

A RAY OF LIGHT

By

S.L. PEERAN

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FOREWORD TO “A RAY OF LIGHT”

It has been my pleasure to go through S.L. Peeran’s manuscript of ‘A Ray of Light’ and to pen down my personal response to it more as a reader than as a critic. S.L. Peeran is a seasoned poet with a clear vision of life, unsoiled, unaffected by the western cultural onslaught. In this anthology as in his earlier ones he comes out as one of the few poets in Indian English poetry who has overcome the lingering wasteland sensibilities looming large around us. Certainly the sufist impact on him keeps him smiling in his lines of verse. Even in a poem like “Turmoils of life” the final note is of triumph. In this volume calm, serene and brooding atmosphere prevails upon the occasional sentimental outburst of anger and protest with an ultimate optimism. He does protest in poems like “Ah Conscience !”, “Ah Callousness !”, “Loot It”, “Tyrannical Living”, “Perils and Dangers” and in some other poems. He is fully alive and super sensitive to the unhealthy situations around him. So he can’t be called a Romantic escapist, a charge often levelled against the first generation of Indian English poets like Aurobindo and Tagore for their philosophic and spiritual pursuits in their poetry. For example, in “Ah Conscience !” Peeran has an ironic dig at the use or rather misuse of the term ‘conscience’. It has a political undertone also:

“The white’s rule over blacks and brown,
was justified on the “Voice of Conscience”
A rebel leader speaks of Conscience Vote” (27)

Again “Ah Callousness !” gives a realistic account of our city life thick with, “The impassivity and inertia” that gives rise to a chaotic situation in which we have “Garbage dumped all over Muddy potholes, open manholes/Wandering abandoned animals on street.....”. He does lament elsewhere, too. But he never lapses into sentimentalism.

Peeran is essentially a poet of faith, love, compassion and inner wisdom. The present anthology is an exploration of light with a sufist mission to spread the light of the finer sensibilities imbued in our religions. In this way poetry serves as his vehicle. The title poem “A Ray of Light” projects KAABA as a perennial source of light that illumines our soul. ‘Spread light’ is a beautiful poem of udbodhan that derives positive meaning out of our bitter experiences.

Your life’s experience -
Bitter, sour and tense,
Or sweet, like honey
In rain, sun and shade.

Has taught you wisdom
Shown you God’s kingdom
To illumine your soul and mind
Lit candles, to spread light around.

Peeran’s poetry can safely be placed in the Bhakti tradition. He advocates “Submission to seek His Grace” (P1) and then prays to Lord for light:

‘O Lord! I seek Thy beaming light
For I am desolate and I yearn for Thee” (P. 54)

Like a Bhakta he stresses on love, faith, surrender to Him and his God is kind, merciful, beneficent, omnipotent and they are attributes of Sagun Brahm. However, he does not idolizes God as a Bhakta in Hindu tradition does but the over flowing love and other attributes remain the same. In “Magnetic Attraction” the dichotomy of illusion and reality, Sagun and Nirgun in the concept of God has come out: “I know you have a charming face” and then ‘I know you are Faceless, Nameless/Formless, Unfathomable, Inconceivable/Yet, I know you, yet, I know you” (P.34). In “Hallmarks For Civilization” Peeran raises some questions on this dichotomy. It is wonderfully resolved in a verse of Isha Upanishad:

(Tatejati tanaejati tadvantike:
Tatantarasya Sarvasya tatu sarvasya asya bahyatah : 151)

That entity of the self God, moves, and that again by Itself naejati does not move. It means in Itself It is motionless but It seems to move. Again that seems to be far away, since it is unattainable by the ignorant. That is very near indeed-tadvantika- to the men of knowledge – It being their self, That is inside. The self that is within all” – of all this world consisting of name, form and activity. But That (tat) is also sarvasya asya bahyatah, is out side all because It is all pervasive like space; and it is inside because it is pure intelligence.

Sufist concept comes close to it and for the poet the goal of life is ‘To merge and be one in solitude’ (P.3) and “To free forever from the

shackles of every kind” and he partakes in the glory of a teacher, saint and prophets. He takes a dig at the sacrificial practices in religion in ‘Acts of Compassion’.

“Sanctimonious sacrifices of animals
 Done on the alter of Everliving Deity...
 Is it today a sign and symbol
 Or pelf and power, of show and ego? (P.27)

He pleads for “acts of compassion that pleases HIM”.

Peeran’s poetry, however, seems to me less philosophic and more moralistic and prescriptive of ethical values. He advocates stoic courage, love, faith, benevolence, worship, mercy, tolerance, charity, forgiveness, rule of law and the like.

At times he lapses into plain statement of moral value and general good. His poems are by and large direct, straightforward and inornate and simple. The tone is urbane and appealing to our conscience. The purpose of his poetry is “To teach, preach and enlighten one and all”.

“Shed Rivers of Blood” is full of wide ranging references from Hindu, Islam and Christian religious books. It shows his scholarship and secular credential.

There is hardly any aspect of life that he has not touched in these 95 poems, 74 Haiku and 27 Tanka. His socio-political and above all human concerns are well eked out in many of his verses. However, the same spirit runs through his Haiku and Tanka. He has comfortably succeeded in giving poetic forms to his thoughts and musings. Peeran

has succeeded in carving out his place in Indian English Poetry with his four poetry collections of substantial size and many more to come.

11.02.2002

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Cyber Literatue &
Sanket (College Magazine)
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T.R.S. College, Patna, Bihar.

Dedicated to the memory

Of

my grandfather
(Late) Moin-ul-vizarath A.K. Syed Taj Peeran Sajjada – Nishin

and

his father i.e. my great grand father
(Late) Siraj-ul-ulma Moulana Moulvi Syed Shahabuddin
Shah Qadri Sajjada-Nishin

PREFACE

Like a butterfly, which lays eggs on the leaves, which hatch to form larva and they grow into worms, then to hibernate in cocoon before again to transform as butterflies to fly into oblivion. To hop from flower to flower to suck its nectar and enjoy life to its brim. So also, a poet on attaining and gaining maturity, reflects on myriad colours of the glorious life and his pen pours forth the nectar collected from life.

I have been bitten by the poetical instincts and the deep reflections, meditations and experiences gained in various faculties of life situations to take shape in the form of verses.

Here, I am presenting my fifth collection of poems 'A Ray of Light' to my esteem readers, who are profound judges of the work of a poet. A poet's reflection is like a light passing through a prism to throw on the screen the spectrum. In this collection of poems, I have reflected my thoughts and feelings on myriad life's experiences.

I may be falling short of syntax and in expression for which, I seek my pardon from my reads and acknowledged poets.

I place my thanks to Dr. C. L. Khatri, Editor of 'Cyber Literature', Poet & Critic for readily agreeing to pen a foreword to this collection.

It is perhaps a rare fortune, which has knocked on my doors in the evening of my life in the form of poetry, which I have presented in my collection. The poets, critics, readers and 'sufies' have expressed their pleasure for which I am deeply indebted. It is only the Grace of the All

pervading consciousness, which has profoundly blessed me to pen these humble lines.

I am eternally grateful to all my poet friends, critics, readers, to all my relations, friends, to my dear beloved mother, brothers, sisters and to my dear wife and children, who have all been a source of inspiration and encouragement to me.

23rd February, 2002

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01

A RAY OF LIGHT - "HAJ"

"KAABA" – (House of God)

Oh! What a marvelous symbol, it is !
Attracting millions and trillions of people
Of all hues, from all parts of the globe
Whirling around, circumambulating, cringing.

In a mere white clear unsewn garb;
With open head, bare feet, with freshness around
Oblivious of all the worldly states attained.
Mind fixed on only ONE the GREAT ONE.

Hearts outpourings, relentless streams of tears
Dishevelled hair, in total surrender
To burn the soul in deep piety
In ever submission to seek HIS Grace.

Love's crystalline purity, in a ray of light
Showering beauty, illumining the soul bright.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

"HAJ" : Annual pilgrimage to Mecca Saudi Arabia by Muslim pilgrims.

02

SPREAD LIGHT

Say, what you want to say-
In a loud and clear way.
Let it be audible to one and all
Let it be a clarion's call.

Let your message be relished.
Let it be for a lasting bliss.
To shift focus of their fixed minds-
From dullness to illumination.

Your life's experiences -
Bitter, sour and tense,
Or sweet, like honey
In rain, sun and shade.

Has taught you wisdom
Shown you God's Kingdom _
To illumine your soul and mind
Lit candles, to spread light around.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

03

LOVE HAS NO CAUSE

Love has no cause, rhyme or reason
A spring emerges from pure hearts
To flow through twinkling eyes.
And minds meet in a glimpse,
And yearn for coupling together.
To merge and be one in solitude
Without any noise and disturbance
Without any dispute and turbulence
Without any pollution and pangs.
Without any mundane urges and demands.
With ever and ever sweet feelings
With longings to be one at all times.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

04

CHILDHOOD MOMENTS

Childhood memories flow through the mind_
A carefree life, letting out shrill cries.
Jumping up and down, playing all the time.
Giving slip to school, running away from home.

Ah! What jolly times! to tease friends and foes
Lighter moments shared with gaudy jokes
Making faces, mimicking teachers, girls,
Peeping through keyholes to pry into secrets

Scenes of pleasures, pains and tears
Jealous, bitter events, of lost chances,
Being cheated in games and sports
All in all, childhood captures lively pictures.

Treasured memories in the deepest spaces
They erupt, now and then and in dreams _
Cousins, aunts, uncles, 'ayas', servants,
Brothers, sisters, granny, mummy and daddy!

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

05

A KIND LADY

The lotus of her heart opened up
Emitting sweet smelling scent
And fragrance floating in the air
The twinkling eyes sparkling light.

Her gait was lovely and charming
Pleasantness surrounding her
With motherly concerns, heavenly.
Disarming smiles and honeyed tongue.

With open arms receiving one and all
With deep understanding sharing sorrows
Sharing her meals, with loving manners
A divine lady, a rose among thorns.

A picture of peace, with milk of kindness.
Everyone yearns for her affection.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

06

A TRIBUTE TO MY LATE GRAND FATHER
MOIN-UL – VIZARATH A.K. SYED TAJ PEERAN , MCS
Sajjada; Nishin, Retd. Revenue Commissioner and IGP of
Erstwhile Mysore State (23rd April 1876 to 23.2.1965)

Born to noble saintly, erudite parents.
 Imbibing best of culture and traditions.
 Endowed with humility, simplicity and wisdom
 You were benign, sagacious and virtuous.

As times were changing fast in various hues,
 And the wind of west blowing strong,
 With warm hearts palpitating for change
 You were blessed with foresight to accept it.

The great umbrella of Royalty, pomp and glory
 Was protecting the weak, meek and oppressed,
 While a clarion's call raised by Nationalists
 To liberate the populace from the yoke of slavery.

