

SO VIYOGI SAYS...

**KUNWAR VIYOGI**

**NOW I KNOW**

**EDITOR - SUDHA CHATURVEDI**







Kailash Mansrovar, Rnadhira & Prem, flying Hans Symbols  
of pure eternal love and faith. All photographs are personal.



**SO VIYOGI SAYS...**

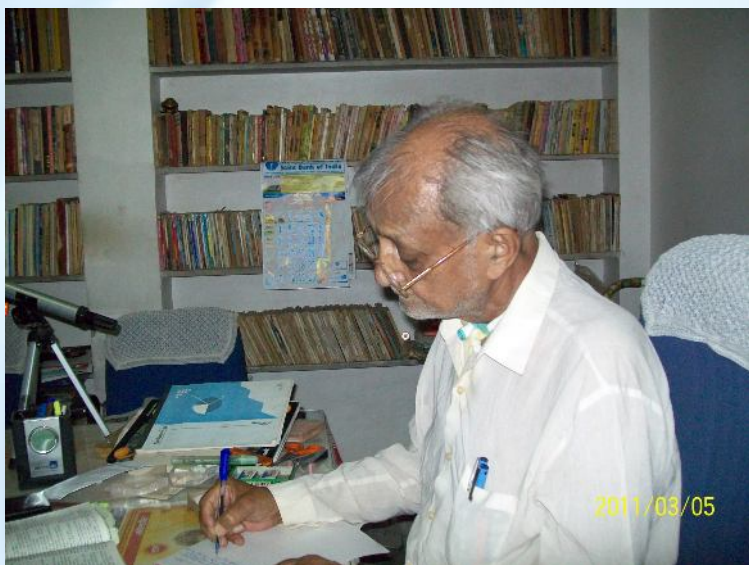
# **VIYOGI DI BYAJA**

**WRITINGS OF KUNWAR VIYOGI  
IN  
TWENTY SEVEN VOLUMES**

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

**KUNWAR VIYOGI**

SO VIYOGI SAYS...



### CONSOLATION

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

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

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

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

...Kunwar Viyogi

So viyogi says-

**NOW I KNOW**  
(Collection of poems, Gazals and Sher)



**KUNWAR VIYOGI**  
(Collection of poems, Gazals and Sher)  
**VIYOGI DI BYAJA VOL. 3**  
Editor- Sudha Chaturvedi

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Author : **Kunwar Viyogi**  
Viyogi di Bayaja : **Vol. - 3**  
Editor : **Mrs. Sudha Randhir Chaturvedi**

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

इस पुस्तक में प्रकाशित कोई भी रचना का आर्थिक आधार पर प्रकाशन, गायन या अन्य किसी भी उपयोग हेतु प्रकाशक व कॉपीराइट की स्वामिनी सुधा रन्धीर चतुर्वेदी से लिखित अनुमति लेना जरूरी है।

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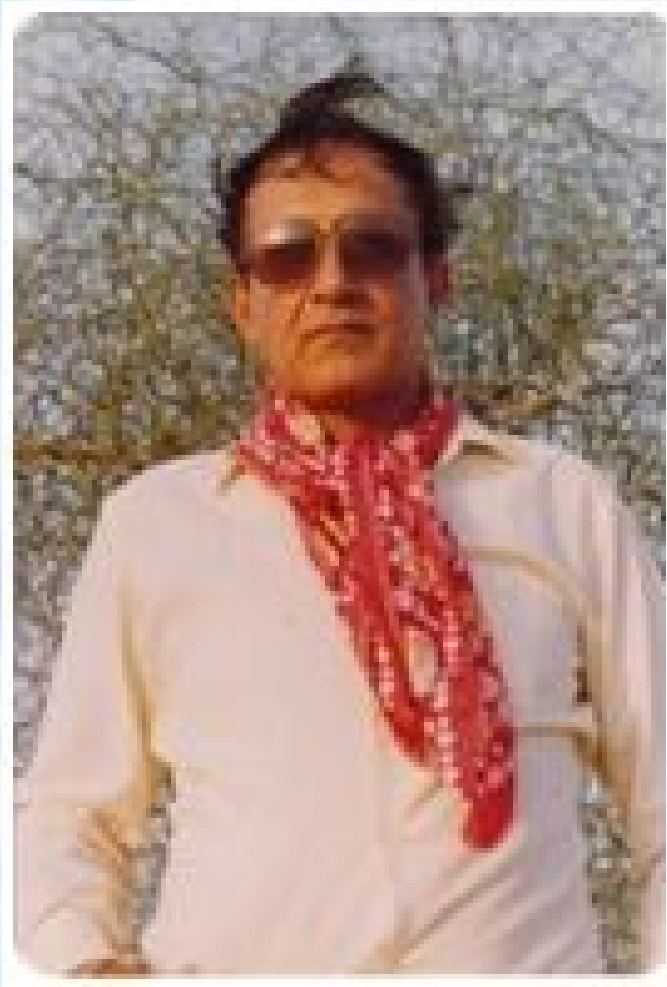
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*Dedicated to  
My Husband and Friend—Randhir*



