn't work hard
If you fly a mite
You dirty when you write
So his book is like his record
34. In get together we often see
Blaggana monopolizes the AOC
Forget us you bloke
Don't mention common folk
He even edges out OC
35. Go out and tell them
M.G. Ramchandra V.M.
Our AOC
We all can see
Is tired to his wife's hem.
36. H.S.Sidhu although a grafter
Quick as a mercurial laughter
And Jeet says
" He knows all the ways"

But she realizes it “Morning after”

37. I hope that each and every one
Will enjoy the light hearted fun
And little pin pricks
In these limerick
Which are written specially for fun
38. Gulati is very very wise
He takes regular exercise
By jumping to conclusions
And jogging with illusions
And side-stepping responsibility in every gives
39. It is commonly understood
In work Chand is very good
But what he can do
He can't go to the loo
When he not in the mood
40. You have heard all our बक बक
पर इस में नहीं कोई शक
That when you depart
With sincere heart
We wish you all good luck

41. Patel called Hiti Bhat to the stand
To play sometime I understand
Every one laughed
When this he asked
Have you got your organ in your hand
42. Deepak's dancing mannerism
Is an exhibition of eroticism
I wish he is kind
And does not mind
For this is a complementary euphemism.

31. WHAT I HAVE DONE OR TRIED TO DO OR FAILED
TO DO IS HERE

What I have done or tried to do or failed to do is here
All circumstantial evidence is present.
It shows ‘ how ‘ it happened, when and where,
But ‘why’ of it is conspicuously absent.

31. THE FINGERS OF THE POWER

The fingers of the power above do tune the harmony of this
peace. I am of no man’s waking, I am I, Take me or
leave me.
Compelled to warship priests invented Gods.
I remember what can be reminded
As for the rest, it can’t be undone.

32.

NOW THAT I HAVE GOT YOU

Now that I have got you
My happy Lot
Pains with which I caught you
Are now forgot

When the music swells up
Horse trot
Loosen tightened stir up
Hold them not

In secluded corners
I sit and think
These blue-blooded corners in loosen thoughts I

sink

When the chest with feeling
Punting Heave
But when with pain are seeking
Turn and leave

Oh! the moon is shining
Let it shine
In the sky reclining
The world is mine

Don't dwell on Love, Love
Oh! no use
What is all above Love

Is the muse

Tender Tender kiss me
That I may sleep
When you sorely nib me
Then it can keep

Must I keep on wandering
(stupid man)
My energies squandering
One by one

Happiness will come oh!
Me through me
One we now be mush
Me-you-me

33. LIFE IS MADE OF TIMELESS MOMENTS

Life is made of timeless moments rather than moments of Time.

Today was unborn yesterday and it will die to morrow.

Today is a bridge between Yesterday and To-morrow.

He served them and quietly faded away from their lives ,
Till they needed him again.

34. VAIN FEARS

Years have slipped from me and unachieved

Are aspirations and my lofty aims.

I feel so restless, unheralded, peeved;

That very act of thinking hurts and maims:

Ah! all my golden hopes, silver dreams

Have crumbled like ancient minarets,

Which my ancestors built. All their schemes,

The time has made antique. I may yet

Recite a word or two, if let,

My injured psyche revive and retain

Its hold on hopes and aims; dear and pet,

And break the all restraining, vicious chain

Of hopelessness, lethargic harmful fret,

And find that all my wailing was in vain,

35. My myself striding on my weary back,
I am bent upon to driving myself like my fate.

36. GIMMICKY-----

He refrains from providing
Ready-made and facile
Solutions to the complex
Socio- economic problems.

Degrading position of girls in middle class milieu-

A young girl has to bear
The agony of being
Exhibited like a commodity
Before her prospective bridegroom
With the fear of rejection

Click-ridden somatic stories and melodramas.

Insults are like bad coins
We almost help their being offered
To us, but we need not take them.
Legitimate place of worship is home.

“Happiness is the only good, the place to be
Happy is here, the time to happy
Way to be happy is to help others.

37.

IT WAS LONG AGO

Few battles, I have won in my youth,
And lost a few. But it was long ago.
The Time belies every lie and truth,
Can make a no, as yes, a yes, a no.

38. SO THERE I WAS, FILLED WITH GUILT'S, LONELY,
.....REJECTED

So there I was, filled with guilt's, lonely, rejected
I feel dislocated in time and purpose.
May be by some neutral judgment, you are in the
Right, and I am in the wrong, but this is what I am,
And I have to live with my emotions and expectations.
One be comes accustomed to the quiet,
And after a while, one enjoys it.
Coincidences happen too often, and too often innocent me
Are injured for life because people refuse
To believe in coincidences.
There are times when you don't think of consequences.

39. THE CONFLICT BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL,

The conflict between good and evil,
The lower nature and the higher nature
The inner man and the outer man.

Plato saw goodness as wisdom
Krishana and Mosses saw it as justice and duty
Christ saw it as love.

But what are these something's?
An inimical or deprecating
Assault on the work of the past.

40. SHE IS MY WIFE, A LOVELY PERSON.

She is my wife, a lovely person.
But we share little in common.
She is not a companion and
I hate the social systems for that.

41. TWISTS OF DESTINY WERE SET LIKE SMALL

Twists of destiny were set like small
Traps when the bus passengers took their seats.
Secure cocoon. Happy jostling baby.
A sense of impending danger,
For his incompetence as a pilot.
Chatted about, forth coming work schedules
Remarkable twists of destiny were set like tiny traps,
As each one took his place,
The man's extremely youthful appearance
Worried her not due to the youth it self
But with a hint of insanity in his eyes and
Unhealthy lines of fear in both the corners
Of his mouth. Awesome Engine Power.
But in all technical preparations and safety
Checks one glaring obvious point had been overlooked.

Randhir believed in-----

42. O! PRISTS, WHAT IS ON FIRE ?

- 1 All things, O, priests are on fire-
But what are these things which are on fire.
The eye O priests is on fire
Forms are on fire
Impressions are on fire
Eye conscious is on fire
Whatever sensation (pleasant or unpleasant, or indifferent)
Originates in dependence on impressions received by the
fire, is on fire.
2. And with what are these are on fire?
With the fire of passion, I say.
With the fire of hatred.
With the fire of Infatuation.
With birth
With old age
With death
With sorrow
With temptation
With misery
With grief
And with grief are these on fire
- 3 The ear is on fire
The tongue is on fire

Tests are on fire
The body is on fire
Things Tangible are on fire

The mind is on fire
Ideas are on fire
Mind- consciousness is on fire
Impressions received by the mind are on fire
Whatever sensation (pleasant or unpleasant, or in different)
Originates in dependence on impressions received by the
Mind that also is on fire.

