

SO VIYOGI SAYS...



KUNWAR VIYOGI

ROSARY OF SONNETS Vol. 2

VIYOGI DI BYAJA

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VIYOGI DI BYAJA

WRITINGS OF KUNWAR VIYOGI

IN

TWENTY ONE VOLUMES

KUNWAR VIYOGI

Kunwar Viyogi di Bayaja:

An anthology of writings of Kunwar Viyogi in Dogri, English and Urdu Compiled and Published by

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SO VIYOGI SAYS...

ROSARY OF SONNETS

(Vol.-2, Collection of 180 Sonnets)



KUNWAR VIYOGI

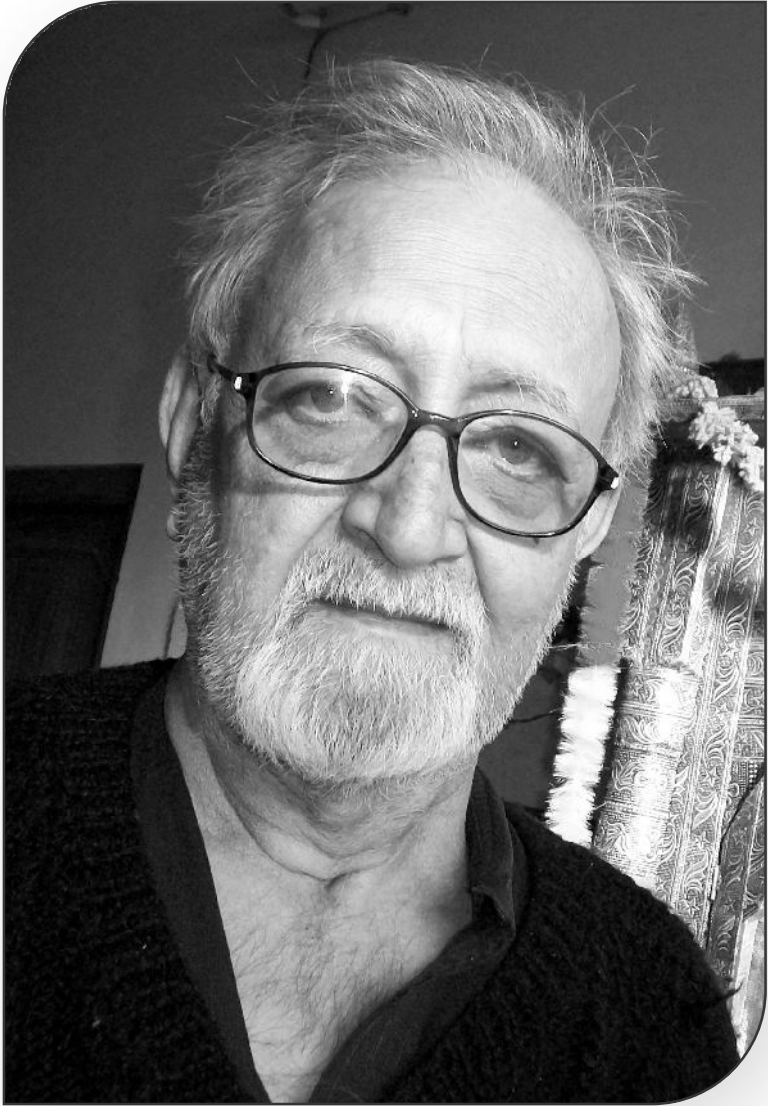
VIYOGI DI BYAJA

Dedicated to Prem



KUNWAR VIYOGI

Dedicated to



A SANT AND FRIEND

SUDHA

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THE SONNET

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,--
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,

Of its own intricate fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night prevail; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul,--its converse, to what Power 'tis due:--
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinuc

It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poem

PREFACE

Poonam Singh Jamwal

The much elusive manuscript of English Sonnets by Kunwar Viyogi came to me weeks ago and threw open the floodgates of emotion. I met “ME” in those pages; those pages were Him; and our home, - it was “US”, him, my mother, my two siblings, our bickering and laughter. The way we were, the way we were not and the way we ought to have been. I stare across the chasm of nearly four decades as I read through and reach out to poignancy of moments lived and strung in sublime verse. In its universal realm the reader will find himself in this poetic tapestry.

This manuscript of *sonnets* was pencilled at the peak of *Kunwar Viyogi's* creative deluge, happy, fulfilled, cherished, introspective and reflective. It was 1977, when I was transforming from a child into an individual, a tender age of eleven. A phase of self awareness, a “*Manthan*” - of values, interests, points of view, sensitivities, feelings and a quest for new words to dress- up new found self and

emotions .The *Home* he built, allowed a churning in the young hearts to cascade as he patiently and lovingly, sat to create pathways for them to fly. Never felt dammed or damned for that matter!

Our morning ritual - a staple of reciting a poem, a sonnet, a verse or a story; bracketed by loud dining table discussions in the evening and that was how I was being cast and chiseled. Whether in English or Dogri, the verse in his velvet voice and a storyteller's tale infused into my being.

When admirers tell his story or decipher his poems they expect pathos or struggle but I see hope and a pursuit of happiness. He savoured each word he wrote or read with childlike glee. As each poem, ghazal, sonnet or story poured out of his pen, it knocked into my young heart and sensibility, shaping my world view. In this anthology of 300 plus sonnets you will find hope, joy, wisdom, love, defiance, bravery, arrogance and brutal honesty.

Many summers forward, when I revisit these sonnets, the comprehension is sharpened by life. It is one of the finest contributions to English literature written with a masterly control on meter and language, steeped in love and wisdom, with eyes glistening with unshed tears- churning a storm within its soul.

In his personal life, the lull between the settling tsunami of loss of parents at an early age and an unawareness of an impending turmoil, the genesis of his poetic gems took place. It birthed in the backdrop of salubrious Sundays, laughter and playful squabbles of children. He wrote *Ghar* - a long poem in *Dogri* comprising of 239 couplets, winning him accolades. In addition there is a compilation of 200 published & nearly 1000 unpublished sonnets in Dogri and English as well as ghazals, stories, essays, novels and many letters, each worth preserving.

As is the case of most creatives, his words went silent in the din of

thunder and chasm of loss in the following years. It is but a gift of a great writer and thinker, whom I had a privilege of knowing him as a dad, great friend and a mentor.

A sampler in Kunwar Viyogi's words -

Gift Of Friends, ...he aptly says

And to our hearts, the strangers have no key.

Where love is deepest, hurt can deepest be.

I shed the cloak of being a daughter and don the role of a care taker, critic and reader, to speak about the work its purpose and contribution to the world of literature and art.

An Exercise in futility

"I didn't argue, weep or make comment

For Time, the hunter, brooks no argument "

Kunwar Viyogi was inspired by Shakespeare and often quoted the Bard as well as Robert Frost, Kabir, Omar Khayaam, Khalil Gibran and Ghalib. He drew joy by voraciously reading classic novels, scientific, medical journals, newspapers, magazines, even tabloids with pleasure and the eye of a critic. He was always seen with a pencil tucked behind his ear, underlining, scouring and always in search of a new word, thought or expression and almost always sharing his discoveries in conversations and long letters to friends and family. Kunwar Viyogi's sonnets create a complex depiction of love. He comments on social norms, explores the struggles of human existence and shares life lessons that are wise and tongue in cheek too. There is a heavy measure of hope, driving emotions that lend purpose to existence aptly put in his words.

Great winners are good losers, patience show,

There is a running theme of positivity in adversity-

BUILD MY CASTLES IN THE AIR

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

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

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

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

Life

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

There is underlying pathos in his poems- to be free of all cares and to savour life in a pure form, unshackled.

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

Love

He says all wealth is worthless without love. He is king with love...

*For without you, my love, I am not I,
But with you, Earth is mine and so is sky.
But nestled in your arms, I admit
I don't remember pain – not a bit.*

Epics

His admiration of the two great epics can be seen in his poems and the thoughts they provoke in context to his values and the human condition.

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

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

Mentors

He pays homage to his poetic mentors and thinkers like Gandhi, Thorcau, Ghalib, Ramnath Shastri, Robert Frost and Kabir.

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

Family

In the sonnets to his daughters, Kunwar Viyogi speaks of comfort of their cacophony. He has written some to his mother and father reflecting a deep bittersweet connection. He addresses his beloved speaking of their meeting, loving, finding, sulking, squabbling, losing, seeking and finding his home.

God

His favorite theme is speaking to God - giving Him great power and also time and again questioning his omnipotence, even seeking his approval in his stoic acceptance of fate. There is a recurring theme of accepting God's verdict. He writes of wringing life worth living out of the dismal bounties he was bestowed.

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

Time

Time and its passing, its shortness, inevitability and all supreme power runs through his

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

My personal favorite on Time is Twenty Four hours

TWENTY FOUR HOURS

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

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

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

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

Muse and Musings

Interestingly, he is fascinated with his own creativity and the outpouring of his poetry. He has written an ode to the torrent of those words. A searing inspiration and with ease Enfolds the poet in its fold....

1. *And if you ask him, "I have you written these"
He feels embarrassed, says, "How can I?"*
2. *With open arms, the doors that don't receive
I enter not- Oh! life, I take your leave.*

Viyogi's Sonnets reflect a deep personal conviction, defiance of social norms, passion for freedom and self-determination. With the publishing of these works '*The Sonnets*' will rise in reputation.

FOREWORD

Kunwar Viyogi says-

Dear Friends

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

The writing of sonnet, it is confirmed, had its beginnings in Italy in the thirteenth century from where it travelled to Tuscany and was picked up by Dante for his composition 'Vita Nuova.' It was nearly at the same time that the Italian poet Petrarch

also adopted the form and wrote many timeless sonnets. It was Petrarch in the fourteenth century who endowed the sonnet with its characteristic form. He made it simple yet comprehensive and beautiful. It was he who revealed the scintillating beauty layered up in the depths of a sonnet. That is why, Petrarch is known as the 'Father of the Sonnets'.

In terms of its structure, a Petrarchan sonnet has an octave and a sestet. The octave raises and describes an issue related to the heart, mind or society. Moreover, it conveys a stream of thought or emotion; history; politics; moments and ideas in the most substantive manner. The sestet deals with the resolution of the octave. The rhyme scheme of the octave is such that the first, fourth, fifth and the eighth lines rhyme with one another and the second, third, sixth and seventh rhyme with one another in the similar fashion. But the peculiarity of a sestet is that it is quite flexible. The six lines can be written in the form of three couplets or it can be written in the form of a quatrain and a couplet. The only restriction is that the first, third and fifth lines should rhyme with one another. Similarly, the second, fourth and the sixth lines should share the similar rhythmic pattern. So the rhyme scheme of a Petrarchan sonnet can be represented as **abba abba cdedcd**.

The form that began in Italy spread rapidly throughout Europe and soon incredible sonnets were being composed in almost all the European languages. In England, the sonneteering began in the sixteenth century. Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Howard introduced the form in England. Initially they translated some of the Petrarchan sonnets and then went on to compose a few of their own. Following in their footsteps many other poets began to translate French sonnets into English. Amongst them was the renowned English poet Spenser. Due to these translations the form of the sonnet became a much discussed and admired trend in

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

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

At a superficial glance one feels that between the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean form the former is more challenging. The Petrarchan form has been likened to the rising and the falling of the waves in their cadence. The Shakespearean sonnets due to their structure of four quatrains and a couplet

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

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

Shelly, Keats and Leigh Hunt did not like the sonnet form much since to them its restrictive structure clipped the flight of their imagination. Yet, all three of them composed sonnets and freely used the form. Shelly's "Ode to West Wind" and the best odes of Keats are written in the flow of a sonnet and the critics world over

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

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

in accordance with the simplicity of the language, flow of ideas and demand of the structure.

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

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

During those days I hardly understood English. By the time I reached the sixth grade, I had mustered some words of English by rote with great difficulty but the formation of paragraphs, the importance of punctuation and its use, and proper pronunciation were still way out of my reach. In reality, even our college professors were not proficient in them. Of all the professors who taught us English, I was most impressed by Prof. Nilambar Dev Sharma as far as technique and proper pronunciation were concerned. In view of these things, I really enjoyed his English conversations. Though his proficiency was not great yet his self-study of English and his technique were praise worthy. From his looks as well as his appearance, Prof Nilambar Dev Sharma looked like an Englishman and he would also dress up like one; he would always be prim and proper in his carriage. In spite of his simple and calm disposition, his influence on us was tremendous and we would attend his lectures with great dedication. I would look at his face unblinkingly and try to emulate his manner of speaking. However, the bottom line is that despite my poor knowledge of English, when I first read the Shakespearean sonnet “A Consolation”, I simply fell in love with the form of the sonnet.

The concluding couplet of the sonnet simply seeped into my being and became a part of me. In those days, I also read two other sonnets- Milton's "On His Blindness" and Keats's "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" - that left an indelible impression on my mind. I still remember these sonnets by heart. But what I admired the most was "A Consolation" and I would hum it from time to time. There was no one to guide us in this field and so like an amateur, I would read whatever I could lay my hands on. Whenever I would read sonnets I got the feeling as if it were a musical strain that I had experienced before and I felt quite familiar with it. There's a word for this feeling in English borrowed from French *Déjà vu* which is beyond translation.

I started writing in Dogri in 1956. In those days my social circle was quite limited and I was very passionate about writing in Urdu and English. My poems and stories had started getting published in Urdu periodicals. I was more acquainted with Mohan Yavr, Ved Rahi, Jagan Nath Azad, Kashmiri Lal Zakir and Thakur Poonchi as compared to Ram Nath Shastri, Kchar Singh 'Madhukar', Vedpal 'Deep', Shambhu Nath Sharma and Deenu Bhai Pant. These leading Dogri writers also did not know me. I had no knowledge about the existence of any Dogri Sanstha. The main reason for this was that I had passed my high school from boarding and I was new to Jammu. Due to this, I never recited my poems to these great literary figures although I had started listening to their poems during *mushairas* (poetic symposiums). By 1975, I had started getting acquainted with Dogri and the Dogri Sanstha. However, between 1956 and 1959 three such incidents occurred that my writing in English and Urdu was interrupted and I willingly donned the mantle

of Dogri.

1. In Jammu, a literary and cultural association was formed to promote theatre and to give a platform for reading Hindi and Urdu creative writings. In 1955, I started participating in the events organized by the association. In the winters of 1956, the same association decided to organise an Urdu-Dogri *mushaira* at Gandhi Bhawan, Jammu. The convener of the event could not gather the courage to go and invite the renowned Dogri poets herself. So she decided instead to contact the Dogri sanstha through a lesser known Urdu poet, Balkrishan Sagar (who was an employecc at the Post Office). But due to certain reasons the prominent Dogri poets could not participate in it. In the Urdu 'mushaira', many poets from outside the state participated under the leadership of Bismillah Syeed. Since the prominent writers of Dogri could not participate, I was given the duty to recite some Dogri poems. In this context I wrote my first Dogri *ghazal* (*a form of lyrical poetry*). Of all the gazals read in the 'mushaira', twenty onewere Urdu and there was just one ghazal in Dogri, minc. It was the first time that I was participating as a poect in a *mushaira*. It was at this very event that Bismillah Syeed won the hearts of the audience by reading his immortal couplet:

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

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

At the time I was just sixteen years old and was blessed with the opportunity to read my dogri ghazal at the event. I received a little appreciation as well. However, the luck struck me the next day when I was standing at Fattu Chughan and to my surprise a very pleasant looking man came up to me and asked:

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

“Yes, indeed”.

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

“Thank you for your kind praise”.

“You had beautifully composed these lines:

He stopped sharing his sorrows with me

He stopped shaking the tree of miseries

What happened, my dear? Catastrophe

He stopped speaking to me.”

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

2. In 1958, I wrote the poem “Bholi”. I showed the draft to the Director of the Literary Association. She requested Mr. Venu Bhardwaj to read it. As soon as Mr. Bhardwaj read the poem, he made me sign a contract to recite it in the '*Kyari*' programme. This programme was compered by Prof. Ram Nath Shastri. I clearly remember that after listening to my poem, Shastri ji greatly appreciated me and asked me to keep in touch with him. His appreciation

and preference was of great importance. Everyone knew that he only offered praise where it was due and he never exaggerated. I was ecstatic. 'Kyari' programme ended at 10pm and I reached home elated. The next morning dawned with a call as early as at 7 a.m. from Ved 'Rahi.' I knew Ved 'Rahi' but he did not know me by then. He wanted to publish my poem 'Bholi' in the periodical *Yojna*. This incident boosted my confidence so much that I wrote a dozen ghazals and around ten-twelve poems during this phase of time. Besides this, I also penned down three-four Dogri stories and two memoirs. Many of these were published in periodicals like 'Tawi', 'Yojna' and 'Trikuta'. An account of all that I wrote during this year is as follows

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

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

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

Among the above mentioned poems, Jhusmusa was a particularly long one with more than three hundred lines. This poem was greatly appreciated by Sansar Chand Baru and in order to remove any strain of antagonism to poetry in the heart of my father, he read it aloud in his presence. I only remember the first stanza of this poem which was something like—

This time, the time of night
 When far away seems the light
 This time the time of night and approaching light
 They play hide and seek: dark and bright

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

had written—

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

Besides these I had also garnered a dozen more of poems, one translation, twenty ghazals and many stories to my credit. I have narrated the above three incidents because they left a deep lasting impression on me and directed my future course of action. The year 1960 started off with great enthusiasm. I had written around a dozen of sonnets in my broken English. It was during these days that I heard about Professor Ram Nath Shastri's poem, "Raati da Khiri Bela" in a *mushaira*. After listening to this particular poem, I was so inspired that I jotted down my first Dogri sonnet while sitting in Ustaad mohalla in Charan Singh's room. In the beginning of 1960, Shree Prashant who was writing in 'Rekha' those days chose my poem "Bholi" among the three best poems written by the upcoming Dogri poets during the year 1958-1961. It was during the *mushaira* held on the occasion of Prince Karan Singh's birthday that Shastri ji made me recite my poem "Aahlda" in the company of renowned Dogri poets. Occasions like these gave me confidence and boosted my morale and so I continued to write and work on my English and Urdu simultaneously. In July 1961, I got selected in the Air Force and joined the Air Force Flying College, Jodhpur, but my enthusiasm did not dampen even there. After moving there, I still published ten gazals in 'Tawi' by 1962. Alongside, I wrote a one hundred and ninety three pages long Dogri novel in my notebook which I titled "Hirkha di Bharnaali". With a longing to show my writings to Prof. Ram Nath Shastri I sent over the hand written scripts to Charan Singh without retaining a copy. Following were the

works that I had sent over to him:

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

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

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

During 1962, I sent my letters with my poems and ghazals to Kehar Singh 'Madhukar' as well but did not receive any reply. After joining my job, it was in 1965 that I came to Jammu and met Charan Singh. This meeting proved to be detrimental to my relationship with Dogri literature. Charan Singh first informed me, with great remorse, that my writings had been destroyed by termites. This was a terrible heartbreak for me. I did not say anything to Charan Singh but the loss of my works still haunts me to this date.

