

A CALL FROM THE UNKNOWN

(A Collection of poems)

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1.

REBIRTH

A sudden cloud burst
A storm and a cyclone
To carry away a populace
Wholesale to infinity.
A well scripted plot
On a wall paper
Is wiped out and erased.
To leave a mere white sheet
A scroll clean and beautiful.
Like a full moon shining white,
Covered by a thin layer of clouds.
The brilliant bright light
Is blanketed by a netted fabric
And the light pouring forth from within
As though passing through a waterfall.
A life lost and suddenly
Submerged in the deluge
Regains again to relive
Like emerging from Noah's ark.
The seed of Adam sprouts for rebirth.

Chennai

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2.

SUCK THE MANNA

A long gifted boon
Is being placed on the altar
Of the ever living
As a sacrifice for acceptance.
So as to enable
The cherished memories
To continue to be filmed
For being screened
On a beautiful white screen
To be seen again and again
To relish the moments
Lived in dedication
In utmost fulfillment,
Of a vow of love.
Of obedience and performance
Of servitude and discipline
O Deity of love, Thou unseen
Yet showers Thy bounty
Through umpteen ways
For devotees to suck and lick;
The manna, dew and honey.

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3.

A WINK AT MIDNIGHT

Oh! This awakening
 Is a short lived and
 Like waking up
 From a bad dream.
 In the middle of the night.
 With still droopy sleepy eyes.
 To fall back to sleep again.
 On a full moon night,
 The birds, the cuckoo, and crows,
 The owl and bats wake up.
 To let out a shrill cry
 At the flood light,
 Piercing their sleepy eyes.
 To shake them up
 To let out in one breath
 A siren to the sleepy world
 To fall back again,
 In deep slumber
 Till the real lasting
 Bright sunny light
 Wakes them up fully
 For a day
 Of joy and ecstasy.

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4.

INTENSE LOVE

Ah! What a reminder
 Of your intense love
 Of the burning warmth
 Of your compassion and glory.
 When I broke my arm
 When steel clips were fixed
 When diabetics was tackled
 When my heart attacks were controlled
 When my arthritis was attended
 When my failing eyes got vision.
 I loved you, I remembered you.
 You were my Succor, my Redeemer

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5.

MY RELIGION

Yes, I do have a religion
I do practice it
Say my 'Namaz'
Turn towards 'Kaaba'
Recite 'Kalima',
Do 'Zikr'
Observe 'fasting'
Give 'Fitra', 'zakat'
Yearn for circumambulation
Around the Holy 'Kaaba'
But my rites, my symbols,
Are acts of love
To foster oneness
To increase my yearnings
To look upon mankind,
As children of Adam, and Eve
Not for creating apathy
Discernment and Distraction
For cataclysmic schism
For disharmony and strife

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6.

TEST OF LOVE

The tests of love are severe indeed
 Its fire is intense and fine
 To captivate and overwhelm
 Sans duality and distraction

Love calls for single minded
 Devotion, submission for merger.
 Love illumines and sparkles
 With magnetic attraction.

Abraham, the Patraiah Prophet
 Broke the idols carved by his father
 Placed the axe on the big one
 When questioned, pointed to them.

Puzzled at the plurality of gods,
 Turned towards sun, moon, stars
 Finding them setting discarded them.
 Through self enquiry realized the SINGLE ONE.

Faced severe tests from his tribe
 A great fire was prepared for him
 To be burnt alive for rejecting idols
 Stoically and bravely faced the ordeals

Refused the help of Angel Gabriel
 Proved his total submission
 To the solitary Supreme Lover
 To whom he sacrificed his heart

Lo, the deep faith and piety
 Reached the Great Loving Self
 Whose commands obeys the worlds
 Nothing Stirs Sans His knowledge.

The fire turned to roses fragrant
 A soft bed to receive in its lap
 The favorite devotee of the Lord
 Whose devotion surpassed every one

Abraham was tested again and again
 Even at eighty five, he had no issues
 Prayed for Lord's Grace to bestow one
 Ismail was born to slave girl Hajira.

But Lord questioned his devotee
 To prove his love and devotion
 To sacrifice the child and abandon
 And turn selflessly to worship Him alone.

Abraham's love was total and complete
 Like a full moon to shed its bright light

With all glory and its splendorous shine
 Sans heat and sweat, but to cool the eyes
 Abraham did not tarry for a moment
 Took the suckling and the young beauty
 To the parching dry desolate desert
 To prove his devotion to Lord, to pass the test

Thirsty child abandoned under blistering sun
 To be watched by the angles and Allah
 A devotional legend to surpass generations
 To create a Kaaba for the yearning souls

Hajira, a deep devotee, of Lord the Cherisher
 Ran helter-skelter upon the hills
 Fearing vultures would rush back
 To fondle the wailing, weeping child.

Hajira moved from plains to hills
 Searching for a pint of cool water
 To quench the Ismail's thirst
 Looking up to the heaven for divine help

Divinity surrounds a sincere devotee
 Like Saturn's rings and satellites
 Like, atmosphere to sustain life
 Lord's Grace dawns morn. evening.

Lo, the wailing child's cry moves the heaven
 The thumping foot brings forth a fountain
 A cool stream spurts forth from below
 A sparkle in the eye, Hajira uttered thanks.

The oozing water was overwhelming
 Flooding, a deluge surrounding
 Hajira in excitement shouted "Zam Zam"
 Lo, the flow receded, a miracle from heaven.

Lord the cherisher bestows His bounty
 On His simple, sincere devotees
 But the Love's fire needs kindling.
 To awaken within single minded devotion

"Zam Zam" a spring near Kaaba in Mecca, Saudi Arabia

7.

BIRTH OF MOSES

They gazed and gazed the crystal ball
 Drew draws, made calculations
 Questioned 'Ra' and found the answers
 To ever puzzle and astonish them all.

Lo, the high priests, soothsayers,
 Were all perplexed and quizzed
 They were certain about their prophesy
 Their intuition, their predictions

From time immemorial, a lore built
 Mighty Pharaohs proclaimed as gods
 Worshipped, adored and submitted
 To their might, power and pelf

Now, a birth of a child among slaves
 Low Palestinians, uncouth, miserable.
 To ever live in abject poverty, penury
 To serve the Egyptians, the Masters.

A child to end the tyranny and mighty
 To liberate the slaves for ever
 To create a nation for freedom
 To worship the unseen, unfathomable

King Pharaoh believed in the prophecy
 Ordered for massacre of all suckling
 A blood bath followed the command
 Innocent lives lost like swirl wind

The babe was born to be saved
 By 'Asiya', the benevolent queen
 To be given to Maryam for rearing
 A diving grace thus saved Moses.

As the child grew in the laps of royal
 A lingering suspicion tortured their minds.
 To test the prophesy red hot coals
 Were placed as toys before the child.

So pleasing were the rosy hot coals
 The child plucked to place it in mouth
 Only to burn the lips and tongue
 Just to dispel the dark doubts.

Strange are the ways of the Nature
 It protects that which needs nurture
 From the hands of the ruthless tyrants
 To help the meek to inherit and rule.

Its designs are complex and intricate
 Yoke of slavery, chill penury
 Is a test of endurance, patience

To cure the ills and enlighten the soul.

Slaves in rags sans joys and mirth
 Sans eyes lit with sparkle
 Sans minds illumined with light
 Sans shelter and a cozy home bright.

Fallen fragrant flowers sings
 Sad forlorn songs yearning
 To be back on the trees
 To be ever cheerful with glee.

Picked to be bedecked in plaits
 To decorate homes, on altar
 To become wreath for bier
 To join in grief and in sorrows.

So are the poor wretched
 Who create marvels for the rich
 Pick pearls from oysters
 For crown, rings and necklaces.

Mine gold for refinement
 Make jewellery for endearment
 Polish the stones for glitter shine
 Create chandeliers to spread light.

The humble hands are gifts of nature
 Sans them the masters feel helpless
 They rule over them with cruelty
 To subject them with pain, torture.

The horses, mules, asses, oxen
 Cows, heifer, sheep, goats camels
 Dogs and pets are all to be cared
 They are endeared than the wretched.

Such were the times of tyranny
 The Jews lived hopelessly
 Praying with all their hearts lovingly
 For redemption from the Egyptians

Lo, their sincere prayers
 Were answered by the Lord
 Of the Universe, the invisible
 The Magnificent and Merciful.

Lord has his own ways
 To rejuvenate the dead souls
 To refurbish the tortured
 To rehabilitate the annihilated.

Jews looked back and wondered
 As to how they had lived in pleasure
 In glory, in opulence and luxury
 Blessed by God of Abraham and Isaac.

How Joseph came to Egypt as a slave.
 How he was imprisoned and troubled
 How he did penance with righteousness
 How he achieved throne thro' struggle.

There were times when Lord showered Grace
 When honey and milk flowed aplenty
 When they were decreed as chosen race
 For their brilliance, intellect and beauty

Lord made covenants with them,
 When He showered manna from Heaven
 Lo, they disobeyed, turned rebellious
 Now they were captivated to redeem sins.

Their priests, seers, saner elements
 Prayed and prayed for Lord's Mercy
 For forgiveness and resurrection
 For Joseph prophesied, the oncoming Moses.

Joseph's mummy lay awaiting, the Redeemer.
 From the yoke of subjugation, wrath
 To seek for ever Lord's promised land
 For liberation, for enlightenment to return

The chosen race had seen best of times
 Shunned idolatry, worshipped, the SINGLE ONE,
 The Sole Ruler of the hearts and minds,
 Who pardons and accepts the services done.

But man the marauder the thankless
 Commits wrongs, sins, defies Mercy
 Lays thorns in the paths of virtuous
 Bends laws for his selfish ends.

Thus, Lord withdrew His favors
 To punish the Jews for arrogance
 For creating innovations in religion
 To associate Lord, with false gods.

With the illuminating light withdrawn
 Now the paths lay in darkness
 With stench and sickness surrounding
 With arms, legs, body in shackles.

The accumulated silt, clogs, and webs
 In heart, mind, in acts, need cleaning
 To make it simple, humble to sparkle
 Wisdom dawns on those who subjects to love

Ages passed, till the race chosen
 Lived in yoke of slavery to learn bitter lessons
 Till they realized the Truth, turned a new leaf
 Prepared themselves to fallow their Savior

The Rescuer Moses reared by his future foe
 To part with knowledge, learning, wisdom
 To a simple humble one's child innocent
 Who becomes Pharaoh's apple of the eye.