- 4 And with what are these on fire?
- 5 Perceiving this O priests the learned on noble disciple
Conceives on aversion for the eye
Conceives on aversion for the forms
Conceives on aversion for the eye consciousness
Conceives on aversion for impressions received by the eye

And whatever sensation (pleasant or unpleasant, or indifferent) Originates in dependence on impressions received for that also he Conceives on aversion

Conceives on aversion for the ear
Conceives on aversion for the nose
Conceives on aversion for the odors
Conceives on aversion for the tongue
Conceives on aversion for the tastes
Conceives on aversion for the body
Conceives on aversion for the thing tangible
Conceives on aversion for the mind
Conceives on aversion for the ideas

Conceives on aversion for the mind-consciousness
Conceives on aversion impressions received by the mind

6 And in Conceiving this aversion he becomes divested of
passion

And by the absence of passion he becomes free
And when he is free, he becomes aware that he is free
And he knows that rebirth is exhausted
That he has lived the holy life
That he has done what it behooved him to do
And that he is no more for the world.

43

WHO SAYS THERE IS VOID----

I want to fill it but that is a base the right#
It was full. Because you are there.

44. **WHAT IT WAS FORGOTTEN FOR—**

I have often thought of asking Since you grew
Let us see, My lass, between us
What is new
Let us make a consent
Just me and you
Everything I ask you to
You need not do

45. **THERE IS HOUSE THAT IS NO MORE HOME**

There is house that is no more home
If you are lost enough to find yourself
The plaything in the playhouse of the children
Think of little things that gladden us
I know this River, it will when aroused
Leave the tatters hanging on our stains
Like the fallen ideal of some lover
I thought that nothing could be lower than
The lowness I espied the fore said man
Who had tripped and fallen even lower

Than the fallen ideal of the lover.

46.

ART OF LIVING

Everybody fails somewhere,
This on –top-of—the –situation. Thinking
A time when suddenly gang up on you and you,
Find yourself in a situation that has no out.
Drive on but take it easier.
Passion for going everywhere in a hurry.
You have 24 hours a day and that is all the
Time there is .
Don't let details of living swamp life itself.
The art of living consists not in stuffing the day as
Full as possible but in getting through the day with a
Sense of achievement, of enjoyment and without
Excessive fatigue.
The most dangerous farratic- A man with a hot mind
And cold heart.
If every man had the privilege of throughing his troubles,
In one big pile with everyone else's and could pick up,
Any burden he choose, nine out of ten would pick up
Their own troubles again. Because they'd know better
How to handle them.
There is no way in which one man can feel in
His own body the pain which another suffers.
Life is a struggle. But it is good to have a struggle.
It strengthens the character.
Seemingly hopeless moments.

-- Randhir Singh

47 There is nothing but a feeling left in me
 Which seems to want to tell me how I feel.
 Who so ever is up there and running the show.
 Mr. Supreme Being, Sir, Please, Keep it up.

48. VACANT LOT IN FATTU CHOGAN—

Little piece of land—defies solutions
Unstuck- stick situations& Endless process of talking
About nothing_ every time one comes in is unwritten letters-
Unattended funerals- furies of failures- poverty of debt
Like Sinai desert- My life also like this

49. CAN Antagonism BE LULLABIED TO DEATH.

Can antagonism be lullabied to death.
Turn back a tidal wave, one cup at a time.
It was Long Ago-----
Few battles, I have won in my youth,
And lost a few. But it was long ago.
The Time belies every lie and truth,
Can make a No, as Yes; a Yes, a No.

50.

LOVE IS A DEITY

Love is a deity
Can't be opined
Beyond symbols, beyond words
Can never be defined.

51. A GENERATION THAT HAS FOUGHT FOR
FREEDOM

A generation that has fought for freedom
May pass that freedom onto the next generation.
But it can not pass the intense personal
Knowledge of what it takes to win freedom

52. A GRAIN STRUGGLE WITH POVERTY ENSURED

A grain struggle with poverty ensured,
Dread of some strange impending doom;
A fear of strange impending doom,
Unknown to me, some dreadful lurking perils.
The unremitting loveliness and gloom,
Which hampers and annoys and imperils brief.

53.

MORAL

One day Birbal, the jewel
Of Akabar, the great
Was sitting on the top most step of
FatehPur Sikri stairs.
Deep in thought perhaps or-
Or- or-or- just sitting.
When he felt intuitively
Some presence and then saw-
A shadow on the ground-
Besides his own.
And looking up he found
Great Emperor himself sitting
Besides him sitting on the top most step-
Instinctively he moved- to the lower one
But found the Emperor with a knowing smile
Follow him bedecked in royal dress
The royal regalia of the Mugal-great.
Thus unannounced and signal step by step
They tested tensed up wits- till at last
Were both of them- on stairs ending step
When Akabar spoke- “Birbal-
My most precious jewel-
You have been humbling me
In witty duels
But now my friend-

How would you avoid your sitting
On the self same step-
On which here we sit”-
“By sitting on the ground”- replied Birbal.
“But if I also follow you on ground-
What would you do Birbal- my jewel.
To not to sit on the selfsame level
On which I sit”.
Birbal promptly said my dear king-
In such a case I would then dig a ditch
In it,I would then quietly go
And beneath your level sit”-
Akabar with a twinkle in his eye
A smile so happy wry
Informed his jewel thus-
Oh! Birbal!
And if I also entre dug up ditch
Tell my friend- what then
Your action would be friend
To keep your level low
From your exalted emperor
Tell my friend”.
Birbal for a moment- in deep thought
Was in a deep quandary- helpless caught
But in a Jiffy said he then my boss
I’ll climb in your exalted Royal Ass-
The moral of the story simple is-
That every one has personal berating points

And when Great Lord- in kindness appoints
Your person as a leader- Breaking points
Of your subordinates- you must know
Lest they revolting kick your Royal Ass.

54. It is very vulgar mind that would wish to
Command where he can have the service for
Asking and have it with willingness and good
Feeling instead of resentment.

55. MOMENT--- OUT POURING-----

Those moments are forgotten done and past,
And are so irretrievably lost.

56.