During this meeting Charan Singh gifted me Professor Nilambar Dev Sharma's book “*An Introduction to Modern Literature*”. In this book Nilambar Dev Sharma wrote that I was the best among the new generation poets

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

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

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

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

At times my heart would admonish me, deride me for my severance and then I would write a letter or two to Charan Singh, Madhukar or Shastri ji. Out of these three only Shastri ji remembered me and replied to my letters. In a way, I had

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

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

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

The word 'iambic' comes from *iambus*. It is a pair of words in which one is spoken with greater stress than the other. It is taken as a special effect in English language. Hence, it is considered as the famous style for English poetry. The length of poetry depends on the addition or elimination of the iambic pair. You can look at the following lines from Shakespeare that consist of iambic pentameter.

That The I Scorn To Change My State With Kings
 1 2 3 4 5

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

A syllable is that part of word that can be spoken in the same breath. The beauty of sonnet in poetry can be fully realised only when it has twelve syllables. However, one is allowed to use

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

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

Dine ch chounma ik din farar me kari leta

(The fourth one among all days have I abducted)

I want to clarify at this point that my Dogri and English sonnets are independent of each other. The difference between them is so vast that they rarely seem to meet at any certain point. My only advice to you is that if you fall I love with my sonnets after reading them and you feel inspired to

write them yourself, then you must make truth out of these lines that I am stating below:

*Dine ch chounma ik din farar me kari leta
Unde kanne jae pujja Mansar, ruche de Chama.*

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

They clearly express my straight forward opinions and there is nothing more that I want to say except that these stand as a testimony to my simple and carefree views. They translate my deep and true discontents and triumphs. They are an expression of my very being. They have been crafted painstakingly. Their style of narration is free from pretension and is replete with simplicity. I am sure that these sonnets will initiate a new trend in Dogri poetry; a new and sincere idiom; a magnanimous stream; a new and uninhibited turn and, would be a clarion call for Dogri to rid itself of the present claustrophobic garb I am also hopeful that the kind extended by Mr. Shivdeep ji in its publication as if it were his own, will continue in the case of other writers as well. I am also greatly indebted to Krishna Lal Sharma, Sham Lal Raina and Gyan Singh for their magnanimity that I am sure will never diminish. As a result of this surety I bring forth to you, my dedicated readers and skilled practitioners, the copy of my book, "First Croonings" with great love, affection and hope. This pioneer work of mine is an attempt to infuse thrill, adventure and passion into the hearts of my dear readers. Lovers of Dogri! Heroes of Dogri! Accept my gift filled with immense love for you all.

Kumwar Viyogi

Acknowledgement

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

Later I 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 newspaper 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 Hari Har Sharma (Retd. Education Officer, Jaipur) who not only boosted my moral courage throughout preparation of the publication but also helped in editing the book.

I would also like to thank Mr. Ashok Kumar Gupta who is editor, Cultural & Art Academy, Jammu for editing & rearranging the sonnets. I would fail in my duty if I do not acknowledge the help of Mrs. Poonam Jamwal for writing the Preface & providing the english translation of Kunwar Viyogi's Foreword (Translated by Dr. Garima Gupta). Thanks to Dr. Garima Gupta, Jammu University for her love of Dogri, English & Kunwar Viyogi's work.

I am happy to present Kunwar Viyogi's Rosary of Sonnets 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.

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

Sudha Chaturvedi

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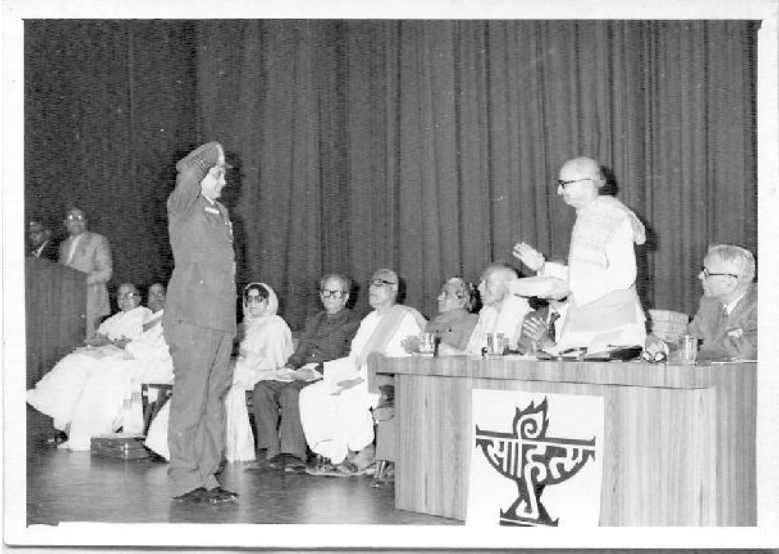
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SAHITYA ACADEMY AWARD-1980



WHERE ARE THEY?

I look for singers who are doubly blessed
With songs divine and masks man ship divine,
Their bullets find their masks and unmissed,
Their ditties flow. No superfluous line.

Encumbers verses sweet, where are they?
I search for them, the champions of true thought,
And continue my travels, I may-
Unearth them during travels, Ah! Unsought.

In some sequestered cul-de-sac or street,
May well be sitting some untutored youth.
Uncultured and uncoached and uncouth
with whom then I may all of a sudden meet.

May well he prove to be the master Bard,
Who sings irrespective of reward for love of song not of.

AVIATOR -I

I used to think in childhood, note it please:
The aviators are a sheltered lot;
Their lives are full of pleasure and of ease,
(I knew not what is true, what is not.)

No worry of hard labor, till myself,
I joined their ranks and come to know the truth-
Of jovial, gay abandon. Hate of pelf
Which they display is born of love and Ruth.

And dedication and their excellence
Is born of rigid discipline in their art,
And outward ease and wild exuberance
Are sings of sacred worship of their heart.

Like Vedic scholars dedicated, they,
Do toil and sweat but with a visage gay.

AVIATOR-II

I often hear the aviators speak,
In lighter moments, claim with candid glee,
“with littlest sowing, we rich harvests reap.”
And then indulge in wildest ribaldry.

Their ribald conversation, amorous spree
Are like the harmless look of coiled up spring,
Which if by mistake handled carelessly,
Can loosen held-up tension, damage bring.

And these playmates of the endless blue,
Unused to leisure, can not clearly see
Their bee-hike busyness through all life .
So when they get some moments which are free;

In crew rooms sit and buzz like bees on hives,
As if they have been longing all their lives.

AVIATOR-III

Out of the awkward teens, flush of youth
And full of wonder, exuberant, aglow,
On threshold of experience, bit uncouth,
And inexperienced, though you do not know.

you take this iron-bird and freely throw
In spirals unpermitted, happy youth;
And thrill in aerobatics knit your brow,
In concentration; and your flying is smooth.

But let me sadly state and tell the truth:
I agree you can throw this bird around
Unmindful of the safety of you both-
But this way shortly would be haven- bound.

And you can throw it wildly in the sky,
But learn its limitations ere you try.

ON SAM'S BIRTHDAY

1900HRS

On this auspicious day what I can give,
To Sateyn, I have thought about it friend,
And in a quandary which does greatly peeve,
I, to my senses urgent message/summons send

To guide me in this matter effectively
And when they see me worried, in this fix
With knitted brows and thinking furtively
They tell me, ” with your presence prayer mix

For years of useful fruitfulness and joys
Which he may have and live them to the hilt,
In happiness without a trace of guilt
And treat this life as children treat their toys.

So, I have come to give you this message
In person : and my gift is on this page.

HOME

A home is like a temple, dioccc
And from its bowels men are outward hurled
To tackle fangled fury of the world
And opportunities, made and seize

With witlessness or with skillful ease
Like unrestricted giggling flight of geese
Or sauntering doggedness of mighty lions
Who give and take the blows, as they please.

And bleeding, from enceinte's girding lions
Return to waiting homesteads in the end
Where families, lick their wounds. give release
From vigilance and caution and extend.

Exhort them to for the moment cease
To delve in world affairs – live in ease.

FAMILY

A wife is like a lioness in the cave
Who suckles snarling cubs while the lion
Is like a husband, who must daily brave
The fury of the world and then join

The lioness and the cubs, with the food
To assuage their hunger, with their eyes
They love the lion an' this happy brood
Is satiated. These heavenly ties.

Are stuff, which does impart some little worth
To lives of human beings. Meaningless
Would otherwise be all this worldly strife
And with each passing moment, less and less.

Would mean to human beings. Than their life
What countless combinations must have tried.

REASON OF THE HYMNS

Some in the Church are talking of Euphrates.
And Tigris rivers. Some are ringing bells,
In temples, there by opening golden gates.
With fiery oratory, the Mullah tells,

The message of Mohmad. Burning hells,
Are waiting for the mortals who with hold.
Their Love. Ah! their future is foretold,
In measured, ruthless tones and their yells,

Of agony are smothered in the noise,
Of bells and couches. And quickly swells,
To such a wild crescendo. Equipoise,
Is sheltered. Reason, all its reason sells,

And follows not in reason of the hymns
But what, in its appearance sacred seems.

YOU WANT TO RUN MY LIFE

You want to run my life, I in turn,
Enrage you by my independent ways,
Oh! Brahmin all your rituals are stern,
We agree to disagree and the days.

Go fleeting like the lightening, tell me why,
I should not plunge in pleasures unrestrained,
And with contentment unrestricted sigh,
And to my blissful act be enchained.

I do not interfere in affaire,
Where God hood is involved, leave alone,
your person so uninsured in pious prayers,
To world's need appease and sins atone.

I agree you are made of sterner stuff,
But for me worldly pleasures are enough.

TRUE FRIEND

One who from friends in adversity recoils
The greatest ornament of love impairs
The beauty of the humanity spoils
With outward show of pity. One who cares,

When friends are down and out, in a bind, -
He quickly comes and on their side appears-
And stands up to be counted. All unkind,
Resentful humiliations with them bears.

Without a word of pity uttered, said-
He with his very gift of presence shares
Their grief in mute defiance, of the dead
And hopeless hopes and fearful woes and oars.

That flow like molten lead, through his heart,
A true friend this way plays his humble part.

EARTHLY PLEASURES

Enlightened one, Buddha has ordained,
“By silence you can win an' you can gain,
Release from painful births and enchained,
To life' s sorry cycles not remain”.

This thought is lofty, well- expressed theme-
And often when I dwell on it, I feel, -
It plunging to my vitals, Pious hymn,
Emerges from my soul. Vicious wheel.

Of pain is smothered, Ah! but unconvinced,
My very being remains, tenuous link,
of dreamful thoughts is broken which evinced,
Such praise and prayer. And I quickly sink.

To earthly pleasures to my place repair,
To make the best of present birth in here.

ENDLESS STRIFE

Few hale your moments from the world's turmoil,
Are everything that from this life. I gain,
I treasure them with love, when I toil,
And delve in daily chores- I retain.

A sense of balance and remain unharmed,
By selfish vile routine of worldly deals,
These islands of privilege I have formed,
On endless sea of life. From them reels.

Defeated and deflated, hurt and stiff,
The retinuc of failures. Retinuc,
Of pleasure takes its place. Like a whiff,
Of smoke the pains are gone. Take a cue.

From my mudus operandi. For this life,
Consists of comprises of no peace, endless strife.

A VISIT TO MY HOUSE IN JAMMU

When I see the rickety wooden stair
Moth eaten, blackened, where it used to be
In childhood years, on which without care,
I used to sit and full of wonders see

The sky, bereft of stars, filled with kites
Of varied hues, with gay abandon tossed-
In all directions, locked aerial flights-
I wonder as to why in it engrossed.

My very being becomes, why so much,
I want to then recall the older scenes-
The obliterated lines, frantic clutch,
At hopes and aches of long forgotten tears.

Ah! why I want to forget, present times,
And think of past, denuded, barren claimer.

PEACEFUL MOMENTS

Whenever, I, my Love, your presence wish,
My hopes like roaring waves, then increase.
A sense of hopeful hopes does flourish
And blesses me with rare expertise.

A feeling of a glowing warmth comes,
To push me on to pinnacles unclimbed,
And what was inaccessible becomes,
Accessible and easy, rightly tuned.

This world sour opinions, wily taunts
Are muffled and by the music in my mind,
And mere thought of you, to me grants,
Harmonious, peaceful moments, sweet and kind.

And if you come in person, in my view.
I wonder what miracles would ensure.

PROPOSAL

“Let us love my Love”, your proposal
Is nectar to my ears and my soul,
And wins my ready, fervent, warm espousal,
And lifts me from this daily rigmarole.

Of toiling through this life an' breathing hard,
Restricted by the pettiness of things,
And panting onwards, crawling yard by yard,
To non-existent, distant bubbling springs.

In search of verdant valleys, which were cast
Forever and for ever one by one,
When all euphoric reverie were lost,
Ere painful chores of living were begun.

But your proposal to my soul I clasp,
And happiness appears with in grasp.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON IN GAUR

An afternoon in GAUR*. Busy bees
Are busy in gathering honey from the flowers:
There humming, cooing, crooning lullabies
Are echoing from the honey comb's bowers.

Ah! windows and doors have been shut
To shoo away the flies and the heat
The tufts of yellowed grass on my hut
Are motionless. And windless, silent beat.

Of sun has manifested on the crests
Of balding kikar trees. Deep distress
Prevails upon humanity as it rests
And sleeps through the summer laziness.

And just a mile away appear to sob
Perennial, icy waters of Chinab

*my native village

TEARS

Tears are neither proud, no, nor are meek,
One can not call them weak or call them strong.
They flow in happy tunes, moments bleak,
And live in painful wail, honeyed song.

They can be called up by a waspish sting,
Or by a soothing pat or a velvet hug,
Or by a most inconsequential thing,
like blinking eyelid or a placid shrug.

Tears can flow like torrents unrestricted,
And plummet like the streams when forbidden,
Or when one wants to cry, lie contained,
In bowers of the soul, calm and hidden.

In dreamless slumber, or when wide awake,
Tears are stuff that our emotions make.

STRUGGLE

Unwholesome thoughts, filled with avarice
Revive us. Like a dose of penicillin.
Revives unhealthy body, yet unseen,
Keep plodding feelings, beautiful and nice.

Unspectacular, simple unlike vice
Which comes in brilliant hues, deep and fast,
Disdainful of the nature's beauty vast,
And gainful to the users of the dice

But turning unsubstantial in a trice.
The wholesome thought, the plodders, continue
With limited repertoire, colors few,
For which their meek possessors pay the price.

With dogged determination, loyal love,
To grasp the hands of the greatest One Above.

SHAKE

A single word can have a vast usage:
Depending on context the meanings change,
Which tone can counter balance or manage;
Rendition can impart a different range.

So let us for example pick up “shake”,
And see its various uses and conclude
That one can many things with it make,
A friendly gesture or a gesture rude.

So talk of frenzied dancers, shaking free,
With rhythmic undulations of the flesh,
Or talk of shaking heads, shaking trees,
See criminals shake, with fear, makes a wish.

Or talk of tremulous lovers, hand in hand,
Who tossed by roaring passion shaking stand.

OLD MAN'S REVERIA

Friends of yesterday are gone and Time
Is feeling like the lightning, in a blur,
Like horses, moments gallop, when the spur
Is dug in quivering flanks, grey with grieve.

To weep at such grave moments is no crime,
All memories are shadows and selfsame
And unsubstantial substitutes and laurels,
Apologies for ruddy bubbling prime-

So let me face the fact, a different clime
Is reigning in my life and my sight
Is weak with vintage years, once so bright,
But now has faded, crumbled like the time,

Which needs removal and a coating new
My time has come to change my garment too.

MOTHER TO AN INFANT (LULLABY)

Smile O Nikoo!, smile O Bachoo!, smile,
And make your mother's ample bosom flow
With milk O Life perennial, scored wile
Is flowing, ageless vigour. Do you know?

O! hold your winsome cries, do not rile,
And let your mama do her household chores,
Which otherwise would gather dust and pile,
And would be doubly tiring, you therefore,

O! for a tiny moment just a while,
with-hold your intimacies, don't be sad,
And like a cow your mama, from a mile
Would come with oozing udders, with a mad

And worried rush and hurry, mystified,
To her grunts of hunger, satisfied.