The youth in Moses bereft of rashness
 But instilled in mind, a sense of justice
 With a deep conscious to stir from within
 To raise to occasions, to rescue the oppressed

When Moses found two men fighting
 In the town of Memphis, a city of Pharaoh
 At the hour of the noon-sleep
 One of Israelite, another an Egyptian

Moses intervened but the enemy
 Stuck Moses, to unburden ill-will
 The devil worked and excited Moses anger
 So, Moses hit him hard, to let blood.

A conspiracy lay to trap Moses for revenge
 Benevolence protected him, to escape and flee
 To a place far away beyond Egypt
 To find a shelter in the home of Shoeb

Married Shoeb's daughter and served him long
 While Moses mind and heart turned to god
 Yearned to mingle and merge in solitude
 Thus Moses attained and gained signs of Lord.

A bright fire emanated from the cedar tree
 Beckoned Moses to come close to it
 Proclaimed him as a Messenger of peace
 To turn the wheels of destiny of the fallen race.

Gifted with signs of Lord, the Merciful
 The staff of Moses would turn to a serpent
 The palm of Moses would shine like an effulgent sun
 Moses now was ready to stir his people

Moses called upon them to a life of righteousness
 To shun sins and fulfil the covenants
 Sacrifice their beings with lofty ideals
 To purify mind and heart for brightness

Moses teachings created a stir.
 Parching land was blessed now with rains
 Sudden blossoming of fragrant flowers
 Brought life, joys and merriment to Jews

A new life, a new living, a new gait
 A virtuous assertive life of dignity
 Heads held high sans impetuosity
 Courtesy shown to one & all with sparkling traits

Aroused jealousy among Egyptians masters
 A Council discussed the grave situation
 Pharaoh alerted wrath filled his mind
 He summoned his seers and magicians

Moses brought to Pharaoh's presence
 Questioned Moses beliefs and his faith
 A battle of wits and interplay of Lord's signs
 Lo, the staff of Moses turned to python

In lightening speed swallowed the snakes
 Created with trickery and magic from the ropes
 By magicians, they out of wonder, fell on ground
 Submitted to Moses, but perished in Pharaoh's hands.

Pharaoh refused freedom to Jews
 Despite pestilence and drought
 Floods of blood, swarms of locusts
 Frogs and lice couldn't change his mind.

Pharaoh built a tower of might
 To reach to Moses God of virtue
 But to find disgrace, displeasure
 Ultimately to get drowned in the sea.

Thus, Moses led his people to the promised land
 His staff stuck on ground, streams flowed
 His twelve Jewish tribes found each one
 To cultivate and grow in prosperity.

But devil turned their hearts
 To disobedience and faithlessness
 Sameri turned their gold to a calf
 For worship a false idol, for wrath.

Moses returned from Mount Sinai
 After long penance with Tablets
 Of Ten Commandants for guidance
 Alas, his people had turned away from Truth

A severe test from Lord followed
 For Jews turned arrogant, disobedient
 Sought Manna, food, vegetables of heaven
 A stricken heart is sure to perish.

Moses sought Lord's Grace, His Presence
 Mount Sinai couldn't withstand
 Lord's Effulgence and His Glory
 Reduced to ashes, Moses fallen.

Moses took to penance and prayers
 To seek forgiveness for his race
 Pleading with Lord to restore Grace
 Words of wisdom but with no takers

The ever Merciful again blessed Moses people
Were again declared as a chosen one
And made perfect with great ideals,
Prophet Haroon (Koran) and opulence

But Lord's gifts people squander
Defy Hands of Mercy and Benevolence
Deceit, hypocrisy, lying, falsehood
Are sole elements for man's destruction.

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8.

BIRTH OF JESUS

The times were right for the birth
 Of the promised Messiah
 To again redeem the Jews from Sins
 Who were subjugated by Romans

Divided in tribes and sects
 Deep in dialectic dry debates
 Steeped in usury, deception
 Fraud, crafty cunningness

Sans love and brotherhood, fairness
 The sun had set on Israel
 The chosen race had fallen to decay
 An empty shall sans Kernel

The star of Bethlehem was sighted
 The wise men of the East followed it
 To witness the birth of the "Son of Man"
 The "Roohull Allah" "The Massihullah"

Mary the virgin in severe pain
 In total submission with tears flowing
 Clinging fists, holding the branch
 Of the flowering fragrant tree

The child had spoken from the womb
 Testifying the innocence of Mary
 Of her purity and saintliness
 Of her virtuous, clean living

The child spoke from the cradle
 Warned humanity to hold their tongues
 For the heavenly god had blessed
 Virgin Mary with Lord's spirit

Blown into her by the Angels
 Who had boded glad tidings
 Mary in fright pleaded innocence
 Of none of the man fold touching her

But the Angles spoke of God's decree
 Of a birth of Messiah miraculously
 John baptized Jesus for attainment
 Devil then led him into wilderness

For forty days and nights, he fasted
 To resist and repel all temptations
 To drive away the accursed devil from his midst.
 To put the Devil to shame and prove his innocence.

Jesus spoke Man does not live
 On bread alone; he lives on

Every word that God utters
 “You are not to put God to the test”

Jesus began to proclaim the message!
 “Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is upon you”

What a fortune, what a Divine Grace !
 That stuck those destitute
 Lepers, blind, the deaf, the possessed,
 Who were blessed with the
 Touch of that Great Man,
 The Messiah, the succor
 Who cured, revived, rejuvenate
 In the name of the Lord;
 The Merciful, the Beneficent, The Compassionate

Oh! What a pity, what a misery !
 For the disbeliever, hypocrites
 Who lost faith, the fragrance!
 Who missed the message, perfume
 Who joined the ranks of sinners
 Who jumped into the fire of hell
 Who were dead wood and stones
 A boat sans sails and a rudder !

Oh ! What a miracle ! What a transformation
 A simple man, dressed as a commoner
 Eating with tax gathers and sinners
 A doctor for the sick, Mercy from Heaven

Oh! What a delight and a spectacle !
 Fulfilling the wishes of the disciples,
 Praying for Heaven to transcend
 And spread delicacies on the table
 To eat, rejoice and make feast
 To ever be thankful and joyous.

Oh! What perfect teachings
 Training fishermen as fishers of men
 To grace the poor with serene joys
 To console the sorrowful
 To greet the gentle spirit
 With glad tidings of earthly possessions
 To promise a land of milk and honey
 For the hunger, naked and infirm
 To cleanse the heart and mind.
 To illumine with million lights
 To bless the persecuted and peace makers
 The sufferers and the way wards.

Ah! The Truth personified,
 In a glowing armor
 Of heavenly light and shine
 Gentle like dove pure in speech
 Soft hearted with enlightened soul

To present to the humanity

A gift, a boon, a panacea for ills,
 To rejoice and unburden grief
 To enlighten the minds with purity
 To behold beauty in shining eyes
 To turn hearts to gold and silver
 With a new gait, sweet manners
 To refine life, redefine living
 To make you walk in straight paths
 "To love your enemy and pray for persecutors"
 To live and let live, forget and forgive
 To cheerfully submit to the Master
 To gather crumbs of joys in the begging bowl
 Free your will, gather and fill
 Your hearts with honeyed love
 To be sheep among the wolves.
 To be wary as serpents, innocent as doves.
 Oh! What a pity what a tragedy !
 For the heartless humanity
 To disown, discard, disobey
 To crucify on the stake
 The messenger of peace and love
 Who uttered "Forgive them for they know not".
 Lord, the Merciful, the Magnificent
 Raised His beloved to the Heaven
 Blessed the apostles, his followers
 With Divine grace with bliss
 To follow the teachings of the Messiah
 By leaving the self behind
 With purity of the mind and soul.
 By being virtuous in character
 By being obedient to the Master
 "What God has joined together
 Man must not separate
 Sell your possessions
 And give to the poor
 Then you will have riches
 In the heavenly paradise
 All who take to sword
 Die by the sword, shunned,
 You reap, what you sow
 Always treat others as your like to be treated
 Ask and you will receive
 Seek and you will find
 Knock and the door will be opened
 He who seeks finds
 A good tree always yield good fruit
 And a poor tree, bad fruit
 Show mercy, mercy will be shown
 Love others, others will love you
 Throw not the pearl before swines
 For they know not its value
 Judge not for you will be judged
 Someone slaps on one right cheek,
 Turn and offer the left.

So lofty teachings
So great ideals !
For humanity to yearn
And live in peace.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

9.

BIRTH OF PROPHET MOHAMMED

On being led to the stakes
 Jesus was asked by his followers
 Who would come to them
 To deliver and liberate them.

Jesus the Saviour, the succour
 Was being crudely dealt with,
 At the hands of his people
 Who shunned and accused him.

Now, Lord, wouldn't send
 Any more messengers of Jews
 For Lord's beloved has been
 Made to wear a crown of thorns

Only from the gentiles
 Would be raised a Prophet
 Who would be akin to Moses
 To liberate humanity from abyss.

The prophet of peace and harmony
 Who would unite the people
 Of varied colours and hues
 To an universal brotherhood.

The world lay in darkness
 In steep idolatry and tyranny
 With baby girls being buried alive
 Sans love, affection and unity.

The Lord of the Universe of seven heavens
 Of seven seas, seven oceans
 His prophets, angels, books
 Desecrated, polluted, corrupted.

Women in sorrow and in chains
 Sans rights, treated as chattel
 Profanity, vulgarity, unabashedly practiced
 So also human sacrifices, rape, and loot.

Poor and wretched sans a succor
 Sans equality, freedom and justice
 Compassion, and mercy, a rare dove
 Orphans, widows lived sans love.

The sacred thread of matrimony
 Severed and its pearls thrown asunder
 Devil in men's garb on prowl
 Genie sucking the blood, swarming around.

Synagogues, churches, and temples
 Infested with pests and swine's
 Men in wolf's garb with stony hearts
 Culture and civilization at an darkest hour

A star was born, a light shone
 A manifestation of the ultimate Truth
 Purity in shinning dress dawning
 To cleanse and illumine the universe

To take humanity to zenith of peace
 To open the floodgates of knowledge
 To unite man and man in a single bond
 To liberate the destitute, infirm, oppressed.