**SUDHA RANDHIR**



**So viyogi says-**



## **LOVE**

### **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,  
In pleasures they were swept.**

**... Randhir Singh (2<sup>nd</sup> year)**

**(Published in magazine TAWI—— (In late fifties)**

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## 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 griefs 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 by Kunwar Viyogi.,

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 realise 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, ghazals, poems, kundalias, dohas, stories, short novels, features and what not.

He was a multifaceted personality, a combination of courage, bravery and sacrifice, quick witted and extraordinary. He was a person of great sensitivity, almost a philosopher who observed life with 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 (Retd. Education officer, Jaipur) 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 was Editor Cultural and Art Academy, Jammu for rearranging the poetry.

I am happy to present Kunwar Viyogi's , "Now I know" to the readers. I would like to apologise 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

04-09-2019



*About the Author...*

**BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF KUNWAR  
VIYOGI**

Mian Jafar Singh was the first to settle family in Agore. After seven or eight generation Mian Jawahar singh Agoria, was one of the prominent helpers of Maharaja Gulab singh in establishing the state of Jammu and Kashmir. His son Mian Gobind Singh, and than Mian Trilok Singh's son Purakh Singh, (1905-1966) was the father of Kunwar Viyogi. Father Purakh Singh was under graduate of Panjab University and served J&K police for 32 years and held the rank of Inspector. He was a renowned football player , wrestler and shot-put champion of University. He died at the age of 61. Mother Pushpa (1912) was uneducated pious lady, belonging to Village Saror, Bishnaw. She died in 1966 at the age of 45.

Kunwar Viyogi—Group Capt. Randhir Sigh (4-9-1940—16-9-2015) was born in village Agore, dist. Samba, Jammu situated on the left bank of Chinab. Near the historical township of Akhnur. He had four brothers, all in defense services and three sisters married to Army Officers. Youngest brother was born in 1963. Kunwar Viyogi was Dogra Rajput Jamwal. He joined IAF and have to left B.Sc.(F) but after that he has done B. A.,LLB, MBA and BJMC(I).

Kunwar Viyogi—Group Capt Randhir Singh Joined IAF in 1961 as a cadet undergoing Flying Training in Air Force Flying college Jodhpur & transport Training Wing Begampet , Hydrabad. And was commissioned in the Flying Navigation branch in 1963. In 1963-66 he was Staff Navigation in an operational Air Squadron, 1966-70 he was employed as a Fighter Controller in a radar unit. In 1970-76 he was Dy. Chief Ground Instructor in Transport Training Wing of IAF in YELANKAR BABLORE. 1976-80 was

navigation leader in an operational squadron of IAF. 1980- 1983 was in charge helicopter fleet operations in the entire J&K. 1983-86 Commanded Air Force Station Gandhinagar, Gujrat and awarded commendation of the Chief Of Air Staff for administrative excellence. 1986-88 was senior Air Staff Officer in a Tactical Air Centre of IAF. 1988-89 Commanded Tactical Air Centre Jodhpur of IAF. Took VRS in 1989, as Group Capt.