LULLABIES

Lullabies of mothers are the stuff,
With which the dreams are made, heaven reached,
And though this life is really very rough
But all impossibilities are breached.

By mothers, Their own progeny are kings,
Pre-destined to be rulers kind and tough,
And when a mother for her infant sings
Her soulful prayer, though her voice is gruff,

Such heady systemic music it creates,
That lispingsound of cooing is enough;
It all realities obliterates,
Intangible like infant's rasping cough

Is lullaby of mother full of dreams.
But tangible and lovely to her seems.

SLAVERY OF DEBT

Debts. arc like an ugly octopus
And those who in their tentacles are caught,
Their animation is so ominous,
By degradation humiliation fraught, -

That thousand deaths they die every day,
And under torturous mental burdens reel,
And within such constraints have to stay
That talents all become their Achilles' heel.

In full command of senses and alive,
They lose the freedom but to exercise
An option to their movements and deprive
Their future of potential expertise, .

Their writing is innocuous, can't do much
To loosen fortune's wily, vicious clutch.

MURDER

That home becomes a lonely hermitage,
Where winner of the bread is criticized;
And recognizes that in middle age:
His actions are futile, unrecognized.

For him the unblemished sanctity.
Of family unit is severely harmed;
He loses independent entities;
And faces murder by the one's he charmed.

When selfish expectations of his brood,
Reville his contribution. solitude,
Unwanted is his won't. And no good,
To face this life is each vicissitude,

He surely finds that he is failure prone,
And like a hermit lonely, on his own.

MILD MUSIC

A plate my trust in promptings of my soul,
To savour ecstasy, slake my thrust,
Exaggeration, wily hyperbole,
Are stuff that find no favour in my trust.

With tender tones of passion, languid style,
Intangible convictions, meek and tender,
Unknowingly composed with a smile,
I sing the songs of life sleek and slender.

I do not sing to roaring multitude,
I long for no approval or applause,
And those who do not like my attitude,
Should know Viyogi, that he never was.

In favour of the music shrill or loud,
For silence is powerful and proud.

AH! JAMMU

I was banished from your winding lanes
By want and dire penury. Thus exiled,
I came to earn my living to the plains,
Dejected and defeated and reviled.

I made my peace with fate. At its shrine,
I humbled myself, rages reconciled.
And all exotic rages which were mine,
Were buried and forgotten. Like a child

I thought that I shall never feel the need,
To think of my rejections, neatly piled
In memories; but now the dormant seed
Of memories has sprouted branches wild,

And roots of rages are so deeply driven,
That nothing is forgotten or forgiven.

WARNING

I heard something and woke up with a start,
From deepest depth of slumber, gravely vexed,
What startled me, demands my throbbing heart-
And made me so uneasy, unrelaxed.

My children are asleep, calm and quiet,
My spouse is smiling in her dreamful sleep
And silent, soundless, windless, is the night,
Why restless demons on me vigil keep,

Why in my chest, my heart so loudly pounds,
I feel no lurking danger, threatening noise;
Discern no rustling movement, outward sounds,
But something has still shattered all my poise.

Ah! may be my sub-conscious future sees.
And wants to warn me with its prophecies.

PAIN

My pain was done and past, and I thought
That I could live in peace and free of care.
But this was not to be. O! certainly not,
for when I forget pain, the pain is there.

Though in pre- occupation of our lives,
We tend to feel that pain is dead and past
But to our consternation, it revives
And stuns us with its silent fiery blast.

When frenzied bursts of passion fancies lull
And under panting breathing, pain conceal
The leaping flames of pleasure make it dull
But just below the surface, we can feel,

That pain is omnipresent an' it means
It lives in boiling blood, smoldering veins.

LOVE AND PAIN

My love was my undoing, still I love
And count my injuries, new and old.
My witness is the greatest God above,
But still my golden story must be told.

For those who fear disaster, disapprove
And live in fear of pains, bit by bit,
To them I want to tell and this way prove
That, they would from my loving benefit

By telling them. My loving merely means
Acceptance of the beauty predestined,
For passion, heated kisses, saucy scenes,
Of thrashing, writhing bodies closely twined.

So what are few inconsequential pains,
The trophies of loving, blessed gains.

MIDDLE AGE BLUES

Together, we were lovers, in our hearts-
Cherubic cupid shot his loving darts.
And minds were filled with such utopian schemes,
And giddy were our, lofty grandiose dreams,

But to-day we are wisened worldly men,
And slaves to rational, limited acumen.
So when we looks ahead or look behind,
We see no lofty minarets of mind.

In past or present times, sharp and hear,
Some twenty busy years intervenc-
And future holds no terror in its store
For us to stir and move. No furore,

Or sinful escapades with the dames,
Who now are merely hallow sounding names.

SHADOWS OF PAST

Sometimes I think, the past is glorified,
Unjustly, its importance is inflated.
And present is unjustly denigrated
Mysteriously berated and decried.

And oft I wonder why we common folk
Demolish present pleasures for the past
And with exaggerations often cloak
Imagined and forgotten moments lost.

Or is it possible we reminiscence
With pleasure battles joined fears won
To appreciate their hidden excellence
And tend to forget pains and done

And this way are then able to retreat,
To showdowns of the past- bitter sweet.

ANGUISH

When, at appointed time, you do not come-
And loneliness assails our rendezvous,
Then mind is stormed by doubts unwholesome,
And heart is full of spiteful, ugly blues.

To my chagrin, and my grave annoyance,
I come to know, what being in love entails,
And in this state my anger and defiance,
Are zeroed on my self and my wails.

Are countervailing, make me louder cry-
I burn in barren deserts of my grief-
With every passing moment multiply-
The fatal pangs of passion, to be brief.

If, at this moment you were at my side,
You would have also- wailed, wept and cried.

EMPTY MANSION

When daughters were at home, the time was great,
And full of clamor, hurry, noisy scenes,
Though silence was the sufferer. Says my mate,
“ Now silence only at, in this mansion reigns”.

Now fairies are not here; They are gone.
No laughter echoes from its lonesome walls.
And sitting in its lawns, all alone,
I hate its silence and its empty halls.

The time of tearful giggles is now over.
It can not be restored, backward turned,
And life has lost its purpose, every hour,
Is dreary and repentant and concerned.

And when reluctantly, I go to bed,
I go with dropping spirit, full of dread.

INDIVIDUALITY

Every hand has different finger-prints
And every person separate rational
This we discern in countless subtle hints
Of life's complexities and travail

The children springing from your heated loins
Are made by inter-action of your genes
This characteristic no commonality enjoins
Though common it appears, simply means;

The children born to you are not your own;
The surely come from you, but not from you
Their fountain head is undefined, unknown-
From which they issue-forth and ensue-

You can't erase or add a single dot
In this design of nature- venture not.

ENDEARMENTS

Tales behind the wrinkles on your face,
Are known to me in intimate details,
And hide no threat or burden some menace,
Or indicate no anguish or travail,

And right below your folds of wrinkles lie,
The blooming ruddy roses of your youth,
Which set me once afire, can't belie,
The passage of the years, tell the truth

But sparkle in your eyes blazing forth,
Is telling me a story of its own
And on your loving lips, the lingering mirth
Has with the fleeting moments deeper grown.

And I shall thus remember you forever
In every living gesture or rendezvous.

HARSH MUSIC

I have travelled wildly on this Earth,
And treaded on the thorns of life a lot,
And traded gossip with light-hearted mirth,
But all my labor finally came to naught.

And nothing has stalked me all along,
And as I, on my present journey walk,
Premonitions come rushing in a throng,
And dot my sorry story, sad epoch.

And these are not ineligible scrawls,
Which children write on slates and rub away,
But unsure studded writings in the scrolls,
The story of my life's dire decay-

Indelibly written, neatly done-
Accounting for my actions one by one.

TENUOUS HOPE

My forty springs are gone; half my life
Is buried and entombed in the past,
And tunes emanating from my life,
Are shallow like my breathing, fading fast.

Ah! I have come to understand, at last,
My chances have been taken, choices made-
And for this every die has been cast.
And time has come to sing the serenade.

And future seems a puppet on parade.
Connected to the past, and pre-empted
Are all my great ambitions . Every raid,
Which I had planned for this is unattempted.

But just beyond this grey and towering hill,
New vistas may be waiting for me still.

LOSING GAME

In your presence, time so quickly flies
That no account is kept or can be kept,
And in these exercises not a dept,
I fail to check my well-contented sighs.

Ah! dancing lashes and your gleaming eyes
Do make my blood flow richer in my veins,
And lend a verdant luster to the scenes
Impart a luminous color to the skies.

I pinch myself to find that wide awake
Arc all my quick reactions and my cries,
And evidence of wakefulness. I take
A vow to keep awake. Slumber vies

With wakefulness and through, I make
Great effort, but my effort quickly dies.

MYSTERY OF BEAUTY

Spurred by beauty when I pluck the flowers,
They quickly lose their fragrance and their bloom,
And afterwards for countless weary hours,
I sink to deepest depths of darkest gloom.

And likewise when I meet you, I am pleased,
And juices of my body over-flow,
But by the gravest torments I am seized.
When you, against my wishes leave and go.

Mysteriously all beauty blooming lives,
Till it is by the loving fingers touched,
It pleases but no satisfaction gives,
Till it is by the panting passion crushed.

Then satiated humans in surprise-
Bewail its fleeting glory, quick demise.

IN PRAISE OF PRESENT

Let future come, O! as it might,
In darkness hidden or with dazzling light,
And let the past remain buried deep,
Below the dormant hopes' rising heap.

And let no past or future touch your brow,
And all connections with them disavow,
And live in present moment unsubdued,
And never on the past or future brood.

O! if you, with your present rightly cope,
And do not in the past or future grope,
Then unobstructed you will make a name,
For caution doesn't ever win the game .

And only those who plunge in raging waves,
Can live like kings and not like cowering slaves.

GIVE ME ALL YOUR BLAZING HATE

In your narration of the episodes,
The most important thing is left unsaid,
And fires are burning in my heart's abode,
And hurricanes go raging in my head.

To think that in your countless love-affairs,
No mention of my presence intervenes,
Is what supplants my ever-flowing tears,
And freezes flowing juices in my veins,

What eats me up and makes me really sore,
Is this that you ignore my sorry state,
And if you can not love me any more,
O dearest! give me all your blazing hate.

But when you put your story on the sale,
Ensure that it include my woeful tale.

MYSTERIOUS MIRACLES

All mysterious miracles contain,
A simple explanation, simple cause,
And they are very easy to explain,
And I am very sure of it because,

I now am caught in such a happenstance,
My happy nature now has turned so grave,
For ever and forever in a trance,
I keep on living like idiotic knave.

My foes and friends are baffled at this change,
And glances sly and pitiful exchange.
But I am deep in love and what is more,
I lost account of time, can not count.

My burns in rational numbers and therefore,
To play with roaring flames is my writ.

GANGA

See how serenely sacred Ganga flows,
I notice daily, on her crowded banks,
In gullies and ravines and hedge grows-
Devotes do obeisance, offer thanks.

She rises from Lord SHIVA'S tangled, locks,
This legend is by Vedas perpetuated,
And truth is recognized, though belated,
That emanating in the Himalayan rocks,

In dewy freshness from her sacred source,
She gathers in her bosom, endless mire,
And all through her undulating course,
Has spread abundance like a mighty sire,

And mothered grand tradition, given birth,
To the greatest culture on the- Mother Earth.

A SONG RENDERED IN MIRZA GHALIB'S SPIRIT

Let me find a love sequestered place,
We're nothing lives or breaths an' nothing moves,
No pressure of tradition, no menace,
Of broken spirit carries painful probes.

(A place devoid of neighbors passes by)
And make a door less, wall less, airy dwelling.
No fellow-bard to criticize and prey,
No one to understand a word or spelling.

And in my sickness not a soul to care,
When fever in my marrow freely rages,
No one to sympathies or shed a tear,
No one to count my life's meager wages.

And if I die, no one to light my pyre,
For such a lonely place, I aspire.

CACHE

I have often talked of empty homes,
Where children are grown up gone away,
And written many learned epitomes
On aimless, loveless fleeting night and day

But also often, I surmise and think,
That every soul is pre-destined to run,
His lonely lonely race-sail or sink,
And carve his privet niche in the sun.

When on this happy train of thoughts, I browse,
And understand that children have to go,
I shed my personal needs, selfish grouse,
And further in my estimation grow.

Ah! every stage of life has different cache,
Which you can use with pleasure if you wish.

POWER OF WORDS

So many people hung up, (agonized) ,
On rituals in encaged within walls,
Of ignorant endeavour, enterprise,
Unable to discern the sprawling malls.

Beyond their petty reach undisguised,
Who fail to see the streaking fiery balls-
Of truth and greatness, which would otherwise,
Enhance and enlarge unexercised.

And inexperienced options, but it falls,
On unreceptive ears, and surprised-
And frustrated standing in the halls-
I send them through my songs frenzied calls.

They comprehend my music's lack of guise,
And look in repentance and surprise.

A SHY MAIDEN'S PURE CARESS

We panted through our copulation, we,
Then twaddled with endearing, purring sounds,
To slake the thirst of passion without bounds.
You, at that sleepy moment caressed me.

With tenderness and brushed my stubby cheek,
With lips, devoid of passion, full of ruth,
To bid your last adieus, with a smooth,
And silky, sideways glance, or so meek.

But afterwards the twain has never met,
We carved our separate niches in the world,
And often in my cozy corner curled-
The fire and heat of passion, - I forget.

But that blessed, solitary caress,
Has ever been a source of happiness.

NARINDER KHAJURIA

Narinder is no more, boundless treasure
Is lost to Dogri language. Without pleasure
And hyperbola I tell this happenstance;
In Nineteen fifty five- poesy- bitten,

I met him just for once and perchance
I handed him a poem, I had written.
And what he did to it, is the measure,
With which I judge his greatness at my leisure.

He read it in my presence seriously
And with a question mark, comma, word-
Corrected it and thus, mysteriously-
A pristine beauty on it he conferred.

But who could guess or think- at that time
That he would call it quit in his prime.

PROF. R. N. SHASTRI

Dogri, which was hidden and obscure
In time's dungeon, bleakest ignorance,
With purposeful Endeavour, candid, sure,
you won for it deserved prominence.

There, in its naïve appearance on the scene,
You guided, nurtured, gave it confidence,
And like a bride- new-wedded and serene,
Though shyly, does shed her diffidence,

To dazzle the on lookers. Dogri too,
In selfsame manner found its due release,
And this has happened only due to you,
Your dedication and your expertise.

And occupied are still, your nights and days,
In serving it in myriads different ways.

AH! MAMA -I

When I was a teenager, Mama said,
“You always make me happy with your talks
Of which you seem to have incessant stock
But who is going to earn our daily bread-

My talk was full of reveries and dreams,
And apparently impossible schemes,
And all the castles in my crowded head.
In mama's nature golden thread.

She smiled at all our pranks unsurprised,
She never dreams dreaded, never criticized.
And unawares of what was lying ahead,
I plunged in wild endeavors, recklessly.

To tackle our penury seriously,
But now that I have won, she is dead.

AH! MAMA - II

This fact has made me countless tears shed,
And even if success has kissed my feet,
A potential existence I have led,
And always hankered after a retreat,

And lonely, lonely in this life I tread,
Devoid of ostentation and unkempt,
And happiness is missing in its stead.
Approval is available undreamt,

But mama is not here and it seems,
That dreams leave all remained merely dreams,
And from these shadows I have always fled,
And options unpermitted exercised,

And what is full of rancor, gory dread,
Is to my smouldering marrow daily fed.

Ah! MAMA - III

For mama is not-here to approve,
My great imposing mansion velvet bed,
I do not feel the urge to show and prove,
My talent to the world and instead

Of talking to the woman, I have wed;
In silence I regent my life entire.
And what I sorely covet and require
Is mama in her shinning visage red,

But this is not to be and can not be,
And hence the urge to live has quickly fed.
And bloodless tissues cage and mangle me.
My happiness has through my tears bled,

And my story who ever has read,
Is bound to cry and wail helplessly.

BLUES

It had me up to now, to kick around,
Oh! what a weariness is wretched life,
From morning to the evening senseless strife,
Is watching like a wary vicious hound,

And nothing else to do, bit to pass,
Each weary hour, waiting for the next,
Which also is as heavy and crass,
As previous hour, and out of context.

And dreams are also petty when I sleep,
And trudge along the days like the shecp, -
Instructively unthinking. Ah! no-more,
Ah! not a moment more, I shall goad-

It had me up to now, to kick around,
My life along this dusty, hopeless road.

BRINK

The weary, dreary hours, out of which
Few fiery aspirations, when emerge,
And teeter, totter during this up surge,
True happiness appears with in reach.

But daily chores of living heavily press,
To push away the humans from the verge,
Of meaningful existence, rosy urge.,
Our feeling of disgust and deep distress.

Is accentuated, gory and unfair,
And within us up rises such despair,
We feel that our life is meaningless,
But if we shed our pity- slightly dare.

We can extract a meaning from this mess-
A measure of importance and success.

COURAGE

Be strong enough to never offer reasons,
But during barren climes, fruitful seasons,
Encounter judgment merely with your acts,
And always deal with facts, merely facts.

And many are the moments, feeling sad,
Or like a whirl wind, crazy, curling mad,
Or blinded with a dark and weary sorrow,
Or cursing every yesterday and morrow.

You seem to stand on ruins of sheltered hope,
And blindly in the hapless present grope,
Or groan and murmur like an empty house,
Ah! at such very moments you must rouse.

Your courage from its slumber-not retreat,
And Wily-Nily face the searing heat.