A turbulent times with wars and strife
 While changes tumbling the old tavern
 The end of bullock cart age was in sight
 With advent of machines, motor cars and trains.

Magic lamps with current flowing smoothly
 Wonders of science opening the windows
 Of the mind to greater vistas of learning
 Young men switching to western fashions.

No longer could tyranny rule the day
 Wiser men counseling to set the wheels of laws.
 Justice adorning majestically the robes
 With law and order, dignity of man raising its head.

You were among the lucky few to serve
 The civil service, with distinction, hard work.
 With scrupulous honesty and integrity
 Ascending the ladders of power quickly.

With frequent onset of cholera and pestilence.
 With misery, grinding poverty, chilling men
 You, in power, were a guardian to all
 To guide and control the turbulence.

Braving every storm, both at home front
 And in public life, sharing concern
 Of one and all, with courtesy to a fault
 Charitable, philanthropic, to all castes and creeds.

Your piety and good living was an example
 Your perseverance was noticed by all
 You being a son of "Sun among scholars"
 Were bestowed with the title of "Pillar of Ministry"

You were one with "fakirs" with humility and zeal
 Being knowledgeable in esoteric
 Sufism, poetry, art and literature
 Opening up your sharp mind for light to enter.

Your nobility was imbibed by your progeny
 Able sons, grew up to achieve austerity
 With dignity, poise, gentle manners
 Learnt the best of Eastern and Western ways.

Each one of your sons excelled
 Eldest, as an Engineer, adorned your mantle
 To carry on for ages the tradition of "peers"
 The culture running in your veins from yore.

One of them followed your footsteps
 To reach the highest rank of bureaucracy
 To serve the state with honour and distinction
 Another served the cause of law and justice.

Last, but not the least, served the Nation
 Heroically, as a soldier in the Indian Army,
 To rise to the rank of Lt. Colonel
 Fought wars, to keep the flag of honour flying.

You had daughters many, with large households.
 To each, you found a match, befitting.
 Sheltered them like a Banyan tree.
 Giving shade and succour to needy.

Blessed with umpteen grand children
 Each, you guided in straight paths.
 To attain the heights of glory and honour
 To serve the cause of the humble with humility.

You showered love and affection on them all.
 Favourite was I, for I kept close to you.
 Attended on you till last, to receive your blessings.
 I am, what I am, today, all because of you.

Till you were bent with age, with flowing beard.
 With dignified turban, in suit or in shervani.
 You were a picture of poise and grace.
 Saintliness and halo around your round face.

You adorned the chair of council to guide lawmen,
 Headed charitable institutions for pious works,
 Brought solace and cheer to orphans and the infirm.
 For decades, you headed "Ashaka Poshaka Sabha".

Redcross was dear to your heart.
 So was, Wakf Board and Muslim orphanage
 Schools for poor you did start with zeal,
 Guided them all in the right way.

As head of Revenue, IGP, you did serve.
 At age of eighty you were honoured by Hosahally
 At the Police grounds, with a grand salute,
 You, then, adorned the diamond studded gold medal.

You preserved the family tradition and heritage
 Holding high colours passed on from bygone times.
 You were a beacon of light, shone bright.
 You left a mark as a "Sajjada-Nishin".

When the day came to depart from this world.
 You were surrounded by all your progeny
 With lighthearted humour, you told
 Dr. Rama Rao, "not to save the sinking ship".

You described the last moments with clarity
 Angels were near your bed to take you to heaven
 You mentioned to all and saluted them.
 With Lord's name on your lips, you breathed your last.

Your last prayers were held in Jumma Masjid,
 With thousands paying homage with tears flowing.
 On shoulders, carried your bier to resting place,
 With police saluting, blowing the last bugle.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

07

AH, CALLOUSNESS !

Ah! The heaviness of the heart
 The dullness of the mind
 The numbness of the senses
 The impassivity and inertia
 The lack of public sense
 Of one and all, the rich and poor
 Literate, illiterate, young and old
 Indiscriminate, men and women.
 All today have lost their sense of shame!
 A sense of concern for public cause _
 "Each for all, all for Each"
 Is a mere idiom and a slogan!
 Utter public nuisance committed.
 Unabashedly, openly on roads _
 All walls pasted with posters _
 Garbage dumped all over, unconcernedly.
 Electric poles, cables, road cuttings
 Muddy potholes, open man holes.
 Wandering abandoned animals on streets
 Children bitten by rabies infected dogs.
 Overloaded buses, trains, rashly driven lorries
 Ticketless travellers, clinging and hanging on steps
 Indiscriminate traffic, cyclists, cars, carts,
 Creating jams, pollution, noise and din.
 Overflowing patients in hospitals, callous doctors
 Govt. officials working with indifference, unconcern.
 Police turning their face away pocketing "mamools".
 Doctored metres, harassed housewives.
 Soaring prices, a cheat at every street corner,
 To skin, peel and make a meal of you.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

08

PROTECTION AND SAFETY

Can you see with naked eyes
The effulgence of the blazing sun?
Can you land on the cold Moon
With your jeans and plain shirt?

Can you handle red hot iron
With your bare simple hands?
Can you create soothing music
Without any instruments?

Can you soar high in wondrous blue sky
Without any silvery wings?
For all and any act or work
You need ability, skill and knowledge.

You need proper protectives
Safe guards and safety valves.
Save your souls, equip yourselves,
You need gum boots to walk on marshy lands.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

09

A TRIBUTE TO A TEACHER

A teacher is a beacon of light
Like a luminous lamp beaming bright
Enlightening the dull, insipid minds,
With knowledge of every kind.

An embodiment of love and affection
Taking personal care with deep devotion
Sacrifices pleasures to give all he knows
So that the mind of the pupil grows

In return, a teacher, seeks goal wishes
To see the youths, practise, what he preaches
Like a lovely stream with endless flow of milk and honey
Bring silver lining to dark clouds give poor his money.

Gentle in manners, courteous, with gifts of virtue
Brings peace and teaches violence to eschew.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

10

BLOOM FOR DOOM

Cherry blossom in full bloom
 A mild shower and a quick breeze
 Bring down all the flowers
 To cover the age old grave below.

Fragrance fills the still air
 Sweet scent pervades the place.
 The fallen flowers yearn to be one,
 To cheerfully bloom again on the tree.

Now the sweetness melts,
 Slowly, by and by to stench.
 Unto dust the lovely flowers
 Mingle, to be one with the dead.

All that blooms in colours
 In various hues and pretty petals
 To please the eyes and bring joy to mind
 To attract the bees, flies and birds.

Alas, an unkind blowing wind
 A sudden sharp shower of mad rain
 Ends all the visible beauty
 Ha! So short, is a charming life!

Fallen flowers lament and grieve
 Though, may partake in the joyous
 Occasions of various festivities
 Or join in grief of the bereaved.

But, what blooms today, tomorrow has to fade,

Wither and fall on ground bort
 To mingle in earth, as manure
 To nourish and nurture, new life.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

11

BIOGRAPHIES

The cream of life churned out of culture
 Years of subjugation to its duty's call.
 Finesse acquired and achieved in art of living
 Refinement in manners, silvery tongue
 Pleasing demeanor, charming gait.
 Measured walk with dignity and grace
 Spreading colourful beautiful wings.
 To thrill the eyes and bring joys to mind
 Avoiding ridges, sharp bends, marshy pathways.
 Purity dawning in shining white.
 Without stumbling in the long distant walks,
 On the sands of life, leaving sweet memories
 For humanity to speak and talk often,
 To record the events in biographies.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

12

KEEP CHECK ON MIND AND HEART

In a flash, in a moment
A change of heart and mind
A decision of far reaching consequences,
Determines the future course of destiny.

Hark! Keep a check on the waves
Meandering and wanderings of the mind
Its mercuriality, its delusions
Its delirium, its opinionated state.

An unbridled, uncontrolled mind
With thoughts let loose and free
Swinging to the wild, mad winds
Without any anchor or sails.

Is sure to lose its straight ways
Is sure to get drowned sans life boats
In misery, in pathos and grief, it merges
So do the unchecked passions of heart.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

13

LOOT IT

If what I earn is inadequate and meagre
To keep my body and soul together
If wages for the sweat of my brow
Are denied and I am hit on stomach.

When I watch my wailing children
For a pint of costly milk
And the prices of commodities
Are far beyond my reach!

With empty stomach, parching tongue
With torn clothes, aching body
With torments of mind and I am chained
What remedy is left for me?

In a moment of fit and anger
In desperation, I break the windowpanes
Of shops, cars and buses, loot them
Grab them and rob the rich.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

14

FREE YOURSELVES

The age old caprice, the bias
 The colours given to the mind
 The jaundiced eyes, prejudices
 Inculcated through ages and times.

From elders, learnt and gathered
 Imbibed hatred, absorbed rivalry
 Made to believe in inequality of man
 Made to believe superior to one and all.

A different life style, walks and gait
 A different dress code, hairstyle, beard;
 Tuft, or turban or cross or a tilak
 To ever remind and keep the hatred alive.

Shun, erase, remove, recoil from the mind
 Purify the heart and glorify it
 With recitation of the pure Names of the Lord
 To free for ever from shackles of every kind.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

15

A RARE FIND

What a marvelous human mind is?
Creates fantasies, myths and terror
Lies, hypocrisy, deception or fraud
Goes berserk, loses its balance, is mad.

The same mind becomes creative
Of civilisation, culture and music,
Art, literature, science and fiction.
Builds cities, towers and places of worship.

Mind indulges in mirth and pleasure
Passions grip it to unleash their power.
Anger overpowers as fire to destroy.
Pathos and grief overwhelm to subjugate.

A mind pure, simple and crystal clear
Reflects on mysteries of man and nature
Ponders, thinks, evaluates and brings peace
A rational mind with compassion is rare indeed.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

16

LET'S PRACTISE

It is coming straight from my heart,
With a wrench and deep pain;
I need to disclose the whole truth;
Without any bitterness, but with sorrow.
That there is lack of camaraderie
A sense of feeling of give and take.
An innocuous remark, made in fun,
In good old humour, a slight,
Should it be a cause to carry malice,
A ruse to break the bonds of friendship
The harmony, the jovial relationship.
The joys, the bliss, the ecstasy of mingling?
"Love begets Love", "To err is human _
To forgive is Divine" _ Let's practise.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

17

LAST FLIGHT

My worst confounding fears,
Have come true, like bright day light.
Tossing was I, in my bed, worried,
The whole night, sleepless with aches.
What was to come about, if it happens!
I couldn't dismiss it, as a bad dream.
There was basis for my deep suspicion
Grave it was, it couldn't be ignored.
The man was gravely sick, in hospital.
Boarded the plane, by forcibly taking discharge
Only to reach the destination, to collapse _
He was over enthusiastic, over reached himself.
To achieve glory at fag end of his service,
To miss the return flights; instead boarded the bus.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

18

SAINT WORSHIP

It is true that the saint is dead
Buried, mingled and has become
One with the soil, dust unto dust
He was one like us to passby.