DOSSIER COMPLETED

Yesterday, I completed my dossier
With a rapier
Made blank
All the vile portions which stank.
My entire career
Was built around my pen
Which when
Had had its fill of scribbling
Went nibbling
Its nails
Like a man who badly fails
Loudly wails
And fails
By pain is caressed then.
So like a specialist surgeon
I bludgeon
And newness on my dossier
The carrier
Of life sections burgeons
My notions
Are potious
With which I get all motions
Surprises
And comprises
Of following written portious

My dossier
My carrier
And carrier
Of all my life times actions
“Born in Nineteen Forty
Was snotty
Mode all the problems knotty
And after this his rank
And blank
And blank and blank and blank
Then blank
All blank”-
For with a sharpened rapier
The dossier
And all that in it stank
Was cut out
And left out
A little portion blank-
But any way
Now any day
There by one faithful friend s
Yes loyally
But coyky
What shall be written finally?
“The date ‘Viyogi’ ends-

57. A Short BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of KUNWAR VIYOGI

A short biographical sketch of Kunwar Viyogi
Its stern sense of the practical that informs every line,
Can not dim the poetry that, like the fragrance laden,
Breez that assails the sense with more than mortal languor
When one approaches some the magic moons of the place,
Blows with a sweet stream through the printed pages.

58. Seduction-----

So there I was filled with guilt, loneliness, rejected.
I feel dislocated in time and purpose.
May be by some neutral judgment, you are in the
Right and I am in the wrong, but this is what I am,
And I have to live with my emotions and expectations.
One becomes accustomed to the quiet,
And after a while, one enjoys it
Coincidences happen too often,
And too often innocent men are injured for life
Because people refuse to believe in coincidences.
There are times when you don't think of consequences.

59 Friends of yesterdays are gone and Time
Is fleeting like the lightening In a blur
Like horses momeats gallop, where the spur
Is dug in quiring flanks, grey with grime.
To weep at such grave moments is no crime,
All memories are like shadows, self save
And unsubstantial substitutes and lame/one
Apologies for headstrong bubbling prime.

60 Rational Nexus---- Reasonable Relationship

Can not be cribbed, cabined or confined within doctrinaire limits
Each out burst is hastily dealt within isolation.
Humiliation is not at all an aid to reconciliation.
They compromised but had not reconciled.

61 I am ready to meet my maker,
Is my maker ready to go
through the ordeal of meeting me.

62 It is not the mountain that wear,
A man , it is the sand in his shoes.
Time does not move, it is me,
Who are born, live, and die.

- 63 There is happily enough, sufficient tinder,
 Lying around that can easily be ignited.
- 64 The moments that are spent- no one can restart
 Neither hated nor loved years
 There is then a blankness- of a sort
 For these were unloved years.

- 65 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 ques- because taxis are too expensive,
Three-wheeler-scooter cabs- Rich shaws
Or wandering in helpless aimless kind of way
Because ques are too long- buses do not
Come- and scooters take passengers only
Where they themselves want to go
Have you seen all this walking the streets
In the evening- looking for some
Form of transportations with in your means?
Tired under the Gulmohar that –your darkly
Pre-occupied mind can not see – in that magic
Hour between day and night- which your anxious
Mind ignores?
Very very likely you have not?

70 This stuff amounts to nothing friend out there
No way to go, nowhere to go and no way to get there.
Coulterplating the ugliest night more
Of grudges and anonymities .
Hamstrung hopes and mediocrities
Ensnared in debiting anonymities
Quiescent Throngs of wishes impish grope
Disrupt with slapstick answers just to cope
But cope they not and merely cul-de-sac
Personified has now become then lack
And down the mire of life uncommanded
Through fissures of

71 For those who patient patient bear, Is happiness galore,
Love you waited full long year wait a moment more.

72

The beauty of lonely perfect moment
That neither had a future nor no past
Which rustles like a reverie in ferment
And like a dream reverie quickly lost

You come to me a tip-toe unannounced
To do obeisance to this moment lock
And woe –be- gone penury was renounced
By his long degradation of existence

Where seconds(moments) just led with instinctive hest
And hurry with momentous persistence
To make one important lay even taste
When someone wakes you up with probing fingers

The dream is lost, through dreamy
Where someone makes more or
Snaps his fingers

The reverie is lost. This beauty lingers

73 No Non-sense-----

I am naïve. I see into have no sense
Not even innocence
That is when my down slide made itself
Evident to me and I became song less
Like music recorded in the tap.
My songs slunk away from me.

74 I dreamt that I have woken from a dream

I dream that I am dreaming in my dream
To live pressed in mother's cozy arms
And that is what I wanted, sorely needed
Not for nothing I had joined the crowd

I dreamt that I was dreaming in my dream
Performing every task with utmost ease
I liked the way this dream declined to cease
And followed a pre-meditated scheme,

75 Life hardens us as years by year it flows.
 How long it is my head has not been turned,
 Since it was turned by you I do not know.

76 As the flute is without breath, piece of wood-
 So is a singer without words-
 Wood is beautiful- singer is
 Statuesque- But what makes them unique is-
 The breath and the words.
 It is a vital spark.

77 You are due for a stroke of luck, first
 Offer of a vacancy which has developed,
 Chance to play a prominent role in
 Something organized. Important,
 Influential colleges will be in a most
 Helpful mood; hard effort you have put
 In over the past two or three years should
 Now begin to pay off.

78 Stayed in the hotel/Dak Barlow

She would give me smile,
Daily-/- while paying the
Bill I told—detect the
Amount for last smiles,
Clerk didn't understand,
I said okay.

79 The day of big hug

Where good friends are, happiness is sure to go.
To each his own definition of happiness.
The value of making time to show appreciation.
Do you hear the levees rustle?
This gray day was once graced by sunny events.
Inspirations works best when you do.
If you can't remember a joke, don't dismember is.

80 JOY

I – happy happy – like a fiddle fit
But nested in your arms, I admit
I don't remember pain – not a bit.

- 81 The fingers of the powers above do tune.
 The harmony of this peace.
I am of no men's making, I am I. Take me or leave me.
 I remedise's what can be remedied.
 As for the rest, it can not be undone
- 82 I sit and muse the all the great things in life have already
 been done and I am born too late- Heroics done, wars
 one, treaties written- Laws made- poems written—
 What am I to do!
 But the kiss I will give you
 And you!! Are unique to me and
 My time!! And it suffices for me.
- 83 what I have done or tried to do or failed to do is here
 All circumstantial evidence is present,
 It seems “how” it happened, When and where,
 But “Why” of it is conspicuously absent

84

Affairs of night

Moon is shining. Dazzling Everybody.

But the light is barrowed.

I am shining, world is dazzled.

Ignorant that light is yours.

Kudos to you therefore.

When I reach the pinnacle. I will disappear.