Kunwar Viyogi was very much attached to his mother. Unlike his brothers, he remained at home with mother. Being eldest and mature son, mother shares her difficulties with him. He was only one who saw and felt the mother all time working, financial hardship, and difficulties. Most of the time she was busy with new born babies. When she died his youngest brother was only 3.5 year old.

Kunwar Viyogi always assured his mother that when he earn, she will take rest and will be queen of the house. She need time to relax. As there were tradition to kill the infant girl baby child, he always opposes it. Once he uncarthd his infant baby sister, who was crying at that time, mother looked at him as she was giving thanks to him. But elder ladies beat him and he ran away to Delhi. In Delhi he worked at some shop, cooked for himself, done tuition, and was in habit of going the library in Carzon Road (American Library). He was voracious reader, read lot of English literature. Than after sometime he returned to Jammu. When he was in B.Sc.(F) he appeared for Navy, Army and IAF , he passed and selected in all three, but he prefer IAF because pay was 250Rs more (Flying Bounty), as it will be help to parents.

Unfortunately in 1966, within 6 months both parents died and he became head of family with eight siblings, the youngest just 3.5 years old.. Being head of family and to fulfill the promise with mother, In the darkest of times his stubborn kindness would not

abandon him and he dedicated himself to educating and empowering his brothers and sisters, who were nothing less than children to him. He was their father and guardian even when many looked at them as forgotten. Strengthened by the love and support of his wife Prem, he looked after them with love, softness, kindness and sometimes becoming difficult, but all of them followed him and finally all brothers were Army -IAF officers and after completing education all sisters married to Army Officers. That gave him immense satisfaction to fulfill the promise.

Kunwar Viyogi married twice—first to Prem Dalpatia, youngest daughter of Thakur Hira Singh Dalpatia( Home secretary -J&K Govt). Her real uncle Brig. Rajendra Singh was the first recipient of Mahavir Chakra of Independent India. Had three daughters, but died in 1988 due to cancer.

-second- married to Sudha Chaturvedi (1989)from highly educated brahmin family had adopted two daughters in 1994 and 1995 of 13 and 17 days.

After marriage he settled in Bhilwara, Rajasthan. First he thought of doing some Job, after few months he left and started guiding students for English speaking . From childhood he wanted to be English Professor. He also helped students of B.A. and M.A. (English) not to pass the exam. But to enjoy English literature. From 1994 he also start guiding students for CAT, NDA, CDS and other state competitive examinations and interviews. He never charge fees.

Hundreds of students and their parents like to be guided by him., even their personal problems. He use to write in early morning and whole day remain busy. He enjoyed the rooteen from 1994 to 2015. Students respected him as GURU in real sence. He was famous as “colonel Sahib”

Sugar and kidney start troubling him from 2009. In May 2015 he shifted to Jaipur for treatment. He performed the last duties of two adopted daughters got married in June and July 2015. And on 16 September 2015, he went behind the wall, through which we can not see him.

There are three phases of his life –

one- upto 1961, joining IAF.

Second- 1964 – 1988, a very difficult period, being head of family

He turned mountains of difficulties with strong will power, moral courage , bravery, a promise to his mother, kindness, love and faith in God, succeeded in his goal.

Third—1989 -2015, relaxed, enjoyed life, do what he wanted to do In his life. Returned to the society, Nation what he got in life.

### **Literary Career:**

He started writing in Urdu in 1954 when he was a student of S.P.M. Rajput school, Jammu. At that time he was football Captain and an active member of Hockey and Volleyball team. Matriculated in 1955 in first division from J&K University. Then he joined G.C.M. Science College,. He started writing in English and Hindi in 1955 and in Dogri in 1956. During college days his articles, poems and stories were published in all these languages in college magazines and also Urdu stories in national magazines, like Geet and Shama. From 1958-60 he was Editor of Urdu and English section of G.C.M. Science College magazine TAWI and Secretary of the Debating Society as well. He also participated in All India Debate competition organized by S N DAS GUPTA college, NEW DELHI as a college representative in 1959 in English section. He also started participating in “KYARI” programme of All India Radio Jammu. The first poem read by

him was “BHOLI”. Writing in the tri-monthly “REKHA” in 1960, Shri Prashant adjudged “BHOLI” as the best Dogri poem of the year.