It is also true, that person
Faced all the human weakness
Body aches, pains, diseases,
Squalor, poverty, hunger, privation.

But the saint was a person
Par excellence, brilliant spiritually
Great in thoughts, deeds and virtues
He was personification of all kindness.

Nature bestowed on him rare gifts
He sparkled like a fine cut diamond
We pay respects to his purified soul,
And sing paeans to Lord, the Benefactor.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

19

GIFTS TO MARVEL ABOUT

Wondrous mind is to fill with knowledge
 Of nature, men, matters and of skills
 To ponder on the splendorous beauty
 And to achieve peace and tranquility.

Beautiful eyes behold and captivate by love.
 Through sight watches colourful seasons
 Marvels at the stupendous brightness
 Flowers, which emit sweet fragrance and scents.

Melodious music and soothing songs
 To hear through ears, to attain bliss.
 Chirping of birds and songs of nightingale
 Elevate the soul, to raise higher and higher.

Palatable foods with pleasing tastes
 To yearn for delicious varieties to satiate
 To fill the cup of joys to its brim
 And keep lively the spirits to gleam.

Lucky ones are bestowed with gift of the gab
 To teach, preach and enlighten one and all.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

20

A NIGHT PASSENGER

A night passenger, who sees only in dark
Like an owl to hoot and scare every one
Moves about stealthily like a black cat
Like a bat and vampire to suck the blood.

Without a trace of his passage, moves
About like a dark shadow, weird
Like a Satan or genie, to create a mess
Confusion, confounding mysteries.

Even an alert sentry, policeman, watchman
A loyal soldier with sharp hawkish eyes
Fails to notice, his clever movements.
Removes treasure like a hair from butter.

Empties the coffer, with greasy hands
Oily tongue, slippery body, swift and clever
In a wink, he disappears, in deep night.
To reappear in morn, in whites or saffron.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

21

SUDDEN DEATH

They were all returning home
With dejected feelings
Desolate heart, fraught
With pain and sorrow.

They have just buried in soil
Their most dearly loved one
Who charmed them always
With his disarming smile.

A sudden, swift and speeding
Turn made by a rushing bus
Dashed his new motor bike
He, sans helmet, crashed his head.

Prime of youth nipped in the bud
Leaving behind trail of grief
To his unconsolable aged parents
Siblings and scores of dear friends.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

22

LAME DUCK

He started his business
With great pomp and show
Squandering away the capital
In partying and in drinking.

He had absolutely no idea
Of any business or accounts to keep
To save every penny and serve
The customer with honesty deep.

He would promise one, do another
He turned out to be a thorough cheat.
In well dressed clothes and sweet manners
To tarnish the image of his kith and kin.

Everyone were weary of loaning
Money to him. He swore to every one
To be loyal and to keep his words
But, only to slip with lame excuses.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

23

TURMOILS OF LIFE

To recycle the past into present
To turn the blues of yester years
Into roses and jasmines all the way
To turn the defeats into victory.

Ah! What a thought in pensive mood?
After having lost the battles of life
And the time has passed into oblivion
And the age has now withered away.

Does destiny play its own part?
Are we pawns on the chequered board
To be moved about by an unseen hand
Though, we think, play our part all the way?

Lo! Life's turmoil are varied with blues
With ups and downs and fortunes few
Yet memory lapses, deep sleep, sweet dreams,
Lingering hopes and yearning keeps life going.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

24

AH CONSCIENCE!

"Listen to your inner "voice of conscience"
Quite often advised by one and all.
In these days of turmoil and strife
With a cheat around each corner
With men with pelf and power,
Behaving like beasts and devils
Even they repeat the same term
Even Hitler acted as per "Conscience"
To liquidate millions of ethnic jews.
The white's rule over blacks and brown,
Was justified on the "Voice of Conscience"
A rebel leader speaks of "Conscience Vote"
In saffron or in red, they demolish
Ravish, kill, loot all in the name of "Conscience".

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

25

HOW TO MEET YOU

The sweetness in you,
Has turned into a lovely spring,
With fragrant flowers all around
To remind me of your deep love.

The beauty in your twinkling eyes,
Has turned into a colourful rainbow
To yearn and long for you,
To mingle and merge in you.

The songs of the singing birds,
Remind me of your sweet voice,
Which sang melodious songs,
To please me and convey your love.

The wild seasons and turbulent sea
With rising waves slashing the shores
Remind me of the storms within me
And urge to fly and try to join you.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

26

TO BE NOTICED AND SEEN

I know very very little
My knowledge is brittle,
With oceans of ink being spent
By scholars, to write what they meant.
I can only muse to myself,
And sing to my satisfaction
Heaven's doors are open to one and all
With open arms, bidding us to come,
With our bosom and minds cleansed
And with humility and love
Knowledge does refine a man
But love kindles a candle
Like a glowworm to gleam
To be noticed and seen.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

27

ACTS OF COMPASSION

Sanctimonious sacrifices of animals
Done on the altar of Everliving Deity.
In a fulfilment of a command or vow
Or as a sacred act of obedience
Is it today a sign and symbol
Of pelf and power, of show and ego?
A bleeding heart with humility
Love, compassion, shudders in fear,
Of the Omnipotent and Omnipresent,
Who is ever watchful of all our deeds.
It is neither the meat nor the chops
That pleases the God, but only love,
For His creation and His creatures,
And acts of compassion that pleases HIM.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

28

A BRIEF JOURNEY

Our sojourn on this beautiful planet,
Moving, revolving around the luminous sun
With beautiful moon beaming bright,
With twinkling stars throwing light.

With lovely seasons creating a rare sight,
Our life is filled with mirth
Pleasures, joys, ecstasy and thrill
We jump and play, grow up gay.

We find succour and peace in all our deeds.
We find solace and balm for our pains
We have friends, relatives to help us.
All joining for each of us to make our living.

Ah! This garden of life of love and affection
With fragrance and scents, fruits and honey
A visit to this world is brief indeed _
To journey as a guest and return to HIM.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

29

RELAX PLEASE

The universe is beautiful with wonders
Everything is fine like a fiddle
Every moment is pre-arranged.
Pre-determined, planned meticulously
Without an iota of error or mistake
There is absolute perfection, precision
All working in harmony and balance
Isn't it my weakness, my shortcoming
My inadequacy, my non-fulfillment,
My inability, my incapacity
Which makes me wonder and cry hoarse;
To complain of pain, suffering and woes,
Like an over pampered child with umpteen gifts
Who can't make a choice to play and enjoy.
Oh! If only I could contain my thoughts;
Control my being, and learn to relax.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

30

MOMENTEUS SECONDS

Every second is momentous
Every breath is fresh and new
To usher in a flash a ray of light.
Every throb of heart is a renewed life.

Every day is a day of reckoning
Every dawn brings anew a new chapter
A new beginning, a new career
To make or mar or remain constant.

Every dusk is the closing of a chapter
Every sleep is death, a passing away
Into oblivion, to dream a new life.
To create new frontiers to scale.

Every emotion is an eruption
From deep within as a fountain
To elevate the self to Higher Being
Or to mar the soul to dark being.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

31

CHARITY IN VAIN

Even if you have mountains of wealth,
Sans talents, skills and cultured self;
Wretched mind, dark soul won't shine.
Lofty mind and character is a must.

Thousand years' poverty and wretchedness
Degradation, stinking values
Sans education and brilliance of mind
Can't be remedied even if, wealth showers.

Civilization, culture is a slow process
Of growth, nourished and nurtured,
With good justice, rule of law
Guided by men of virtue and purity.

My bleeding heart goes out for the poor
To bring succour to the suffering.
But change should come from within;
Otherwise my charity would go down in vain.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

32

JOYS AND SORROWS

Happiness and joy get expressed
Profusely, exuberantly, cheerfully.
A humour is born, which is contagious.
To lighten all and make them laugh.

While sorrows are turmoil,
Storms, tempests and tornadoes
Blues to drive one and all
To the brink of disaster.

Life is full of light and shade.
Joys and sorrows intertwine
Like seasons to change from time to time
To make a full circle complete.

Mind is a colossus of emotions
Thinking and brooding adds to woes
Emotions emanating from heart
Enlighten the being or depress it.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

33

LOSERS ARE NOT TO BE BLAMED!

To win or lose
Is in the nature
Of sports and games
Sometimes a better
Side loses to lesser ones
To disappoint the fans.

When opportunity knocks
And luck is in favour
One should be ever ready
To go on to snatch victory

Grace rests on losers
When they acknowledge
The defeat with dignity,
Poise, smile and good manners.

Sports and games
Are to bring cheers
Not fight and tears
Losers are not to be blamed.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

34

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION

I know you have a charming face,
A beautiful and a beaming one.
An attractive and a captivating one,
A magnetic and a loving one.

I know that, I don't remember,
Your name, my memory fails me.
But, the very thought of yours
Brings a million fold of joy in me.

I know you are Faceless, Nameless
Formless, Unfathomable, Inconceivable
Yet, I know you, yet I know you.
Yet I feel Your love, Your Grace.

Look! How the bliss and ecstasy
Erupt in me, thrill me, make me jump
Yearnings, hopes and longings to meet You
To see You, to mingle with You, for ever.

Oh! A tinkling in me, a twinkling in eyes.
And million cells in me, get pulled towards Your Love.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

35

SIBLING RIVALRY

Ah! This sibling rivalry!
Sans friendship but jealousy
Inseparable like flowing water
Yet gets polluted to stink.
Passengers and strangers
Part ways happily.
Colleagues and friends
Remain together for years.
But, these bloody links
Are fighter cocks
With boiling rages
Like volcanic eruptions
Like shaking earthquakes
Like sudden cyclone, storms.
To rip the daily happiness.
In dreams, lovely ones,
Childhood memories
Fond ones get repeated
For yearnings to meet and mingle.
But growing years fights and quarrels
Favoritism shown to one
Or the other by either parent.
Some receiving more gifts,
More affection, more attention.
Would be a cause
For mental break down.
Oh! Sibling, sweet rivalry
Lie low, rest for a while.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

36

CRYSTALLISED VENOM

Ha! You speak of brotherhood
Of lovely blood relationship
Of childhood sweet memories
Of sweet and bitter rivalry

Today, they are married
With families from varied
Cultures and admix races
Brighter ideas, with new faces.

Gone with the stormy wind
Those feelings of oneness
Of being loved and cared
Of forget and forgive attitude.

Now comparisons are drawn
Wealth is measured at length.
Unchecked bloated egos
To cross swords at any moment.