I shall not linger and take the risk of falling down.

Where the air stops to gaze, that is where my friend stays.

Write injuries in dust and kisses in marble.

Moon light- comes to the window- refuses to come in- like you,.

Tears. So I try to forget ever came.(Affairs of night).

.

85

“ Happiness is the good, the place to be

Happy is here, the time to happy is now, the

Way to be happy is to help others”

Now that I have got you

My happy Lot
Pains with which I caught you
Are now forgot

When the music swells up
Horse trot
Loosen tightened stir up
Hold them not

In secluded corners
I sit and think
These blue-blooded corners in thoughts I sink

When the chest with feeling
Punting Heave
But when with pain are seeking
Turn and leave

Oh! the moon is shining
Let it shine
In the sky reclining
The world is mine

Don't dwell on Love, Love
Oh! no use
What is all above Love
Is the muse

Tender Tender kiss me
That I may sleep

When you sorely nib me
Then it can keep

Must I keep on wandering
(stupid man)
My energies squandering
One by one

Happiness will come oh!
Me through me
One we now be mush
Me-you-me

87 My myself striding on my weary back,
 I bent upon to drive me like my fate.

88 If you are thinking this then think again
 This thinking moment you may never gain
 That life is full of pain and pain and pain.

89 For TAYE YAR KHAN, MY UNINITIATED FRIEND

So there I was, filled with guilt's, loneliness, rejected
I feel dislocated in time and purpose.
May be by some neutral judgment, you are in the
Right, and I am in the wrong, but this is what I am,
And I have to live with my emotions and expectations.
One be comes accustomed to the quiet,
And after a while, one enjoys it
Coincidences happen too often, and too often innocent men
Are injured for life because people refuse
To believe in coincidences.
There are times when you don't think of consequences.

1.

The conflict between good and evil
The lower nature and the higher nature
The inner man and the outer man.

Plato saw goodness as wisdom
Krishana and Mosses saw it as justice and duty
Christ saw it as love.

But what are these something's?
An inimical or deprecating
Assault on the work of the past.

- 90 And our pretences of intelligence
 May all consist of total ignorance
- 91 Love is a deity
 Can't be opined
 Beyond symbols, beyond words
 Can never be defined.
- 92 I almost think if I could wander out
 Drop everything and live the way I like
 I have not courage for a risk like that
 I did not let you know how glad I was
 To have you come and spend your leave with us
 Essence of parting time is right on time
 The scent of freedom. I am moving off.

93 There is a house that is no more a home
 If you are lost enough to find yourself
 The play things in the play house of the children
 Think of the little things that gladden us
 I know this river, it will, when aroused
 Leave the tatters hanging on our stains
 Like a fallen ideal of some lover
 I thought that nothing could be lower than
 The lowness of my state but looking over
 My shoulder I espied the fore said man
 Who had tripped and fallen even lower
 Than the fallen ideal of the lover

94 What it was forgotten for
 I have often thought of asking
 Since you grew
 Let us see, my lass, between us
 What is new
 Let us make a covment
 Just me and you
 Every thing I ask you to
 You need'nt do

- 95 In so far as your question is concerned,
A very common principle applies,
Which, by the human race has leaved,
That there are questions having no replies.
- 96 Any thing that speaks of more than truth
Is worse than what is patently untrue
If knowingly restated, then in rooth.
- 97 Angst of having failed will take a while
You won the point, Now I will take a walk
You told me not to talk of what you talk
You told me not to think of what you think
It is same bewildered, running river
There is more to life than to talk, I suppose.

98 To come near each other- two people
 Have to come walk in opposite directions.
 Only condition is to face each other.

99 When I think, that after my demise
 The world will keep on running before
 Of life, beyond this life. Endless lake
 stretches, full of lazy, languid pleasures
 And ceaseless naked joys, unalloyed

CHANAB DA SOUDA

It is within my memory
 Bathe in River, Bring water, Drift wood,
 Exercise, Meet,
 Taps have come
 River is also dove
 Now only those people go who heave to steel
 Timber or are to be burnt]
 I started going; People wondered.
 I want to sell CHENAB
 Mad, Lunatic, Fuse
 Wrong on my part to expect
 That sell will be concluded so easily.
 It is easier to cure physical desire.
 Not easy to cure psychological desire.
 They saw my bag
 Made me open my mouth- opened my grimace.
 Saw my pockets;
 Customer and death or unexpected
 Hence-----

A man saw a ball of gold in the sky,
He climbed for it,
And eventually he achieved it-
It was day
Now this is a strange part,
When the man went to the earth
And looked again
Lo, there was the ball of gold.
Now this is the strange part,
It was a ball of gold.
Ay, by the heavens, it was a ball of gold

Would you like me to deliver a lecture

Or would you like to take it

Down in Question Answer

Majority of Question Answer

The Teacher said this is also a

Fact of life

जीना सबने गितै इक जैसा नेई होंदा,

खुश खानदान इक नेहे होंदे न

दुखी खानदाने दे दुःख मेल नेई खदें

103 This stuff amounts to nothing friend out there

No way to go, nowhere to go
And no way to get there.
Conterplating the ugliest night more

Of grudges and anonymities .
Hamstrung hopes and mediocrities
Enscoed in debilitating anonymities
Quiescent Throngs of wishes impish grope

Disrupt with slapstick answers just to cope
But cope they not and merely culde sac
Personified has now become then lack
Of toe holds on the ownings of this life

And down the mire of life uncomanded
Through fissures of
Don't blame me, blame my father and the street.

104 Greeting Card

So let us not rush. Let us put our
Heads together and chart out a course.
And after doing so, let us try to stick to,
It- obstacles, obscursntities, difficulties,
Setbacks- NOT WITHSTANDING.

105

I say let us dream

Let us plan

Let us do

Let us achieve

Let us laugh

Let us over come

Because

I care

And

I dream

And

I dream

So let us dream

To-GETHER.

I have often heard many envious,
 Disgruntled or jealous people
 say-“ What has he got-which I
 don't have? What is so special
 about him?”. To them , I like
 To remind that although he has
 Two eyes, two arms, two ears, one
 Nose etc. like them he uses
 These parts better than them. They
 Are his equals as far as the
 Number of parts of the body are
 Concerned but he scores over
 Then on the intangible and the
 Abstract. He is motivated, enthusiastic
 And to him fulfillment of
 Responsibility and excuse of
 Power is like a continuing
 Partaking of strong aphrodisiac. .

107 I may be taciturn, blunt or terse
 Experience is the father of my verse
 Whatever I experience in my life
 I put in simple words and disburse.
 Some secrets and suspicions, a few regrets.