From the clutches of dreadful penury
 To soften the hearts and purify minds
 To make the spirit genteel
 To lay a foundation for equality.

Justice to become a paragon of virtue
 Lord of universe to be adored and obeyed
 Feared, and his laws observed
 His will to prevail over humanity

A posthumous child, born, reared by foster mother
 Angels visiting and flooding heart with light
 Cleaning it in perfumes and scents
 Protected by a ring of an aura.

A white cloud to give shade
 Forehead shinning like a bright light
 The birth foretold by Jesus, the Savior
 Mentioned in Holy Books of the East.

The fire of Zoroastrians extinguished
 The jewels in the crown of Khaiser fell
 The attack by Romans on Mecca
 Through elephants repelled divinely.

The Master the leader of Qureshi
 The Trustworthy, Truthful, the Just
 Bringing peace among the warring tribals
 Uniting them to reconstruct the Kaaba

Virtues, gentle to the poor
 Generous and courteous to the core
 Lady Khateja the rich widow
 Sending expeditions to Syria.

With a rich laden caravan
 To trade and barter goods
 Ahmed, the gem of a person
 Handling the business affairs.

With scrupulous honesty
 Captivating the heart of the widow
 Enamoured with the beauty and sterling
 Character of the foretold prophet

Endears her and seeks his hand
 In matrimony in bonds of love
 Serves him dedicatedly generously
 Ahmed, the Qureshi, the succor of the distressed

Opens his heart and treasury to serve them
 Ponders on the exquisite beauty of Lord the Cherisher
 The Compassionate, The Merciful, The Beneficent
 The sole and unique Ruler of the universe.

Shuns idolatry of the Mecca
 Intervenes among warring tribals
 Mediates, compromises the disputants
 Wins hearts laurels and respect.

Ahmed, the chosen, the orphan, the merchant
 The Qureshi, the Hashemi, the Meccan
 Is accepted as the most virtuous
 Man of sterling qualities and piety

Withdraws from the hub and the rub
 Into a cave on the Mount Hira
 In deep penance and meditation
 To reach higher consciousness.

Lo, one day, when he crossed forty
 A light shone in the cave
 Gabriel the Angle in the shining white
 Commands the praiseworthy Mohammed

To recite and read in the name of the Lord
 Mohammed hesitates, pleads ignorance
 Gabriel hugs him tight, to enlighten him
 Mohammed recites the Holy words of Allah.

“Read in the name of the Lord and Cherisher
 who created –
 created man, out of a leach like clot
 Proclaim ! And thy Lord
 Is Most Bountiful
 The use of the pen”
 (S.96 : 1-3)

Mohammed rushes home in fever
 Asks Lady Khateja to rap him in a blanket
 With fright and frozen in chill fear
 To be consoled, comforted by the Lady

Gabriel then command Mohammed
 “O thou folded
 In garments
 Stand (to prayer) by night,

But not all night
 Half of it –
 Or a little less
 Or a little more
 And recite the Quran
 In slow measured rhythmic tones
 Soon shall we send down
 To that a weighty word”
 (S.73 – 1 - 5)

Thus, the message of the Lord of the Heavens
 Of the universe, is revealed
 Gabriel again and again
 Brings the message to recite and deliver :-

“O thou wrapped up
 (In a mantle) !
 Arise and deliver thy warning
 And thy Lord
 Do you magnify
 And thy garments
 Keep free from stain
 And all abomination shun
 Not expect in giving,
 Any increase (for thyself)
 But, for thy Lord’s (cause)
 Be patient and Constant.”
 (S.74 – 1.7)

The heaven protects Mohammed the Prophet
 The messenger of peace to proclaim Islam
 Preaches his brethren will all gentility
 With love, compassion, and sinew.

Merchants slaves destitute women
 Orphans, oppressed, infirm, sick
 Shun idolatry, cleanse themselves
 To pray five times a day

To observe fast for a month
 To give charity for the poor
 To proclaim and submit to Allah
 To worship HIM, the lone Creator.

Who has neither begotten a son, but
 Who is the Creator of the universe
 Who neither sleeps nor winks
 Who is ever Generous, Merciful

Who is Compassionate, Beneficent
 Who is ever protective a Friend
 Who is a Guide, a Giver
 Who is Omnipotent, Omnipresent

Who is Immanent, Eternal
 Who is Ever loving, Forgiving
 Who is the Master of the day of Judgement
 Who calls for account our deeds

Who punishes and rewards
 Who grants Mercy, redemption
 Who blesses with Heaven for virtuous
 Whose wrath is for disobedient

Who punishes niggardly in Hell fire
 Who loves men with virtue, patience
 Who walk in straight path
 Who sing paeans for HIM.

Who take care of aged parents
 Who maintain the bond and ties
 - of the family and neighbours
 who loves those who forget and forgive.

Who takes care of poor and depressed
 Who are ever just and caring
 Who opens the heart and breast
 To his obedient servants.

With million lights of knowledge
 And protects them from the accursed
 Who grants victory to His servants
 Against adversaries & foes.

Who blesses them from Heaven
 With His Bounty and Grace
 Who sees, Hears, Grants
 Who is a Fashioner; Designer

Who exercises His absolute control
 Who is Omniscient, Transcendental
 Who grants Supreme Bliss and Ecstasy
 Who is full of Forgiveness, the Redeemer.

Who is the Dominator and the Bestower
 Who is the Provider and the Opener
 Who is the Arbitrator, The Just
 Who is the Benevolent, The Tremendous.

Mohammed's message was shunned
 Persecuted, harassed, tortured
 Emigrated with Abu Baker to Medina
 To be welcomed with open arms.

To set up the first Mosque
 To regulate the life of his followers
 The virtuous, men of piety
 With love, affection, endearment

With brotherhood, sacrifice
 To be ever obedient and lawful
 Granted just laws for peace
 Women, aged, children, orphans cared;

Protected, cruelty punished
 Marriage institutions saved
 Social life regulated
 Charity made a way of life.

To pray and fast in the name of the Lord,
 To seek, find, merge in the Lord's love
 To love and be loved, to be always just
 To shun idleness, gluttony, idiosyncrasy

To be ever humble, simple, obedient
 To learn, be wise and good to all
 To be tolerant, patient, forgiving
 To bear with injustice, seek Lord's help

To not wage war or create strife
 To compound and compromise
 To be charitable and compassionate
 To be always just and truthful

Mohammed was attacked by Meccans
 Wars after wars were waged
 Mohammed ever forgiving loving
 Patched bonds of peace.
 Compromise showed generosity

United poor & rich, master & servant
 A new social life, a new gait
 A new learning, of excellence
 Opulence and mirth surrendered

Equality and fraternity patched
 Idolatry banished, black magic banned
 Cruelty, wretchedness vanished
 Promiscuity abolished, anger subdued

Licentiousness removed, women respected
 Crime hither to spread, now unheard
 Charity, generosity, hospitality, civility
 Civic sense, good living, respectability

Gentlemenliness, courtesy, becomes
 A watch word, God fearing instilled
 Man and man united universally
 World brotherhood established for peace.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

10.

THE HOLY BOOK

The Holy Book, the Book of Books
 The Mother of all books
 A shining light emanating
 Words of wisdom sparkling
 Those with fear of lord, lurking in heart
 Get guidance, which none can part
 Love begets love, enralls beauty
 Sing Paeans for Lord Almighty
 A guidance to humanity
 Purifies the soul and teaches civility.

11.

LIGH UPON LIGHT – “Noor”

Lord the Magnificent, The Brilliant
 The light of the universe and the world
 Profusely oozing out all through
 Luminously brightening all around
 From chandeliers, lamps, bulbs
 From Sun, Moon, Stars, Meteorites
 Cosmos lit with His munificence
 Utter His name, enlighten, thy soul
 Mind, eyes, sparkle, Lo behold !
 Light upon light, for final merger.

Chennai

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12.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

In the beginning was His name
 The holy of the Holiest name
 To remain for Eternity as ONE
 The sole Ruler, Creator, the DESTRUCTOR
 To withdraw with a command
 When the mothers would throw away their suckling
 When one will not care for the other
 When the sun would come down
 When the stars would be thrown asunder
 When the mountains would melt and scatter
 When a shrill cry will end humanity
 When all would be called for judgement
 When the Great Book would be opened
 When all the actions recorded are read
 When the scales are weighed and justice done
 When every one would get their due share
 When the virtuous would cross the bridge
 When the bridge would be thinner than a hair
 And sharper than the shining sword.
 When the God fearing would pass like lightening
 When the evil doers would fall in the abyss.
 When they would be given hot boiling water to drink
 When the hell fire will engulf the corrupt.
 When surely the day of reckoning would dawn.

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13.

‘MERAJ’ – ASCEND TO THE THRONE

The twenty sixth ‘Rajab’, a glorious day
A day in the life of Prophet Mohammed
To glorify and enlighten the universe
When Lord, summoned him to His presence.

Gabriel descended from Heaven with “Buraq”
A shining white horse, with lightening speed
Woke up Prophet, wrapped in the mantle,
Saluted him and conveyed Lord’s greetings

The bed was still warm, the locket and chain
Of the humble dwelling still tinkling
A moment stood still in silence
When Mohammed ascended the Heaven

Gabriel took Prophet to the Rock of Jerusalem
The holiest of holy place on the earth
Where a grand reception was held
Prophets from Adam stood behind him in reverence.

Gabriel led Mohammed to the threshold
Of the Lord’s throne and stood aside
Pleaded Mohammed to enter into Lord’s presence
Beyond lay the effulgence, to burn his wings

Gabriel tarried, bid Mohamed good bye
A chosen, praiseworthy now in His presence
The Immanent Light of the universe
The Omnipotent, The Omnipresent.

Lord asked Mohammed, what gift he brought
Mohammed offered his tears of love, his services
His supplications, remembrances
Pangs of separation and yearnings.

Lord pleased with the sincere answer
Blessed Peace and Grace on Mohammed
But, the chosen one sought Grace
On all the obedient, God fearing souls.

So pleased was Lord, with Mohammed
That he desired, all his followers
To recite this conversation
In their daily supplications, in ‘Namaz’.