At this stage he was selected as in IAF, left Jammu in 1960, when he was studying in B.Sc.(F) and got completely out off from the mainstream of Dogri Literary Movement up to 1978(17years). In this period, he had written in complete isolation and unhampered by any desire to get published and get pecuniary return for his writings. He does not talk of quantity (that is the prerogative and privilege of readers) but of quality only. His output in Dogri only, has been far more than those who do no other job than only writing. His output in English fiction and poetry is equally abundant and he wanted to emphasize that whatever he had written he had intensely believed in at that particular point of time. He did not want stroke-kudos or accolades for the bulkiness of his writing but wanted to reiterate that not to notice his the fault of the inherent weakness of the Dogri Literary Movement because it chose not to take the trouble of deep probing and at the same time, its leaders authoritatively kept on counting only visible heads and consequently became victims of complacency.

After 17 years- he had a chance to meet with Prof. R. N. Shastri- who insisted upon and procured a few manuscripts from him. He published them in about thirty pages of “NAMI-CHETNA”- Dogri Sanstha, Tri-monthly in the fog end of 1978 and re-introduced him to Dogri writers and reads. Simultaneously he was re-introduced by “Shecraja” a bi-monthly of Cultural Academy(J&K). His re-entry into Dogri attracted a lot of attention and exclamation as the old writers did not even remember his face, leave aside his name. During his Air Force career he did not write much in Urdu and Hindi. But he kept on writing in isolation and continuously in English and Dogri. In 1979 Dec. Dogri Sanstha brought out his long poem entitled



“GHAR” in the form of a very thin booklet which has been awarded the Sahitya Akademi Award for 1980, which was later prescribed as text in M.A. (Dogri) in Jammu University.

He wrote “GHAR” under the influence of an emotional trance in seven days in Jan 1977. Kunwar Viyogi's long poem entitled “Ghar”, consists of 239 stanzas of four lines each, has been published by Dogri Sanstha, Jammu. The rhyme scheme of each stanza is aaba, and each stanza ends with the word “Ghar”. Ghar is the link which binds the whole poem together thematically, “Viyogi” has burst forth on the Dogri scene, after a long break of over fifteen years, like an avalanche, with a dazzling array of poems, gazals and sonnets.

Now a long poem SABAK (140 stanza of four lines), Rubain(144+141), 66 more rubain of Ghar, and 16 translated Rubain of Ghar in English are under print. Totally published 239 of Ghar and 507 unpublished rubain ,are 746 rubaian.

But the fraternity of our poets refused to stop at that and continued search for new pastures. Kunwar Viyogi's recently published work, “Paihlian Baangan”, a collection of 200 Dogri sonnets, comes as a refreshing message of hope that pursuit for expanding the domain of Dogri poetry continues and with a large measure of success.

Kunwar Viyogi had written nearly 1250 more Dogri sonnets, apart from 200 sonnets published in “Paihlian Baanga”, Now there is nearby 1450 Dogri sonnets in his account. He wrote his first sonnet in Charan Singh’s room after hearing the poem from Prof. Ram Nath Shastri—“Rati Da Khiri Bell”. Actually he was entirely a man of MOODS.

Introducing sonnet in Dogri is an even more adventurous and remarkable feat than the adaptation of Ghazal. Urdu being a language of the soil, its Ghazal form had an ethnic kinship with

Dogri to facilitate its adoptability. But the arrival of sonnet, quite a foreigner and remotely removed from psyche and ethos of Dogri language, culture and tradition was something miraculous, if not, unbelievable.

In Dogri he had written nearly 600 poems, 1050 Gazals, 33 stories, 3+3 Novels, 25 essays, 950 Sher and Book Reviews, random thoughts .All these are under print.