108 The ocean of this life is bottomless,
 In victory or defeat, or stress
 Unmindful of our fear, strife or stress
 And if you want to cross it, Ply the boat
 Courage has no alternative, there may be defeat
 Never mind if there is no boat man.

109 I have safe guarded every experience,
 I have separated flowers from thorns.
 What ever I received

I received from the world

I have assimilated in my verses.

110 He seems to be more afflicted
 With competition syndrome with in
 His own immediate circle than a
 Love of universal competence .
 No man is an island.

Quietness often hides many a storm
Before the fierce storm, things are quiet.
In darkness, lamps are lit to give us light
Night is although scary, gloomy dark,
The day emerges from the womb of night.

111 Remarkable conjunction of talents,
 Yet to well spring of ambition,
 Rare drive- accomplish so much
 Appropriately report the advances and not to
 Inappropriately raise expectations
 There was something more than what met the eye.
 Man may lie but the circumstances can not-
 Where the battle has been joined.

Bitterness of defeat, visible in his eyes
Appeared to have taken hold, at least for the time being
In tones of anger and derision

112 Translation of Dogri song 11.10.78

Dallu's song

I do not go alone, to water fetch
From river. Now I go with any playmates;
And in their company walk this stony stretch
From milling rivers 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,

In every Haw less thing they find a flaw

A smile, a guffaw, syllable or fun

113 A thousand useless things happen

Day after day, why should

Not this happens, just once

Because I don't only want

To feel but to see, touch and

Know, for sure.

114 Enough is what we give and what we get

No reaching for impossible beyond

No hopeless hopes we cherish or abet

Or, what we give and get, use or found.

115 And inspirations of a Ghetto boy
 He who plays his music to the stars
 Is standing at the window with his flure
 They make a lengthy life of my misdeed.

116 I feel the heat of by gone yesterday.
 Which intervening time has blown away,
 Since it was turned by you so long ago.

117. I have often heard many envious,
Disgruntled or jealous people.
Say, "What has he got- Which I,
Don't have?". To them, I like.
To remind that although he has,
Two eyes, two arms, two ears, one .
nose etc. like them then. They ,
are his equals as far as the.
number of parts of the body are
Concerned but he scores over
Them in the intangible and the
Abstract. He is motivated, enthusiastic
And to him fulfillment of
Power is like a continuing
Partaking of a strong, aphrodisiac.

118 So many little things remain undone
Which needed doing, but I did not do.
I think of them and count then one by one
And doing this, my negligence, I rue.
My countless debts remain unpaid.
The thing that hampers workings of my mind,
Is this that countless debts remain unpaid,
No answers to this riddle I do find
What weakness hampered me and held my hand
I do not know I do not understand
No answers to this riddle I do find.
All I can do is to forget this and try
To undo my undoing's by and by.

119 DOGRI SONG BY YASH SHRMA

(English translation)

The eve of is nigh. The dead is done
And this is the inevitable truth.

Like yellow leaves of Autumn, one by one.
I am falling in a heap uncouth.

A gentle soundless wind is slowly blowing
But without stirring anything in me.
And everything is inexorably going.

I wonder, if I can capture,
With my limited concept,
The dogra syndrome.

The verbose prose
The prolixious verse
The simple rhyme
Have failed to express
The dogra syndrome.

His simplicity is proverbial
Tingled with a stubborn streak
Of humility and persistence
His perseverance and patience
Are phenomenal
His reticence
A legend
In the face of aggravation.

Those who pretend to know
Refer to him
As a simpleton, eating dust
Untouched by any intellect
Subconsciously, wily, unpretentious,
Credulous and at time,
Garrulous with his own kith and kin
But slavishly obedient
A thorough country bumpkin.

How they reconcile
His marital status
His will to fight with fore bearance
His genuine regard of a leader
And his eloquent reticence
With his earthy appearance

May be his will to survive
His love of a subdued melody
His hardy existence
His adoration of his blood
Give him quiet courage
To persist and persevere
And plod with doggedness
To persuade, the flashy hero
The momentary avalanche
To yield, and not to be content,
Till he wins
It seems he loves to win,
Not-with-standing the price?

121 LONESOME HEART

Lonesome SUKHNA LAKE
Her waters-shrunk to-
Mere puddles of silt thickened waters
And dry mounds of quagmire
Like parched lips-cracked with thirst

The putrified schools of fish
The forlorn banks-longing for
The slaps of waves.

Waiting for the snows to melt
And send the life giving nectar
Rushing to its womb
The icy waters.

I am like her
Withering in your absence
Oh! Come my lover
Engulf me in your Arms
And give me your wet love
And water me
Do come.

My heart is rendezvous
 Of myriad calamities,
 Charging it with emotive force.
 “Sensations are sugary things-
 Pathfinders and accomplices,
 Accessories after the fact
 Of my existence.”

The gruesome orgies
 Of avarice and caprice;
 Subtle maneuvers of shyness;
 Thicken the environment.
 Selected syllables dropped,
 At the right time-
 When the mind is vulnerable
 During unguarded moments.
 Made complacent
 By the interplay
 Of man made refinement,
 In speech, manner and intent.
 Bewilder my uncoached heart,
 Deaden the sensations,
 Camouflage calamities,
 Slackening the emotive power,
 Imprisoning the pathfinders-
 Sensations- the accessories
 After the fact
 Of my existence

When they do, I do?
I look deep into your eyes
And live there as I desire.

Tenth of my month
PAY CHEQUE gone
Bar a miserly fiver
My monthly bus fare

I am so used to
Bumming cigarettes
An adept gate crasher
But bumming rides
In Delhi-is beyond me
I am a bus queue man

It is past, seven and
The bus has not yet come
And the queue tightness
To accommodate new arrivals

The man behind me
And the girl before me
Both smell of sweet.

I muse wistfully
About my apologetic,
Servile, desperate existence
And then-

Elbow the man behind me
And knee the girl before me
Squeeze out the queue-

Assert my hetero-sexuality
To walk under the sun
Twelve kilometers to my hole-
Bereft of women.

Are there the passion children?
 Conceived through ecstatic unions
 Of insatiable lovers
 The embryonic torch-bearers of tomorrow
 Breathing the foul air of open drains
 If drains exist
 Or wading through the stinking quagmire
 Of collected excreta
 Of man and beast
 The dried spittum on their chins,
 The protruding eyes-
 Living specimens of social degradation
 Symbols of double shame-
 For the vainly proud society
 First- shame of giving them birth
 And then abandoning them
 To their privations-
 They wait subconsciously
 For the coming of life
 Or death
 And afraid of both.