PASSIONLESS KISSES

Ah! passionless are kisses and the lips,
Devoid of feeling, eyes lacking mirth-
Of such like activities on this Earth,
Are our relations made. Fears grips.

The weeping eyes, and the bleeding hearts,
Imbued with live emotions, oozing smarts.
When minds by such-like motives are steered,
The bubbling aspirations are impaired.

Then days and nights are always long and dreary-
Emotionless, accursed, dark and bleak,
And spirit is placid and so weary,
And languid and defeated that no peak.

Or chasm is espied which can break,
Monotony of our lives, in its wake.

SUICIDE - I

Ah! once my dreams were lofty, roaring, grand,
But some one shattered them an' I pretended,
That human life is like the drifting sand,
Where nothing is interesting or splendid.

This ruse is what I always have employed,
And delving in self-pity have enjoyed,
Protective shield of self-defeating ruses,
But all my grave assertion and excuses.

Have harmed me badly and I much offended,
Have cursed my cowardice and often toyed,
With idea of suicide, unattended,
To fill this nameless, sifting fearful void.

Of life's self deception and to face,
With courage all its wiles find solace.

COLD EMBERS

When dear 'Vyogi' youthful days remembers
The tremor and the passion and the fire
The overpowering, quivering, tense desire
Go flitting, past the mind in countless numbers.

The tedious and the cold and harsh Decembers
By truant trysts and kisses which were warmed
The incinerating tryster uniformed
Behind the rustling curtains of the chambers.

When elders were enmeshed in dreamy slumbers.
He only can be wistful and rapine
And like a dumb and speechless concubine
Who knows that she is not like family members

One present with the past, not encumbers
And doesn't blow on cold and diminished embers.

INCURABLE PESTILENCE

The noise to which cars are unaccustomed
(The scratching of a window with a pin)
Can sound like jarring, irritating dim
But when someone melody is loudly strummed

One gets up from deep slumber leisurely.
All ready to embrace the universe
Or sing the ditties sweet, endlessly
and life's pestilences, thus disperse.

Ah! what is equal to one moments tryst,
With what is lovely to the human sense
One loving composed and rendered verse
And what is more reviling than a curse

Malignant, incurable pestilence
Or! like an irritating ugly cyst.

UPROOTING

Why weep on wedding of beloved daughter?
O! these are happy auspicious occasions,
The trysts approved by Allah, sacred liaisons,
Demanding celebration spreading laughter.

Whenever I espied a father weeping,
I always thought- “The man was very weak”.
I did not know that I was really leaping,
To wrong assumptions and conclusions freak,

But, while departing, when my daughter wailed,
I thought, no consolation, shall I seek,
In tears, unawares it entailed,
The wrenching of the roots, feeling weak,

I tried a bit of bravado but failed,
And tears in torrents plummeted down my cheek.

UNDYING HOPE

I see a glint of grayness in my hair,
And fearful typhoons in my ears howl.
All wingless longings scatter in the air,
And vague, uncanny fears grip my soul.

To thwart my great ambition. But I pray,
At Time's alter. Tell Him That I must,
For bonus moments, with Him now parley,
To fructify my efforts. Time, the Just,

Does seem to listen; seems to say, 'Amem'.
I start to ration moments and disburse,
These moments with a thirsty acumen.
And although this has made me tense and terse,

(For time degrades the toiling hearts of men) ,
It still may let me write unthought-of verse.

TRUTH

“ The death is the panacca for our ills”.
This thought is quoted with a bated breath
By ancient sages. Though it clamour stills,
But who has seen what happens after death.

And who can say that to the next domain,
Are carried not our debts, unpaid bills,
And always with our covering souls remain.
Death changes nothing for it merely kills.

The body. Soul is deathless and unseen,
Arc mountains just beyond the towering hills,
Of our present lives. If you glean,
What urged the sages with relentless quills.

To glorify the death, you shall too,
Espy their penchant for pedantic view.

HYMN OF MOTHER DURGA

Neither debtor, nor a creditor,
Neither foolish, nor a learned dean,
An' neither giver nor inheritor,
Of either wisdom or of pious mien.

To nothing of this sort, I aspire,
And you can see this from your lofty seat,
That I have nothing but this sole desire,
To live and perish paying at your feet.

No wish to keep on living, be immortal,
No wish to be remembered in the future,
No wish of pelf or sprawling kingly portal,
No wish to alter vagaries of nature.

'Viyogi'- simply wants to bid adieu,
To this, his borrowed body, merge in you.

PRAYER TO SARASWATI

O! If you ask me, I can put aside
The business, I have presently in hand.
An' if you be my teacher and my guide,
Then waiting for you ever, I can stand;

And tell my Muse to shed her ornament
So that its judging doesn't ever hide
Your music. If we make this covenant,
Then, I can humble myself, shed my pride;

And I can in entirety, immerse
My entity in this, your vast design
To listen to your whispers to refine
My jarring music and my heavy verse.

Just promise me expressive, simple words,
Then, I can do my business, afterwards.

REGRET

Across the heaven, dazzling meteor shoots,
The music oozes from its fiery tail-
But all this comes to nothing, no avail.
For where is time to follow these pursuits.

The business of survival is a curse,
A hurry and a flurry and a scramble,
A race, a maddening rush, an averse,
where nobody can slowly slowly amble.

And music is considered as the trifles,
Indulged in by the failures and discards,
And pressure of survival ever stifles,
The waiting singers and the rising bards.

I wonder how much music, how much verse,
Is perished by the burden of commerce.

THE AGONY OF THE WISHES

The agony of the wishes of my heart,
The perils of my over much desire,
Home shadowed simplicity of my art,
And held my clueless, hapless life entries.

At ransom, countless intricate manners,
Are needed and inexplicable knots,
Are tied along the strings at the slots,
And only through this continued endeavors.

The instruments are stung, on which linger,
The restless eye and the itching finger,
By forsaking desires and the wishes,
By intricate Endeavour and commune,

By purest love and through the selfless kisses,
Are thought of, and created- simple tunes.

ENDLESS FLIGHT

Calmour is in-here, on this Earth,
The alternating darkness and light,
Are manifested in the day and night,
An' here-in only occur death and birth,

And here is only joys and the perils.
The burning hunger and the parching thirst,
The wailing melodies or joyous carol,
The languid humiliation, happy burst.

But just beyond this life's petty norms,
Is silence without bondage of the words,
And brilliance without shadow, color, forms,
No past or present and no afterwards.

And reigning there is radiance vast and bright,
Where soul can take its wingless endless flight.

SONG RENDERED IN BULLE SHAH'S SPIRIT

You break up mosque or temple, which you aver,
Never break a lover's heart, no never, -
This, to the people, Bulle Shah has said.
In which beloved lives, in its stead,

The measure with which glittering robes are
measured,
And balance with which ornaments are weighed,
Are unfit tools to judge the depth and grade,
Of hearts, where-in love is kept and treasured.

Where lovers burn in silence but they can't,
Retain the silence or relate their want.
Where love and fire are the same, although water,
Is normally used to put leaping fires.

But with the tears of lovers still grow hotter,
The dying embers of the cold desires.

FINITE AND INFINITE

From finite to infinite, on this way,
The journey can be short, can be long,
Pre-meditated kiss, labored song,
Can wariness engender. The foray,

Spontaneous and unplanned, can be short,
Though really unending and prolonged.
The vastness of all nature can be thronged,
In tininess of lover's tiny wart.

And likewise a simple song, or a stolen kiss,
Can change a moment into eternity,
Can grant it vastness and eternal bliss,
And unprecedented clarity.

The finite is infinite, in between,
The methods of conception intervene.

SELF SAMENESS

Self-same stream of life, in everything
Which runs, is running in my throbbing veins,
And self same song which gods in heaven sing,
Is what, on which, entire nature learns,

An extra electron, put in mercury
Can alter it to purest solid gold,
And like wise truly and mysteriously,
A simple act of loving can unfold,

The vastness of the nature in its core,
To-make the hardened hearts meek and mellow.
The wonders of this nature are galore,
Which turn the silver mercury to yellow,

And everything is same, same remains,
Except, of course, the pattern, it contains.

PRAYER-I

My prayers are unheeded and unheard,
And you are so relentless obdurate,
That I will give up trying at this rate,
To die engaged in bondage of the words.

With silent steps you come O! ever come,
But due to life's clamour and carnage,
And cacophonic noises and humdrum,
I get diverted from my pilgrimage.

O! take me in your silent solitude,
To make me in your silence participate,
In which no noises enter or intrude,
I hanker after such a humble state,

In which the silent echoes of your myth,
Are flowing over to my waiting pith.

HURDLE

I followed not the great mysterious power,
By which the stars are made, heavens driven,
But every sleeping, waking, passing hour,
To understand this secret, I had striven.

The signet of eternity, so often,
Had made me look for Him in JeHOVah,
My trivial days were lost, and forgotten,
Were lovely songs of Waris, Bulla Shah,

Which I had planned to read, at my leisure,
But leisure was not there in that quest,
And jostling restlessly, in my breast-
My songs were sans attention and my pleasure.

In such a state of mind, I did write,
To feel His presence, an' His rightness sight.

PRAYER-II

Standing on the threshold of my door,
You watch me delve in endless rivalries,
And on your statue milk and honey pour,
Indulge in showy rituals endlessly.

And to your presence blinded I have lived,
Mistaken offerings of my pelf and ware,
Would summon you to me, Ah! Unaware,
That you are Omni-present, I have grieved.

With muted, silent steps you ever-come,
But I was busy in my petty chores,
You keep on standing, silent and mum,
In likewise manner at the hapless doors.

All, I have got to do, is shed the noise.
To see your rustling presence, matchless poise.

IN PRAISE OF ALLAH

Loving doesn't impoverish the lovers,
And whatever He takes, He restores-
Through hamlet, jungle, snake, wind, the rivers,
But finally end up at His pious door.

Then through the rays of sun lifts them up,
Sends the clouds on all compassing tours,
To fill up every empty thirsty cup,
To water all the hovels and the shores.

The wandering souls which go from birth to birth,
Arc all according to the ancient lore,
His debts to living things on this Earth,
Which He into the lifeless body pours.

His countless little parts Headily scatters,
But to His endless store nothing matters.

PRAYER-III

I deal in whispers and in whispers sing:
No more the loudness of words for me,
No more, my fingers, fiddling with the string,
No more, for me, the noisy, vagrant spree,

No more the chanting praises of each deity,
No more of howling, wailing in self pity;
No longing for the favors, still refused,
No more repentance for the time misused;

No more of gilded, golden, grand splendor
Which ended up in picces, shattered lay,
And left me panting, writhing in dismay:
But, for me, only silent, muted wonder

At allness of His person, great, divine
And deathless, fleeting emptiness of mine.

PRAYER-IV

The murmurings of my conscience are insistent.
Like midday summer bees lazily hum,
And fly around so blithe and lissome,
But always single- minded and consistent.

The earnings and gleanings of my life,
Are denigrated. Hands, full of profit,
Which, I acquired by waging endless strife,
And warmth consequently coming of it,

Are by my conscience meaningless proclaimed,
And many are the ills, by it named.
It tells me, in the evening of my days,
I can be like bees, if I listen,

And if I in His brilliance bask and glisten,
Then He is bound to pardon my delays.

TIME- I

My minutes are accounted, limited, few,
I can not stand and stare, stroll or amble,
And if we face the truth, then me and you,
Have got to quickly move, hurry, scramble.

I can not, like His clouds lazily thunder,
For life will then become a so shamble,
And all endeavour will be asunder,
I can not take the risk, we can not gamble.

I can not follow God's great example,
The owner of all Time, He can wait,
His store of time is limitless and ample,
But we are too much poor to be late,

I can not keep on crooning endless ditties,
And deathlessly neglect, the daily duties.

CEASELESS NAKED JOYS

When I think, that after my demise,
The world will keep on running as before,
No change will occur in its shape or size,
No alteration in single chore.

And universe in usual ptomaine,
Will continue to churn along its course,
I cease my wailing pitiful and hoarse,
And humbly pay my homage to the Time.

Then limited barriers of perception break,
And to me, are unveiled, careless treasures,
Of life, beyond this life. Endless lake,
stretches, full of lazy, languid pleasures.

And ceaseless naked joys, unalloyed,
Which I have never noticed or enjoyed.

THE VIRGIN MEET

I have borne the pangs of every breath,
With courage and conviction, all the while,
So, when I face, inevitable death,
I plan to face it laughing, with a smile.

Like a blooming virgin, still to be enjoyed,
With promise of the pleasures, unalloyed.
Yes! I shall meet her, in a dazzling style.
Though I have built my mansion tile by tile,

Which, by my verses, is so proudly decked,
Which from its very vitals rise and rumble,
And by my pains and agonies are specked,
And which are sweet and simple, meek and humble.

O! I shall place my earnings at her feet,
And this way, I will, Death, the Virgin meet.

A PARENTAL RESTRICTION

A little perturbation makes us burst,
And with inconsolable tears cry,
Possessed by fear, anger and mistrust,
To shatter starlit silence of the sky.

A parental restriction, friendly shackle,
We fail to understand, how to tackle,
A temporary obstacle in the path,
Can usher-in a fearful, frenzied wrath-

And when gently cooing mother,
Pulls out a flaccid, empty, suckled breast.
The infant howls in anger and protest,
Unknowing it will quickly get the other,

We do not look beyond the reach of noses
And fearful of the thorns, shun the roses.

HOLY KORAN

O! If I say, that holiest Koran,
Is the greatest book on Earth, I may set,
Against me Hindu, Chistian, Muslman,
And Jew, denouncing me in angry fret.

The Musalman may say, how a kafir,
Can judgment on this holy wisdom pass?
Descendent of great Moses, then may offer,
Reviling words for me, call me crass?

Or Hindu may then term me as a traitor?
Or Christian call me as a Christian hater?
And fearing this reaction, I am quiet.
Yet silence changes nothing, not a mite,

For this is undeniable, forsooth,
And simple, unabashed, naked truth.

BELLS

Bells, have always fascinated me,
around the necks of camel or bullocks,
They jiggle and then tinkle when they walk.
Or dangling, in my school, from the tree,

Or hanging from the rafter in the temples,
Or stung from the ceilings of the churches,
And ringing from their consecrated perches,
Or played along with conches and the cymbals,

The cadence of the bells and their jingle,
Is like the peal of unaffected laughter,
Which rises from the marrow only after
the honey tunes are trolled and co-mingle.

Their music like a soft and cozy clutch,
Effects my very- being, over much.

MUSIC IN AN EVENING IN JAMMU

O! often in the barren, lonely eve,
I curse my loneliness, sit and grieve,
And by humanity's woe and weal,
Defeated, ousted, and degraded feel.

Retreating into mind's private shades,
I think of plaintive serenades.
And dread the morning which will quietly steal,
Come tiptoe to my side, make me deal,

With hard realities of the day,
I shudder, full of fear and dismay.
Then as if just to answer my appeal,
The peals of temple bells of Jammu, come,

And by their lilting cadences and zeal,
My sorrows and my woes are over-come.

LIFE'S CEASELESS HUSTLE, BUSTLE

From my life's ceaseless hustle, bustle.
Few unpermitted minutes, when I steal,
And stringing every fiber, every muscle,
Elope from this life's woe and weal.

I quieten agitated, noisy throbs,
That, with my senses, wage a fierce tussle,
And make my soul indulge in silken sobs,
And cadences unheard, ebb and rustle.

And skim my psyche's hidden juicy cream,
To make the consecrated minutes hustle,
With gay abandon, blowing muted whistle,
I dream that I am dreaming in my dream.

O! this way are my melodies created,
And this way are my verses consecrated.

NEVER DREAM ALOUD

I joined the teaming world, screaming loud,
And that is, what was, by me, sorely needed,
For otherwise, I nothing would have heeded.
O! not for nothing, I am in the crowd.

Which pushes, nudges and then rudely jostles,
And razes to the ground, childhood castles.
To lie pressed in mother's cozy arms,
Protected from the dangers and alarms.

Is beginning, not the end of human scheme,
Which totters and then tumbles on the path,
And makes the mortals hungers after death.
I dream that I have woken from my dream.

O! not for nothing, I am in the crowd,
And not for nothing, never dream aloud.

FOR AMAN

I have a grandson now-a-days in Sanawar.
His mother told me he is a budding poet.
And till she told me I did not know it.
Even though I knew that he is book lover.

His budding poetry is now going to flower
And bless his life with many hued blossoms
To put an avalanche of words within his power
In countless and innumerable sums.

I bless and at the same time I suggest
That he should follow his heart all the way
And be the best, the best, the very best
Till the world will sing his lyrics, dance and sway.

Dear Aman, a steadfast friend is poetry.
Be truthful before all else you want to be.
Gp. Capt. Randhir Singh.

(Rhyme scheme- ABBAACAC DEDE FF.....)

SHALOO'S REMEDY

It was a day when nothing seems to work
And everything appears out of place,
Inexplicable, fitful fears lurk,
And made us feel so meaningless and base.

But at that moment SHALOO came along,
She asked me, " Tell me papa, what is wrong?"
And saying this, she jumped into my lap.
And much before I spoke or did she snap.

And told me Papa, something is amiss,
You look so grave and funny, sad and cross?
If mama is annoyed. then let it pass,
For she is vulnerable to a kiss.

I felt my tension ooze from every seam.
How little things release the pent-up steam.

IT IS TRUE

Perhaps, besides me others felt it too,
Perhaps the sky was bluer than blue;
Perhaps the sky bluest shy all blue,
Perhaps, that day was truly blue.