He had given a Delhi publisher his 101 English sonnets—SO VIYOGI SAYS for print and also four English Novels—1. The Statues, 2. The unsolved years, 3. My Captivity and 4. Timid Hearts. But unfortunately they are not available and not published.

Kunwar viyogi like to write sonnets in any language the other form of writings. Kunwar Viyogi also written 365 sonnets in English. With the same ease, simplicity, high quality and expertise. Kunwar Viyogi is unknown in English literature, but after publishing he will emerge as a shining star. He has written many poems, Gazala, Kundalian, stories and essays in English. All are under print.

It is a very unique quality of Kunwar Viyogi that he used languages, in prose and poetry at ease. Mastery of languages –Dogri, English, Urdu and Hindi allowed him to play with words. He has written 365 sonnets in English and 1450 in Dogri, nearly 1800 sonnets in different languages.

He had written nearly 110 poems, 10 Gazals, 7 stories, 9 Book reviews, essays, Kundalian, Random thoughts in English. He also wrote more than 180 Features in English , published mostly in Kashmir Times. All these are under print.

Kunwar Viyogi, as an air force officer, had to spend several years away from his home-town Jammu. But its nostalgia has always

haunted him. This is evident from the sonnets he has written on many of his old acquaintances, here mostly poets and writers, including Ram Nath Shastri, Ved Rahi, Narendra Khajuria, Kehar Singh Madulkar, Padma Sachdev and Ved Pal Deep.. In the foreword he recalled his friend Nilamber Dev Sharma, Tara Smailpuri, Charan Singh, Pt. Sansar chand, D.C. Prashant, Dhyan Singh and others. In fact all through the book under print of nostalgic memories of his early youth in Jammu as a student runs As he has expressed lingering hope in his preface that possibly somebody after reading this book might be tempted to try his hand on sonnets. He regularly contributed to Sheeraja and occasionally to Kashmir Times & Times of India.

In 1992-1994 , worked as Asst Editor in Kashmir Times(English) & Dainik Kashmir Times (Hindi). During this period started the first & till date the one page Daily in Dogri namely Dogri Times. Have been writing a byline for this One sheeted, titled “PATE DI GULL”---“पते दी गल्ल”, meaning “Heart of the matter”, comprising to full columns. The periodicity was daily till end of 1993. After That this byline is being published in Dogri Times approximately thrice a week. The byline covers the entire gamut of subjects in life viz, Metaphysics, Literature, society, defense, international & national affairs and so on.

1994 – onwards worked as Freelancer Journalist in English & Dogri.

He was a book lover and a practicing poet. In 2001 Nami Digri Sanstha Jammu honoured him by “Sahitya Shri Award”.

Kunwar Viyogi says—

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

Sudha Chaturvedi

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## (I) 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' creat 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 unpestered  
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, I 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.

## (II) POEMS

### 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 lief  
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, 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 --- thirds  
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 ease up all terror stricken strains,  
My feverish pace is slowing- Now I know  
What pleasure is in knowing- Now I know.

## VII

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,  
I 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 carries 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

### VIII

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 throcs  
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.

### IX

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

### X

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

## XI

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

Asquandered 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

## XII

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

### XIII

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

## JUST BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING LURKS

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,  
Ensconced 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..

\*\*\*

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.

## 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.

Arc so enamored people of any art  
Like cupid blindly using the love dart  
(I have Thirty 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 you 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 'Vyogi' 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.

## TILTING OF COUPLETS— “FOUR LINES”...

### Atones limits the reach

1. I used to freely fly; experience things,  
Collecting beauteous 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 laid.
  
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,  
Ensnared 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.

### 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



That fleeting moments rustle like a dream  
How little things release the pent up stream.

## MONOLOGUE

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?”.



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.

## TEACHER'S MOOD

1. 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 rucs are much required,  
Your rucs are much desired,  
your rucs 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.

(PUBLISHED IN MAGAZINE TAWI...  
IN LATE FIFTIES)  
LOVE

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,  
In pleasures they were swept.  
.... Randhir Singh (2<sup>nd</sup> year)



There is no way in which one man can feel in  
His own body the pain which another suffers.

## WHO AM I? WHY AM I 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.

## 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!

\*\*\*

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.



## 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.

**AN EFFORT TO COMPOSE 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

- d. 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

Lightning 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

c. 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

f. 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

g. 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

h. 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 toffecs

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 glcc  
Asking over you and me  
How I swing come and see

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



Enough is what we give and what we get  
No reaching for impossible beyond  
No hopeless hopes we cherish or abct  
Or, what we give and get, use or found.

## 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.



How I need a single fringed night,  
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.



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



Dunia Ne Tajurbaat O Hawadas ki Shakl Main  
Jo kuch Mujhe Diya Hai wo Lotta Raha Hoon Main

## 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.



Friends of yesterday are gone and Time  
Is fleeting like the lightning 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.

## 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.



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



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.

## 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



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

## LOVE

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



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.

## 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.



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.



## YOU ASKED ME HOW WE MET?

As I was playing. He kicked my  
Mud house (घरोंन्दा) – 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  
I 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.

## 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 “ IIs— 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  
Boncless— unmovng 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 junior to me  
In the office- could get away  
From my oratory's sway  
Especially when I had come  
To crib about our new boss  
So U a picce 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.

## BELLS

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

\*\*\*

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.

## 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;.....

\*\*\*

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.

\*\*\*

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,

## LIMERICS

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  
d 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  
Appears a smole at least in Form

- 5 बलग्न 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 cnohes 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 hisso 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 इटका  
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 sprcc  
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  
Talecyar 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 cd cd  
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 croticism  
          I wish he is kind  
          And does not mind  
          For this is a complementary euphemism.

### **A BALL OF GOLD**

Aman 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



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.



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.

**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.



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

## 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



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

## 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 minarcts,  
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,



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

## 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.

## 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.



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 men  
Are injured for life because people refuse  
To believe in coincidences.  
There are times when you don't think of consequences.



Will hit or miss the moon, it hit the moon.  
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.



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.

### **FACTS OF LIFE**

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 जेसा नेई होंदा,  
खुश खानदान इक नेहे होंदे न  
दुखी खानदाने दे दुःख मेल नेई खदें





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.

### **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, obsceneties, difficulties,  
Setbacks- NOT WITHSTANDING.

## RANDHIR BELIEVED IN...

O! Prists, What is on Fire ?

- i. All things, O, prists are on fire-  
But what are these things which are on fire.  
The eye O prists 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.
  
- ii. 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

- iii. 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 indifferent)  
 Originates in dependence on impressions received by the  
 Mind that also is on fire.
  
- iv. And with what are these on fire?
  
- v. 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 odous  
Conceives on aversion for the toungue  
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

vi      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.



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.



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. .



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



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.



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.



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.

## 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

### 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

\*\*\*

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 Ycs; a Ycs, a No.

\*\*\*

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





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



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



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.



“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”

## 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.

### **MOMENT— OUT POURING...**

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



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

## 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 cornessed then.  
So like a specialist surgeon  
I bludgeon  
And newness on my dossier  
The carrier  
Of life sections burgeons  
My notions  
Are patios  
With which I get all motions  
Surprises  
And comprises

Of following written portions  
My dossier  
My carrier  
And carrier  
Of all my life times actions  
“Born in Nineteen Forty  
Was snotty  
Made 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-

## A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF KUNWAR VIYOGI

Its stern sence of the practical that informs every line,  
Can not dim the poetry that, like the fragrance laden,  
Breeze that assails the scene with more than mortal languor  
When one approaches some the magic moons of the place,  
Blows with a sweet stream through the printed pages.

### SEDUCTION

So there I was filled with guilt, loncliness, 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.



Any thing that speaks of more than truth  
Is worse than what is patently untrue  
If knowingly restated, then in rooth.



Friends of yesterdays are gone and Time  
Is fleeting like the lightening In a blur  
Like horses moments 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 princ.



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.



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



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





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.



There is happily enough, sufficient tinder,  
Lying around that can easily be ignited.



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. -Kunwar viyogi



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.

## 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 taxies 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?



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.

## LIGHT HUNT-

Jenny kissed me when we met  
Jumping from the chair she sat in,  
Time, you thief, who live to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in.  
Say I am weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
Say, I am growing old, but add,  
Jenny kissed me.

\*\*\*

Life is not the least, a laughing matter  
You better get it straight, O! you would better  
It groans below its own relentless pressures  
And gapes at unbridgeable looming fissures.

\*\*\*

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.

\*\*\*

This stuff amounts to nothing friend out there  
No way to go, nowhere to go and no way to get there.  
Con-lcc-plating the ugliest night more  
Of grudges and anonymities .  
Hamstrung hopes and mediocrities  
Ensnared in debilitating 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

\*\*\*

I thought my pains were done and past  
True happiness was here  
And I could merrily lead this life  
Without a trace of care.

\*\*\*

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.



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

### **JOY**

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

## 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.



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



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.

### चनाब दा सौदा

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, Fusc  
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-----



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.



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.

### **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 leaves 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 it.





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

### **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).

## 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.

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.



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



I sit and muse the all the great things in life have  
already been done and I am born too late-  
Heroics done, wars won, 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.



Can antagonism simply be lullabied to death.  
Turn back a tidal wave, one cup at a time.



This stuff amounts to nothing friend out there  
No way to go, nowhere to go  
And no way to get there.  
Contemplating the ugliest night more

Of grudges and anonymities .  
Hamstrung hopes and mediocrities  
Ensclosed 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 uncommanded  
Through fissures of  
Don't blame me, blame my father and the street.



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.

## Marriage

In a marriage, man and woman think more,  
Of the partnership than they do of themselves.  
It is interweaving (sweet की भाँती) of interests and  
A facing of sacrifice for the sake of both. Feeling  
Of security (रक्षा) and contentment (सन्तुष्टी) comes  
From mutual (मिल—जुलकर की हुई) effort. In  
Marriage, as in dancing, happiness comes not  
From skill but from to-getherness.  
In purely physical love there is emotional  
Sincerity which can burn both partners to ashes.  
No two human beings can always live  
To-gether in the most intimate relationship  
Of marriage without sometimes frustrating  
Each other. Understanding is needed because  
Where love is blocked it turns to anger and  
Hate. The art of love is patience till spring comes.

\*\*\*

### **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.

## 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.

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

### **Stayed in the hotel/Dak Banlow**

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.

**A GRAIN STRUGGLE WITH POVERTY  
ENSURED**

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



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.



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



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.



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.





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.



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.



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

## 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.

\*\*\*

Who so ever is up there and running the show.  
Mr. Supreme Being, Sir, Please, Keep it up.

\*\*\*

### 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.

\*\*\*

And our pretences of intelligence  
May all consist of total ignorance



There is nothing but a feeling left in me  
Which seems to want to tell me how I feel.



Can antagonism simply be lullaby to death.  
Turn back a tidal wave, one cup at a time.  
There is no way in which one man can feel in  
His own body the pain which another suffers.



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.



Dunia Ne Tajurbaat O Hawadas ki Shaki Main  
Jo kuch Mujhe Diya Hai wo Lotta Raha Hoon Main



## THE DOGRA SYNDROME

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  
Tinged 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 times -  
Garrulous with his own kith and kin  
But slavishly obedient  
A thorough country bumpkin.

How they reconcile  
His martial status  
His will to fight with forbearance  
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 avalaviche  
To yield. And not to be content,  
Till he wins  
It seems he loves to win,  
Not-with-standing <sup>the</sup> price?

LONESOME HEART

Lonesome SUKHNA LAKE

Her waters-shrunk to-  
More 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 nector  
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.

@@@

## REFUGE

My heart is a 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 manoeuvres 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

What then do, I do ?  
I look deep into your eyes  
and live there as I desire.

BUS - QUEUE - MAN

Tenth of the month  
FAY CHEJJE 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 tightens  
To accommodate new arrivals

The man behind me  
And the <sup>girl</sup> ~~lads~~ before me  
Both smell of sweat.

I mused wistfully  
About my apologetic,  
Servile, desperate existence  
And then

Elbowed the man behind me  
And kneeed the <sup>girl</sup> ~~lads~~ before me  
Squeezed out of the queue  
Asserted my hetero-sexuality  
To walk under the sun  
Twelve Kilometers to my hole-  
Benefit of woman.

## DOUBLE SHAME

Are these 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 ~~man~~ ~~life~~  
or death  
and a-fraid of both,

~~Who~~ gave power to their loins  
Ill 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 AND HE

He faced vicissitudes of life,  
An eventful pulsating existence,  
Resplendent with-  
Simple sensations of living-  
An unrecognised happening.  
A drop in the ocean of humanity  
Without 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  
In 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 identification -  
Gold, faceless calculating  
An automaton

Oh - Yes he had his identification  
But,  
Lost his identity.

## **GHAR**

Kunwar Viyogi (4 September 1940 – 2015) christened as Group Captain Randhir Singh as Kunwar Viyogi is the first and only Indian Air Force officer to have received the prestigious Sahitya Akademi Award for his long Dogri poem titled 'Ghar' 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 Rubai 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, started, 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 wintry Homes and Fly  
 One love unaltered 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. "Conform'+ 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 cacophonous 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 relatives or halls  
Home is love's anthem; affection's music.  
House is not a home which enralls.

“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 Omar Khayyam. In one Rubaiyati 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.

## 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,  
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,  
Strife's 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.

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,

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,  
Arc 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.

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,  
         Arc 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 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.

9 I was, to the cross of life imbibed  
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-----

10. 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-----

11. 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.

12 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

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. 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.

15. 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.
16. 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



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



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



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



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.



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.



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

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

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.



# VIYOGI DI BYAJA

Collections of writings of Kunwar Viyogi

- भाग 1. ROSARY OF SONNETS-I (collection of sonnets)  
भाग 2. ROSARY OF SONNETS-II (collection of sonnets)  
भाग 3. Now I know (collection of English Gazals, Poems)  
भाग 4. The Ante room (stories & Prose & random thoughts)  
भाग 5. BANJARA (Features, Book reviews)  
भाग 6. पूरने-1 (डोगरी कविता संग्रैह)  
भाग 7. पूरने-2 (डोगरी कविता संग्रैह)  
भाग 8. पूरने-3 (डोगरी कविता संग्रैह)  
भाग 9. बरीकियां-1 (डोगरी गज़ल संग्रैह)  
भाग 10-20. बरीकियां-2 (डोगरी व उर्दू गज़ल व शेर संग्रैह)  
भाग 11. सान्नेटा दी माला-1 (डोगरी सान्नेटे दा संग्रैह)  
भाग 12. सान्नेटा दी माला-2 (डोगरी सान्नेटे दा संग्रैह)  
भाग 13. सान्नेटा दी माला-3 (डोगरी सान्नेटे दा संग्रैह)  
भाग 14. सान्नेटा दी माला-4 (डोगरी सान्नेटे दा संग्रैह)  
भाग 15. सान्नेटा दी माला-5 (डोगरी सान्नेटे दा संग्रैह)  
भाग 16. सान्नेटा दी माला-6 (डोगरी सान्नेटे दा संग्रैह)  
भाग 17. घर ... (प्रकाशीत व अप्रकाशीत रूआई संग्रैह)  
भाग 18. तोशी (डोगरी गीत संग्रैह)  
भाग 19. सबक (डोगरी रूबाईयां संग्रैह)  
भाग 20. चुटकियां (डोगरी व उर्दू गज़ल व शेर संग्रैह)  
भाग 21-22. टोना मन्हास (डोगरी उपन्यास)  
भाग 4-23. इक फर्स्ट क्लास आदमी (डोगरी/अंग्रेजी कहानी संग्रैह)  
भाग 4-24. प्रवाह... (डोगरी व अंग्रेजी निबंध, पद्य व पुस्तक समीक्षा)  
भाग 25. पते दी गल्ल  
भाग 26. यात्री-एक सन्त, एक वियोगी  
भाग 27. वो, तूम, मैं और कैन्सर



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