WHO gave power to their loins
 I'll prepared for the aftermath.

Or are these the children of lust?
 Inadvertently conceived
 Through unresponsive copulation
 By men and women

Living in quiet desperation
Blundering unknowingly
Through motions of love.

He faced vicissitudes of life
An eventful pulsating existence,
Resplendent with-
Simple sensations of living-,
An unrecognized happening,
A drop in the ocean of humanity
With-out identification.
Unnoticed-
But a separate drop and hence
Bubbling with independence.

His life was chaotic
Nurtured and threatened with hope
A complete entity,
Ambitious, weeping, laughing and alive
And living.

But sometime, somewhere
In an unguarded moment
A change occurred
As happens sometimes

He did not like the element of chaos
And thought all Gods were alike-
Grey, placid, conforming-
Shadowless, content and demure-
Un-affected in their heavenly abodes
Placid?- Oh sure? But insured
Against the incessant heartaches

And privations
Of ordinary Mortals

His conforming mind achieved
Accepted reactions to all actions.
His capacity to rebel
Got buried in the rigmarole
Of worldly success.

He acquired a house, a bank account,
A car, a lawn and a boat
A cash insurance against disaster
As it is known
Is the corridors of success
He acquired too- a sophisticate
As wife- an ideal family man.
He became a part of the General Fraud
And preened himself
For his acquisitions-
And got an identifications-
God, faceless calculating
an automaton.

Oh- Yes he had his identification

_____ **Kunwar Viyogi** (4 September 1940 – 2015) christened as Group Captain Randhir Singh Jamwal is the first and only Indian Air Force officer to have received the prestigious [Sahitya Akademi Award](#) for his long [Dogri](#) poem titled 'Ghar'^[1] in 1980

GHAR is a booklet containing 239 Rubaiyat arranged at random without a tangible thread of thought. The only tangible string which connects the Rubaiyat, to one another is that each Rubaiy ends with the word-“Ghar”. This fact has led to a many a misgiving by various critics to call it as one poem, which it is not. The Poet has played with the word Ghar , with its various direct meanings and subtle nuances. The interplay of words has led main critics to call it a unique work of literature and others to call Ghar an outstanding contribution to Dogri literature for its evocative theme, fine balance between the mundane and spiritual, concentrated power and a superb control on metre and idiom.

TEXT OF AWARD ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

To say anything about writing in general or my poem “GHAR” in particular in front of this gathering of eminent people makes me wordless. Hence, I shall say nothing about these except that I wrote “GHAR” under the influence of an emotional trance in seven days in Jan 1977. I accept the award of the Akademi for my poem “GHAR” with humility.

Bulk of my own written work remains unpublished as I have remained out off from the mainstream of Dogri Literary movement, stared, nurtured and led with complete dedication and selflessness by esteemed Prof. Ram Nath Shastri- -himself an Akademi Award winner- and father of modern Dogri literature and also due to the lack of a publishing organization for the Dogri language.

Hence, I take this opportunity to announce that I shall donate my award money of Rs. 5,000/- to any group of people who undertake to form a registered, Non profit, publishing organization for Dogri. I also call on all lovers of Dogri, particularly the authors to donate their one month's income to such an organization.

Being in love with words, I conclude my speech with an English sonnet of mine entitled "Words":-

“Says Viyogi- choose your words with care
They come in unexpected meaning garbed
So of their apparent apparel beware;
For When they 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.”

As an example translation of a few Rubaiyat by Kunwar Viyogi are quoted below—

1. Friends, when you place me on the pyre,
Take this book and say: In life entire
Three things “Viyogi” did:- He was born,
Wrote this poem. Died. Then light the fire.

2. Wealth I neither seek nor ever sought.
“Ghar” with dedication I have wrought.
Accept this humble gift of mine Oh! God.
And pass it on to every nook and spot.

- 3 A piece of bread, a nook to false asleep;
Few moments to rejoice or to weep,
Was all I ask from relentless time,
But time has given pains to nurse and keep.

- 4 Whatever you do earn, you must spend.
For every earthly thing and every trend
And every singer, song and all desires
Are sure to disappear in the end.

- 5 The mundane means of life, the restless soul
Can join and make each other whole

A bit of artful etching, pleasing hues
Is all we need to shed the hyperbole.

6 Grievances few, few wistful hopeless hopes,
Few heady honest moments, fragrant scopes.
But afterwards no sons are stars to see
And every man in voids darkness gropes.

7 You neither come nor call me to your side,
No missives from you come from far and wide
The lioness who has got the taste of love
Can neither tell her woes, nor can hide.

8 Attacking or defending; In retreat.
All elements are prostrate at his feet;
For he, who has a happy heart and home,
Can easily handle victory and defeat.

9 I never loved before I cherished you.
I would have never loved you, if I knew:
The fruit of tree of love is endless pain,
This truth in truthfulness is truly true.

10 Handle lightly LOVE's fragile thread,
And tie no knot about it in your head.
For then the hands will fail to untie these
And you will have to use your teeth instead.

11 If cranes leave their wintryHomes and Fly
One love unaleated routs of the sky

To cozier spots to feed and nest and mate
So, why it done by you and I?

- 12 Brooks join the rivers, Rivers sea
 Clouds play with slais as they+please
 No nothing lives completely on its own
 Why don't we merge self savingly with ease.
- 13 She hails from village BAGOONA Gental dove
 The memory of her name is also "LOVE"
 She loves me and I thank my lucky stars
 By doing obeisance to skyies above.
- 14 "Corforus'+ the world prounced or you fall
 It would have been of use to heed this call
 But I was listening to a different dream
 And that is how I lived perished. That ix all.
- 15 The line between the God and beast is thin,
 In men's mind's cacopherous din
 He struggles on to choose between the two
 A bridge of ropes this Man has always been.
- 16 Home is not the progeny or walls.
 Home is not the relaives or halls
 Home is love's athem; affection's muse.
 House is not a home which enthralls.

“Ghar” which literally means a home is a combination of deepest human feelings and soaring mind’s flights containing Rubaiyats in the manner in which Fitzgerald wrote his Rubaiyat of OmerKhyam. In one Rubai Viyogi writes that horizon is created due to the wrongness of Earth. However it has another dimension which is created by the sight of the watcher. We can not change the roundness of the Earth but we can create a vaster horizon by building a higher perch for the watcher.