Ordained, Mohammed’s followers
To recite ‘Namaz’; daily prayers
For fifty times from morn to night
In praise of the Lord, the cherishes.

A heavy burden cast on shoulders,

Mohammed descended from Heaven.
Met Moses on the way below
To learn that people would disobey.

Humanity had shown disregard
Disconcern to all Prophets
Disobeyed the Holy commandments
How could they bear this onerous task ?

Mohammed returned to the Lord's presence
To seek redemption and concessions
For his people may abstain from 'Namaz'
For the burden was heavy to bear

Lord the Merciful did grant
His beloved's wish to reduce
The supplication to be performed,
In a day to at least five times.

Moses skeptical, expressed doubt,
For man has been ever niggardly
To keep the commands of Lord
From the times of Father Adam

Gabriel waited at the threshold
Of the Heaven in glory and shine
To show the 'Ab-e-kuwsar' the river of bliss
Which Lord had bestowed on Mohammed.

Lord did converse with Mohammed
When Lord allowed Mohammed
To step close to Him with slippers on
Thou He did command Moses to remove it.

Love, the elixir, the honey of life
Takes one to the greatest heights
To mingle and merge in glory
To see the splendor and the Light.

Rajab : Seventh Islamic Lunar month.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

14

LEFT OUT

Meandering thoughts with confusion,
 A feeling of despondency gripping the mind
 And you find being stuck in quicksand
 Or glued to a sofa cum bed for ever.

You yearn for a goal, an impetus, a jerk,
 A charm, like you felt on your first love
 When you felt the thrill of riding a bike
 On your winning a medallion in a race.

You feel weary, like a left over meal
 Or a sour milk You can't now reverse
 Your attitudes, your feelings, your losses
 For, the Times have passed and you are left out.

15

WASHED OUT

When times don't augur well for you
 When you have no godfather
 When you have no rich legacy
 Then, all your wishes would melt away.

You may have talent and merit
 But without wings and sails
 You may not be able to soar
 To reach heights of glory.

When times don't augur well
 Even mighty men have great fall
 Storms and tempests bring deluge
 And wash away all the glories of life.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

16

BLACK STONE

Let me kiss the Black stone
 The stone, that has stood from Time
 Immemorial, from antiquity
 Preserved by that Great Prophet
 Abraham, installed on the walls
 Of the Holy House of the God
 Kaaba, at Mekka, Arabia
 To beckon seekers to press their lips.

That Black Stone, on which
 My beloved Prophet, The Praiseworthy
 Planted his lips with kisses
 In fond remembrances
 In deep love
 In acknowledgement
 Of the Greatness of the Lord
 Of both the Worlds
 The Merciful and the Beneficent.

17

ENLIVEN YOUR SPIRITS

Let us run and speed away
 From this cramped city living
 Away, away to yonder place
 To enjoy the fresh lovely breeze
 And freedom of living in open
 Be one with greenery and nature.

18

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

Many opportunities come your youthful way
 When you are soaring in high spirits
 When you are a dashing debonair
 A macho, without any concern for life
 You allow it to pass your bridled path
 And give a contemptuous look at it.

Chennai

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19

DREAMS TO LIVE WITH

We sleep with dreams aplenty
 Floating images, jumbled up, confused
 Childhood pleasures and pains erupting
 Unfulfilled desires taking shapes and scaring you.

20

PEACE WITHIN

One has to undergo severe
 Mental and physical sufferings
 Agony and turmoils in life
 Before arriving at the Truth
 A testing time, a period
 Of severe anguish and pain.

On arriving at the Truth
 You reach the stream
 Of fresh, soothing waters
 To quench the thirst
 To gain moments of
 Ecstasy, joy and Supreme –
 Bliss, to bring peace within
 And enlighten the dark soul.

21

WORN OUT POEMS and OLD FRIENDS

Several thoughts have gleamed my mental screen
 Floating images, colourful ideas for a good poem
 Words would flow smoothly and spontaneously
 While I am dreaming; in sweet sleep.

The shrill Cuckoo's songs, the cawing of crows
 The twinkling sound of milkman's cycle, wakes me up
 My poem vanishes in thin air of the morning
 Hardly can I recall the fancy of the theme.

When the idea of the poem rolls back
 It is like a moth eaten tattered book
 A rusted iron railing, an over worn patched dress
 It can neither be mended nor moulded for expression.

Old childhood friends are antique pieces
 They emerge like poems in dreams to vanish
 They have neither zest nor zeal nor enthusiasm
 Except to relate woes and pains of yester years.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

22

AN UNSTEADY PERSON

He is having a wavering mind
 With a panoramic view of the world
 With ideas aplenty and interest many
 Mercurial in nature, shifting like sand.

One day he would talk on one thing
 The next day would dwell on another
 Contradictions and confusions galore
 A mixture of good, bad and ugly.

With zeal he would pick up one work
 But leave it half way undone
 As he would be attracted to a new one
 He never concentrates on one to reach perfection.

He has come to be known to one and all
 As a jack of all but master of none'
 He would be ready at every one's beck and call
 A peculiar character for jest and fun.

23

OF PAST REGRETS

O dear, why does your heart weep?
 Eyes filled with tears and lost looks
 You feel helpless, weak and meek
 The prime of life is now past.

You faced challenges all through
 The sails would always face rough and tough seas
 Sometimes you would give in to the storms
 But your peers would nudge you to move ahead.

Ah ! it is the glamour and glitter around
 The face of beauty, the classy ones
 Whose company and dwellings you missed
 Whose airs and styles you yearned.

But, your hopes for those moments to return
 Is fallacious, for you would have lived
 On borrowed time with fear of death
 And doubt of your returning to original fold.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

24

AH ! RELATIVES

Look, we are shunned, hated and despised
 We are taunted, an easy target for jest and fun
 For those are ones, who are rolling in wealth
 Desires and luxury. Some of them with pride of learning.

We learn secrets of life through bitter fruits of experience?
 We yearn for love, for solace, comfort from relatives
 It remains a mere wish, a dream, a mirage
 To disappear and melt away like clouds.

Ah relatives ! our own blood, flowers of same garden
 You are endowed with deep propensity to cause hurt !
 To make us weep and carry wounds all over
 That don't heal, but bleed, to leave pain, and agony?

25

LADY FATHIMA

What a lovely lady she is !
 Angelic with wings of love
 To take you along in the sky
 To touch the horizons of ecstasy

Colourful roses emitting fragrance
 Sweetness spreading in the air
 Our lovely Lady's benign smile
 Charming features display eminence.

O Lady Fathima ! May the Choicest
 Blessings of the Seven Heavens
 Shower on thy pleasantness
 On Thy Holy soul for ever.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

26

OH PRAISE !

One day praise bloomed
To shower its flowers
On a man full of vanity,
With pelf and power.

It passed by a humble man
With head down, in prayers
Who took no notice; therefore,
Praise bowed and left him calm.

But vanity, on flowers being showered
Soared sky high like a kite.
When the wind blew hard
It dashed and broke its crown.

Men of dust, on praise
Raise themselves in air
Creating smog and dust
Which none can bear.

Chennai

S.L. peeran

27

CHANGING SEASONS

Season of lovely spring
 With colourful flowers of hues
 Pleasant for eyes to view
 For fragrance and honey.

Season of warm summer
 For fruits and juices
 For pickles and jams
 For joys and mirth.

Season of storms and rain
 Lightning and thunder
 To plough and sow
 To work and serve.

Season of wintry cold
 For warmth and love
 To care and share
 With guest and rest.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

28

TRANSCIENCE OF LIFE

When I watch ruins of bygone eras
 A feeling of sadness and remorse
 Engulf me leaving me dazed

Men of might, power and pelf
 Monarchs or men of piety
 The great and small are no more
 Wiped out, unto dust, consigned.

What to come of us, with fleeting
 Time, withering age, changing
 Seasons, kith and kin passing away
 Leaving us in desolate feeling.

Memory of every one waning
 History written and re-written
 With many scientific inventions
 Changing the way of life?

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

29

TOTAL DARKNESS

Brick over brick, layer over layer
 Multi-storied huge sky scrappers
 Roads and highways, without greenery
 Fast trains with passengers clinging.

Expanded vast humanity
 Dwindling resources, with increasing
 Arms arsenal, without
 Any safety valve for peace.

In this blind world, with fool's around
 The dark one's unable to think
 To soar, to fly, to reach higher planes
 Blinded in disillusion, with pelf and show.

Nuclear, atomic power in such hands.
 Is a threat to humanity
 To the peace and happiness,
 To plunge man into total darkness.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

30

A VICTIM IN HIS OWN CAGE

In moments of ecstasy and joys
 When all caution and care
 Are thrown to the winds
 A stab from the loved ones.

Ah ! what a perfect stab?
 At the bottom of the heart
 Where lays the longings
 Dreams and jewelled love.

Like a nun robbed of her flower ___
 A fresh spring polluted ___
 Suckling child snatched away
 Like being left in a parching desert.

Oh dear ones ! Beware! A hunter gets hunted
 To become a victim in his own cage.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

31

MAN OF LOVE

I should have sailed
 Alone, all alone
 All by myself
 With my own dreams.

I should have trodden
 My own lonely path
 All by myself
 With my clear thoughts.

I should have faced
 The storms and tempests
 All by myself
 Without calling for help in distress.

I should have been
 The lone ranger
 The lone adventurer
 The lone man of love.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

32

LET US FIGHT BACK

Let us fight back
 The tears that well up
 Now and then like storms
 To flood and corrode the being

Let us fight back
 The hatred that fills
 The heart and mind
 Like fire to engulf it.

Let us fight back
 The horrible thoughts
 That fills the empty head
 To strike the enemy.

Let us fight back
 Our selfish indifference
 And extend help
 To men in distress.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

33

GLASS HOUSE

My body is of shining glass
 And heart a glistening mirror
 It reflects the splendours
 And cosmic rays and colours.

I am a glass house
 Do not throw stones at me
 Even if you have any grouse
 For, I reflect whatever I see

Men may lie, women may lie
 But my mirror speaks the truth.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

34

HEARTFUL MELODIES

Give me the notes of the soothing
 Melodious music that thrill the heart
 A million times, and turns it to love.