Or may be, I was out for easy fun,
Perhaps, I thought it easy thing to do.
As many a time, I had seen it done,
It could have been the wind or way it blew,

Or may be it was absence of the sun.
Something there was of which I have no clue,
In the middle of morning sun
A patch of grass flowed into any view

On that long past morning, I for one,
Was touched by fleeting magic, It is true.

ALLULABY FOR RASHAMI

You woke up in the middle of night.
Who stole your sleep, my lamb? May I know?
What demons did you, in your slumber fight
That sweat has broken on your lovely brow?

But will you tell me, What has woken you?
The cold of hills or desert's scorching loo?
Or did you see your favorite golden mare,
Who saw you creeping tip-toe and then bolted?

Or have you seen a worrisome nightmare,
That you were, from your sleep, so rudely jolted?
The fairies and The demons have now vanished,
Somebody, this your mare, shall be caught,

But demons will be killed and mare caught,
You go to sleep, my lamb and worry not.

MOTHER'S VELVET TOUCH – I

I can not forget mother's velvet touch,
When aspirations of her ghetto boy,
Encroached upon her worry very much,
Unlike the dead expressions of a toy.

She gave me anxious looks, she was such,
A great and lovely lady over much,
The terror and the tenor and the joy,
Was written on her visage, sweet and coy.

But in her prime, when I was just a promise,
A seed, A bud, an idea of a song,
She left me stranded on journey long,
And went away to heaven like blitz.

Now I am crowned with unthought-of success,
But she is out of hearing and access.

REGAINED MUSIC

I, who played my music to the stars
While standing at the window with my flute,
And gathered ruthless Time's countless scars,
Inflicted without reason by this brute.

Found to my charming, I had lost the trust
Of poesy and gone to seed to rust
Which always was unslaked without rhyme
And In the barren corridors of time

For fifteen songless years, lost, a-drift
I tried to sort the sordid sorry mess
But without any measure of success.
Yet, now my stifled Muse, poetic gift

Is gushing like a geser, hot and clear,
And thumbing nvses at my clueless fear.

MISSTEPS

The castles of my dreams still unbuilt,
Unpopulated- mansions of desires,
My doings and undoing's and my guilt,
Untangebley mixed like tangled wires.

Unhealed, papered over wounds of soul
Ill-omened actions purposeless, ill-thought,
Enthusiasms filled with hyperbola,
And life undecipherable naught,

A state to be described and bewailed
A situation asking to be wept.
A source of pain festering and unveiled,
A cluelessness an aimlessness, inapt,

And poet 'Viyogi' on such shaky ground,
Where nothing can be understood or found!

TIME HARDENS US

Time hardens us as year by year it flows,
And buries everything beneath its crust.
But in the darkened memory still glows,
The gentle light of gutsy love and trust:

While going through old papers yesterday,
I chanced upon an angry note from you,
(Which had been paled and withered by decay.)
With anger of your words still, shrinking through,

Reminding the forgotten times a now
It's ages since my head has not been turned,
Since it was turned by you so long ago.
And how we fretted, fought and fumed and burned.

Although the layers of Time are really tough,
To break them love and trust are hard enough.

GARGANTUAN REGRET

I kept on keeping on and looking ahead.
No backward glance, no slyly looking behind,
But something had misfired, for, instead,
Of joyfulness, I felt it was a grind.

The pagdandies, I footed, paths I traced.
The waterways I bridged (of every kind) ,
Because the means of travel (It is said) ,
Of antagonistic forces, who did find,

My back exposed to stab, and as I bled,
Without a protestation, bitch or bind,
They took me to be dead and quickly fled,
By furtive, secret methods, undefined.

I have a gargantuan regret in mind.
I could have looked and should have looked behind.

ON RECEIVING A LETTER FROM MY TEENAGED DAUGHTER

I thought that you were still my tiny doll,
I didn't relate the passing time with you,
My parenthood was steeped in such a thrall,
I failed to notice life's changing huc.

I noticed not your entry in your teens,
And failed to match my needs to my means,
And myriad occupations held the court,
And this is how? Time makes us play His sport.

But to-day when you write to me, I feel,
How grown up is my daughter and realize,
That if it had not happened, Time's wheel
Would have make me look uncultured and unwise.

The Time has failed to stew my will to rhyme
Dclusion and reality well in time.

AND YET IT WAS

Was there a nexus (In my mind) between,
The hidden relation of effect and cause;
Connecting what there was and what has been?
That made the ever flowing Time pause.

Or did it pause only in my mind,
To see between seen and unseen,
For what will come and what is left behind?
And understand what happens in between,

I could not say with certainty until,
Discerning an unbroken break in movement
I saw myself that Time has standing still.
For a tiniest fragment of a fleeting moments.,

I saw it pausing against established laws.
It should not have been so and yet it was.

METAMORPHOSIS

When Kunwar Viyogi came, the poetic scene
Was crowded, shouty, full of noisy mime;
Bereft of hue; denuded of all green;
Mediocre Muse was served by shaky rhyme.

Preambles and prefaces were galore;
Self-preening was the order of the day;
The body was moth eaten to the core
And prone to irreversible decay.

But Kunwar Viyogi with his loaded words
And unencumbered calm and velvet tact,
Transplanted at the core, new innards,
And thus created this unchallenged fact

That since that time the love of Muse has grown
Without impending marts, and its own.

DIVINE CONTEXT

The myriad tangibles, intangibles;
Innumerable, trivial, little things,
The words made by tiny syllables,
Acquiring subtle meaningful moorings.

Existence of a pebble or a straw
Is covenanted by a central law,
A well contested universal theme,
An infinite, all embracing general scheme.

And when they merge into numberless combines,
They merge by giving up their personal state,
And leap beyond their physical confines,
But still properties and traits.

No way, the human will or attitudes,
Can alter the pre-determined latitudes.

JAGGU

There was a child in a dysfunctional home.
His name was Jaggu. He had a functional mind.
But the crowd in that home did not become
A sanctuary for Jaggu of any kind.

The progenitors of children soon expired
Leaving the feckless, clueless soul alone.
And everyone was absolutely hardwired
For mere survival when parents were gone.

But Jaggu rose from that shattered heap
And rose to stratosphere beyond access.
His pragmatic and functional mind did reap
Rewards of sweat and toil and stress.

Now time has come to see that GOD will bless
And grant him rarest blooming happiness.

LOVE IS GREAT

When you with downcast eyes sit and think,
I plead with you to raise your head and see
The truth into the eyes and slowly drink-
The Love's nectar, outpouring from me.

I lift your chin and make you raise your head
And make you see into my loving eyes.
A quickening, quickly, weary Time's tread;
Astirring dead emotions, dormant sighs.

You look at me with fear and confusion,
And ask me why you should and why you must
Believe in faithless world. Your confusion
Is based on jilted faith and cheated trust.

I think, my dearest Sudha that I should
Repeat that love is great and life is good.

TO MY DARLING

My darling, when I wrote to you to-day
My words outpoured from me in dizzy state
But then I wondered, what I want to say
Will reach you on some future far off date.

This thought was entertained and doubt was hosted.
With every word I wrote, it grew and grew-
My letter was completed, sealed and posted
But I remained unhappy. This I knew.

And in this sorry state of mind, I erred,
In wondering, what to think and what to do?
Because, because of this my need bestirred,
And due to this I rushed and came to you.

With love, I knew, my letter will be read
But it was good to reach you in its stead.

BECOME MY WIFE

I don't belong to the breed of men who just
Indulge in casual sex for fleeting pleasure.
And I must tell you this. I must, I must.
They cheapen Love and empty love's treasure.

My dearest Sudha, you must understand
That men like me are slow but are forever,
And they are not the least, great and grand.
Nor worldly-wise, nor practical, nor clever

But they are constant in their word and deed
And when they take their mates in their arms,
They satisfy their partners' every need
By giving endless love in lieu of charms.

'Viyogi' therefore says, "become my wife".
"And let me, with my love, engulf your life".

BLISSFUL SINGLE DAY

I just talked to you on phone
And heard your ringing, singing, lovely voice
And wished to, in your charms, dive and drown,
Because for me, there is no other choice.

The laughter in your voice was loud and clear;
Inflexions of your words were intimate;
I wished that you were near me, my dear,
And see me when I strongly reiterate

That I was lonely, lovely, sorely hampered,
When you were brought to me by happenstance,
When I was, by your bubbling person, conquered-
When due to you, inhibitions stood no chance.

When in a fleeting, blissful single day
You stole me from myself and had your say.

ILLUSION OF MY MIND

I would not have asserted it until
Discerning imperceptibly a movement
I saw you perched upon my windowsill
For a hundredth segment of a fleeting moment

Was there a nexus between (in my mind)
The two some of unseen and seen
Was it a glanced vision of my mind
Of what would come and what was left behind

Appearance of effect without the cause
I can not say with certainty because
Time flows incessantly without a pause
The being of effect without the cause

It should not have been so and yet it was
Of what I felt and what it really was?

MIDDLE AGE BLUES

I used to be in love with a teenager,
And fondle her up thrusting lovely breasts,
The twine fountains of honey, I can wager
Are now, some infant's soft and cozy nests.

Our smothering and exploring long embraces,
Which made the fleeting moments, faster go,
Were like the branding irons leaving traces,
While moments rustled on, a tip-toe.

Tentative, flaming, hurried, furtive glances,
And frenzied, inexperienced, stolen kisses,
One can not forget, though this life advances.
In mellowed middle age one doubly misses,

The raging fires of youth, which one remembers,
And often loves to stroke the buried embers

HEARTS' EMPIRE

Blood corpuscles live rioting in such bliss,
They push and pull and tear down and shone,
What silent, mad explosion then in this,
I ask and get the answer, this is love.

Come, burn your bricks of feelings in this fire,
My heart is like a kiln and infect,
Can build with these an unparallel empire,
Which time will honour leaving it intact.

Come, take your raw emotions in your hand,
Then bake them well on burning coals that glow,
Of love and in the waiting live you stand,
For patience does them good through slow through
slow.

Then let them swim in blood stream to the heart,
And send them to the source from where they start

EVENING SHADOWS

When day is gone and evening shadows reign.
The darkness falls on every tree and vine.
Then those who love their hearth and home are keen
To hurry back to those, for whom they pine.

The jungle is no more and mountain gone,
All swallowed by the darkness, in its flight.
And in the mountain dwellings one by one,
One can easily see the lamps alight

The shows pussy footingly advance
And melancholy takes over the heart.
And, in the evening breeze, when leaves dance
Their rustling makes us jump up with a start.

So, as the day expires and evening comes,
The lovers rush and hurry to their homes,

FATHER AND SON

Full thirteen years have passed since you died,
O! Papa, you left me alone,
But in this process, I have verified,
Convictions we had held, one by one.

At places you were right and I was wrong,
At places you were wrong and I was right.
At places both were in a corner tight,
At places things were like a song

You taught me compromises, I rebelled,
We both were like the bulls locking horns,
And like the bloody fighting cocks excelled.
In using beak and claw and like spray thorns.

And since this world began like spray sons and feathers,
Have fought with horns, beaks, claws and feathers.

WAIT FOR NOTHING ELSE EXCEPT MY DEATH

You looked at me and didn't recognize,
Our language is forgotten, has been lost.
These years of our parting otherwise,
Would not appear like shadows of a ghost.

With mutely begging and entreating eyes,
I look at you but not a single trace,
Of recognition comes on your face,
But in my mind your memory never dies.

My heart is filled with pangs of stabbing pains,
As hours filled the days and days the years.
And of your person only remains,
Along with lots of unrewarding tears.

And now with every moment every breath,
I wait for nothing else except my death.

FROM NINETEEN SIXTY THREE TO SEVENTY SEVEN

From nineteen sixty three to seventy seven,
My muse was lost, forgotten, disappeared.
In bowels of the earth or trackless heaven,
Like SARASWATI of legend, this I feared.

Had suddenly become a useless thing
And thoughts were the sacred JAMUNA merrily going
Ah! What was once a sweet perennial spring.
My feeling were like Ganga, ever flowing.

But words were missing like the legendary,
And sacred river. Like a drifting log,
I kept on ever floating helplessly.
And at the great influence at Prayag

I genuflected, prayed in pursuance,
For of words, thoughts, feelings, sole confluence.

THE DESERT RIVER AND THE HILLY STREAM,

The desert river and the hilly stream,
In rainy season, flow with sudden rush,
But quickly disappear like a dream,
And quickly lose exuberance and rush.

Perennial rivers but, are always there,
So permanent, serene, ever-flowing,
And merrily, merrily on their courses going,
Forever and forever, without care.

And when, at times, like Baghirathi are chocked-
By sliding mountains, from a fearsome lake-
And threaten vile deluges in their wake.
Ah! Likewise when my Muse is held or blocked.

Discipline and embankments, it refuses,
To honors and results in wild deluges.

PERENNIAL LAKES

My muse, with thoughts and feelings over cloyed,
And blessed with abundant wordy raiment,
And piercing like a cadence unalloyed,
Refuses to be put in neat arrangement.

Indulges in its wayward escapades,
And like a river merrily cascades,
Emerging in great misty water falls,
Enchanting with its loud and hissing trolls,

Or like perennial lakes calm and quiet,
The murmurs send the whispers it produces.
Enthralling every tissue with delight,
Which such like music in the psyche induces.

At peripheries of my aurora bustles,
And with perpetual motion ever rustles.

IN HIS PRAISE

Convinced that He has made me, given birth,
With purpose and promise and potential,
And in this over populated Earth,
My coming was required and essential.

I toiled endlessly and also trolled,
With cymbals, in HIS praise chanted hymns,
His omniscient person, I extolled,
Through dedicated, consented rhymes.

He took me through the burning forge of life,
I continued to toil unfcigned,
And my conviction has not ever sagged,
Despite the derivations in His fief.

O! I am, in his fief well-installed,
Till I am, by Him, to Himself recalled.

MY CONSCIENCE WEIGHS

So many times, bc-decked with ornaments,
Of reason and of patience, I argued,
And very easily won all arguments,
And very triumphantly continued.

And blessed with effective ornaments,
Of subtle and suave nuances, I prevailed,
Of censure-laden tongues and sentiments.
Envious competitions loudly sailed.

I kept on winning all the tournaments,
In which I participated took interest.
And multitudes on their own behest,
Applauded me for my accomplishments.

But all my great achievements, enterprises,
My conscience weighs- rewards or criticizes.

DR KARAN SINGH

Scion of a brave and prideful clan,
Which starting from the ragged and arid region
Of Jammu, gathered through its brain and brawn
Irrespective of the color or religion,

Along with verdant valley of Kashmere
Laddakhins and Gilgit is in its fold.
You really proved to be a pioneer
So truly cast in your ancestral mold;

An artist and a lover of arts
Who understands the condense of the time
A man of many talents, many parts
A man for every season, every clime.

Who changes with the times but retains,
The beauty of the past without chains.

SHEIKH ABDULLAH

How many people really understand,
Your vision for your people. No purlieu,
Or hurdles, in its path, can ever stand.
How many people really measure you,

With openness of mind, impartial view,
How many people see the golden strand,
That passes through your nature, through and through,
How many people feel the magic band.

Which you have always wielded in your land,
O! I am certain, really very few,
Have understood the magic of your hand,
Engaged in building future grand and new.

For people of Kashmir. Like a lion,
You continue to carry your ensign.

END

Some where ah! There is end to everything;
Enthralling happiness, degrading grief,
And starving mendicant or mighty king
Are blessed with a tenure, short and brief.

For moments, they, then hold their mighty sway,
But after limited moments, slip away;
And any stabbing pain or any pleasure
Is never without end or without measure,

Ah! Everything that begins, finally ends,
And everything that ends is left alone,
Ah! Nothing one possesses, foes or friends;
And only end is, in the end one's own.

In peaceful moment or in noisy brawl,
I hasten, hasten, hasten to its call.

ALL ONE NEEDS

All one needs, in order to succeed,
Is to leave from every come-uppance,
All one needs to know is to concede,
Opportunities come more than once,

All one needs to do is to prepare,
In single steps by leaving out nothing,
Learn the witty-gritting with due care.
Ignoring, not even the smallest thing.

All we need perform is to match
Our efforts to mushrooming wishes
All one needs learn to attach
Equality to catch and misses

If one can do it, suddenly one might
Gain the higher than the wanted height.

IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN

Kam Sutra, Koke Shastra, Rati rahsya—

Erotic thought and imagery

Importance of Women & feminine

Body is the instrument through

which we know the world.

Enhance the value of sexual symbolism

Sexual experience with its pleasure, pain & ecstasy.

Love is a matter of giving & receiving pleasure.

What it feels like to be filled with desire.

Sexual love is a means of an access

To the limitless Realm, where human

And divine meet. Didactic, humorous,

Grotesque to supremely beautiful:

You should hear with more than yours ears.

MOTHER'S VELVET TOUCH-II

I still remember mother's velvet touch,
When she considered me a mere toy
And found me dreaming more than overmuch,
And wanted to restrain her ghetto-boy.

She fondled me and told me, “your schemes
Are stuff of over-ambitious, heady dreams.”
She worried like a hen, albeit, her joy
Was written on her visage, sweet and coy.

But in her prime, (I was a more promise,
A seed, a bud, an idea of a song) ,
She went away to heaven like a blitz,
But still remained a presence all along,

My uninterrupted journey to success,
Within my mental hearing and access.

THE WHIFFS OF SMOKE

The whiffs of smoke uprising from the flames;
Are like lovers who as strangers seem,
When people mention them and link their names.
I dream that I have woken from a dream.

And strange are ways of love, but stranger still.
Is one who writes of loves with his quill,
Congratulating with a strange smile,
The lover for enfolding in his mind.

The love of someone else without guile,
And left the world stranded far behind,
Then wish and pray for luck, unperturbed,
For newer castles which will lover make,

But tell that all the evenings unreserved,
Standing on the thresh-hold of my door.

WHISPERS

I deal in whispers, and in whispers sing,
No more the loudness of words for me,
No more my fingers fiddling on the string,
No more for me, the noisy vagrant space.

No more the chanting praises of each deity,
No more of howling, wailing in self-pity,
No more longing for favors still refused,
No more repentance for the time unused.

No more of gilded, golden, grand pity splendor,
Which ended up in picces, shattered,
And let me write panting in dismay,
But foe me only muted silent wonder.

At allness of your person, all divine,
And thirsty fleeting, emptiness of mine.

THE TERROR AND THE JOY

And aspirations of a Ghetto boy,
Unlike the dead expressions of a toy,
Sunday tales a year to come around,
Maturity comes a creeping and tip-toe.

And Time passes surely but slow,
The days, when are wonders why we live,
Why we keep breathing in this world at all,
Gone are the clouds of despair.

The helpless, helpless help hot lonesome days,
Who stole my baby's sheep I must know,
The fairies of the dreams have now vanished,
You were hidden in me as desire.

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

HOLY CASTLE

Under the same Gazebo, in 1965 A.D
We spent a few moments of our honeymoon baby.
And dreamt that in some future day in Jammu
We will build a house which shall have one such Gazebo.

And now in 1978A.D. my sweet baby
We sit and know that it could never be,
One moment was so heady and enthralled,
That castles thin built by both of us,

What castles were then built by both of us
The moment was so heady and enthralled
By future prospect but now in mute distress
We look at life time-ravaged and made bald

And lacking so completely the caress
Of love. And feeling and appalled.

TIME—III

Discerning imperceptibly a movement,
I saw you perched upon my windowsill,
For a hundredth segment of a fleeting moment,
I then described that Time was standing still.

“Time flows incessantly without a pause”.
I don't refute this for I cant' refute,
While agree with the truth whole heartedly,
I don't deny the fullness of that time.

But I have got to settle the dispute,
Of what felt and its effect and cause,
Was it a mere illusion of my mind?
Was it a glanced vision of my mind?

I can not say with certainty, because,
Perennial Time flows without a pause.

A REAL MAN

For a piece of cake, a real man
Can never ever leave his destined path
For countless wealth or beautiful woman
He may die, but if the aftermath,

Is lowering him, in his own esteem,
He prefer his esteem in place of pelf,
Or fleshy heady, pleasures, it will seem
Which he loved so dearly, he himself

Will leave for ever. This is true indeed
He may in the bargain end a creep,
Or useless be or he may go to seed
But his commitments he will always keep,

No calculations, counts of loss or gain,
A steed fast man will always so remain.

A LETTER TO JAGGI

We wish to pen great writings of high class,
But do not even start writing their index,
We dell on vastest vistas, but alas!
Little things of daily living vex.

Due to guilelessness of our desires-
On distant, unseen points, our minds get fixed
But by triviality begotten fires,
Our visions are untouched, asked and nixed.

Conceiving masterstrokes in our niches,
We dwell upon their shapes, nuances, manners
But in the WORKS of lofty human wishes;
The fate conspires to throw in myriad spanners

But tacit tolerance, willful blindness, Love
Can make it possible to RISE ABOVE.

MIAN KUNWAR VIYOGI

GRIEVANCES-II

Grievances come in innumerable shapes.
And tie the humans in all sorts of knots
Nobody, their cutting edge, escape,
They are the human minds blindest spots.

A chagrinned soul, a heart filled with gripe,
A mind uttering unheard silent yells,
They are hundred kinds and thousand types,
Innocuous looking tiny cancerous cells

But once they get an entry or toe- hold,
They take over words their story can be told,
In simple words their story can be told,
Once they take the roots they quickly grow.

They enter human bones by furtive means,
And blast their living marrow to smithereens.

ANTIDOTE

Grievances can be curled by empathy,
By putting yourself in other's shoes,
By looking outwards, forsaking apathy,
By sharing the fragrances and the loos.

By keeping minds numerous door ajar,
By changing often used "I" to "You",
By keeping close to those who are a far,
Bu understanding other's point of view.

By learning from a good or bad experiences,
By listening to true lore's pithy cadence,
By overlooking self-centered convenience,
And doughty, sympathetic, loving, patience.

Whenever hurt is great, but love is stout,
Grievances can be cured, have no doubt.

PREM'S CHAUBARSI YAAD

On first of April, Nincteen Eighty Eight
You went away to where the gods reside.
And we have, since then. been disconsolate-
Vaccuumed, empty, hapless, woe-be-tide.

Bereft of you, these nameless, aimless years-
Groping, blundering, always round the bend-
Hoping that our endless anguished tears
Would somehow cease; miseries would end.

But all our clueless mending bears no fruit.
And our all striving scems to be in vain.
Your parting has been such a ruthless brute, -
No blood is left in us for it to drain.

From the day you left us, to this day,
The magic, from our, lives has flown away.

ON MY READING THE TRIP TRIP CHETEY

On reading Trip Trip Chetery, I was floored,
And carried upon a swell of wonderment.
The smiles and idioms mightily roared,
And impact was savoury and mellifluent.

The mastery of the masterly penmanship,
The smoothly undulating lofty prose,
Amaze at every twist and turn to slip
In like the fragrance of a rose.

I think I am pernickety and fastidious.
But I was overwhelmed by excellence,
Of Trip Trip Chetey and its notedious
And unpremeditated exuberance.

Om Vidyarti (may his tribe increase)
To give us lovely pieces such as these.

LIVING DEATH

The deadly lonesomeness and its blues,
Impair and impede and obstruct,
My constant lonely search for some clues,
To take a hold of me, construct.

My shattered, hopeless, hopeless, nameless life,
By putting to an end its hopeless aloof,
And end its wayward, clueless endless strife,
I want to do this but I can not cope.

Locate my central self till it heeds,
With deadly blues of love sameness and want,
And needlessly keep brooding on my need,
I want to end this brooding but I can't.

That till my last need encumbered breath,
I will have to live this living death.

FUTURE HOME

Today I am brimming with confusions.
My mind is full of hapless, hopeless dread.
And when I see your psyche's ill illusions,
An undefined fear, fills my head.

When you are next to me, to warm my life
I suddenly remember, you are far,
I want a real home, a real wife.
But fear to leave my hearts' door ajar.

You dwell on past rejections more and more,
When I propose to make a Home with you.
I can not fully open hearts' door
For fear of human nature's feckless loo,

Which sears and impairs and encumbers,
The future “Home” on past's glowing embers.

AH! PAPA-I

I had a lofty dream; my each attempt,
I tailored to this dream's peculiar needs.
But I was so unworldly and unkempt,
You made a lengthy list of my misdeeds.

You never failed to flaunt it to my face.
And call me family' failure and disgrace.
In spite of this unfair, taunt and blame
I went a head and made myself a name.

The name below which every one has basked,
Penury is forgotten and forsaken,
But I am now mysteriously mistaken,
As God's darling, lucky, easily tasked.

Ah! Papa, why you failed to appreciate,
That I was not a zombie, insensate.

AH! PAPA-II

I did not like your compromising nature
You did not like my unworldly ways
I thought your station much below your stature
You disapproved my poetic forays.

You turned my toils, lazy gentiles' game
While I was working for the goddess fame,
And in this process, wealthy men became
And others flourished on my famous name.

But once again you with me dirty played,
And went indeed and, on, me quietly died
I wailed inconsolably, loudly cried,
For, for me your approval was delayed.

Of one thing I was always sure about,
That of your love, I never had a doubt.

AH! PAPA-III

You loved me dearly, Papa, I am sure,
But you mere, by penury held and shackled,
And knowing this I everything endure,
That your were by the fate unfairly tackled.

And in your zeal you haggled and reproved,
But dearly dearly, all the same you loved,
All my dark resentments, sentiments,
And all my doubts and dire presentiments.

Have mellowed down with time and this my mind,
Is full of memory of your ruth and love,
And Papa, you can see and you can probe,
That when I look ahead or look behind.

I think of you with love and happiness,
And not under compulsion and duress.

SUUDS

Arc we ONE my love, if not, then why?
Oh! why the holding back of total love?
Believe me when I think of this, I cry,
My witnesses are the sky and God above.

Why not complete acceptance, total giving?
Why not loving acceptance of the faults?
Why not the blissful, blessed, lovely LIVING?
Why not the facing of necessary halts?

Why dwell on fantasies and long past hurts?
Why live on falsehoods and false appearance?
My love when True Love Truly Exerts
With giving, patience, fortitude, forbearance

Then only the miracle of love happens
And only then the joy of life sharpens.

GRITTY

With a gritty lift of the shoulders deft in chin
Not hiding the big rift in worn out paints
Just on the seal where world has kicked him so
Frequently that minimum to all these kicks

No why to get in there Nowhere to go
He still persists in moving ambling for
A toe hold on the owning of this life
No streets exists. No trouble turking there

Although the jails are full of rambling bulls
But street are thronged with ones who got away
Who still had bit of marrow left in veins
Would bellow, few important kicks or two

And scamper back for meals- unashamed
To huddle all defeated- in the nooks (Petite)

Or

Of life – the Jail from which no freedom get.

IN PRAISE OF SILENCE

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

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

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

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

TIME-II

Time flows incessantly without a pause
Or did it pause only in my mind,
That made the ever flowing Time pause?
It was perhaps a vision of my mind

The two some of the seen and unseen
The being of effect without the cause
Which has been made unsharp and unkeen
And understand what happens in between?

I don't refute because I can't refute
I don't regulate, because I can't regulate
While agree with the truth whole heartedly
I don't deny the truthfulness of that Time

But I have got to settle the dispute,
Of what I felt and what it really was?

MY FINAL DESTINATION

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

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

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

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

I SEEK AND GET THE THINGS, I NEVER SEEK

I seek and get the things, I never seek
I never got whatever I have sought:
To look for her, I walk along the creek
And want her badly, but I find her not

A thousand useless trinkets, I find:
The my siad sea-shells of all hues and shapes,
Which tidal waves, receding, leave behind
On teeming beaches and on teemless capes.

One wonders why one lives an ' why one breaths
And why one freezes during burning Mays?
Or why in cold Decembers burn an ' seethes,
And very act of thinking hurts and maims

When days are dreary, endless, over-long
And evening takes an year to come along.

STUFF AMOUNTS TO NOTHING

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

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

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

Through fissures of, don't blame me,
Blame my father and the street.

ETERNAL QUESTION

Love is a strange phenomenon- well researched,
One moment down the dumps, the lovers link,
The moment next on pinnacles are perched,
Like walkers on the ropes, on the brink.

Of falling, kept on moving, swayed and lurched.
Inextricably caught in dragnets,
with non-existent hope, lacunae searched
Or fillings heaped around the magnets

So what is love? By lovers so besmirched,
And also in the greatest temples berthed.
Belittled in their pain, still so much
In happy moments, sacred- fire like hearth.

For worship. Love is, although much researched,
But what is it is – Is still unknown- unearthed.

MAN

In this mind blowing contraption-universe,
Men are least important, luckless cogs.
Thus say philosophers, in all prose and verse,
This great conception but their thinking clogs

And we are told through hymns and epic verse
That men are all minuscule by the priest,
Or mullah- rabbi, pandit; what is worse,
All men are sinners—living West or East

Go chanting, mouthing obscenity adverse-
Thus blinded men do understand it least,
When old Viyogi utters- tense but terse,
--Though men are little but are like the yeast.

Which makes bread so fluffy in the pan
Like yeast to bread, To world is puny man.

LOVE

Love is some one hanging by the thread,
With tenderest cares spun, but fragile.
The threat of breaking, falling on the head,
Exists and fear is present all the while.

The balance in affection and envy-
At best precarious is. The feelings are
So easily hurt in love that you can see,
The wounds will, after healing, leave a scar.

We careful, careful dangling- hang on it,
We tie a well intentioned simple knot.
But when we want to unite, it is writ,
We try with hands and nails, it opens not.

With tears in eyes and panting, wheezing breath,
Then in the end we have to use our teeth.

REASONS – II

To all prevalent rumors give currency—
I do not sift them, Do I lack technique
Of dealing with this world's praise, critique
Or love of tongues has given me this tendency?

I write in Dogri, urdu, English. Muse
Is served aright. But what about my home?
Where roof above me humble and then some
Fresh loaves of bread for certain- I can use ?

I write in Dogri, just to please my heart,
In urdu- just to fashion emulate,
In English, I just to serve the struggling art,
But- Hindi surely find effeminate.

I serve the Muse aright, play my part,
But still, perennial poverty—my fate.

ODE TO GENERAL GOVERDHAN SINGH

General Goverdhan Sing] determined men,
Has wonders done, single handedly,
Very rarely some individuals can,
Do such work to tell it candidly

A very handsome simple village boy,
By his deeds reminds us of Zorawar,
His simplicity and doggedness are joy,
And truly also sources of his power.

He organized a motley crowd of men,
Who lacked ways of dealing with corruption,
And gathered them, guided then and then,
To challenge statuesque he had the gumption.

All kudos and all praise to this man,
For forging simpletons into a clam.

THIS FRANTIC CLUTCH AT SECURITY HAS REVIVED

This frantic clutch at security has revived,
A thought that is in “Bhagwat Geeta” writ.
So let us pause and have a look at it.
It says- “Spontaneous”, pure, uncontrived,

Our actions should be, have a pure content,
For good of others. Feeling will be dead,
If we for gains do toil and sweat instead,
Though calculated good and competent.

And all our needs are relative, can be curbed,
Our actions should be easy not hard- pressed,
Our future is by thinking this- well served,
To do our duty, thus VYASA stressed.

So says “Viyogi” Servant of the meek
Is god. attained by who no future seek.

SEARCH OF THE TRUE LORD

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

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

And in that state of mind and body turned,
His back on Him and come to live in world,
But while advancing homeward he discerned,
A shining figure or divine – unfurled.

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

LIFE

This life, undoubtedly is complex
Has zenith, Nadirs of countless hues,
One fleeting moments reaching the apex
And very next in abysmal blues.

The cluelessness in search of clueful clues,
Emotions blundering towards the cul-de-sacs,
It's merging willingly in your,
Abundance lousing itself in the lacks.

Psche's counting hair-line unseen cracks,
Minds bawaiting, slights, pains, and hurts.
Hearts gathering faithlessness in packs,
Patient empathy counting its converts,

Though and torrid, horrid, full of stife,
And shouty, doughty, cacophonous life.

STONY-SILENCE

His daughters say, “why don't you build a house?
His surrogate wife, also same thing says,
His feelings play the game of cat and mouse,
His BLACKS and WHIRES are smothered by the grey.

His friends advise him to produce a place,
And casual knows, also same thing, till,
His relatives think that it is a disgrace,
For him to have no house or place to dwell.

And it is possible that he is wrong,
And it is possible that they are right.
Perhaps he knows not, where to belong?
Perhaps his mind is blows, his head is light?

But poet “Viyogi” stony silence keeps,
Unknown, what he wants? What he seeks?

SLEEP

I see my mate asleep. Wide awake,
I sleepless sleepless muse - when unseen,
The fairy sleep will come to undertake
The task of making tired senses keen,

Rejuvenate me for the coming day,
And make my juices flow unfatigue
My tissues. so I for its presence pray,
But me think it is in a mysterious league

With sleeplessness. My daughters in their sleep,
Arc dreaming wondrous dreams. As night goes
I on their sleeping dreams vigil keep,
And keep on musing till the rooster crows,

It doesn't come to freshen and renew,
I needed it, and this perhaps it knew.

CLARIFICATION

Of course, I agree, you will not delay,
And will not tarry for a jiffy e'en,
And leaving everything, will come away,
Your steadfastness, unquestioned dear, has been.

But I will like to tell you, come what may,
That out of its contest and misapplied,
My message has been. Therefore you replied
In anger. Therefore, you have gone astray.

Wide of the mark. I like to make it clear
I state my factual fears, not complain.
O! Don't interrupt me – pay attention, dear,
And let my fears truly, this explain.

I know that you won't tarry when you hear
But ere you know it – I shall die of pain.

IDEA OF HEAVEN

Fie on the lack-luster imagination,
No substance and of solidity bereft,
And fie on this deceitful inclination,
To eulogies the Heaven right and left.

Your priestly incantations well- defined,
Are nothing. Merely lies personified.
Disguised in sermons, facts are ill- confined,
By all true seekers of the truth defied.

You hear me shouting this and in surprise,
Belcaguered by my argument retort,
In well-delivered diction you surmise,
And praise to heaven, heaven which is not.

But in good humor, I your speech receive,
For the idea of some heaven gives reprieve.

NATURE'S VICIOUS WHEEL

The clay with which you make the toys today,
And knead it into proper, plastic state,
Oh! watch that soon this very clay
Will claim you for its bosom wait, O! wait,

All inspirations, all interesting shapes,
Like sinking ships, though made of toughened steel,
With strongest bulwark, by the constant laps
Will spring new leaks and finally over keel

So all these shapes will lose their angular lines,
And turn to lumps of clay, as they were,
And into dust, which dried, grayish shines,
Will all of them be mixed, my dear sir.

Though at this time your bones this do not feel
But will be cursed by nature's vicious wheel.

PROFILE IN COURAGE

When going gets tough, the tough get really going,
And single handed tackle all chaos,
Then themselves they their efforts own surpass,
And enter gates of heaven without bowing.

And tell the Maker ere He finally writes,
Their future, they in person Him remind,
“Don't forget to put pleasure, few insights
In what for them is written, pre destined”

So in this manner, courage they inspire,
In broken spirits. Egos they assuage.
In simple words, with all consuming fire
Of spirit, life's affairs they manage.

They brook no fear, alibi, pretext,
They deal with one and ask now what is next.

DEJECTION

I seek and get the things I never seek,
I never get whatever, I have sought.
To look for her, I walk along the creek,
And want her badly, but I find her not.

A thousand useless trinkets but I find,
Like sea shells all sizes hues an' myriad shapes,
Which tidal waves, receding leave behind
On teeming beaches and self preening capes.

On suchlike barren, gray and gloomy days,
One wonders- why one lives an' why one breaths?
Or why one freezes during burning Mays?
Or why in cold Decembers burns an' seethes?

When day is dreary, endless, overlong,
When evening takes a year to come along.

PEEVED

I pray and pine and pray and pine and pray,
To God to bring you near, make you mine
And for this keep my wishes in array,
Keep standing, waiting and I pray and pine.

You come to me and talk of worldly chores,
Of all the world's problems- dark and deep,
Of all its bleeding, festering, rotting sores,
I keep on listening and I, silence keep.

What words I want to hear- do not come
You keep on ranting for this luckless world,
I keep on waiting in a corner curled,
For words of love- which you may utter some.

You, what I want to hear, do not say,
And without warning quietly go away.

INCOMPLETE

With lift of shoulders, lips in gesture pursed,
We both conveyed our feelings. Likelihood
of meeting was remote. We conversed,
In signs by lovers known and understood.

At night, in dreams, we promises gave and kept
And whitened heat of passion satisfied.
With eagerness awakened, loudly wept,
To find it all a dream. Horrified

At this illusion, we our misery cursed.
We think then all our meetings incomplete,
By hope of meeting all our ailments nursed,
And hopes of meeting rise but finally cheat.

I kept on waiting for you every night,
But every night it's barren like to-night.

DOSSIER

Born in Nineteen forty (Thirty eight-
Is actual date of birth- to be fool
The world, I slashed two years when in school)
I take my dossier, bring it up-to date.

Not much, one single item, but to add,
That I possess a pen which narrates,
The weakness which impairs, inculcates
A venom in narration. feeling sad,

My time is almost up, I am late,
Must in a moment bid my last adieu,
I work at feverish pace. Fortunate
I call myself and posterity too.

For with unwavering purpose - I create,
Before I die, melodious verses a few.

CONSEQUENCES

A bee upon the blood-red blossom sits,
And blossom's nucleus, it expertly probes.
Then in the hive its drop of honey spits,
And back for honey to the blossom moves.

Some farmers come with mask, sickle, axe,
And home with honey oozing hives return.
They separate the honey from the wax,
With wax they fashion candles which then burn.

Infatuated moths. what design
Is this that with innocuous action- bees,
The death warrants of lovely moths do sign,
So when we take a breath or when we sneeze,

some future traveller's pace, it may impede,
Or cause on barren deserts, a stampede.

NON- ISSUES

Hampered by your pride, you do not come,
I - tortured by my ego do not call,
(And pining lovers- strangers thus become)
Such knotty issues on our heads do fall,

Defying all solution. Un- rescued,
In self created hells sulking sit,
And forget that this love is many-hued.
We slaves of situations gravely split,

Are deep in love but circumstances loath,
Unwanting to be humbled. Pettiness
Is reigning all supreme and we both
Are separated, burning in distress.

Averting eyes, refusing furtive cues,
And issues making out of non-issues.

A WEE BIT MORE

A wee bit of more effort will not make
A wee bit differences to you. You may find
Few paces more tentative when you take
Your destination. Get your second wind,

And dig a few feet more, Love persist.
The treasure may be waiting just at hand.
So hold for me a wee bit, I insist,
A wee bit more you waiting for me stand.

I grant you O! my love, one hellish wait,
It sure has been, I tarried at each chore,
You must be sure impatient, I am late,
But waited all the while, wee bit more,

By waiting we may have the widest choice
Of happiness in which we can rejoice.

ENOUGH IS NOT ENOUGH

My playmates call me love-bewitched, love-struck,
With smirking smiles and turbans kept atilt.
They know not that I feel no shame, no guilt,
And all their banalities come unstuck.

And love if nothing else- demands such pluck,
(Like boulders on the trails are hurdles heaped,
Each boulder with great calamities is steeped.)
That with protected courage, lot of luck,

We may commence to understand how rough
This journey is, by watching bloodiest red
In hue are darts out- pulled from life. Enough
Is not enough- we have to give our head

To guillotine of love, Sternest stuff,
Is love and lovers, love achieve, when dead.

JILTED

Your furtive glances, meaningful love-borne,
Give sleepless nights galore. A nightmare
My life becomes. I look love-sick, love-lorn.
Don't blame me if I gawk at you and stare.

For you to call me awkward is unfair,
When you yourself dear perpetrate this state,
And with your furtive glances tilt late,
My dormant lust and I must make it clear

That once awakened love can never wait,
No-nor can be placated with threadbare
Vows for future. Stubborn, obdurate
Is your decision then to keep it where

It orphaned, homeless lives. Unfortunate,
Nowhere to go and no way to go there.

JINXED

I, in my tracks become transfixed.
When by your presence I am suddenly blessed,
In wreaths of smiles sultry -visage dressed,
And breathlessness with panting passion mixed.

Approach with willowing sighs and moan prefixed.
My plans are by your presence so out- guessed,
And by my own confusion so oppressed,
I curse my fate and feel my stars are jinxed,

And under duress agony, caressed
I can not cope with such a motley crew,
And by my ownself bothered and harassed,
With problems manifold and talents few.

When you depart and leave by person messed,
Suffix it with regrets, a tear or two.

HUNTED – HUNTER

One evening, to the darkest shadows glud,
A partridge watched the hunter in the field,
Come weary, posture slouched, ashen- hued.
Who after casting net and grain revealed

Expression on which misery was congealed
And hunger on it clearly was tattooed
With bone-protruding cheek. Much pooh-pooed.
He for a morsel to the sky appealed.

The partridge, gravely saddened and unnerved,
Did to his deepest sense of pity yield,
Then scampered out of safety unreserved.
Ah! to be caught by hunter in the field

Oh!. to be marinated, salted, herbed
And at his table succulently served.

NUANCE

“Vyogi” is a misnomer. Sobriquet
Is mis-selected. Poets of true mirth
Who with full throated relish sing of Earth,
And earthly issues, gravely people say,

Must all be known by happy sounding name,
Denoting joy and bliss and mirthful ease.

“Oh! Voyeurs- listen” –His repartee came,
You do not understand the issue. Please-

The sobriquet by which the names are capped,
Arc apparent symbols for this world to see,
And he who longs for meanings, only he
Will pick nuances which in words are wrapped.

The laughter, from the stomach that does rise,
Is really genuine agony in disguise.

SELECTION OF A KING

(A lesson in humility)

Let me tell you the story of a king,
As briefly as I can and can be,
True humility is strength, if not a thing,
So take a lesson in true humility.

“He served the tribe for years but he thought,
That this selection was not well deserved,
So to the court of reason, then he brought,
This problem. Reason always had well served

His person. And he visited near, remote
All places. May be obscurity confined,
Are minds of greater vision and of note,
An' many many did he such men find.

And placing his collection on the shelf,
He concentrated deep and chose himself, ”

SINFUL OUTINGS PLANNED

You raised your eyes, fluttering heart did soar,
When you lowered them, dejected quickly dipped
One moment at the dizzying heights azure
The moment next down the dumps it slipped.

One moment rich with blessings, Next moment
A woeful wreck, discarded and forlorn,
Of all unrestful enterprise shore.
It slinks away and tries to circumvent.

The woe-asphalted road of love. Its woes,
With frantic throes have all my life spanned.
You smiled and left me stranded on my toes,
I whooped and romped and sinful outings planned.

With smooth panache, lifting arching brows:
“What happened?” - you impersonally deadpanned.

WANT YOU BACK

What I sought, I got: Wealth, I wanted
And earned it coin by coin, ten times over.
In quest of self and power, I, undaunted
Have labored and acquired, self and power.

My dogged determination, steely core
Have held the world in un-interrupted thrall.
Great beauties do obeisance at my door;
High-stationed men await my beck and call.

Ignoring you for self, I strove with strife,
But after gaining self, I feel your lack
And every moment of my wealthy life
Is niggardly, my love. I want you back.

My forty springs are gone and left behind
Is lack of you and my unhappy mind.

**ON SEEING MY NEIGHBOR GO FOR A
WALK WITH HIS TEENAGE GIRL**

This morning when I saw you with your dad
Go walking, deep in conversation, Botched,
Were all my feelings but my heart was glad
To see your person. I have daily watched.

Your lovely gestures and sparkling eyes,
And from your moving lips, I have guessed,
Your questions, thoughtful and your wise replies.
Your sensuous person I have thus assessed.

Ah! to the shadows of my window glued,
I see you daily and I get confused;
And think that you are still to pain unused,
With which my very marrow is tattooed.

But when you grow it would bother you,
I hate to say, but what I say is true.

ROBERT FROST

Robert Frost Of precious Yankee land,
To you I sweetest singing attribute-
Your language is expressive, simple grand,
And to you I have come to pay tribute-

I don't deny that others also sing,
Have yet to savor verses sweeter than
Your songs and words that with their meanings sting,
And metaphors that have great psychic span,

Then your metaphors and O! poet great!,
Now you are gone but to the world, have given-
A neat arrangement of the intimate
And lovely motives by which men are driven-

To be creative. And I ever since
Have known you truthful words I never mince.

LIFE IS FAIR

My love for you is undemanding, simple
And you are hidden, in me, as desire.
And when you smile, your deeply etched dimple,
Starts, in me, a leaping, flaming fire.

Your love is simple undemanding too,
Like the liquid murmur of the river,
On which you ply the lover's sleek canoe,
And like the river, is abundant giver.

Enough is what we give and what we get.
Of, what we give and get, we are fond.
No hopeless hopes, we cherish or abet,
No reaching for impossible beyond.

And as you comb and braid your lovely hair,
I look at you and feel that life is fair.

DOGRI POET CHARAN SING- ELECTROCULATED

Of all the lives I knew, psyches befriended
Were none with more confusion so beset,
Than his which now at Twenty Eight has ended.
To him this is most welcome, I can bet.

The world has misconstrued the incident
And call it accidental electrocution.
But to me it was always evident
That he would end his life. His confusion

Was great and always he himself betrayed,
His mind was like a Skelton, fleshless, wasted,
And often into madness, he strayed-
And bile of vile rejection often tasted.

O! he was faultless and hence he died so young,
The fault was of the loins from which he sprang.

SENSELESS STRIFE

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

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

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

Her love was like a double-edged knife
Which entanray all his minds' senseless strife.

JAMMU: MARTIAL PRETENTIONS

This arid land is dotted with the graves
Of daughters killed by mothers, ere they knew,
Ah! less than thirteen breaths. Mothers slew,
Their off spring like the snakes. And like knaves.

And spineless, gutless weak impotent slaves,
Their fathers, lame apologies construed,
Cheap justification from their lips issued,
But Rajpoots are still known as fearless braves.

I can't deny that I am Rajpoot
And fact that I was also here in-born.
And here in lies my source, my psychic root.
My heart is torn asunder with this thorn.

This shameful, vile connection can't deny,
Like others, do not praise it to the sky.

I OFTEN THINK OF DEATH

I often think of death and ask myself,
“How does it affect me, do I feel some fear?”
Or like illusive phantom or an elf,
It's just a pensive presence in my cheer?

I find no lurking fear in my heart
And although my own end be very near,
I, unobstructed, live and play my part
And find no burden on my bubbling cheer.

“Then what is it?”, I question loud and clear,
“Why thoughts of death do pester me and you,
And what relation to our lives they bear;
And what resultant combinations brew?”

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

TO C.K.S

We panted through our copulation, we,
Then twaddled with endearing, purring sounds,
To slake the thirst of passion without bounds.
You, at that sleepy moment caressed me.

With tenderness and brushed my stubby cheek,
With lips, devoid of passion, full of ruth,
To bid your last adieus, with a smooth,
And silky, sideways glance, or so meek.

But afterwards the twain has never met,
We carved our separate niches in the world,
And often in my cozy corner curled-
The fire and heat of passion, - I forget.

But that blessed, solitary caress,
Has ever been a source of happiness.

Brief biographical sketch of -
KUNWAR VIYOGI

Dogra Rajput Jamwal , Group Capt. Randhir Sigh, fondly known as KUNWAR VIYOGI was born in village Agore , Samba district, Jammu on September 4, 1940. Situated on the left bank of Chenab, it is near the historical township of Akhnur.

His father Inspector Purakh Singh, an under graduate of Panjab University had served J&K police for 32 years. While at the university, he made his mark as an accomplished football player, wrestler and shot-put champion. Kunwar Viyogi's adorable mother Pushpa belonging to Village Saror, Bishnaw, was a pious lady. She died at the young age of 45 in 1966. Kunwar Viyogi's father too died at the age of 61 in 1966.

Kunwar Viyogi's family belonged to one of the earliest settlers in Agore. Mian Jafar Singh was the first one to settle family in Agore. After seven or eight generations, it was Mian Jawahar Singh Agoria, who was one of the prominent helpers of Maharaja Gulab Singh in establishing the state of Jammu and Kashmir. His son was Mian

Gobind Singh followed by Mian Trilok Singh and then Kunwar Viyogi's father Purakh Singh (1905-1966).

Love for the defense services perhaps came naturally to Kunwar Viyogi and his siblings. He had four brothers, all in defense services and three sisters married to Army Officers. He himself joined the IAF leaving his B.Sc. degree incomplete. But later he went on to acquire a number of degrees, not just B. A. but LLB, MBA and BJMC (I) as well.

He joined IAF as a cadet in 1961, training at the Air Force Flying College Jodhpur & Transport Training Wing Begampet, Hyderabad. He was commissioned in the Flying Navigation branch in 1963. He was Staff Navigation in an operational Air Squadron for three years followed by his appointment as a Fighter Controller in a radar unit in 1966-70. He also held the post of Dy. Chief Ground Instructor in Transport Training Wing of IAF in Yclankar, Bangalore from 1970-76. Later he assumed the charge of navigation leader in an operational squadron of IAF from 1976-80. He was in charge helicopter fleet operations in the entire J&K from 1980- 1983.

Kunwar Viyogi also commanded the Air Force Station Gandhinagar, Gujrat in 1983-86 and was awarded commendation of the Chief of Air Staff for administrative excellence.

After that, he was senior Air Staff Officer in a Tactical Air Centre of IAF for two years before commanding Tactical Air Centre Jodhpur of IAF in 1988-89. He bid good bye to air force as Group Captain when he took VRS in 1989.

God has gifted him high IQ, EQ , sharp memory and high moral values. He was always respectful to ladies of any class, creed, cast, status at any time. Ladies have played a great role in his life.

He was always graceful and cheerful. He was a fearless, sharp and a very meticulous officer. An avid reader, discussion on any issue was a delight with Kunwar Viyogi because he could speak at length on any given issue, be it politics, religion, science or literature. It is so rare to come across a person who is a perfect blend of mind, body and matter. He was a very handsome man, an officer with very high standards of work ethics, deep love for his country and someone with a sharp mind that was always hungry for knowledge

Madal , Awards and Recognitions

A multifaceted personality like him made mark in every field he entered. Below is a list of his awards and recognitions.

1. Gold Medal for best fighter controller in 1966
2. Sahitya Akademi Award for his long poem *Ghar* in 1980
3. Commendation of Chief of Air Force in 1985
4. Sahitya Ratan Award by the Nami Dogri Sanstha in 2001

Kunwar Viyogi was very much attached to his mother. Being eldest and mature, he tried to devote considerable time with his mother. He shared with her a special bond. He was perhaps the only one among the siblings who saw her so closely working hard, raising the family, amidst financial hardships.

Even as a child Kunwar Viyogi always assured his mother that when he will earn, he would not let her do anything. She will be the queen of the house. He also foiled the attempt of female infanticide in the family when he uncarthed his infant sister after hearing her cry. He always remembered how her mother thanked him silently but he had to face the wrath of elder ladies around. He ran away to Delhi after the incident and managed somehow by working at some shops, doing

tutions to nursing students in science, cooking for himself. He was a voracious reader and even during those days of hardships, he continued to enlighten himself through his regular visits to the American Library situated at Carzon Road. He read lot of English Literature books. He decided to return to Jammu after sometime. When he was in B.Sc. (Final) he appeared for Navy, Army and IAF exams and was selected in all three. The reason he preferred IAF was due to the flying bounty—which was Rs. 250 more than other jobs. He thought he would be able to help the parents more.

Unfortunately in 1966, within six months both parents died, leaving him with the responsibility of seven siblings, the youngest being just 3.5 years old. Being head of the family and committed to the promise made to his mother, he dedicated himself to educating and empowering his brothers and sisters, who were like his own children to him.

In 1965 Kunwar Viyogi married to Prem Dalpatia who was the 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. She came from an affluent and highly well placed family but she never ever complained of the different set-up and great responsibilities that she was made to bear in the in-laws' home. For soon after her marriage, Kunwar Viyogi's parents died and the family responsibility came on her young shoulders. He was fortunate to have an extremely devoted and understanding wife like Prem, who always stood by him, no matter how difficult circumstances were at times. It was only due to her unconditional love and support, that he was able to look after all his siblings with utmost love, affection and kindness. He was happy to see that all his brothers joined the Army and IAF officers. After completing graduation post graduation, all sisters also got

married to Army Officers. That gave him immense satisfaction that he could fulfill the promise he made to his late mother. Unfortunately, his wife was diagnosed of cancer soon after Viyogi's youngest brother joined the armed forces. As if she was just awaiting to perform her last duty. She died in 1988 leaving three daughters.

Viyogi decided to remarry. He got married to Sudha Chaturvedi, belonging to a highly educated Brahmin family in 1989. She was in service at Ajmer, 1991 she also applied for VRS to shift to Jammu. Randhir got the job in KT times Jammu but she could not get VRS, she was promoted and transferred to Bhilwara, Rajasthan. Randhir joined his duty in Jammu in 1992. But in 1994, he came back to Bhilwara Rajasthan. Settled in Bhilwara and made "Ghar-AALNA". They adopted two daughters in 1994 and 1995 when they were just 13 and 17 days old.

Initially, he contemplated doing some job but later decided to follow his passion of teaching. From childhood, he had nurtured the passion of becoming an English Professor so he started guiding students. He motivated them to enjoy English Literature, rather than pursuing the subject only for the purpose of passing the exams. From 1994 onwards, he also started guiding students for CAT, NDA, CDS and other state competitive examinations as well as interviews. For this he never charged fees.

He was a lovable teacher. In fact, a friend, philosopher and guide to hundreds of students and their parents who sought guidance from him, even on personal issues. He loved reading and teaching English Literature, which kept him quite busy the whole day. So he used to devote time to his

passion of writing in the morning. Popular as “Colonel Sahib”, his students greatly admired and respected him as Guru in a real sense.

Everything was going on smoothly but diabetes and kidney related problems started troubling him in 2009. That's why he shifted to Jaipur for treatment after a few years. He breathed his last on September 16, 2015 but soon after shifting to Jaipur, he made sure to marry both the daughters in June and July 2015.

Kunwar Viyogi's life can be categorized in three phases—

1. The initial phase was up to 1961, when he joined the IAF.
2. The middle phase 1964 –1988 was the most 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.
3. The last phase 1989 -2015 was relatively relaxed when he got the opportunity to do what he enjoyed doing. It was a sort of giving back to the Society and the Nation what he got from life.

Literary Career:

In his student days, he was an avid sportsperson, playing Hockey and Volleyball. He was also the Captain of his school's football team. But he had an irresistible fascination for literature. He started writing in Urdu as early as 1954 when he was a student of S.P.M. Rajput School, Jammu. After matriculating in 1955 in first division, he joined G.C.M. Science College.

He started writing in English and Hindi in 1955 followed by Dogri in 1956. His articles, poems and stories got published in college magazines and his Urdu stories were also widely

published in national magazines, like *Geet* and *Shama*. He remained Editor of Urdu and English section of G.C.M. Science College magazine TAWI and Secretary of the Debating Society from 1958-60. He also participated in All India English Debate competition organized by S N DAS GUPTA College, New Delhi.

He made his debut on All India Radio Jammu in “Kyari” programme. The poem “BHOLI” recited by him was later adjudged as the best Dogri poem of the year when published in the tri-monthly “Rekha” in 1960.

He left Jammu in 1960 after his selection in IAF and remained out of touch with the mainstream Dogri Literary Movement for almost seventeen years. . 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 was prolific in his writings, be it Dogri or English, writing with equal abundance and ease in both the languages. Whatever he wrote, he wrote with conviction, in what he passionately believed at that particular point of time. His contribution in Dogri could out number the work of many other contemporaries, though he never wanted to talk of quantity (that is the prerogative and privilege of readers) but of quality only. But he did feel that the then Dogri Literary Movement failed to notice new faces, relying only on visible names and so consequently becoming victim of complacency.

In the end of 1978, he was reintroduced to the world of Dogri literature, thanks to Prof. R. N. Shastri, who insisted and procured a few manuscripts from him for publication. Prof. Shastri published about thirty pages of 'NAMI-CHETNA'- in

the quarterly publication of Dogri Sanstha. Simultaneously he was re-introduced in "Sheeraja" a bi-monthly of Cultural Academy (J&K) as well. In his second innings, 'Viyogi' burst forth in literary world of Dogri, coming out of his long hibernation like an avalanche, producing a dazzling array of poems, ghazals and sonnets. This time he got lot of attention and acclaim even from established Dogri names, who hardly recognized him all these years.

He got Central Sahitya Akademi Award for his long poem "GHAR" in 1980, published by Dogri Sanstha in booklet form. Later this poem was also prescribed in M.A. (Dogri) syllabus of Jammu University.

He wrote a long poem "GHAR" in 1977 under the influence of an emotional trance in seven days. Consisting of 239 stanzas (plus 66 stanzas unpublished), of four lines each, the rhythmic poem beautifully ends with the word "Ghar". 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. Ghar strikes one as a unique attempt by any poet in Dogri or many of modern Indian languages. '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, ghazals and sonnets.

In the matter of form, he seems to have been influenced by Rubai and some of the ideas too are similar to the ideas of the Rubiyat of Omar Khayam as translated, by Fitzgerald. Viyogi has also read the Gesta and the Prophet by Khalil Gibran and has been influenced by them. Perhaps, Jaan Nisar Akhtar's book of quadruplets '*Ghar Angan*' was the only exception. But except for the form of expression, there is no other similarity since both have treated the subject in a pleasantly divergent manner.

The scope of the poem Ghar is tremendous, and the ideas there in range from the mundane to the spiritual, from the physical to metaphysical, from the trivial to the mighty, from the terrestrial to the spatial and from the amoral to the deeply ethical. In between, one sees the strong family ties for which one needs a home, a “Ghar”.

The selection of Kunwar Viyogi's book of poetry "Ghar" for Sahitya Academy award's best creative work came as a surprise to many. If ever he was in the race for this coveted honor, he emerged triumphant like a dark horse. His very first published book bagged the prize at a time when he was almost a non entity in the world of Dogri literature. In fact, many were unaware if Wing commander Randhir Singh Jamwal was the same person Kunwar Viyogi.

Amenable to criticism and suggestion as he was, Kunwar Viyogi, did not find it difficult to cast the shell and preserve the kernel. The quality of viewing oneself from others' eyes held good for him during the rise of his budding career. He had tremendous zeal for learning, without being vain, a quality without which an avant -garde and flawless poetry is hard to come by.

Unlike its resurrection in the early forties, Dogri poetry has acquired dimensional multiplicity of thought, content and form over the years.

Introduction of Ghazal in Dogri poetry, therefore, was a unique experience. One wonders if Ghazal had found no adaptability in Dogri, it would have perhaps tragically missed the expression of lot of tender feelings. But poets love to explore new pastures and Kunwar Viyogi's “Paihlian Baangan” was one such experiment with sonnets. A

collection of 200 Dogri sonnets in the book came as a whiff of fresh air and hope for further expansion of Dogri poetry.

Kunwar Viyogi completed his first draft of 250 English sonnets around the same time as he published his compilation of 200 Dogri sonnets but he chose to publish the Dogri sonnets first as he wanted to gift Dogri its first taste of fresh new form of poetry. It was attempted before but in few odd sonnets only. Never such wealth in literary value and volume. It received critical acclaim and he came to be known as father of Dogri.

In 1960 his first one Dogri Sonnet was spontaneously inspired by Prof. Ram Nath Shastri's "Rati Da Khiri Bell" and wrote in Charan Singh room.

Introducing sonnet in Dogri, however, was an even more adventurous and remarkable feat than the adaptation of Ghazal. Urdu being a language of the soil, Ghazal had an ethnic kinship with Dogri to facilitate its adoptability. But the arrival of sonnet, a form, unfamiliar and quite removed from psyche and ethos of Dogri language, culture and tradition was something amazing, if not, unbelievable.

Sonnet is a fixed verse form of several centuries old Italian origin which later took the entire gamut of European languages by storm and underwent a pleasant transformation through English language. Shakespeare, Milton and other legendary English poets not only suitably modified and simplified this originally complex and rather tedious genre of poetry but also raised it to great heights and greater popularity.

Sonnet is a small lyrical poem of fourteen lines, rhyming according to prescribed pattern, posing a problem bit by bit in the first 12 lines and providing an answer in the last two. In a way,

Urdu couplet *rubayi* can be considered as its replica in four lines. In a rubayi, dry gunpowder is scattered in first two lines. In the third line it is ignited and in the fourth it explodes. In *doha* the same process is carried out in two rhymed lines.

As an intelligent and receptive student, Kanwar Viyogi grasped essence of the sonnet with ease. But he must have burnt the midnight oil to enrich his sonnets with authentic information, ideas and quotes. It was a remarkable achievement that he could produce such a bulk and still managed to maintain its high quality. It was all the more so because he was exploring an off-beat course. Going by the standard of the sonnets, one would hope that this genre would stay in Dogri like Ghazal.

In his preface, he expressed hope that this book would motivate the readers to try their talent on sonnets.

He was a prolific writer, who wrote nearly 850 sonnets, 500 poems in Dogri, 20 stories, 6 novels, 25 essays, 1000 ghazals, 1000 Sher (couplets), 15 kundalian, 3 Doha, 3 Chusmusa, as well as some book reviews and random thoughts. All these are under print.

Kunwar Viyogi wrote English sonnets with the same ease, simplicity, high quality and expertise. He had written nearly 365 sonnets 131 poems, 11 Gazals, 5 stories, 6 Book reviews, essays, 11 Kundalian, 16 Rubaian, 156 Random thoughts in English. He also wrote more than 100 Features in English, published mostly in Kashmir Times. All these are under print. Though his name is unknown in English literature, he is bound to emerge as a shining star when his writings get published.

He had given a Delhi publisher his 101 English sonnets—SO VIYOGI SAYS and four English Novels—namely, **The Statues**, **The Unsolved Years**, **My Captivity** and **Timid Hearts** for print. Unfortunately, the sonnets and novels are not available now and were not published either.

It was his very unique quality to use languages at ease, both in prose and poetry. Mastery of languages—Dogri, English, Urdu and Hindi perhaps allowed him to play with words.

He regularly contributed to Sheeraja and occasionally to Kashmir Times. In 1992-1994, he also worked as Assistant Editor in Kashmir Times (English) and Dainik Kashmir Times (Hindi). During this period he started the first one page Daily in Dogri namely Dogri Times. He used to regularly write the column “PATE DI GULL”, (Heart of matter”), covering an entire gamut of subjects viz, metaphysics, literature, society, defense, international and national affairs and so on.

In 2001 Nami Dogri Sanstha. Jammu honoured him by “Sahitya Shri Award”. In 1994 he shifted to Bhilwara Rajasthan and he continued to write “Pate di Gall” and other writings from 1994 to 2015.

Kunwar Viyogi has made a great and remarkable contribution to the modern Dogri and English literature and also to journalism. He has not only enriched the literature of these languages but has also embellished them with Philosophical depth and solemnity. He will always be remembered for his sensitiveness, devotion to values, delineation of beauty and the true vision of the self. He has courageously attacked political and social evils and has stood for social reforms. Subtlety of feelings, profundity of thought, love, compassion, mysticism and consciousness of duty make his personality distinguished and unique. His extraordinary

command on Dogri, English, Urdu and Hindi languages makes the expression of feelings and thoughts easy, lucid and interesting at the same time his prose is as impressive and interesting as his poetry is. Kunwar Viyogi has a rare gift of shifting immediately from antiquity to modernity and from traditions to latest ideas. With his broad and humanistic vision he can feel the suffering of the whole world in his own personal grief and the joy of the whole world in his own personal joy. External grief's of the sensitive poet bind him to the world and at the sometime there is the lamentation of the infinite consciousness bound in the limits of time and space. External and internal sorrows are well expressed in prose but it goes to the credit of Kunwar Viyogi that because of his command on the languages, he has expressed them in an equally impressive way in verse also. In spite of not being very well-versed in figures of speech and nuances of language, he has been able to convey to the reader the innermost feelings of his heart. He has very aptly used similes, the objects which are compared, proper words at proper place and given expression to the deep meanings that he wants to convey. He very skillfully carries the reader from simple to complex and from concrete to abstract.

As he was totally engrossed in performing his homely duties, his Banjara life in IAF, financial difficulties never allowed him even to think about publishing his writings. More over in his late sixties , he started thinking to publish his work, but it remained only in his mind. He wrote for himself not for publicity.

About his writing—Rosary of sonnets

1. As an air force officer Kunwar Viyogi had to spend

many years away from his home-town Jammu but its nostalgia always haunted him. This is evident from the sonnets he has written on many of his old acquaintances, including poets and writers, such as Ram Nath Shastri, Ved Rahi, Narendra Khajuria, Kehar Singh Madulkar, Padma Suchdev and Ved Pal Deep. In the foreword he recalls his friend Nilamber Dev Sharma, Tara Smailpuri, Charan Singh, Pt. Sansar Chand, D.C. Prashant, Dhyan Singh and others. In fact, the book is full of nostalgic memories of his early student days in Jammu.

2. Mother played a great role in his life. Kunwar Viyogi was very much attached to his mother. One can remember a story of Premchand' Idgah.... Hamid's nani gave him TWO PAISE to enjoy in Id fair. Hamid bought a "chimta" for his nani because she used to burn her hand while cooking Roti. For child Hamid , it was more important to protect his nani from fire than to enjoy toy.

Mother and son's bondage of love-affection- understanding-devotion was the driving force of matured Randhir Singh. As he has a high moral values , of one was KATHANI AND KARNY was same in any situation. After the demise of parents, As head of family , he took the responsibility whole heartedly to look after the siblings as a "Junoon". And finally he succeeded. This feeling come on and off in his writings and some sonnets like....

Mother to an infant (lullaby), Mother-Hood, Mother's velvet touch-I & II, Ah! Mama-I, II, III) Father and son, Ah! PAPA-I, II, III.

3. Writing sonnets from last so many decades is very rare . To write the idea in twelve lines and give final verdict in last two lines is very difficult. People feel easy to write in free verse. It is also surprising to see a bulk of 365 sonnets. The whole lot is in very simple and easy to understand, shows the writer's command

on the language and vocabulary. He made his own words and used some words for which computer shows red underline but can be seen in Reader's Digest dictionary. Sometimes he used word twice to emphasis the meaning of the word. As happy-happy, very-very etc.

It is also surprising that a AirForce Officer has written such great sonnets. A very rare combination of courage-bravery-sacrifies-quickwit-extravort and soft-deep-sensitivity-philosofic idca-with SAKSHI BHAV-detached-witness-global sight.

4. He Played with words
5. Use of simile- metaphors
6. Universal exposure in his sonnets.
7. Time period of sonnets writings is from 1960 to 2015.
8. Use of UPNAME "VIYOGI"

Why a Air force Officer use this word ? who was enjoying a very big family. He used this upname Viyogi in 1975 and in the sonnets the-word Viyogi --1976. Basically he was loner in crowd. Like mother's company than other boys company. At the age 26 he become the head of a big family. He looked after them whole heartedly like father, with his full strength and capacity, to prove his words said to his mother.

One who is at the top of any institution—job, is always lonely. No one to share worldly difficulties, situation, problems, not even to his spouse. In this type of situations a Sakshi Bhav, to see the happenings, with detachment developrd to see the things straight.

For this the key word is—VIYOGI.

9. Sonnets can be categorise as -----
- i. SelfPortrait-How he saw the things around him in the whole perview— self portrait I & II , Reasons I &II , My fate , Parting of ways I-II-III -, The source, How this poem was write -, Life is Fair- , Undying hope-, uprooting, I did not but , Let me weep, Wedding Annivarsary, After making Love, To bear loss, visit Patni Top with her and without her.
 - ii. Professional vignettes-- Aviator-I-II-III
 - iii Beads of Blessedness---- Hholy Koran-, Nature's- , The Door Step-, In Praise Of Silence- , Silent sufferer , Prayers I-II-III-IV , Ganga , Durga , Sarswati ,
 - iv. Nostalgia--- Bells , A Summer in Gaur , The river Sage , I Know this River, Visit To My House In Jammu City ,Ah! Jammu , Anniversary come and go,
 - v. Dcath—A Thought from After Life, Life force , Pain-, Let us Rest , Suicide I-II , Leave Taken , Last Cry, Bouncing Check etc.
 - vi. Time— Old Hunter , Time , Time I-II-III , Time's wheel , Right Time
 - vii Courage and Bravery
 - viii Life
 - ix Home
 - x Love and hard work .
 - xi Random thoughts—compromises , Mild Music , Tears , Power of word , Losing Game , I can Do , A Little Boy one day we can go to town , Puniness Of Man and so many--

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

Kunwar Viyogi christened as Group Captain Randhir Singh Jamwal is the first and only Indian Air Force officer to have received the prestigious Sahitya Akademi Award for his long Dogri poem titled 'Ghar' in 1980. 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.

VIYOGI DI BYAJA (3-15 books are under print)

ENGLISH

1. **ROSARY OF SONNETS in Vol. 1-2,** (collections of 365 sonnets)
2. **Now I Know.....** Poems & 2 Gazalen
3. **The Ante Room** Stories & Random Thoughts
4. **BANJARAN** Features & Book reviews

DOGRI

5. **POORNE in Vol 6-7** (collection of ~491 poems)
6. **BAREEKIAN in Vol. 8-10** (Collection of ~817 GAZALS)
7. **Sanneten De mala in Vol. 11-14** (A collecton of 615 sonnets+200)
8. **SABAK** (Collection of ~755 rubaian)
9. **Ghar** (collection of 239 published and 66 unpublished Rubaian)
10. **TOSHI** (collection of ~125 Geet)
11. **Chutkian, URDU** (nearly 1100 sher)
12. **Toona Manhas --** Stories-
13. **Sukhne de Bhaiwal -** Novels.
14. **Essay, Book reviews**
15. **PATTE DI GALL**