Blood boiling, pressure building
Tensions caused for no reasons.
Face to face with jealousy,
Hatred and crystallised poison.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

37

TOSS AND TUMBLE

Slowly and steadily the dusk is falling
 Darkness descending with dullness surrounding.
 The sombre air with fall in temperature,
 With all humming, twittering of bird falling in silence.

Slowly and steadily the mist is clearing
 The sky littered with million twinkling eyes.
 With half moon grinning, shedding light.
 With the lonely owl hooting and bat whirling.

A stray dog, unrelentlessly at shadows, barking,
 A graveness in night, a scare is culminating
 Chirping noise of insects and shine of glow worm,
 With stink of marshy lands filling the air.

A blowing wind creating whistling noise,
 The shaking of leaves and branches swirling
 A ghostly noise to scare children, while sleeping
 A shrill blow of sentry's whistle is disturbing.

A noise of zooming heavy laden lorry,
 Suddenly disturbing the sound sleep
 With a shudder and a bad dream
 To make the aged to toss and tumble in bed till morning.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

38

THROWN OUT

In a huge gathering,
Of poets and musicians,
Of fame of years and age,
A young man got his chance,
To sing his bawdy songs.
To thrill the younger ones.
The initial cheer from them,
Enthused him, more and more,
To go on and on and on.
Like an endless, continuous
Flowing river to sea.
He had to stop his singing
On the audience clapping,
And one and all singing
With him, which he mistook,
As praise and appreciation.
Young men gathered around him.
In blind and ego, he forgot
His gait, manners and charms
In euphoric jolly mood,
He became a chatter box.
Till the audience threw him out.
His new found fans, also walked out
All and all, they were all foxed.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

39

DIVINE WELL

"Zam Zam" *

A thirsty wanderer in a sandy desert
In search of an oasis and a secret stream
Roamed about hither and thither
On his lonely mute ship of the desert.

On the way, he met a bedouin of yore;
Who knew every inch of the sultry place
The parching tongue seeking water to quench,
Begged the old fellow, to show the place.

The clever old fellow, did keep his secret
But feigned ignorance and looked askance
Lamented his condition and showed his dry tongue.
The fellow traveller begged him for a pint of water.

Benevolence overcame the old dirty rouge.
Took oath and promise to keep the bower secret.
Through a circuitous, meandering route, took him
And lo! It turned out to be the well of "Zam Zam".

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

* "Zam Zam" - A Holy spring near "Kaaba" in Mecca.

40

HALLMARKS FOR CIVILIZATION

Is the entire cosmos and universe
 Encapsulated in a huge egg shell?
 Hindus refer it as "Brahma incarnate"
 While Christians say it is "Holy Trinity"
 While Muslims refer as "Light of Mohammad"
 And universe is a creation thro' His Light ('Noor')

A Creator, isn't He far higher and above all?
 Unfathomable, unknown, incomprehensible!
 Man has realised His distinct nature _
 Attributes thro, His self's understanding;
 Thro' the unique harmony seen in nature.
 Thro' cosmic balance, realisation of Time.

Can the Hand that creates, Makes _
 Become one with its own creation?
 Or does it fill itself in this universe
 With His Will, Design and a System?

Social norms, laws, manners, customs,
 Differentiation of right and wrong, just, unjust,
 Morals, immorals, good and bad works
 Aren't all creations of mind, for harmony?

Songs sung with rhyme, rhythm and music
 Are more pleasing for soul for elevation
 Refinement in living, higher thinking
 Simple living are hallmarks of culture.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

41

REACH A FULL CIRCLE

As a child, still lisping lullabies
Learnt to shred the paper to pieces
Thro' wailing, weeping, shedding tears,
Learnt to be naughty, knitty, gritty.

As a boy, learnt to be mischievous
Like "Dennis the menace", a nuisance,
To neighbours, with sibling rivalry
Teasing girls, playing monkey tricks.

As a man, learnt to be cunning
A satan in all his doings and actings
Plays tricks in all his avocations
Either as a con-man or a common man.

A gentleman is rare to find indeed,
When the world is whirling
In mirth, joys and pleasures
Where is the time for meditation?

As an aged person, becomes infirm
A burden on family and society
With umpteen complaints and woes
Now reaps, what he sowed as a child.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

42

“VICTORY MASTER” OF HINDUSTAN (VEERAPAN)

My whole being has turned hostile to me!
 Why should anyone show mercy to me?
 My mind meanders, goes berserk and awry _
 My tongue lashes acerbic abuses and words.

My heart covets and carries malice
 I carry gall in my entire system.
 My hands are deft, slimy and bloody.
 Body oily, shiny, muscular, with strength.

My cunningness, dare devilry is legendary
 My terror tactics, my stealth, my movements
 Can outwit, your most foxy sleuths,
 None dare capture and make captive of me.

I have outbeaten chambal raja Gabbar Singh,
 Rani Phoolan Devi; Robinhoods of any ghats!
 I fool the police and the armed forces!
 Modern gadgets can't trace even my hair.

Men in pelf and power beg mercy from me.
 Men in chill penury seek succour from me.
 My reign is supreme like a Sultan's
 I am named "Master of Victory" in Hindustan.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

43

TYRANNICAL LIVING

Aren't these men, who refuse to follow religion.
 Behave arrogantly without any rhyme or reason
 Meaningless meandering in the grey region
 With pranks, bawdy jokes and foul mouthed.

Aren't these men in power and pelf or in penury
 Singing their own songs, dancing to their tunes
 Subjugating, subordinating ruthlessly powerless men.
 Sucking blood, strength, sans paying a penny?

Aren't these men, who pretend to be blind, sightless?
 Not a hair stirs in them on seeing a crime.
 Every moment they relish with joy on watching porn.
 Scenic beauty of Nature doesn't please them.

Stony heart, baser minds with roving eyes
 Stinking, polluting bodies with diseased souls
 Men, women, sans yearnings of heavenly goals
 Tyranny writ large on them, when they die.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

44

To SAFEST SHORES

His better half had played the greatest role
To change the course of his listless life
His refined manners and courteous nature
His gentleness and plain simplicity
Deterred him from questioning her wise counsel.
Implicitly, he obeyed and acted by her.
At her bidding, he turned a new leaf
She, a sensible gentle dove, captivated him.
In anguish and pain, while in midst of storms
She stood like a rock, calmly guided him,
Soothed his ruffled feelings, strengthened him.
Dispelled his fears, encouraged him.
An able guide, philosopher, a good listener
Saved for a rainy day, thrifty, content.
He could weather storms and tempests
And lead the ship of life to safest shores.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

45

PROSPERITY WITH DEFTNESS

Stealthely they moved, calmly and coolly
Not an iota or glimmer of suspicion, they caused.
They needed to avenge an inherited grouse.
With friendly moves, hospitality and sacrifice,
Won the confidence of their adversary.
Looking all the time, to chopping off his head,
Without leaving even a needle of suspicion
After the clever act, expressed unabated grief.
Every shred of evidence was destroyed fully.
Not a circumstance could point to their guilt
Wiseest of the wise could only sympathise with them
Showered praise by one and all for services done
Thus, avenged with cunningness and deftness.
They could now settle peacefully to enjoy
The legacy, name, fame and prosperity
To go down in history as benign saviours.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

LORD EVER MERCIFUL, BENEFICENT

A command received by Adam and Eve,
 Directly from the Lord Almighty
 In the presence of archangels
 Who protested creation of man from clay.
 For they felt, they were part of the light
 And fire, that could destroy man.
 Lord Almighty taught Adam, His Names
 And tested him, in presence of Angels,
 Who were everin obedient attendance.
 Dumbfounded, they prostrated, seeking pardon.
 Lo, their leader, Archangel, protested,
 Defiant, out of jealousy, pride and pelf.
 Refused to yield, cringe, cower before Adam.
 On the pretext of his superiority and knowledge
 On the premise that Adam's race would create
 Dissensions, destructions, bloodshed and sins.
 An angel is pure, in total submission, to Lord
 Should he bow before impure men of clay?
 Thus satan was banished, from Lord's Grace.
 To ever remain as an arch enemy of man.
 To tempt, lure, lead him to commit sin,
 To indulge in sinful, mirth, joy and pleasure.
 To make man to hate man for destruction.
 To covet the neighbour's wife and to steal.
 To commit heinous acts, to be shunned.
 Neither pity nor mercy shall befall such men.
 Thunder, lightning, storms and pestilence
 Should ever pester them to shameless death.
 To hell, they would be thrown by Lord's wrath
 This to punish, for befriending, Lord's adversary, the villain
 Who is a confirmed enemy of man.

The Lord, the Merciful and the Beneficent
Though has granted a decree and license
To satan, to destroy, His creation.
To mislead humanity and lead them to cross roads.
But save those, who are in submission
In humility, serving humanity with sacrifice,
With love, devotion, serve their brethren
To save men from disarray and wrong paths,
Such shall receive Lord's Grace, Mercy,
For Ever His door is open to receive them.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

47

HANDS OF JUSTICE

The fragrance of sweet rose,
 Jasmine, champak and lotus
 Songs of nightingale, dance of peacock
 The peace of gardens and jungles, where now?

Everything lies in stench, in disharmony
 Veerapans, Haji Mastans, Gabbar Singhs galore
 Plunder the skins of snakes and hides of tigers
 Destroy the sandalwood trees, teak and timber.

Diamond and dollars swallowed as pills for export.
 Hid stones, rags, shown as computers, garments
 For unlawful gains to take 'draw backs' and tax benefits
 To grease the palms and enjoy the loot.

Vulgarity displayed as charm and beauty
 Fallen women move about as paragons of virtue
 Serve junk food, kentucky chicken and pizza
 With ham, fry vegetables in beef tallow.

Oh Times! Do shut my eyes quickly.
 My hands shudder for justice

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

48

MY TEARS OF BLOOD

My golden temple, my sufi shrines
 My dargas of illustrious saints
 Of Sufies of love and harmony
 Now in hands of Genghis and Ravans.

My temple of love, of devotion
 Of awe and inspiration of hopes
 Of mercy, compassion and justice
 Now in hands of 'Rakshasas' and hyenas.

'Prasad', 'Taburruk', talisman, "Rodrashrees"
 Charms of luck, fortune and good health
 Commercialised, taxed and polluted
 Secret 'Zikrs', 'mantras' debased, vulgarised.

Oh! Lord of Mercy, snatch not Thy Grace
 My heart has melted, I am robbed
 Of my precious jewels of love
 My tears of devotion and bliss are now in blood!

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

49

END OF AHIMSA

The triumphant march, sound of bugles
Of freedom, liberty, sovereignty and peace
Now lie shattered, heart broken
Devastated, crestfallen, in terrible misery

Chill penury and justice burdened
Soaring sky rocketing prices
Of consumer items, Now blood is cheaper.
Hungry child searches for food in dust bins

Where is the birth of golden times,
Promise of enlightened soul, illumined mind
Of pen in hand instead of fire works in tiny fingers
To hang on pillar the pest and the swine?