Give me the mind that is n't weak
 That is n't meek that isn't feeble
 That is n't tyrant, that isn't oppressive.

Give me the heart that is soft
 That is calm, that is crystal clear
 That is a mirror reflecting love.

Give me the love, that isn't selfish
 That isn't demanding; that isn't jealous
 But is ever pure and sublime.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

35

SCARE CROW

I am a scare – crow withstanding
 Vagaries of unkindly weather
 Scaring away the crows, birds
 And evil eye that destroy the crops.

I don't complain or weep
 Or grieve over my condition
 I have no one for company
 Nor a home for comfort.

I do my duty silently
 Grinning all the while
 Spreading both my arms
 And standing on the pole.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

36

COURAGE OF CONVICTION

Is n't it difficult to hold on
 To decisions and resolutions
 Taken by us, sworn by us
 To remain steadfast, to standby.

A little storm, a windy weather
 A sultry day, in desolation
 In distress, in pain and sorrow
 We flounder and break our promises.

Let's throw this garb of hypocrisy
 This glib and oily art
 To please and displease persons
 Oh ! isn't it difficult to remain simple?

To walk in straight line
 To swim against currents
 To fly in stormy weathers
 One needs courage of conviction.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

37

TWINKLE LIKE STAR

You need to achieve nobility
 Earn respect through character
 Correct living, by keeping
 Your word to reach the shores of bliss.

You need to choose a path
 Laid across with flowers
 Of Truth, emitting fragrance
 Of sincerity and colours of honesty.

You need to refine your inner self
 Cut your vanity, subdue ego
 To shine like diamonds
 To twinkle like stars in dark skies.

38

MERCY and LOVE

You need to remind of MERCY
 To overcome fears of unknown
 To combat the unsurmountable.

Love is a candle of hope
 To burn, to show light
 Towards eternal life.

You need to stir your ship
 In the ocean of life
 To the safest shores.

39

OUR OWN ENEMY

Our greatest enemy is ourselves
 Our beliefs, our rites, our icons
 Our behaviour, our taboos
 Our superstitions, our manners
 Our ego, our anger, our jealousies
 Our lust, our desires, our hates

Let us cast away, break away
 From these shackles and chains
 Release our hearts from them
 To enable the springs of love
 To flow, to glow and gush
 Life always has a glimmer of hope
 A warmth of innocence, and is also
 Just, compassionate and merciful.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

40

STARS THAT SHINE FOR EVER

Millions appear as meteorites
 Shine for a while with a long tail
 And disappear from the horizon
 Of life and merge in darkness.

Millions yearn to glow like a lamp
 To burn and emit light in their huts
 But destiny leaves them in darkness
 They grope their way to falter again and again.

Millions burn day in and day out
 Like a candle from both ends
 Without leaving for any one even ashes
 For merger in the Holy waters.

A few in millions twinkle in the dark sky
 To emerge at the fall of dusk every day
 To emit light to guide
 Their fellow men to straight paths.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

41

A ROCK

My friend was like a rock, a cave
 In which I took refuge
 Rested, comforted, solaced
 I felt protected and armed.

My weak feeble body
 Would feel strong
 My shattered nerves
 Would regain its composure.

Like a bird, I would
 Perch on his strong body
 Feel light, rid of my weight
 Of my burdens
 Of my worries
 Of my weaknesses.

My journey would appear
 To have sailed smoothly
 To shores, reached destination
 Weathering storms and tempests.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

42

INNER VOICE

I felt shattered, broken
 Friendless, a destitute
 Crippled with torn sails
 With contemptuous smiles
 And scornful looks
 Teasing and tearing me.

I looked all around for help
 My distress call ignored
 Left in storms and tempests
 My frail body shivering in cold
 When I lost hopes from all
 A divine voice gave strength and guided me.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

43

CAUGHT UNAWARES

I am yet to regain
 My composure, my stature
 It is too sudden, too quick
 My firm ground now shaken
 I am exposed to multitudes
 Unarmed, caught unawares.

The loss of my bosom friend
 Who comforted and gave solace
 Protected me from adversaries
 Like a rock stood by my side

Alas, his sudden passing away
 Has caused eclipse in my life.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

44

BLISS AMIDST POVERTY

Ah ! we are impoverished
 Poor wretched souls
 With dwellings, which
 Despise the rich

Our bodies smell
 With unkempt hair
 Torn patched clothes
 Diseased bodies.

But world's riches do not
 Tempt us to steal
 Nor our anger to kill
 Nor jealousy to harm.

A divine light dwells
 In our hearts
 To console, give solace
 To be at peace and in bliss.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

45

SMOOTH LIFE

The brighter the light
 The darker is the shadow
 Mightier a person
 Greater is his problem
 Higher you climb,
 Heavier is the pressure
 More sincere and truthful a person,
 For him, life sets sails smoothly.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

46

CREATOR AND CREATION

Light is brightness and energy
 Shadow is dark and dingy
 Reflections, unclear and hazy
 Of reality, but, not mirror image.

Is Man a mirror image of God?
 Or a shadow or a manifestation?
 A thing, an object
 A machine, can be made
 From a figment of a thought brought into reality
 But, it cannot be a creator, perse.
 Can Creator be perceived through His creation?
 You can feel His hand, but not see Him
 He is beyond human conception
 He is beyond human intelligence.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

47

LIGHT and SHADE

Where there is creation there is destruction
 Where there is life there is death
 Where there is system there is chaos
 Where there is light there is shadow
 Where there is desire there is hatred
 Where there is blessing there is curse
 Where there is illness there is cure
 Where there is health there is disease
 Where there is joy there is grief
 Where there is wealth there is poverty
 Where there is growth there is decay
 Where there is drive there is lethargy
 Where there is honesty there is corruption
 Where there is beauty there is ugliness.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

48

PIOUS MEN

Have you seen birds ever stopping in mid flight
 Trees moving around, stars coming down
 Ghosts appearing in broad day light
 Thunder and lightning occurring on a clear sky?

You can't shut the light that pierces
 The darkness that surrounds
 The changing seasons, the reverberating sounds
 The pollution, the disorder, that life presents.

Suddenly virtuous men, saints, prophets appear
 In an age full of turmoils, chaos and wars
 Like rainbows on dark clouds of pathos
 To cheer men and clear minds from grief.

Pious men are beacon of light
 A light house of knowledge and will power
 To dispel doubt and darkness
 To lead men to solace and peace.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

49

QUATRAINSLongings

Let my longings remain as a secret
 Let them not be exposed to the cold reality
 Of life to freeze in chill weather
 Let their warmth remain in my dreams.

Finding Solace

He is trying to find solace and solutions
 Amidst the mystery created by mystics
 In their myths, fictions and legends
 He is refusing to face the reality of life.

Humility

You may reach any heights in life
 Or remain penniless, without any position
 But, it is very difficult to scale
 And reach the heights of humility.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

50

ANGELS OF MERCY

O Beloved show Thy effulgence
Thy Mercy, Grace and warmth

Before Thy chilly hands touch my heart
To snuff out its longings and throbs

Let my face glow and be serene
For onlookers to yearn for Thee

Let there be flowers all the way
Fragrance pervading the air.

Let the angels of Mercy with a smile
Receive my soul with both their hands.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

51

PURIFIED SOUL

O Angels of Mercy !
Do take my dark soul
To the furnace of hell
To lighten my darkness.

Dark soul would become red hot
To yearn and long for Thy Mercy
Let Mercy flow like milk
To heal and turn the soul to light.

A purified soul glows bright
Light merges with light
O Angels of Mercy, your Grace
Purifies my dark soul.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

52

FREEZING WEATHER

Searching for lost glories
 For regaining name and fame
 For the lost voice of nightingale
 For the lost youth and charm

Is like searching for wealth
 In dustbins and in garbage
 For rain during thick of summer
 And sunny weather in deep winter

Life is full of dreams
 Unfulfilled like mirages
 To disappear like clouds
 On a hot summer day.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

53

WEAVE FABRIC

There can't be resistance
 To severe life currents
 Compelling circumstances
 That change the course of living

A fall of big banyan tree
 Deprives many living creatures
 Of umpteen utilities they derive
 And the lives that flourish around it.

Life is like 'three ring circus'
 Jumbings and jugglery around
 Those who survive are like threads
 That weave fabrics of utility.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

54

HUMILIATE MAN

A wound in the stomach
 An ulcer in the mouth
 Parching and splitting headache
 On a wedding feast day.

Torrential rain, flooded streets
 Leaky houses sans tarpaulins
 Without supply of electricity
 And all communications snapped.

A famous actor abducted by a bandit
 Sudden strike, chaos and bedlam
 All essential commodities disappear
 Sans medicines or first aid for sufferers.

A personal calamity or a communal
 Disharmony or break down of law
 And order, or force majoris
 Calamity reigns supreme to humble man.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

55

INDIAN SERVICES

They have achieved their goal
 After years of study and competition
 Proudly they move about with chins ups
 As public servants of Indian Services.

Dressed in safari or blazer suit,
 Move in ambassador cars red light atop
 Menial servants and public humbling before them,
 Receiving as gifts 'Bagpiper' and 'Royal Salute'.

Now, they have achieved full freedom
 From study of classics, philosophy and poetry
 No more they need to meditate and pray
 Life is full of bon homie and charm.

They are welcomed in all Five-Star
 Hotels, Golf Club, Service Club and Race Club
 With wife, mistress or girl friends
 They are the envy of all dear and near ones.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

56

DEATH'S TRUMPET

Now, the death's trumpet has been blown
 The brilliant blue sky has turned red
 Soil barren, parched with cracks
 Stony hearts, demoniac fingers on Nuclear buttons.

Arise, awake, stop the demons
 Oh ! Sleepy faded mahatmas
 Rishis, peers, sadhus, swamies
 Your ego bloated with pelf and haughtiness?

You have all provoked the Angels
 The God of Mercy and Compassion
 Is shedding tears in grief and pathos
 At the sufferings of millions in yokes.

Alas, Alas, the time is lost
 The white dove with stalk of peace
 Now engaged with wings clipped
 The road of peace lies drowned in sea of turmoil.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

57

ALAS, MY NEEM !

Homes with 'tulsi' plant for luck and prosperity
 Turmeric and 'kumkum' for benevolence
 Tamarind, 'pudinah' spices for health
 Honey, milk, butter and curd for purity.