Ghar was taught as a text in M.A. Dogri of Jammu university in the eighties for a number of years. In a nutshell Ghar can be called a collection of ordinary, mundane, immoral, uplifting and sublime verses by the polyglot Poet-Kunwar Viyogi.

III GAZALEN----

1 All world describes my habit, not to speak,
But I am used to demit, not to speak.

My sole repartee to this witty world,
Is just to use this gambit, not to speak.

Though all may think it cocky insensate,
But I have got this habit not to speak.

Oh love! Why ask? Why love is mortified,
I prefer, if you permit, not to speak.

What irks me most is world that harangues,
I took a lesson from it not to speak.

When someone truly wants to speak to friends,
He tells them, "Leave this bullshit not to speak.

Once old 'Viyogi' priestly duties did,
With understanding tacit not to speak.

When she in mating mood conspires to be,
This world requires a hermit not to speak.

When circumstances forced my life for speech,
I made hasty exit not to speak.

When love is there, solvent is this life,
Though has a little debit, not to speak.

With true behaviors, priest, you silent pray,
Improve from the pulpit not to speak.

When old 'Viyogi' faultless quietly bleeds,
It goes to his great credit not to speak.

2 I spent my life and mended everything,
One wisp of time has ended everything.

My mating pitch was hottest when my friend,
You went away and ended everything.

A little pain a bit of wistfulness,
In sweetest songs is blended everything.

This soul when felt that body is the cause,
Of pain, it left, Ascended everything..

Great Jesus spoke of love. Befuddled I,
How quickly comprehended everything.

And he amateur artist ever was,
Who for his art offended everything.

Great painters are but masters of detail,
With care they attended everything.

You asked for just my hand and willing I,
Have offered and extended everything.

Not just my happiness your love, my love,
Has widened and extended everything.

We asked in vain and see how much unasked,
For others has descended everything.

When last-‘Viyogi’ saw you coming close,
He left his pen suspended everything.

Now old, ‘Viyogi’ poses conning fox,
He from the start intended everything.

And in his key day, arrogant who walked,
In grief for him has ended everything.

My pioneer effort, English gazals I,
Have written first ones tended everything.

With convictions old ‘Viyogi’ has,
Did once and has befriended everything.

3 My heart is bleeding bleeding, what to do?

And no body is heeding. What to do?

How seeds of pain are falling on my mind,
And cruel pains are breeding what to do?

How lovely is this pinnacle of life,
But from my sight receding what to do?

I once was ego struck but now I know,
But now in vain am pleading what to do?

This life is constant strife and no respite,
Strifes will go on kneading what to do?

This old 'Viyogi' in new field verse,
By habit keeps on beading what to do?

True love is fodder on which human life,
Sustains itself by feeding what to do?

A few golden moments which I spent with you,
My barren heart seeding what to do?

See old 'Viyogi' on that thorn of life,
Is stepping so unheeding what to do?

4 I come to life unknowing- Now I know,
 Pleasure in knowing-- Now I know.

O! if you let your mind enlighten you,
Experience is mind blowing - Now I know.

Whenever I am in her loving arms,
My life is brilliant glowing - Now I know.

How stupid was I groping in the dark,
In religious orders growing - Now I know.

Why pain is good in grief and loneliness,
It keeps a person going-- Now I know.

One thought squandered in the universe,
Forever keeps on going-- Now I know.

In what envious jungles I did roam,
True love is all allowing- Now I know.

I do not question human recklessness,
I question human crowing - Now I know.

To know I, new was really great,
How blinding was I rowing -- Now I know.

Some people are by habit insensate,
What foolish lives are Toeing-- Now I know.

For poet 'Viyogi' is so profligate,
His rotting bones are showing - Now I know.

With every gazals greatness new achieves,
What keeps 'Viyogi' going- - Now I know.

With each experience added to life,
My cup is over-flowing-- Now I know.

You rest assured you would reap the same,
Whatever you are sowing-- Now I know.

This universe is like a echoing wall,
Why thoughts from it are flowing-- Now I know.

I did not know till now and wildly lived,
I sink, my pulse is slowing - Now I know.

Why people all envious on my head,
Wild epithets are throwing -- Now I know.

And formers who will in the end succeed,
Are those go daily plaguing-- Now I know.

When men immersed in labor-lift their head,
See time the humble knowing - Now I know.

Whoever taught me love 'Viyogi' I,
Am in her honor bowing - Now I know.

5 Have you given a thought, my dear friend,
 That life is roses not, my dear friend.

And every song that springs forth from lips,
With deepest pain is frangert, my dear friend.

You ask me not to cry for human fate,
I think I frankly ought , my dear friend.

You spurned me with disdain and spiteful words,
I now bemoan my lot, my dear friend.

The thorns of life are many and bleed,
What fate has for me wrought, my dear friend.

These ups and downs are part of life, my friend,
Then why bewail our lot, my dear friend.

My work is done is clear from flaming eyes,
And temples burning hot, my dear friend.

Who thought but for them world would never move,

Their bones in graves do not, my dear friend.

Don't startup if I tell you life is great,
'Ts just a vagrant thought, my dear friend.

Few matchless, sparkling jams for English muse,
Has poet 'Viyogi' brought, my dear friend.

Few pains, a dozen hopeless struggling hopes,
Those gifts from life I got, my dear friend.

These chosen words I send you out of love,
From my sequestered plot , my dear friend.

I ask my heart, well shall I cease to be,
It answers well, why not?, my dear friend.

Now old 'Viyogi' wants to write a poem,
He ought, He ought, He ought, my dear friend.

She looks at me and quietly hints to leave,

I get up, say, “Why not my dear friend?”

This Time, the hunter brooks no human rues,

And pace it slackens “Not” , my dear friend.

And time, “the traveler with relentless pace,

Does wear us down and turns us into “Naught” , my dear friend.

This Time is thirsty, us it greedily drinks,

In one continuous draught , my dear friend.

The one we tie with hands in love with tooth,

Have got to open knot, my dear friend.

O! listen ‘Viyogi’ oblivious of gains,

A few lyrics he does jot my dear friend.

What matters in this world is not the sin,
Escape or you are caught, my dear friend.

I was invited true but with a frown,
Now I am in a spot, my dear friend.

One painful moment words were dammed some how,
Now happily, happily, happily trot my dear friend.

On ego crutches limping often go,
I often curse my lot, my dear friend.

I often go in stealth, to my muse
And often I get caught, my dear friend.

I often take my vows-O-not to love,
But often I get caught, my dear friend.

How seldom droves of Poesy get be mused
And come to me unsought, my dear friend.

To love you from cradle to the grave,
Is all I over sought, my dear friend.

Though old 'Viyogi' is in palsied age,
Still argues on the dot, my dear friend.

Friend, if you want to understand this pain,
Then I am man in spot, my dear friend.

By muse possessed I write these golden lines,
While on my rickety cot, my dear friend.

Great God has given me in ample measures,
Whatever I have sought, my dear friend.

This life is like a needle, feeling thread,
And love is needle's slot, my dear friend.

Come measure out one measure fill my cup,
I told Him from His pot, my dear friend.

O! if you find it tough to spare some more,
Then give it lonely lot , my dear friend.

By this refrain is old 'Viyogi' floored,
"Oh! what is it, what is not", my dear friend.

6 This life is fearful void. Is it so?

Which humans can't avoid. Is it so?

By "is it sowing" answer everything,

You seem a bit annoyed. Is it so?

All pleasures friend, extract a heavy price,

Are hidden well decoyed, Is it so?

By using as separate. Is it so?

This truth you can't avoid. Is it so?

This desert with mirages so abounds,

Charms is life devoid. Is it so?

Oh! God employed me, let me serve the muse,

And keep me thus employed, Is it so?

I prayed, I summed I loved and hated. I,

Have every thing once tried, Is it so?

A lot of grief, a few wounds, a little pain,
Roads of life deployed, Is it so?

Now look 'Viyogi' leave this . Is it so?
We feel a bit annoyed. Is it so?

To take you in my arms I desired,
But only briefly toyed. Is it so?

By loving you my ruination I brought,
And got myself destroyed. Is it so?

O! leave you, Is it so and face the truth,
Life is a fearful void. Is it so?

Whenever old 'Viyogi' was confused,
He ,“Is it so? employed. Is it so?

7 This life is full of fright. That's alright.
 But I am full of fight. That's alright.

 You sure are hiding fight. Repeating this.
 Please do not say alright. That's alright.

 O traveler! come and rest your battened self
 Relax and have a bite. That's alright.

8 I was, to the cross of life impelled
 So tightly by it needed held and nailed

 That I have, felt imprisoned, in it jailed
 I didn't know what living it entailed

 And bitter tears shed, loudly wailed
 But when my crying ended unveiled

 I took a breath-----

9. A single word has such a vast usage,
That with a dash or dot meanings change.

How tone can counterbalances verbiage,
Rendition can impart a different range.

So let us for example, pick up “shake”,
And delve in all its uses and conclude.

That one can anything with it make,
A friendly gesture or a gesture rude.

Like with the music shake the dancers and,
And criminals shake on the scaffolds out of fear.

Or lovers shake their head, magic band,
Of love when CUPID-----.

10. And strong enough to offer not the reasons,

 He saw that words were useless

 And like a whirl wind crazy curling mad,

 The growns and murmurs in an empty houses.

 And blinded with a dark and weary sorrow,

 He scared to stand on ruins of shattered hopes.

 And with in him uprose a vile despair,

 A feeling of disgust and deep distress.

11 I thought them very weak really weak,
 When ever I espied the father weeping.

I always thought these men were very weak,
I did not know that I was leaping.

To wrong assumept and conclusive freak,
Why weep on wedding of a loved daughter.

For these are sacred auspicious occasions,
Demanding celebrations, son go and daughter.

The trysts approved by Allah! We liaisons

12 Two winding trails issue from the hill,
 The thickly wooded each other to the silent.

 And raced towards the water mill,
 Which sit along the river on the run.

 Towards the over hanging river cliff,
 Where sits the town precociously 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 securing theme.

 The patent, I have always, called my own
 Ingredients of my being, what I mean.

13 Enough is what we give and what we get
 No reaching for impossible beyond.

 No hopeless hopes cherish or abet
 Of, what we give and get, we are found.

14 I dreamed this an easy thing to do,
 For many a times, I had seen it done .

 Perhaps the sky was absolutely blue,
 Or many times, I had seen it done.

 With utmost ease and abundant fun,
 I dreamed this an easy thing to do.

15. So there I was filled with guilt, loneliness, rejected
 I feel dislocated in time and purpose..

 May be by some neutral judgment, you are in the,
 Right and I am in the wrong, but this is what I am.

 And I have to live with my emotions and expectations,
 One becomes accustomed to the quiet.

 And after a while, one enjoys it,
 Coincidences happen too often.

 And too often innocent men are injured for life ,
 Because people refuse to believe in coincidences.

SHER-----

- 1 That fleeting moments rustle like a dream,
 How little things release the pent up steam.

2. “ Could one make a deal like that,
 Trade all his tomorrows for a single yesterday”.

- 3 Yesterday was okay – Today tastes good.
 There is sense and promise in going on, To test
tomorrow.

4. It is not the mountain that wear,
 A man , it is the sand in his shoes.

5. Time does not move, it is me,
 Who are born, live, and die.

- 6 A generation that has fought for freedom
 May pass that freedom onto the next generation.

7. swastika is a sign of good and auspicious omens for Hindus but in hands of bad man(Hitler) , it has become a sign of evil in the eyes of the entire world. It was evilly used.

But it can not pass the intense personal
Knowledge of what it takes to win freedom.

8. For those who patient patiently bear, Is happiness galore,
Love you waited full long year wait a moment more.
9. “ Could one make a deal like that,
Trade all his tomorrows for a single yesterday”.
- 10 Oh century! You are alive and I am also alive,
How can you say that I have not won as yet?

VIYOGI DI BYAJA

Writings of KUNWAR VIYOGI---- (in 21 Volumes)

1. ENGLISH—

Vol. 1-2-- ROSARY OF SONNETS (collections Of 365 sonnets)

Vol.3 --- Now I Know---(1 Poems & 2 Gazalen)

Vol. 4 -- The Ante Room (1 Stories & 2 RandomThoughts)

Vol. 5 ---. BANJARAN (1. Features & 2. Book review)

2 DOGRI—

Vol 6-7 .-- Poems--- POORNE (collection of ~491 poems)

Vol. 8-10 -- Gazalen—BAREEKIAN (Collection of ~GAZALS)

Vol. 11-14-- Sonnets- Sanneten De mala
(A collecton of 650 sonnets+200)

Vol 15 -- Rubaian- SABAK (Collection of ~755 rubaian)

Vol 16--- -Rubaian-- Ghar-A ALNA

Vol. 17. --- Geet—TOSHI (collection of ~125 Geet)

Vol 18 --. Sher- Chutkian , URDU

Vol. 19 ---- Stories-

Vol. 20 --- Novels.

Vol. 21 --- PATTE DI GALL