Where is the promise to turn sober?
To unite, to sing songs of harmony
Of love and affection, of an era of Ahimsa,
Promise of land of honey and milk, aplenty?

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

50

LEAD ME TO LIGHT

Lead me to the light, O Lord _
For deep darkness surrounds me
Blinded with none to show me the way.
That leads me to safety and your gardens.
With thorny paths, marshy lands, shallow pits
Bitterness, cruel ways of tricky world
O Lord! I seek Thy beaming light.
For I am desolate and I yearn for Thee.
Storms and tempests, cyclones and lightning
Thunder, tornadoes, with grave situations
Fears abounding with enemies surrounding
Without any protection or help from anyone
O Lord! The Merciful and Beneficent
Show clemency, protect me, Love me!

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

51

DESTROY THE BALANCE

The ecological balance, needs to be retained
To keep harmony; and nature to protect its beauty
Man, the marauder, selfish with pelf
Destroys animals, frogs, snakes for his pleasure.
Disturbs the water table, with concrete jungles
Pollutes the rivers with effluents and chemicals.
Letting dangerous gases and fumes in the air.
Unconcernedly puts his wealth to destructive use.
The greenery, forests, the hillocks and lakes,
Whither now! The scenic beauty has waned,
Man creates more sound than light to gleam
Devils in men's garb to destroy the world.
The mahatmas, rishies, peers and sadhus,
Have all joined with their trishuls and rosary.
High flying godmen, surrounded by saffron
White, red and green to add colours to them.
Law makers, their guardians, men of justice
Have all lined up to disturb the rule of law.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

52

PERILS AND DANGERS

Death is round the corner:

With naked live wires lying on roads

With open uncovered drains and manholes

With speeding reckless red buses

With dangerous rabies affected street dogs

With AIDS spreading like wild fire

With callous quacks and doctors galore

With adulterated liquor and medicines

With chemicals treated, to ripen fruits

With obnoxious gases let in the air

With drinking water being polluted

With Nature's wrath in Earth quakes,

With cyclones, devastation descending

With mid air collisions of air planes.

With unmindful drivers manning trains

With mischievous elements setting fire to slums

With faulty houses built by Housing boards

With overcrowding buses, trains and public ways.

With shameless red-light areas in every locality

With nuclear weapons acquired by every nation

With wars and strife's increasing day to day.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

53

BEINGS PAR EXCELLENCE

They are all men of great insight.
Foresight, hind sight with a third eye
All acquired thro ages of learning
Under great masters, with discipline,
After years of contemplation and meditation.
A shining halo surrounds their being.
With magnetism oozing out from every cell
Ecstasy from every particle of their being emitted
With glowing glimmering brilliant eyes,
With equanimity; patience and calmness.
Men, who lend their ears, but not their voices
With deep knowledge of men and matters.
They have become saints sans pomposity,
And turned themselves to human's par excellence
To twinkle like a star, shed light like Sun, Moon.
The whole world bows down before their greatness.
Their mind is full of wisdom and magnanimity
Even Nature submits to their pure will.
Without an iota of ego, desire left in them
Divinity dawning, effacing their self.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

54

WHITHER PLEASURES?

When the soul in the body is suffering
When every breath is gasped with pain
When every moment has become precious
Where, then, do the desires and ambitions lie?

When the rainbows on the silken sky
Have all faded, with sulking sun.
The drizzle has stopped, clouds have cleared
Where is the scenic beauty to ever charm?

When the heavy monsoon has set in
When the dark storms have gathered
When the angry tempest is blowing
Where is the time to feast and to enjoy?

When the charming love has withered
Fragrance of roses have turned to stench
Marriage is on the heavy rocks
Where are the mirth and pleasures?

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

55

TOTAL NUMBNESS

Let all my senses be numbed,
Eyes pretend sans sight, Ears sans hearing,
Tongue sans taste, nose sans smell,
Mind sans its thinking, heart its feelings.

Let my body, hands and feet
Become stony sans sensations.
Let me not feel the sorrows, pain,
Joys, mirth, pleasures of the world.

Let me not any more cry, weep,
Shout, grieve, lose temper
Laugh, at all the murky things,
Happenings, around the senseless world.

Let me not be attracted, pulled
By the fascinating things
Attractive beauty and advertisements
Towards delusions and delights of the world.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

56

OVER ZEALOUS PERSON

Oh! He is an over zealous person
More overbearing than the senseless ruler
Commands a bizarre contingent
With modern gadgets and weaponry.

For distinction and ascendancy
Arrests ruthlessly every 'Tom, Dick and Harry'
Gives them a good third degree treatment
Makes a pulp of them to extract a confession.

Makes a hero of himself, for decoration
Creating waves after waves on white screen
With flashing bulbs all around him
Lo! a chivalrous dashing debonair officer.

To crush smuggling, adulteration,
Decoity, rape, murder, extortion.
But, when the cases comes up for hearing,
He cuts a sorry figure, at the mess created.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

57

SAVE THE POLLUTION

When a sudden seizure holds my heart
I pop out, gasping for breath and light
Motionless, senseless, lying cold like a rock
With my mortal remains paining hearts

Weep not, shed not a tear for this sinner
Thou, Allah, command a decent burial,
With perfumed bath and clean white shroud
With prayers performed, bier carried on shoulders

But I beseech you, to deal with me, as you please,
What if I am burnt in a black furnace
Or drowned in a fathomless sea, for sharks.
Or gifted for pupils for dissection.

My soul would have by then flown to him.
To be received with clemency or wrath.
To be shunned and thrown to eternal fire.
Burn me here, save earth, from pollution.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

58

MAN IN WAR AND STRIFE

When you are ready to go, dressed up
But, with an uncertainty, in your head
You are endlessly, anxiously waiting
And your journey hasn't started yet.

You need to go miles and miles
You need to reach destinations in time,
But the paths are marshy, weather foul
Your companions weary, sans transport.

You are on rocks, on pins, on thorns
Facing multitudes of tides and storms
You yearn the winds to take you by flight
To reach the realms of bliss and ecstasy.

Though, every one yearn, for wishes to be fulfilled
Some shower curses to come true
But, the Nature keeps the balance,
To prevent man to be in war and strife.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

59

MODERN LIVING

Science is for self preservation
 As well as for self destruction
 While modern medicine has been a
 Boon to heal mankind
 But inventions and discoveries,
 Of electricity, radium, rays, machines
 Automobiles, ships and aircraft
 Have added to comforts of daily living

But the modern weaponry
 For men's own destruction
 With chemical compounds
 Bombs, missiles, rockets
 Nuclear weapons for annihilation
 Have added to man's woes
 Stress, strain, distress and pain.

Modern living has destroyed values
 Fragrance withering away in domestic life.
 With spread of AIDS, unwedded mothers
 With abortions and illegitimacy growing
 With gays, hetero and homo sexuality
 Legalised sans ethics and morals,
 Whither culture and rule of law?
 Oh, Whither those golden times with milk and honey
 Life spent with joys, pleasures and harmony?

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

60

REVENGE BY SEA AND SKY

The sea and deep oceans
 Have been beaten
 Black and blue
 With bruises aplenty
 Vomiting waves and waves
 Its bulging stomach
 Gets upset to cause
 Storms, cyclones, tempests
 To take revenge on ruthless man,
 For attempting repeatedly
 To tame its waves
 And dip deep into its treasures!

The sky has turned red
 On man shooting at it with _
 Rockets, missiles and fire works.
 It is beaten black and blue
 Causing solar and lunar eclipses
 To cause magnetic explosions
 To send down meteorites, asteroids
 To cause huge craters,
 To upset atmosphere.
 To dry clouds, to prevent rains.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

61

Money Matters

Everyone yearns for money and more money
 Everyone is concerned, worried and conscious
 Of the value of money, adopts means to have more.
 One's status is measured in terms of money

Men stoops to any level to acquire wealth and glory
 Pelf and power, glitter with glamour, create wonders.
 Every one touches the feet of power and wealth
 Unabashedly gives up morals and values.

Doubling of currency; lottery rackets, lucky dips
 Dig the pockets, save in chit funds, to lose it.
 Share market brings tears, money vanishes in the air
 Magnetic hands pulling it from Banks.

Money fulfils your dreams, marry thrice,
 Have mistresses, go bohemian, drink like a fish
 Squander wealth in races, gambling and in fun
 Make a show of it in charity to achieve fame.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

62

FEARFUL THOUGHTS

Is the fear, the cause
For your senseless mania
Of being dispossessed
By a more stronger one -
Of your virtues, beauty
Freedom, wealth, happiness
Of your mate, kith and kin
Land, garden and things.

Is the fear the cause
For your weaponry
Of harm, destruction
Of loot and plunder
To avenge and destroy
To range supreme?

To take up to strife
To indiscriminately kill
To turn out to be a terrorist
To become a fundamentalist.,

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

63

HANDLE HER WITH CARE

She is flesh and blood with zest, zeal
Enthusiasm bubbling in her
With desires, rhyme and reason
With delicacy, taste and beauty
With dreams of a lovely garden
With flowers to grow aplenty
With fragrance and scent spreading
With charms and sense of humour
With sweetness or bitterness
With jealousy aplenty, gossipy
That is a woman with frailty
Inhuman, it is to ravish or desert her.
Respect her sensibilities and intellect
Handle her like delicate china
Lest she break under rough handing
And life loses all its joy and mirth.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

64

A FRIEND AND A FOE

Isn't it risky to befriend a fool
A wise enemy instead is far better
Who points out your weakness
Derides you, makes a caricature
Your fault gets explicit and known
You are shaken rudely from slumber
Made wiser perforce by his actions.
A fool is knave and gullible,
Who follows you like a sheep, shadow.
Without throwing any bright light.
A flatterer to mislead, misguide
To lead you to slippery paths.
Be cautious of a vicious foe.
Beware befriending a fool.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

65

O SUN AND MOON

Our most luminous brilliant shiny round sun
With magnetic, catalysmic waves, rays
To pull and push planets to run around
To create seasons with wonders aplenty.
To marvel its beauty and sing paeans.
O, luminous fiery white, orange sun.
Thou art the centre of our universe
With mountains, forests, fierce fauna, flora.
Blessing man with your brilliance.
To ponder and contemplate on you.
The Satellite of Our Mother earth,
Reflects your beauty and shines bright.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

66

CREATION

What if there was no creation of time
And things were going, in disarray, awry
Man living in disharmony sans reason
Sans punctuality; and discipline.

What if there was no creation of light?
Its luminous effulgence, beauty
Its brilliance, its magnificence
Its sparkle, its spectacular splendor?

What if there was no creation of brain
Its intelligence, its thinking, grasp
Its powers to sift chaff from the grain
To uncover truth from falsehood?

What if there was no creation of beauty
Its art, architecture, its embroidery
Beauty in nature, and in atmosphere,
Its charms, smiles, laughter, mirth and joys?

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

67

FOR YOUR SELFISH SELF

Some reflective thoughts crossed my puzzled mind
On watching harmonious cosmic grace
Call it divine or human ingenuity
Or age old systems crystallised
For human needs to be satiated
Yet, they are wonders to marvel about
See, how the morning dawns in beauty
With milkman milking cows daily
Spontaneously there is supply of milk at door.
At click of switch, current flows.
Million hands and minds go out
To work in unison for your joys, bliss.
A shrill painful loud cry at dark night
Would send shivers and jolts down the spines.
Neighbours would rush out to offer help
Unmindful of harm and their own safety.
Who is holding this unseen magic wand
To create this global wonders for selfish man
At your beck and call at your service
For rich, poor , young, old, they get what they want?

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

68

TO WITHER AWAY

They don't mind losing all that they have.
For they have taken a senseless challenge.
They can't retrace their foolish steps.
Come what may let heavens fall on them.
They won't yield from their stubborn stand.
They would as well lay down their lives.
They won't yield to any amicable solution
That would bring a lasting peace.
It is a fight to the last finish.
One of them should wither away
That is the way, they have chosen to fight.
Good or bad. They should stand or sink,
Unfortunate, though it is to say
Stubbornness brings selfish man to bay!

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

69

WAILING BABY

Cry baby cry wail and weep
For hunger has been very deep
You cry for milk and for bread
Your poor mother is away for work
There is none to shed a tear
Nor share a pint of white milk.
Cry baby cry, wail and weep
For pangs of hunger are very deep
The merciless sky doesn't look at you.
Nor the rich like to share their food with you,
They drive you away from their doors.
They keep ferocious dogs, to frighten you.
Cry baby cry wail and weep.
There is none to put you to sleep.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

70

KINGS AMONG GANGS

They have a say in every matter
For every one seeks their counsel
Whether one likes it or not, perforce,
They should have their way and say.
They carry an air of importance
For being ruthless men of position.
Not an iota of sense, they possess
Yet, they wrestle and dispossess.
They should have their daily "mamools".
Or else they will take out their tools.
They sport gaudy dresses, wear dark glasses
With a kerchief around their robust neck
They move about in their Matador vans
To make it known, they are kings among gangs.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

71

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER

"Sorry, I can't attend to your work" they say
They are in a great urgency and hurry
They are already packed up, ready to go
Though the office time is far from over
You beg and plead with them for mercy
Citing umpteen reasons to get the work done
You are on thorns, pins, with relentless tears
But pity doesn't show on their face any more.
They won't budge nor make a move; grim faced.
They are only making a pretence to leave
A tout approaches and whispers in your ear
A green note from purse, brings smiles on their faces
And they keep repeating, why you delayed them,
"Times are hard, you should have known better".

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

72

PRETENTIONS

They show their strength to one and all
Barking out, kicking around, making noise.
More din than creating any light.
They are men with very poor insight.
With amnesia and little grasp.
Refusing to recognise their own patrons.
Moving around with pelf and show.
In white, saffron, red, or yellow.
When the time comes to approach men
They crawl, cringe and fall at their feet
Making umpteen promises to raise hopes
Gullible men yield to their piteous pleas.
When the work is done they vanish,
And pretend as if they don't know them.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

73

WEED THEM OUT

"Give me a chance, I will show what I am"
A common phrase heard from all
When the time comes and gives a call.
They vanish, disappear like a golf ball.
Men of clay only bray like asses.
Vanity makes them fly like kite and ballon.
Only to vanish in the thin air.
Like a dew, they evaporate in the sun's glare.
Those who believe and trust their sense.
Fool themselves with their nonsense.
Unfit they are like squarepegs in round holes.
For they only stand before you for doles.
Piteous pleadings for mercy to be shown.
Water them not lest weeds are grown.
Pluck them and cast them out to die
For such men live for treachery and to lie.

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

74

“THEY KNOW TO SUCK NECTAR DRY”

What a fool I am to expect charity
From men of chaff and clay?
What value can they show
For goodness, virtue and divinity?
Aren't they blind to their own self
Unable to perceive and see the light?
So does the scriptures say:
“Throw not the pearls before the swine
For they know not its value”.
They are asses, they can only bray!
Do you expect them to be philanthropic
To cherish values, ideals and thoughts
To preserve culture and civilisation
To lend support to art, literature and music?
They join the line of bees and ants
Which know only to suck the nectar dry!

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

75

WHAT BENEFITS DO I DERIVE

They ask "what benefits do I derive
 To support their cause and action?"
 Do I get "punya", blessings
 From heaven for doing the deeds?
 Do I get recognition, reward
 Acceptance, name and fame?
 Does the contribution of my share
 Of money, get publicity?
 Will I be called to centre stage
 And my charity announced?
 Will I be in a position to share
 Company with tug guns?
 What worth is it to support
 A dying art, an unknown artist?
 Is it worth the trouble to spend money?
 On poor wretched beggars and fools?
 Who am I to change the course
 Of their destiny and their "karma"?

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

76

DISTANCE BETWEEN CHARITY AND PELF

On a fine summer blooming day
 I had an occasion to accompany
 A gentleman of wealth and position
 Just returned from gulf with money
 With non-stop gibberish about his charity
 His performance of pilgrimages
 His visit to holy places, his piety
 And decadence of culture and values here.

We met our aged sage and teacher
 Whom Lord had blessed with poverty
 Who was in dire straits and in penury.
 Who looked starved and in want.

I dared to suggest to my holy guest
 That he show pity and charity to this good man
 And earn his blessings and gratitude
 For he had struggled to teach both of us
 Lo! My gulf friend turned round on me
 And in a low tone said, that he too was poor
 He had expenses many and taxes to pay
 High fees of kids, extravagance of his wife.

Expenses he might have, he was from gulf!
 Isn't there a distance between charity and affluence!

Chennai

S.L. Peeran

77

BEACON OF LIGHT

Even prophets had to struggle in their lives
Face mob attacks, jeers, humiliations
Privations, hunger poverty and strife.
Some laid down their lives in their heavenly cause.

Patience had been their main virtue.
They would gulp down their anger and wrath.
Withstand tortures, pain caused to them.
Incarceration, banishment from people.
After years of struggle against all odds.
Prophets, saints, holy men and great ones,
Would achieve their objective to free man,
From bundle of evils and sins.

For us mortal men of clay with weakness,
Surrounded by evils, sin and darkness
The lives of prophets, Holy saints and the like,
Should act as beacon of light for guidance.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

78

PUBLIC OFFICES

"Come what may I am not going to spare him
I will teach him a bitter lesson
He should remember through out his life".
A common threat of every boss these days!

To harass, letdown, bully, simple men
Isn't this a common phenomenon?
"A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye"
Is the bane of our administration!

Public service is marred with strife
With open defiance, insubordination,
Lethargy, procrastination, delays,
Red tapes, tactics, strategies for revenge.

One attempting to boss over the other.
Find ways and means to subdue colleagues.
Pit one against the other for show of power.
Try and attempt to bring a change and see!

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

79

AH DEATH

Oh. Surely there is death!
Waiting at our door steps
Like a Democles sword,
To drop on our coverless head.

To relieve us of miseries
Life with sorrows aplenty
Bore the brunt of the suffering
Without much mirth and pleasure

What if there was no death
To relieve us from this pathos
Grief, despondency, despair,
An endless chain of melancholy?

Ah death, come soon, quite soon!
Thou art the panacea for ills
To despatch us to where
We deserve to live for ever.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

80

TOTAL ENJOYMENT

When the body pleasures
 Are enjoyed to the brim
 When the ecstasies
 Reach the peak
 When the bliss
 Is fully attained.

When the mountains
 Have been scaled
 When the flag
 Has been fully hoisted
 When fountains gush forth
 You reach the climax.

Lo! You have reached
 The pinnacle of zenith's point.
 To cool the heat and fire
 Untiringly, zestfully cupped.
 When the whole world is asleep
 In the cool early morning hours
 In total embrace, encoiled
 The mingling is quite deep.

It is then you are
 Filled with happiness
 With ecstasy and joys
 Of living in perfumed gardens.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

81

STAY AWAY FROM PLACES OF STRIFE

Ah! They want to build a house for the Lord.
 On the ruins of a bygone temple
 By using the same materials and stones
 That were once adored and worshipped.

But they wish to deface the Lord's face
 For Lord is faceless, but is He sightless?
 Every action is accounted and recorded
 Does God reside in a house of sand and stones?

Broken hearts can seldom be mended
 On ruins of temples, a curse lies,
 For the Lord's name had been defiled
 Angels fear to tread such a ground.

A place of strife sans divine love
 Sans sound hearts with grace
 Sans twinkling eyes with tears
 Sans pure minds lit with lights.

Away away from such desolate places
 Those were ruins, that divided men from men.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

82

SWEET FRUITS FOR ALL

Humility is lit large on a face
That is simple, modest, truthful
Living like a rose amidst thorns
And emitting fragrance to please.

A bare dry fruitless tree with thorns
Is fit for fuel and for the hearth.
A tree laden with sweet fruits
Has to bear the brunt of stones.

A person of love and humility
Kindness, faces multitudes of tides.
Patience stands up as a guard
With shining sword of silence.

Wearing a pleasing smile to disarm
His worst enemies and befriend them.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

83

GIFTS OF NE MILLENIUM

"I am in the dark facing trials
 Tribulations, storms and tempests
 With ugly marred and tortuous situations
 Relentlessly, a day beckons me with strife!"

This is the common outcry of every one
 Housewives in search of water, walk miles
 And miles, form long queues with their pails
 Waiting hours in the scorching sun.

Office-goers, factory workers, self-employed
 All in disarray with disoriented minds.
 Rigmarole of life brings woes of every kind
 Rocketing needs drives them to soothsayer

New millenium has opened a long journey
 Hazardous like space trips and missiles fired
 Blood has become cheaper than money
 Oh! Mankind getting drowned in mire.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

84

BRIGHTNESS ALL ROUND

When the light of the day is about to close.
Its signal spreads on the vast canvas.
Fierce sun turns bright round orange.
A huge disc of yellow slowly dips.
The wind sets in with its cool breeze.
It is the time for the birds to chirp and sing.
Whiteness withdraws its glowing shine.
To give way to blue and black instead.
The sky is bedecked with a million twinkling stars.
The luminous moon hiding in passing clouds.
Slowly and steadily glimmers with smiles.
To brighten up the gloomy night all around.
The jealous dog barks at the lonely silent moon.
And the owl disturbs the peace with its hooting.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

85

DECEPTIVE LOVE

O sweet honeyed love!
From milk of kindness
From the mother's breast
To suckle sweet love.
O sweet and sour love!
From the siblings
With kith and kin
Play and fight, while you grow.
O sweet and deceptive love!
Attractive like flowers
With fragrances in the air
Raising mirth and joy.
O sweet and erotic love!
Nectar overflowing
Lips quivering
To mingle and merge.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

86

REACH BOTOMLESS PIT

You create sweet dreams and mirages,
And seek them in hard course of life
Like a gullible fellow, trust, one and all,
With euphoric feelings of being in utopia
Oblivious of pit falls many with quicksand
In experience sans maturity and enlightenment.
Being a dashing debonair with impetuosity,
Dance to the tunes played by one and all
All the big plans and ideas would melt.
When stark reality dawns with its sword.
Sans armour and mastery over martial arts.
You became your own prisoner to be sliced.
Mercy is a fine embodiment and a virtue.
Whose threads get woven from learning and guidance.
It would be too late in the evening of your life.
To seek it with the best of your times having withered.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

87

WHO AM I

Is there a world beyond the five senses
 Beyond perception, thoughts, ideas _
 Beyond imaginations and fantasies
 Beyond your own consciousness?

What is it you ought to know by this -
 "Who am I - discover your own self"
 Is your self, a complex inner psyche?
 Of conglomeration of composite cultures?
 Learning to meet situations of life
 Learning to live a successful life.

Are you to discover your inner strength
 Inner weakness, inner potential
 Your mirth, pleasures and joys
 Your sorrows, platitudes and griefs?

Is it to raise yourself by deep meditation
 Seeking release from attachments
 A composed mind sans sensations
 Transcending frontiers of time and space
 And see universe in a grain of sand
 And raise yourself above your selfish self!

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

88

LIFE IS A WAR

Life is like going to a mighty war
You need to chose strong sturdy soldiers
Give them the best of physical training
To combat, with strategic support.

You need best of arms and ammunition
Should study the topography of the territory.
Get to know every move and detail of enemy.
Like a hawk, should keep a keen watch.

Every moment to be scanned, studied.
Every detail meticulously worked out.
Ever ready to meet any eventuality.
Ever ready to overcome failures, disaster.

Life calls for dedication, sincerity, devotion.
Perfect in drill, turn out and in smartness
Perfect in intelligence gathering and spying.
Victory is for those, who fight with stoic courage.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

89

SHED RIVERS OF BLOOD

The angels wept and threw down their spears
 On the creation of Man, by Allah, the Great
 For he was to create, strife and war
 Would kill his brethren and create dissensions.

But, Lord spoke of His Mercy and Grace
 Of kindling His light in the heart of Man
 To soften it with milk of eternal love
 To punish the erring with eternal fire

The seeds sprouted to kill each other for sport
 For revenge, for challenge in combat
 To prove skills or superiority in strength
 Germs of sins got imbibed on creation.

Cain slew his brother Abel for a mate
 Thus, the first blood washed on earth
 Man turned against man for lust,
 Money, land, gardens wealth, revenge.

Adam broke the first commandment,
 Lured by Eve, ate the forbidden fruit
 Satan obsessed with revenge, sowed jealousy
 Envy, hatred, greed, ego in man.

Civilizations past, man beset man
 Shed blood in wars, relentlessly
 In cold chilly way, mercilessly
 Carried the rivals head, as reward
 Made crown out of the skull
 A garland and sceptre from bones
 Man's deadliest enemy is man himself

Like wild fire of forests, engulfs all.

Ashoka fought Kalinga war with wrath
 Let streams of blood of his deadly rivals
 But promise of Lord, to fill his heart with light
 Prevailed to turn him to be a savior.

Great Julius Caesar, Antony, Octaerus
 Hercules, Cleopatra, Alexander, the Great
 The great Huns, Mongols, the Tartars
 Arabs, Turks, Mughals, the Nadir Shah.

Turned the map of the globe, topsy turvy
 With gory killings, spilling red blood
 Of mankind, hoarding wealth
 Unleashing brute force, seizing the weak.

Arthur the great, Cromwell, Napoleon the Great
 Nelson, Peter the Great, Wellington the great,
 Clive, Warren Hastings, Wellesley, Victoria the Great
 Held the globe in their tiny hands.

Terror after terror, unleashed on mankind
 Draconian Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Lenin
 Ataturk, Churchill, Eisenhower Patton, the
 Generals, Admirals, all for laurels.

One race subduing the other in disgrace
 Battling for honours in pelf and power
 Creating deadly weapons time and again
 An Einstein is born to invent atom bombs.

Boundaries are drawn by Arbitrators
 Saviors with hearts of gold, for clemency
 To save exodus of millions made homeless
 Shelterless, separated with barriers, walls.

Petty men with wrath and lust
 Hot headedness with terror filled minds
 Light the fire of strife and war
 Till Mercy descends, to protect His child.

Insects, birds, animals don't wage wars
 All live in harmony and in peace
 But man, the marauder, the destroyer
 Pollutes, the planet for game and pleasure.

O Man let your own army kill, destroy
 Your own men, your brothers, sisters
 In Kashmir, Bosnia, Palestine
 In Checkania, Ireland, and other places.

Red blood is red luminous fire
 To engulf the perpetuator for ever
 What is hell? A place of fire
 For cruel and wicked to burn for ever.

Satan and genie provoke man to fight
 Lure man with wealth, lust and pomp
 Greed overwhelms, to engulf in sorrow
 To destroy man for snatching Lord's love.

Green horned jealousy is wickedness
 To grow weeds and thorns in heart
 To create terror in eyes and mind
 To dry the milk of human kindness.

Love, a celestial gift to mankind
 A savior from total destruction
 Is always around the corner, to weave
 A web around envious, to protect the weak.

A strange wind of Mercy blows,
 To unite man in brotherhood
 Love overpowers, overshadows
 The evil, to save mankind from hell.

A mandir, masjid, a church, synagogue
 Is a place of worship to light love
 Not a place for fight and strife
 To break hearts of filial love.

Petty minds, petty hearts think low
 In mankind they hatred sow
 With ambitions to grab power
 But to fall in abyss of hell from tower.

My heart bleeds and weeps with blood
 Tears swell like relentless flood
 My attempt to sow love in hearts
 Have failed, but Mercy never departs.

To create a nation, a colony, a state
 Man first needs to be subdued as slave.
 Tortured, subjected to untold misery.
 To break his will and dominant ego.

Mercy strengthens heart of slaves
 A Moses is born to redeem his race
 From the clutches of tyrannical pharaoh
 With miracles, unarmed battles with wit.

You lose freedom, out of ignorance
 Lack of will to fight to let blood
 Like Arjun arguing why kill brothers
 Lord Krishna descends, to avenge sins.

Angelic Rama and Lakshmana in exile
The mate Sita, abducted by Ravana
A lone battle fought with loving Hanuman
Lanka is burnt to save virtue.

Mohammad tortured by his kith and kin
Driven out of Mekka, pursued, harassed
Compelled to take arms for protection
A million strong army swells, the world crumbles.

To bring peace to mankind
To unite man and man.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

90

DUBIOUS PEOPLE

Prepared to launder to any extent -
Currency in rupee, dollars, pounds,
For the joy of worthless pleasures
Of body, mind, for pomp and show.

A dear one's need when pleaded before them
The rich and haughty ignore it
And say "poverty is a sin to suffer
To wash off your past sins".

The same rich make a beeline
To banks, float dubious companies
Shares, debentures, alluring the poor
Innocents to invest, to be duped.

The fleeting moments of passing glee
Joys, ecstasy are gained at other's expense
They suck blood like parasites
And hold the poor country to ransom.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

91

SULTANS OF PRESENT DAY

For them living in a large palatial house
In aristocracy in style with wealth
Is the only known way of living a life
To keep their thoughts secretive, tightlipped.

Aren't they a choosy class by themselves?
With umpteen airs, with costly habits
Expressed in fancy, rich and gaudy dress
With select friends of high society.

They walk with soft feet _
Soaring high with silvery wings
Bedecked with gems, pearls, diamonds and silks
Tapping to the tunes of classical music.

They sever ties with poor rustic commoners
Marked with subtlety and sublimity
With perfumes, refinement, being trendy
They move about as Sultans of present day.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

92

INSINCERITY

Isn't insincerity a sin and callousness
Utter negligence and carelessness
Unconcerned in one's own personal safety -
Or of the wellbeing of others
Acting rashly with high handedness
Sans logic, rhyme or consciousness
Allowing matters to drift to decay
Time has absolutely no value for them
Heedless of good counsel and advice.
Neither punishment nor pain straightens them
They are always on the wrong paths
To cause harm and loss to every one.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

93

PLAYING OLD TUNES

Does the childishness in you diminish?
Does every one mature enough?
Do patience, calm and peace
Always reign in the mind?

Memories of bygone times erupt
Ripples and turbulence in heart
Deep rooted childhood fears crop up.
Suddenly turning your moods to blues.

Uncontrolled tears flood your eyes
Or you are tickled to laughter
You yearn to relive your pranks
With mischievous twinkle in the eyes.

When you are past your prime
Scenes after scenes pass your screen
You long to go back in reverie
And bore everyone with your tunes.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

94

A LADY IN PANTS

The femininity has vanished
She has become boyish
With tight pants and shirts
Sans brassiers and panties
Sans ear rings, bangles
Sans plait and decorative eyebrows
With masculine manners
With a cudgel in hand in uniform
Marching past the huge crowds
Waving furiously screaming
Bringing the traffic to a halt
Oh! She is a lady constable!

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

95

HEAVY STORMS

Disenchantment has created turmoil
Storms and tempests with strong currents
Heavy wind has cut the rough sails
The ship is wrecked and marooned.

Like a decayed tooth, broken glass
Like an old dilapidated building
The relationship has lost its magnetic pull
The golden chain of matrimony is broken.

Eyes no longer meet with twinkle and charm
Hearts no longer yearn for each other
Souls repel and create a stench
Fire and anger engulf the married couple.

Oh! Aren't marriages made in heaven!
Now on heavy rocks, shattered to pieces
Decaying flowers sans fragrance
Love, beauty and divinity have withered.

Chennai

S. L. Peeran

HAIKU

1. A womb bears a child
Into the world of woes
Weeps eternally.

2. Singing birds don't weep
Jokers, fools, tickle laughter
Light hearted moments.

3. Bliss for everyone
From sharp grey minds of scientists
For light all around.

4. Sing songs for ever
In the form of sweet music
Love, ever lasting

5. Seasons keep changing
Sing songs for mirth and pleasure
Life is short and sweet.

6. Sun beams, grow and bloom
A place for love, style and grace
A house amidst dreams.

7. A new house furnished
Decorate friendship with love
For roses smell sweet.

8. Heaven's blessings, charms
Sun shines in every season
For hearts, soft and warm.

9. In light, shade and rain
Life's daily chores do not stop
Still waters run deep.
10. Love's success story
Sacrifice in tears and joys
Ends on happy note.
11. Childhood dreams emerge
When life is on tenterhooks
To pine for new fronts.
12. Final signature
When deaths' signal touches you
For closing chapter.
13. Deep introspection
God's last final testament
Has ended in strife.
14. Haj, a last journey
To Mecca and Medina
To wash off your sins.
15. Communication
By any means, to relish
In clear and loud voice.
16. Crash courses won't help
Sleepy dull minds seldom think
Souls don't illumine.
17. A family dispute
Unending quarrels and strife
Sets the house on fire.

18. Jewellery as chains
Is slavery for richness
To touch the hell's point.
19. A lamp emits light
For eyes having sparkling sight
To show you the way.
20. Sun is burning hot
Come soon in shadows of life
Choose a banyan tree.
21. Rustics sans music
Seek light from enlightened souls
Who burn like candles.
22. Dead man never speaks
A severed branch do not bloom
Both turn to ashes!
23. Broken strings don't play
Do not pollute lovely streams
Broken glass doesn't mend.
24. Sorrows afflict man
To darken the ever blue sky
Like solar eclipse.
25. Beauty is to wane
'All that glitters is not gold'
spend money wisely.
26. Silk is soft to touch
Every man is not pious
Poverty is gift.

27. Religion brings strife
Rituals are not piety
Love purifies mind.

28. Light chases darkness
Silvery clouds glimmer life
Man lives on sweet hopes.

29. A revolving fan
Life has become a machine
A speeding race car.

30. Finger prints won't lie
Truth is sharp silvery sword
Chops the head of flies.

31. My senses go numb
On female child deflowered
Devil in men's garb

32. Fascists sweep the polls
A shudder passes my spine
Dawn of gloomy times.

33. A chilly moment
On parting ways of lovers
Crisis for children.

34. Death of only son
Parents life in dry desert
Under parching sun.

35. Life on tenterhooks
On desertion of husband
Marriage on the rocks.

36. A sparkling diamond
A fair voluptuous lady
For amorous thoughts.

37. Mahatma Gandhi
Simplicity breeds contempt
In this modern age!

38. An X-ray, cat scan
Bare shocking revelations
Of inside story!

39. Politician
A foxy, cunning, sly mind
To ruin the careers.

40. Significantly _
The race horses have bolted _
A punter's nightmare!

41. Build shopping complex
Display imported items
Loot the common man.

42. Gateway of India
Mumbai - a city of joy
Millions live in slums.

43. Humour, gift of gab_
Laughter is best medicine
Chase away doctor.
44. Lunch time is rest time
Rejuvenate and feel fresh
For lovely evening.
45. Salute a soldier
An un-remembered hero
Pride of the Nation.
46. A frog leaps in pond,
Straight in the mouth of snake
For a hearty meal!
47. Bold youth flies and bolts _
Juvenile delinquency
Straight to Remand Home.
48. Beautiful damsels _
A pub life gives a good kick
Youth, charm vanishes.
49. Civilization
A theatre of daily life
Screens action packed scenes.
50. A lion roars, snores
Create scare to animals
King of the forest.
51. Scams and inquiries
Are ripples in the tea cups
To be forgotten.

52. Icy conditions
A hot shower in bath room
A refreshing change.
53. A smooth ride in car
On top revolving red light
A deceptive face.
54. Milky glass windows
A dim light burning inside
Young girls undressing.
55. Express train delayed
Frowning faces on platform
Passengers sweating.
56. Examination
A real life test for students
A lump in the throat.
57. Show attracts misery
A thief enters wealthy house
A flame attracts moth.
58. Mercy to kind men _
Show concessions to tyrants
Risk your wealth and life.
59. Drive on known highways
Thick jungles are infested
Dangers, aplenty.
60. To catch the full Moon
You need strong silvery wings.
To fly in sweet dreams.

61. Your ever remembrance
Wakes me in middle of night
To play soft music.
62. Waves sweeping the feet
Cool wind singing in the ear
Your sweet voice, face, floats.
63. Our first honeymoon
Memory gets recorded
In trees and gardens.
64. Our action speaks all -
Our future gets reflected
On faces of friends.
65. I yearn for your smiles
To cheer my sad, lonely heart
Pray, come in my dreams.
66. My love gets distanced
My dreams float on the sea waves
Recede from the shores.
67. You sweat for a shrub
Bud blooms to be a flower
To be snatched away.
68. Clean the jaundiced eyes
Brush off cobwebs from the mind
Thorough gentleman.
69. Men in might, power
Haughtiness of vulgar heights
Show of vanity.

70. Saffronisation
A bloom of lotus flower
In a marshy land.
71. A single living -
Dashing of charm of good life
Solitary wolf.
72. Thunderous applause
On marvellous achievement
Olympic champion.
73. Grapes are very sour
Those who do not put effort
Cry eternally.
74. Graze cows to milch milk
Riches do not grow on trees
Churn to get butter.

TANKA

1. Rare Love

Love has no barriers
 Every stone is not diamond
 Beauty is hidden
 Pearls are not in open streams
 True and sincere love is rare.

2. To achieve rare beauty

It needs to be mined
 Gems, gold, diamond is treasure
 It is rarely found.
 Sparkling beauty is precious
 To possess it, one needs strength.

3. Par excellence

Refined in manners
 Men of beauty are like gems
 They are rarely found
 They are men, par excellence
 Fortune doesn't smile on all.

4. Free from desire

World's mirth is for all
 Every heart filled with desire
 Resolves to seek it
 But those who hear Divine call
 Are rid of desire.

5. **Shun life's coil**

A heart filled with love
 A call comes from Divine
 To shun the life's coil
 They become one with Nature
 To emit nature' s beauty.

6. **Patience**

Seek thou shalt find it
 The fragrance scent and beauty
 But one needs patience
 Divine life is not for all
 One needs to be virtuous.

7. **Love's pathways**

Knowledge is power
 Charity begins at home
 Clean your mind and heart
 In the sweet garden of life
 Fill with love and affection.

8. **Costly life**

Life is not so cheap
 You need to dig wells to quench
 Thirst and grow gardens
 To achieve life's ambition
 One needs to work hard and slog.

9. **To passby**

Behold the beauty
Soon, by and by you will find
That youth vanishes
Life's pleasures are to passby
Look for SOMETHING permanent.

10. **Patience pays**

Exert in patience
Be steadfast in your career
Do your duty well
With all your sincerity
Patience will certainly pay.

11. **Work is worship**

Life is not easy
Every path is strewn with thorns
You need to clear it
To fill the sand with manure
To raise beautiful gardens.

12. **Seek guidance**

Don't get misled
If all that glitters is gold
It will be cheaper
Cheap garbage has no value
No one cares for throwaways.

13. Selfish persons

Killjoys are hated
 They break the smooth harmony
 Create dissensions
 To achieve their selfish ends
 They keep beating their own drums.

14. Beware of dogs

Beware of suckers
 They swarm where there is power
 Like ants to sugar
 Wealth and treasure att

18. Secure well

You reap, what you sow,
 Bitter trees bear bitter fruits
 Toil and sweat pay well
 You need scarecrows to drive birds,
 Fierce dogs to protect gardens.

19. Gardens for riches

To join the main streams
 You need well defined pathways
 You need to build dams
 To irrigate the parched soils
 To grow gardens for riches.

20. **Profits**

For its smooth working
 A well-oiled machinery
 A well-groomed person
 An asset for industry
 To reap profits in market.

21. **Court Bird**

Face adversary
 Leave your work, tools to others
 You soon face hardship
 You will be robbed of peace
 Become permanent Court bird.

22. **Sharpen wits**

Science fiction for all
 Sound fantasy gone berserk
 Creative minds work
 To create thrills and adventure
 To sharpen, enthuse dull minds.

23. **A recluse**

A recluse mystic
 Has neither will nor desire
 To fill his clean mind
 To seek the worldly fortunes
 And luxuries of the life.

24. **Accountability**

Industrious people
 Seekers of wealth and money

Worldly position
 Need to acquire skill, talents
 And accountability.

25. **Wonders of the world**

Art, architecture
 Skills to sharpen mind
 Aesthetic beauty
 To create wonders of the world
 For eyes and mind to marvel.

26. **IN JAIL**

Languishing in jail
 Iron chains all around me
 For stealing a bread
 Pain of living is severe
 All alone in a desert.

27. **HAIL LADY FATHIMA**

Lady Fathima
 Throws search beams from the Lighthouse
 Is beacon of guide
 For men of piety, goodness
 Sing paeans for Holy Lady.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

British Poet Mr. J. Gordon Hindley while reviewing the anthology “A Search From Within” has succinctly sketched the work and characteristics of the author as follows:

“When I met the poet, S.L. Peeran, my pleasure in his writing was confirmed. Here was no person who, like Wordsworth, could father an illegitimate child, then, as a long absent father, upon seeing his child again, pour out an affectation of deep sincerity for the admiration of the world. Here is a writer who said what he meant and meant every word of it from the innermost core of his being. That sincerity to which so few can aspire was obvious in his person, self-evident perhaps to those who, like Peeran have fed on the words of Moulana Jalaluddin Rumi that most expressive of sufis.

From early schooling at St. Joseph’s College at Bangalore, S.L. Peeran moved through the Government Law College and the National Institute of Social Sciences, which admirably prepared him for work with personnel and industrial law; he becoming, after some years of law practising as Professor of Law at the Havenur Law College; from which he was elevated to his present position as the judicial member of our Customs, Excise & Gold (Control) Appellate Tribunal, first in New Delhi and now at Madras. This dedication, and the field of it - the precision of thought, insight and logic required - prepared his ready and fertile mind for the greater task in hand. Peeran says that, even in his St. Joseph’s days, though they were not his main subjects, his teachers nurtured and distilled in him his abiding love for Urdu and English verse. This love, it seems, is a familial trait: he saying that his grandfather and those before

him, sufiistically inclined, owned private collections of Persian and Urdu verse. Like Moulana Rumi, who met Shamsi Tabriz, his instructor, after his 60th year, Peeran by his own confession came late to verse. In his 48th year, he began to write, first in Urdu then in English.

I mention this literary pedigree because it reveals the material grounding, expressed as a family tradition, love of learning, responsibility of temperaments and inherent warmth and compassion for all manner of the disabled, that is the absolute and unwavering prerequisite for any artist - anywhere - who is to become or to be the voice of the observant and aspiring amongst us.

We have only to add the sincerity and fervour prerequisite for total commitment, and what we have before us is a poet; poet concerned with the tumult and pains and doubts of our daily living, only - and I repeat only - insofar as these, by their very negation, point up the presence and overriding experience of life as it can be lived - as it can be experienced - by those amongst us who choose to be committed, and then follow up that conviction in body, mind, heart, and in the essential spirit.”