Ah ! My elixir Neem, now all foreign brands
 Our voids shed tears in melancholia
 For our ancient system has turned synthetic
 Now, we have entered an age of plastic.

Alas, Alas, where is the dawn's "bhairavi"
 The love filled Mira's and Kabir's 'bhajans'
 Sonorous 'Muezzin's call for peace
 The ring of bells for cheer and happiness.

My brothers, up in arms with might and power
 Hissing, spewing fire and brimstones
 Provoking Devas, 'Ashuras' and Archangels
 Now, 'Yama' is ready for destruction.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

58

GOOD LUCK

All the luck
 and
 Good wishes
 for
 Great success
 in
 Examination of Life.
 May you sail
 smoothly
 Amongst all the
 storms
 Turmoils and tempests
 and
 Reach the shore
 safely
 Soundly with all your
 cargo
 And merchandise
 to
 Make huge profits
 with
 Lots and lots of love.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

59

DREAMS

Dreams, dreams and dreams
 For you need to dream in this life
 They are the signs of your self
 Patterning, designing, focussing
 Visualising hopes, tensions releasing
 Fears, angers, anxieties and tribulations,
 Disappointments, compulsions
 Taking shape into fantasies
 Dreams are psychiatrist's tools
 To uncover your hidden self
 To pry into your unconscious pranks
 Dreams are spiritualist's lessons
 To measure your inner self
 Dreams are lover's inner self
 Dreams are lover's yearnings and nightmares.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

60

JUSTICE DONE

The clock strikes in the morning daily ten
I bow in Court and start to pen
The daily routine has surely begun
To hear cases and cases of alleged sin
Where there has been injustice done
It is corrected there and then
Where there is a wrong done
By law breakers with all their impunity
Mighty lawyers cannot save actions punitive
Punishment stringent is imposed without immunity
Thus every wrong doer is brought to book
Though justice takes its own time to look.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

61

EARLY MORNING DAWNS

You know the black crow the wretched bird
 Without any beauty of colours or a pleasing note
 But it is the first to give a call to wake you up
 The 'Koel' joins in and lets out a shrill cry.

Oh ! it is too early to get up
 You cover up, curlup and go back to sleep
 More crows join to lend support; the sparrows
 Squirrels too, sing in chorus to beckon the light.

The darkness recedes slowly and steadily
 Morning wind flows softly and lightly
 The petals of sweet jasmine, rose, champak, gulmohar
 Slowly open their budding eyes, emitting fragrance.

The grasshopper, cricket, the ants and the honey bee
 Make a beeline to collect the dew and the manna
 The cow moos, dogs bark and the horses neigh
 All join to dance, sing in chorus to welcome the light

The milk man is ready to milk the cow
 Farmers pick up the plough to till and sow
 Woodcutter, the axe to collect the fire wood
 Newspaper boy readies his cycle to go around.

Poojaries, muezzins, padres begin worship
 Musicians with instruments to sound their notes and 'Ragas'
 Housewives are first to light the 'deepa' to gods
 Sleepy children, unwillingly are pulled out of bed.

Our Civil servant, the lazy goon, the sloth
 In a daze, he rolls in his bed like a royal one
 Late night drinks are yet to wear off,
 The morning coffee in his bed is too early for him.

Life begins for every one with hustle and bustle
 Serpentine queues and lines, you see everywhere
 Maddening rush heavy traffic sprays smog in the air
 The beauty of nature slowly begins to fade.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

62

ACCIDENT CLAIMS

The accidental deaths in gruesome ways on roads,
 Rail accidents, earthquakes, drownings, catastrophies,
 Massive deaths in cyclones, police firings and riots
 Death in the hospitals due to fate or negligence of doctors.

Mangled bodies with limbs and organs ripped apart
 Tragic deaths befalling those, who do not dare
 Unlike soldiers, who kiss death to become heroes
 Whose families are protected and taken every care.

Call it fortune or misfortune, some survive
 To suffer untold hardships, paralysed
 Maimed, handicapped, fleeced by doctors, lawyers, all
 A trauma to them and their families forever to bear.

A little injury though not lasting or grave,
 But sufferings exaggerated and tall claims made
 Feigned illness, disability pronounced
 For larger share in hefty insurance or accidents' claim.

Strange are the ways of Nature indeed
 While for some, it is tragedy in real sense
 While for others, it is a stroke of boon
 But vultures around to fleece their fortunes.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

63

SATURN "SHANI"

I am pathos and grief, in its depth
 It flows smoothly in my veins
 I emit its pangs and its breath
 My being is sustained in its grains.
 Thunder and lightning, storms and tempest
 Caused by me to work havoc
 Like Atlas, I carry over my shoulders
 The sorrows and miseries of the planet
 I am that saturn, the dreaded
 With rings around for the accursed.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

64

“LAJJA” SHAME

Million eyes looking at you
 With bewilderment, anger and shame
 Piercing you like sharp arrows
 For you have eaten Eden's apple.

You wish you weren't alive
 Like Sita begging the Mother Earth
 To open up and swallow you
 For your love has been betrayed.

Oh man ! you are strange indeed
 You create dreams and illusions
 For a lovely woman to elope with you
 At last you leave her to decay.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

65

LIE FLAT

At times, a feeling of revolt and tumults in the chest
 With fiery eyes and throbbing heart
 Blood moving like lightning in the veins
 Head bursting with shots from torpedoes.

A momentary eruption like passing clouds
 On the ego being hurt, self respect humiliated
 Injustice hurled and your lawful dues snatched
 And abuses, lies heaped on coverless head.

You fall on the ground like a torn kite
 Bursting like balloon and you lie flat
 You have neither the strength nor the will
 To rise up and lift yourself above the circumstance.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

66

DAILY HAWKER

The hawker passes by everyone's house
 Daily bawling out again and again yet again
 Though none may buy, yet he has no grouse
 He lives on hopes, to make one day gain
 By selling his wares to rich or poor
 Uniform in courtesy for one and all
 Moves about tireless from door to door
 Cheerful and content in his duty's call
 Sings his own songs till life wears
 Unburdens his soul and hardship bares.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

67

DARE ME

Has one dared to swim in an ocean
 Or in deep sea infested with sharks
 In gushing rivers with severe currents
 During gale, thunder, storms and tornadoes
 Dared to climb steep snowy mountains
 Braved the dreaded tigers in deep jungles.

Man has braved for space odyssey
 To land on moon, mars and journey beyond
 But failed to catch Veerappan, the dreaded bandit
 End rigging, horse trading, scams, water shortage.

Noble men in search of elixir and utopias
 Puritans in vain look for righteousness
 Recluse and ascetics search for bliss
 And our humble citizens for a peaceful living.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

68

GRACE OF MOUNTAINS

I am a rat holed up in a mountain
Which is mighty, strong for every one to see
To a humble creature like me
It acts as a protective curtain.

Ascetics do penance for peace here
Fierce tigers also seek shelter
Jungles are for every one so dear
Grace of Mountains charms everyone.

Life is precious, you can't kill
Even if I am small and tiny
All have empty stomachs to fill
Twinkling stars, though specks, are bright.

Oh ! Mountain, you are really great
Every one seeks your eternal beauty.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

69

ALAS! WOMAN!

Cuddled lovingly in mother's arm
 Wistfully playing with sisters
 In the care of grand mother's
 Aunts, cousins and 'ayahs', galore.

Nursed affectionately, kisses aplenty
 Taught alphabets, numbers, words
 Manners, culture and of God, the Holy
 Oh Mother, sisters, aunts, grannies
 Thou were my cradle of love.

Shying away in school from girl mates
 Not casting eyes on sprouting beauties
 Nor prying into their deep secrets,
 In their world of woes and miseries.

The soothing lullabies, the 'bhajans',
 Love songs of Latha, Asha and Suraiya
 The exquisite beauty of actresses
 Bridal dresses, silks, jewellery and bangles.

Tasteful gourmets, 'biryanies', 'jullabies'
 The art, dance, music and fun
 Beauty in their eyes, eyebrow, plait
 All created versions of marvellous nobility.

Reality dawned one day on my unexposed
 Young mind, ever protected like, Siddharth.
 On exposed to truth, I felt repulsed
 The face of widowhood covered within a sea of torment.

Shockwaves shattered me on watching woman
 In 'pardah', they hide their shame, misery
 Despondencies grip their mute lives
 Vultures around to peel their bodies

Like bullocks, bitches, goats, heifers,
 Beaten, sloughed, robbed and ravished
 Degraded, weather beaten and distraught
 Oh woman! Thou, a mother, now ploughed.

Men are devil incarnates though,
 To fill fire in the belly of women
 Cow dungs, broomsticks, sickles in their hands
 Iron shackles in legs and cudgels around their neck.

Oh Adam! You blame her for your sin!
 Degrade her to hell, eat her flesh
 Swim in her blood, make fire of her bones
 Bury a baby girl and hang a pretty house wife!

70

BIRTH OF CIVILISATION

How do you calm the stormy tumult
 The fiery tempest, and tornadoes
 Raging infernos, blasting torpedoes?
 Hell let loose, destroying the Beauty
 Devastation, destruction, damnation
 Is it Mercy's caesarian operation?
 To present a clean blackboard, a slate
 A fresh white sheet to pen a new script
 How wonderful the shining steel sword looks?
 A creation through furnace blasting,
 Cast, burnt, rolled, beaten and polished.
 Bright luminous flame glows on burning
 Toil, blood, sweat of hungry millions of slaves
 And their sacrifices go to create civilizations.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

71

A RIDE IN A METALLIC BIRD

Slowly lifting up in the air
 Is the marvel of human discovery
 The huge metallic bird in the sky
 With a big belly and silvery wings.

Up it goes beyond the thin clouds
 Peeping from its round glassy eyes
 Looking down below, everything looks plain
 Checkered boards, sandy hills hardly you find.

Inside the belly, with seats aplenty
 With beautiful maidens as hostesses
 Serving with a broad smile, tea and biscuits
 Hovering eyes with hungry looks, pining for them.

The buzzing sound piercing your ears
 Feelings of butterflies in your stomach
 You fly and fly far above the ground
 Crossing miles and miles in a flicker of your eye.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

72

ENGLISH MAN – THE WHITE ONE

We met him after a long, long search
 Now, we acquire his legacy, manners and culture
 His rhymes and rhythm his syntax and poesy
 Gone are the powers of mighty and kings of stature.

Oh, he is that white man, the English man
 Who lived here in India, in our Bharat
 Upturned this land and its people
 Drew from its bowels gold, and ivory.

Infused learning, discipline and righteousness
 Value for time and drove out lethargy
 Made us look for future but not in Heaven
 Or in myths or in superstitions.

Turned the wild, shrew and the uncouth
 Into gentlemen to move about in style
 Made hot headed to look straight and clear
 Rekindled the spirits of vagabond and the fool.

The Hindu worships the power of the Sun
 While Muslim negates polytheism and idols, he shuns
 Might and glory of India lay in hands of both
 Mutual respect is freedom, success it brings forth.

The white man succeeded in turning the affairs bright
 Individuality he retained, yet infused dignity and poise
 Respect for self and established right
 A welfare state for well-being of all.

Meeting the Englishman was nostalgic one
 A history to remember of the glorious past
 For the stupendous efforts and the works done
 To cherish the legacy, though time flies fast.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

73

HOPES AND DREAMS

We need hopes to overcome failures,
Desolate feelings and to turn our blues.
To overcome the bitter taste of defeat;
To maintain the garden of virtues.

We need to dream of rainbows
On the horizon of love and affection
For a better morrow and joys
To retain happiness and harmony.

We need to have courage of conviction
To struggle in the currents of life;
Where dangers and challenges are many;
Where mirages mislead the waywards.

We need to have serenity of mind,
Patience and moral strength to withstand;
The turbulent storms in the sea,
To set the sails safely to the shores.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

74

UNSHAKEABLE TRUTH

Waited have I for long
At your closed door step
Open up now, for I need to say
What I feel about you.

Unconcerned am I of your reaction
You may like it or not
I shall speak with clear mind
Pure heart – the unshakeable TRUTH.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

75

RETURN TO THE FOLD

You are too used to adulation
 Praise has fattened you
 You are unable to see
 Your own shadow _ your enemy,

Now the apple of your eye
 Has been snatched away from you
 You are left in desperation
 In darkness, the light is spent.

Look up now to the Lord, the merciful
 Who blessed you with wealth
 Health, happiness and position
 Seek pardon and return to His fold.

Grieve not, curse not, be patient
 Turn your heart to pure love
 Seek Grace, you shall find
 Solace, peace of mind and wisdom.

76

DISAPPEARANCE OF A SON

Sudden disappearance
 Of an only charming son
 Dawn of youth or moments
 Of rashness and revolt?

A colt bolting away speedily
 Vanishing in a flash
 Causing lightning and thunder
 And cataclysmic shocks.

Unconcerned of traumas
 Of laying icy hands
 On the warm throbbing hearts
 To let unabated streams of tears.

Causing pangs of separation
 Agony and mental stress
 To a perfect ideal couple
 Who were the envy of every eye.

Setting a gloomy darkness
 Eerie and uncanny silence
 A moonless night without
 Twinkling stars, dashing hopes.

Oh ! life now on tenter hooks
 Choking throat with pebbles and thorns.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

77

EVER IN SEARCH

My mind is ever in search
 Of my dear lost loved one
 Through my mind's search beam
 Looking all over the world
 In a flash penetrating deep woods.
 In another moment in all markets
 My mind chases each and every clue
 To uncover the possibility
 Of my loved one hidden from me
 In some nook and corner
 Of an unknown secret place
 Hidden away from every eye
 O ! my beloved, my darling
 Come and meet my longing eyes.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

78

MY SUNKEN EYES

My chattering mind, unstoppable
 My eye's longings, unabated
 My heart's throbbing, continuous
 O my beloved, turn to me, my love !
 Every breath is charged now _
 Blood is fired in flames
 Now it has turned blue.
 O my love, look at me, O beloved!
 I search for you in every corner
 I rush, where angels fear to tread
 Every mirage is a hope dashed
 Dawn and dusk are pangs of love
 My love will never wane in dullness
 My sunken eyes yearn and yearn for Thee.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

79

LOVE BETRAYED

O dear ! you are apple of my eye
 Your very thoughts cause ripples
 An elation, euphoric feeling
 An ecstasy and a gleaming joy.

But alas ! what a rude shock
 You gave me a jolt to my love, to
 My affection, to my trust and sincerity
 Unknown to me, you bore malice.

Love shared, feelings reciprocated
 Is a high yielding tree bearing fruits
 Sweet like honey; sought by one and all
 Duality in love; a sour fruit, to shun.

Love betrayed is setting of gloom
 Darkness in broad day light
 Life without its salt and pepper
 Decorative flowers without fragrance.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

80

ABSENCE OF A FRIEND

Streaks of brilliance at dawn
 Splashing on the blue canvas
 Multi colours of various hues
 Brightening and cheering life.

O my friend, your absence
 At this hour of tinkling music
 Birds chirping, cool breeze
 Spreading fragrance all over.

Has spelt darkness and gloom
 Life taking a tumble without glory
 Charm is missing from beauty
 O my friend, where are you?

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

81

O LOVE !

O love ! Are thou a commodity
 To be bargained for sale or purchase
 Or brought to attention by command
 Can you be demanded as a blessing?

Can you be booked for indiscretion
 Charged for overstepping limits
 Beheaded like Mansur Hallaj or sarmad
 Or crucified like Jesus for loving?

O love! Can you be sweet, yet sour?
 Can love bear malice or ill repute?
 Does it have thousand frailties?
 To be burnt like a pretty house wife?

O love! Why do you call for proof?
 For severe test and 'agni pariksha'
 Aren't you boisterous like turbulent sea?
 You have created these turmoils, for what?

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

82

MOMENTS OF CHILLNESS

Your deep silence oblivious of my presence _
 My depths of love, care and sacrifice
 My griefs, sorrows and pains
 O my love! Don't forsake me.

Thunder and lightning with lashing rain
 Deluge and floods; nature's show of compassion
 Interplay between heaven and earth
 For men to share grief and pain.

But, my dear's silence is an empty void
 A prison with walls all around
 To stare bluntly at emptiness
 Separation and silence are moments of chillness.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

83

PREFER MAD WORLD

I looked out of the window _
 I found empty space
 A total void, a screen
 A white curtain spread all over.

A chilly silence, icy moments
 Pathos and grief overwhelming
 Millions have passed this path
 This path of graveness and stillness.

Let's rush, where birds chirp
 With greenery around with fresh breeze
 Where life bubbles, culture abounds
 Where madness corrupts not the soul.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

84

GOD, WHERE?

Where is the god, you speak about?
 In the ashrams, in temples, in gurudwaras
 In the synagogue, church, in mosque
 In the 'bhajans', 'homas', 'shanthi poojas'.?

Where is the god, you speak about?
 In jihad, in passing strictures, in purdah,
 In talisman, in Omens, in superstitions
 In wearing white cap, long cloak, kurta, pyjama
 In 'namaz', in 'zikr', in 'Zakat', in 'Haj'?

Where is the god, you speak about?
 In setting up schools, colleges, institutions
 In hospitals, old age homes, orphanages
 In leprosariums, in remand homes, in prisons?

Where is the god, you speak about?
 In slums, squalor, poverty, disease
 In sanyasies, 'devadasies', fakirs, sadhus,
 In riches, in games, in dancing hall, in night clubs?

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

85

FLEECE AS THEY PLEASE

Butterfly girls hopping from flower to flower
 Sucking nectar emptying the sweetness
 Corrupting the soul of the charming youths
 To make them dance to their tunes.

Senseless godmen holding sway
 Over god fearing men of clay
 Exploiting in the name of the god
 Money, honour, time with glee.

Clever cheats showing heaven in their palms
 To rob investors of their small savings
 To gobble the same, to seek liquidation
 Of their companies; to enjoy the loot.

Glib glitter attracts you all around
 This every day “maya”, plots against you
 To make you sick and seek health and peace
 But, doctors and lawyers, fleece as they please.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

86

PRYING INTO SECRECY

Prying into other's secrets
 Into their personal world
 A pleasurable pastime
 Or inquisitive journalism?

Invasion of privacy by gadgets
 Eavesdrop, tele-tapping, censor of letters,
 Unmindful of inflicting sorrows
 Shock waves and shame to them.

Floating rumours maliciously
 To arouse jealousy and hatred,
 Bring bad blood, misunderstandings
 A serious damage to reputation.

Loss of name, fame and nobility
 Is a loss of life time's earnings,
 Legacy gained through ages, ruined
 Biography written by perverted minds.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

87

MOTHER'S TEARS

These unrelenting stream of tears
 From the eyes of a mother
 A matron, a picture of holiness
 Compassion, love and care.

On the loss of an only son
 A young charming youth in prime
 A paradigm in every one's eye
 With hopes of brilliance and eminence.

These tears are real pearls and gems
 Shed from the bottom of the heart
 Saved from the womb and crystallised from blood
 Milky tears are cloud burst of pathos and grief.

Oh ! the darling now is a sparkling star
 To shine and shine in the dark skies
 For ever and ever till timeless eternity
 Mother's tears are an ocean of love.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

88

PIERCING WORDS

Those piercing words, razor sharp
 Shot with arrows of envy and wrath
 Shattering the veil of innocence
 Refinement and landing on heart.

In the heart of memory, to remain
 Like fangs of deadly snake
 To strike now and then, at ease
 To break the glistening mirror of heart.

Are these venomous curses rooted
 In the painful cavities of oppressed
 To shoot out as bullets, when harmed
 To lodge in the tyrannical minds?

Are these tenterhooks of words
 Of cynicism to merge in blood
 To turn milk of kindness to hatred
 To erupt now and then for revenge?

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

89

SOUL'S OUTPOURINGS

When the soul gets entangled
 In webs of sharp wires, in tenterhooks
 In pangs of conscience

When the soul gets caught
 Between the evil's delight
 And body's pleasures

When the soul gets entrapped
 In the guilt of grave sins
 And in the troubled mind

When the soul gets anguished
 At the sorrows and pains
 At the destruction of good

It is the time for the soul
 To sing, pray and meditate
 On the Higher Being for solace and grace.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

90

HUMBLE LIFE

As I was nursing my charming life
 With all the pleasantness, it could present
 With all the joy and happiness it could give
 Walking with grace, dignity and poise.

Lo! A bolt from the blue struck me
 Drowning me in waves and waves
 With realities, hard facts of life glaring
 With friends turned foes, I, left in desolation.

Running from pillar to post, being of no avail
 'Sade Sati', cried the soothsayer !
 A period without shade for protection
 To roam from door to door for clemency.

Is patience, mother of virtue, the only guide
 To temper the ruffled feelings as a balm?
 Hard times, grinds the sullen pride
 To prepare one to live a humble life.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

91

ALAS INDIANNESS !

Ah ! you are throwing stones at me
 Carrying cudgels around with black caps
 Demanding from me return of honour
 Of ancestors of bygone eras.

Demolishing with fervour and zeal
 Some dilapidated centuries old
 Heritage, to assuage false pride
 And exposing shamelessly your cowardice!

Challenging my Indianness, seeking
 Restoration of my ancient sudra name
 Crying hoarse of my changed identity,
 Now, proclaiming your supremacy !

Alas! Where is the Buddha's middle path
 Mahavira's ahimsa, love and grace
 Ashoka's charity, Rama's valour
 Krishna's truthfulness, Nanak's brotherhood?

Parched soil is burning farmer's toil
 Floods and cyclones are drowning millions
 Our enemies' fingers are on nuclear buttons
 While our Nationalism is being foiled !

92

TIME - THE SHATTERER

You kicked, crashed, broke
 The closed doors
 Scared the new bride
 Made her to cower, to hide her shame.

With impunity threw the morals
 Buried the age old traditions
 Burnt the love of golden hearts
 Before the gleaming shiny eyes.

Stark and chill penury of loved ones
 Hardly instilled a ray of mercy
 With contempt, you called out – “parasites
 Leave my way, away you sloths”.

Time – the shatterer of all egos
 With shining sword in hand
 Of Justice, is now standing still
 To draw every atom of sin from you.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

93

TEARS OF LOVE

Don't you now feel humbled?
 Unexpectedly you are bitten
 Left all alone, on unbridled path
 To tumble and mumble.

The cat is out of the bag !
 Unsaddled colt has bolted
 Like lightning vanished
 In a flash, into oblivion.

Unprepared, you are left
 In total darkness, without
 Even a torch, a candle and light
 Blinded, with sorrows and grief.

Let the accumulated sins
 Of past 'karmas', unheavenly
 Actions, get washed out
 With your tears of love and repentance.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

94

O LORD ! SHOW MERCY !

The scam news has now been proclaimed,
 Published. The glare of piercing
 Light of the glowing screen
 Has exposed the naked truth of your corrupt acts.

You have nothing to hide from the public
 The shame is exposed totally
 Like Adam and Eve, you are now
 Searching for a fig leaf, to cover !

Delirious laughter from satan
 Is like sharp arrows and bullets
 To strike and wound your heart
 You bleed, cry, you tear everything.

Resigned, withdrawn, now
 Cringing, bending low; your brow
 With furrows touching the ground
 Fumbling, O Lord! Show Mercy !

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

95

THE SHINING TRUTH

Bubble has now burst
Exposed; you unabashedly
Cry; for your ego is now
Totally dashed and shattered.

Life hitherto was shallow
Without a path strewn
With flowers and fragrance
With sweetness and calmness.

Now, you begin to see stars
In broad day light, darkness surrounding you
You fumble like a black crow
Unable to perch and fly; now caught red handed.

Burn all the glittering show and
Falsehood; break the showy glass house.
Look within your mirror
And see the shining Truth; to redeem yourself.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

96

MAN, A WONDER !

Millions of species of animals
Birds, insects, flies live happily
In nature's beauty, with harmony
Creating a charm and a wonder.

But this Man, living in varied
Societies, with class and caste _
Distinction, with social strata,
Structures, varied faiths and beliefs.

Cannot marvel at the beauty
Cannot learn to live in harmony
Cannot live with love and grace
Cannot take care of lowly destitutes.

You need wealth to live in comfort
You need education to earn your bread
You need talent and skill for a living
O, Man ! thou art a wonder by thyself !

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

97

KILL THEM

They must be killed !
For they must be eliminated !
Zionist, Czars, capitalists
Imperialists, Industrialists, Bankers !

Call them by whatever name
They are leeches, treacherous
Mosquitoes, blood-suckers
They have snatched all happiness of poor souls.

Accumulated all the wealth _
Beauty, controlled media, law and order _
They have created heaven for themselves
To live perpetually in bliss!

But, they must be sent to Siberia?
Explode nuclear bombs and arsenal on them
They are a menace, for they don't fall in line
They aren't nationalist, they refuse to become 'Swadeshees' !

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

98

PERPETUAL BLISS

There weren't any ceremonies
 No exchange of garland, or ring
 No recitation of 'mantras' or "nikah"
 Or exchange of vows or "satta padi".

A flame of passion aroused within,
 The sleepy demon inside,
 Call it "Satan", who provoked
 Instigated, lured them to eat "Eden's apple".

Paradigms of excellence and beauty
 Created with loving hands by the Lord
 The compassionate, for obedience and faith,
 Is now, deflected, distracted, obsessed.

Turned to nymph, bewitching seductress
 Arousing the raging passions within, to summon
 The strength, to overcome the shame
 And perform the act of momentary bliss! Adulterors.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

99

RISE ABOVE YOURSELF

We quiver and cringe in pain
 On a bite from a mere mosquito
 On a pin prick, when inflicted
 With severe headaches and fever.

While our conscience doesn't
 Prick nor heart aches, on
 Seeing misery, suffering of
 Millions of destitutes and sick?

Life's paradoxes are multiple
 When faced with threat, we lie
 When favours needed, turn hypocrite
 When adversary is weak, pounce.

"Think of thy neighbour as thyself"
 Though a profound thought, we flounder
 Our emotions, prejudices, colour our vision
 We need to rise above to see – Divine.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

100

O' SPIRIT

The spirit blown into muddy clay
 Brought to life by a command !
 To glow in the heart and mind
 To illumine the being with wisdom.

Ah ! what a difference a spirit makes?
 A lowly creature with faults many
 With the characteristics of the fauna
 Now, raised to the pedestal of the heavenly.

The wretchedness of the world around
 Sways the wayward from the straight path
 To stray in the jungle, to fall a prey,
 To get lost for ever and go astray.

O' spirit ! glow, glow like a candle
 Flicker not in the stormy winds
 Let your light spread all around
 Keep straight the balance of the mind.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

101

HOUR BY HOUR

During the darkest moments
 When the dark clouds hover
 When the path is strewn with thorns
 When friends like foes are hostile
 An hour of trial and test of faith.

When chill penury touches you
 When old wounds open up
 When you feel let down
 When every day miracles don't happen
 An hour of patience and fortitude.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

102

SILENCE OR DEVASTATION

My heart turns in my breast
 My head pounds, blood boils
 At the wickedness and cruelty
 Of men with power and pelf.

You can't talk about it
 With people around you
 You can't speak about it
 To the people beyond you.

You need to see and bear with it
 You are too weak; you fear about it
 They may pounce any minute
 They may devour and finish you.

You need to follow the golden rule
 "What can't be cured should be endured"
 Silence is a means of salvation
 An alternative to sure devastation.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

103

DARK SHADOWS

Blinding darkness with eerie silence
 Black curtain over nature's grandeur
 Mind unlit, soul without gleam
 Paths of bliss now strewn with thorns.

Overwhelming grief on loss of dear one.
 Oh life ! cover now the sorrow with patience
 As lingering hopes are dashed to the ground
 Mingled in the dust and soil, the lovely son.

Aged mother is left to bear the burden
 To watch the sorrows of tearful widow
 To whom visions of happiness now turned a shadow
 And life of withered flowers vice a garden.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

104

BE SOUND and HAPPY

I have been warning
 Every minute, every second
 Every now and then.
 That he is insane and mad
 That he needs sympathy and help
 That he needs love and care.

I have been warning
 Every minutes, every second
 Every now and then
 That the world around us
 Is careless, carefree and mad
 That we need to care for ourselves
 To be safe, healthy and sound.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

105

UNKNOWN POET

I see my future.
 I whiz past it.
 I go beyond and on.
 Journeying, reaching eternity.
 Touching the horizon and the stars.
 Crossing the course of history

Where am I? I look back
 To see the forlorn antiquity.

I see my grave in ancient monuments
 The epitaph faded invisible
 On it in nondescript language
 Is written about the poet
 Who died, centuries ago
 Ages ago ! no more remain his works.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

106

MY MIND

My mind turns and takes me
Often, to those deep hurts
Insults, harm caused by my
Adversaries and detractors.

My mind gets filled
With anger, gets inflamed
Makes me to thunder and fume
To utter incoherences.

My mind is momentarily
Coloured, vision blurred
My tongue gets twisted
And heart hardens.

My mind whirls round and round
On the mistakes of the past
Remorse overwhelms me
To cleanse my being.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

107

REACH CLEAR CONSCIENCE

Deep within a desire
 Caught in its web
 To free itself and to fly
 Takes a shape of beauty
 In the lovely dream.

Lures you, to hunt for it
 In reality, it takes shape
 To captivate and enslave
 To lead you to quicksand
 And finally to grave.

Question the desire?
 Quickly subside the eruptions.
 See the inner light, enrich yourselves
 With illuminations and wisdom
 To drive away the witches of darkness.

The fresh streams, lovely pearls
 Fragrances floating in the air
 With clear paths, a thrill
 To a conscience clear,
 On reaching enlightenment, soul gets enthralled.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

108

A DISTANT CALL

A distant call from the unknown
 Emanating from deep within
 To lift you from mire and mirth
 And inspire you to deep meditation.

Expanding moments stretching themselves
 Beyond the boundaries of space and time
 Touching the horizon and infinity
 Mind with lightning speed, illuminating.

Consciousness awakened, soul enlightened
 Spreading colourful wings of all hues
 Like a peacock to dance and charm
 And to sing like a nightingale.

You float like a lovely butterfly
 Like pleasant lotus unfolding petals
 Like rose to spread fragrance
 And like banyan tree to spread its branches.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran