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FOREWORD

POETRY PEERAN

Like Blake, Peeran sees the world in a grain of sand and Eternity in an hour.

An administrator lispng in numbers may sound strange but Muse in Peeran has blossomed into many - splendoured exuberance in this collection of poems - IN GOLDEN TIMES.

Every moment of Time is a mountain. Invisible, magical realities beyond our senses, float out of the unconscious, when the boundaries between the self and world are crossed. It opens expanded moments. The poet dives into these moments - one with nature, its darkness and mystery. Thus poems gleam as magical chalices, reality winking at the brim. Here in this collection, there is self-discovery, new grounds to liberate emotions.

Let us take his most pensive poem.

"Let's walk away from this listless life
to a yonder place where there is no strife,
But is full of peace, solace, serenity ___
a place full of nature's beauty,
Where rainbows appear upon the skyline,
where minds meet the joys of the Divine,
Where the art of living is a grace,
Where barriers of religions have no trace".

Such poems abound in this volume.

The poet rages at the injustice, prevailing all around ___

"Voices of the meek ones are suppressed;

They are hardly allowed to take a fresh breath.

Those that dare are cruelly oppressed

And ruthlessly dealt a painful death".

But he powerfully pleads that the good of masses can be restored:

“Oneness in god's plurality is the strength of Hinduism,
 Islam's strength is unity in sects' plurality,
 Singularity of purpose is the main strength of Jainism,
 Motto of service is the strength of Christianity,
 Self-sacrifice is the subtle strength of Sikhism,
 Buddhism's solid strength is soul's purity.”

His poem on “LIFE'S STORY” is monumental :

“Life is a tale of meetings and partings,
 Of woes, sorrows, and afflictions,
 Pleasures, joys, mirth and laughter,
 Regrets, repentance, remembrances,
 Fading memories, future fears,
 Hatred and harrowing experiences,
 Hearts' outpourings, mental outbursts,
 Trials, turmoil's, tears and tensions,
 All recording themselves in the form of
 Either prose or poetry.”

In the above, he has portrayed all life's dimensions - that baffle our everydayness.

Tailhard de chardin stresses that the greatest blessing of the poet is to have the sublime unity of God to save the world. Poet Peeran has the concrete immensity of the far beyond. He ascends to higher spiritual planes, developing concentration of thought, increasing power of mind and gaining ecstasy which entails unity with every thing. In this noble task, Peeran attains unique crispness of language and classical gems like “TOTAL SURRENDER” reaches a peak of perfection.

"With deep devotion, I burn the Candle
Of my life, at His feet in total surrender.
I have no complains, demands, compulsions,
No grievances, grief, or pain.
Undoubtedly, I am captured by HIM."

He writes HAIKU and TANKA with illumined vision. There is inner vibrancy, a matchless verbal incantation in his lyrics ! They gleam as flames, intense and fine. They have visible brilliance. They have deep poignancy. And there is passionate naturalness in all he writes.

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IN GOLDEN TIMES

PREFACE

Immortal poet John Keats in his poem "On the Grasshopper and Cricket" has so subtly mused:

"The poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.

That is the Grasshopper's - he takes the lead

In summer luxury - he has never done

With his delights, for when tired out with fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed,

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever.

And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,

The grasshopper's among some grassy hills".

These immortal words have become eternally true that so long as man exists with his natural surroundings, the 'poetry of earth is ceasing never'. I imagine myself to be a humble grasshopper and a cricket among the galaxy of world's eminent poets including poets of our sub-continent. Though, our country cannot boast of Keats, Shelly, Wordsworth or T.S. Eliot in English language but India did produce Rabindranath Tagore, Sarojini Naidu, Tora Dutt, Nessim Ezekiel, Dom Morris, Vikram Seth, Dr. I.H. Rizvi, Keki N. Daruwalla, Kamala Das, Imtiaz Dharker, Jeet Thayil, Vijay Nambisan, Dr. Hyder Nayab, Ruth Vanita to name a few. But India's' contribution to poetry in Sanskrit, Persian, Urdu, Hindi, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Kannada, Bengali

and other languages are no less than that of any other language. The best of philosophical thoughts and gems in poetry are found in Indian languages.

On the contemporary Indian scene, we have galaxy of poets like Dr. Krishna Srinivas, Editor 'Poet' Chennai, Dr. M. Fakhruddin, Editor 'Poets International' Bangalore, Dr. H. Tulsi, Editor 'Met Verse Muse' Visag, Dr. Simanchal Patnaik, Prof. R.S. Sharma, Prof. K. Jagannathan, Editor 'Brainstorm' Chennai, Dr. Syed Ameenudin, Editor 'International Poet' Chennai, Harza Singh, Pronab Kumar Majumdar, Editor 'Bridge in Making' Calcutta, Dr. D.C. Chambial, Editor 'PoetCrit', Pradip Kumar Chaudhari, Editor 'Poetry Today' Calcutta, Prof. C.S. Srinivas, Dr. Shiv Prakash, Editor 'Indian Literature', Jyothi Lata Girija, Srinivas Rangaswami, Dr. Ms. L. Lobo Prabhu, Dr. S.N. Tripathy, Dr. K.V. Venkataramana, Ms. (Dr.) S. Radhamani to name only a few from among a galaxy of shining stars & rising meteorites. To claim company among these famous poets would be an act of indiscretion and folly on my part. It would again be presumptuous to claim myself to be a poet of any stature. But human failings compel an individual to express his feelings in lyrics & verse, to muse at the pathos and sufferings, to sing songs of joy, mirth and laughter. I claim to be a victim of this human failing and have dared to raise myself to hop like a "Grasshopper", and not to remain as a frog in a pond, but allowed my urgings to pen in verses. I Though, I cannot claim to be a rose in a garden or be "Full many a flower is born to blush Unseen" and allow myself to "...Waste its sweetness on the desert air". Yet I have embolden myself to pen verses in my collection. I may have failed miserably to come up to the strict standards laid down by syntax, semantics and poesy, yet with all the apologies to the past and existing poets, I present my fresh collection of poems. I have named it "**In Golden Times**".

The New Millennium is spoken of today as "golden times" for all the scientific marvels, it has presented to mankind, with all the security, freedom and openness of mind & soul for free wanderings anywhere in the seven corners of the Mother planet. The spirit is free to soar higher and higher, but the materialism of the times and slow waning of the hold of ancient culture is making us all to muse along with Percy Bysshe Shelley:

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought".

My musings began in June 1997 in my mother tongue Urdu, but gradually expressing more spontaneously in my second language English, during the New Year 1998, to continue unabated. Now my diary of poems is to its brim. I have emboldened myself to initially publish one hundred and one poems; Haikus & Tankas in this collection. I hope to publish my second & third volumes 'In Golden Moments' and 'A Search from Within', with equal number of poems in each volume in future course of time.

My love to my parents, grand parents, wife and children, brothers and sisters, teachers and friends, relatives and colleagues, have always was constant; also to my "guides", ("Peers" in Sufi terminology, who opened my mind to esoteric and mystic aspects of Sufism). They have all helped me in one or the other way to understand life and its vicissitudes.

I specially thank my friend Dr. M. Fakhruddin, who took special interest in first publishing my poems in journal "Poets International", Bangalore and also to introduce me to Dr. Ms. H. Tulsi (Editor, 'Metverse Muse') who, earnestly replied to my letters and encouraged me by

accepting my poems. Also to Dr. Krishna Srinivas, Editor "Poet", Chennai for so readily agreeing to go through my manuscript and write a foreword.

Dr. (Ms) H. Tulsi has added her golden touch to my collections to enable my poems to gleam. For which, I am deeply indebted.

My colleague & friend Shri V.K. Ashtana, Member (Technical), CEGAT has been reading my poems, as soon as it used to emerge. He has been a continuous source of encouragement to me. At this bidding, I have taken upon myself the task to have my collections, "In Golden Times" published. I also thank my P.S. Shri P.B. Muralikrishnan, Shri R. Janardhanan Pillai, Shri G. Shridhar, Shri D. Somasundaram and Shri R. Kumar, who have all been so helpful in typing my poems.

I take leave of my readers and urge them to forgive me for my failings and accept me, wherever I have been able to muse too their satisfaction.

With profoundest wishes for happy reading.

Chennai

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LOVE

Doubtless mind,
Soul serene,
With Thee beside me
Life is a trifle
Rudder of faith
Cuts off turbulence

Meandering thoughts
Dampen the spirit,
Shackles of iron
Or walls of brick
Cannot curb or
Prevent LOVE
Pure and sublime.

S.L. Peeran

GRACEFUL LOOKS

Thy graceful looks, gentle manners, sweet melodious voice,
Even the powerful and the strong can easily subdue.
Unarmed thou art but disarmest the bravest!
Thy sweet smile melts stony hearts and benumbs the shameless,
It slays *Guilt*, reducing its armour to an ageing tile.

S.L. Peeran

LIFE OF MAN

In the multi-million faceted theatre of life,
 We watch people's actions, their acts of peace or strife,
 Eagerly looking for action-packed scenes,
 Moments tense and horrific -- and we scream !

We are all called upon, our different roles to play;
 Short ones or long ones, from day to day.
 The scenes may be sweet, emotional, or shows of strength
 After angry arguments. We win or lose at length.

Civilization is born to give its people culture --
 Music, games, literature, painting or sculpture.
 Though it aims at pleasure, it's not devoid of pain,
 Disease, filth, corruption, amidst stress and strain.

Often times it's all sound and fury without light,
 Leaving most of us in a most piteous plight !
 When, upon our path, even Nature's wrath descends,
 We search for ideas to counter the maladies it sends !

The helpless and the weak, from tyrants expect mercy !
 An exit from their miseries they're unable to see,
 Though much they ponder how to escape dangers grave,
 Some laugh at martyrs who die as heroes brave !

S.L. Peeran

LOVE'S MANY FACETS

As a seed seeks a safe place to hide
 Till it gains the strength to sprout and grow
 Hearts that are weak or marred by frailties
 Need LOVE to make them strong and pure.

Love lives in souls lofty and true
 And shuns the mighty and haughty,
 Love can never find a place
 In hearts that are hard and stony.

Love shines and sparkles in speech
 Never adopting a harsh tone.
 In songs sung with a melodious voice,
 It reflects itself and is amply shown.

Though Love spells special passion for youth,
 Its magic hold entranced, in its spell,
 People of all ages - young and old,
 Neither age nor customs its glory can dim,

In Love, sympathy flows like a stream
 Gushing and flowing with ecstasy,
 Like magical springs emitting milk and honey,
 Love oozes from hearts that are kindly.

Though sad and painful the pangs of love,
 We are told that sweet they are,
 And that, not to have loved at all,
 To love and lose, it's better far !

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

O my little daughter, look up and smile !
 Our journey measures but just another mile.
 Sweet are those who always look for love;
 Speak softly and be gentle like a dove.
 Be brave and bright, with sparkling eyes,
 And shine like a star in the dark skies.
 May a thousand lights of learning enrich your mind;
 With clear vision and measured steps, your way may you find.

Let all that you do, with grace be done;
 This is the way Dame Dignity can be won.
 Arise from slumber and conquer Life's thunder
 With melodious joy and laughter make Life a wonder.

With absolute Truth, Heaven can be sought;
 Of fruits of disharmony, partake not.
 For company, look to the Sun, Stars and Moon,
 May they shower on you friendship's boon !
 With sweet flowery eyes lit with love,
 My dearest, seek benign blessings from HIM above.

S.L. Peeran

WOOING TRUTH

Truth being crystal clear,
Needs no eulogy or praise,
Its effulgence and brightness it showers
On loving and compassionate souls.

Truth pursued with sincerity and humility
showers its spiritual grace and bliss.
Truth is complete only with Love,
Compassion, Mercy, Charity and Justice.

Truth is eternal and surpasses
All barriers and is beyond nothingness.
Truth is infinite and dwells in hearts
Pure and simple, humble and kind.

S.L. Peeran

OH, TRUTH!

Oh, long-awaited Truth ! Descend from heaven above
And shower on me thy mercy and thy love.
My failings have stamped on me their black-mark;
Please light up my conscience, gloomy and dark.

Self-pity has enveloped my whole being
And blinded my eyes, preventing me from seeing
The path of Growth and, in others, Belief.
From my shortcomings help me find relief.

Whenever my anger roars and thunders,
It makes me commit all sorts of blunders!
It crumbles my will to do good deeds,
Makes me look small, and to shame it leads!

O Truth, pure and ever sublime,
To drive away my passions and guilt, tell 'Time',
Cool my senses and light up my mind
So that a home in my heart, LOVE may find.

S.L. Peeran

DESERTED LOVE

Sorrows have befallen me like thunder,
A - sudden like a bolt from the blue,
Gone the sweet smile and charming face;
No more your grace can I view.

Soul-stirring music has vanished;
Twinkles in the eyes have gone.
Bereft of your love, with a frown on my face
I am left alone, forlorn.

Looks and touches soft and silky,
Throbbing hearts at every meeting,
And long, loving talks have all ceased.
Your love has been but 'flirting' - fleeting.

O Love! why did you desert me
Under scalding sun? I'm parched and thirsty,
But no more there 's shade, no more rain,
And no more songs of birds to greet me.

S.L. Peeran

BEAUTY AND LOVE

Beauty enraptures and captures the attention of youth,
 And fills their cups with ecstasy and supreme bliss.
 With sweet fragrance of flowers, it evokes a thousand yearnings - -
 Amorous thoughts in mind, twinkle in eyes and love-songs on lips.
 It lifts the lover above the pains and sufferings of life,
 And raises his mind to lofty heights, soaring heavenward.
 Lov's radiating rays purify souls and endow minds with peace.

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PANGS OF SEPARATION

On lonely morning walks, the pangs of separation,
 Evoking faint feelings of his yester-love,
 And recalling to his mind their long love talks,
 Fills the lonely lad with melancholy.

His broken heart sings songs of love no more;
 No more does he dream of a charm filled life;
 Flowers no more seen to emit fragrance;
 The garden around seems full of prickly thorns.

With sweet murmurings, panting and heaving all gone,
 Even the cool breeze, full moon and twinkling stars seem frozen.
 The desolate lover is left cold, shivering and dazed
 For, for him, Life no longer holds the promise of love.

S.L. Peeran

SIMPLICITY

Isn't Simplicity Divinity profound?
In it is sincerity found.
Shining Truth radiates its glory;
It's lustrous light tells its own story.

It admits not an iota of lie;
It lets not calmness ever die,
It gives Tranquility its due,
And patience is its main virtue.

Profound it is in goodness,
And quick in its forgiveness.
Steady and straight is its path,
Its thoughts, in purity take a bath.

All promises made, it keeps up,
With knowledge it fills its cup.
Simplicity is humble and modest
But never bows to pride's behest.

IT ALWAYS REMAINS WITHOUT FEAR;
TO EVERYONE IT'S ALWAYS DEAR.

S.L. Peeran

MAN'S AMBITION

The turmoil of the sea upsets sailing ships,
Even strong sailors cannot make their trip
Over the mighty, turbulent and boisterous sea,
Nature keeps its secrets under lock and key,
Ambitious man only proves his vanity
By trying to mount the moon, while marring the beauty
Of the Universe in many diverse ways
In order to give a glitter to the rays
Of his own selfish desires and hopes.
He forgets there's neither need nor any scope
For him to render Nature completely tame,
He himself will be crippled and turn lame
Should he try to bully Nature unduly,
For she can become defiant and unruly
And turn the tables on him. Then, to his sorrow,
With his future at stake, man may see no morrow.

S.L. Peeran

DEATH, THE TEACHER

Tragedy has struck like a bolt from the blue;
Glory has become a thing of the past.
With this lustier-lost eyes and friends but few,
Their destiny has left them now aghast!

A towering person with might and power,
With passions great and lust terrible - -
Whose name would make people tremble - -
Now lies on the floor like a faded flower!

Preparations are made for his last journey,
Some mourn, some mask their face with gloom.
He has licked the dust, leaving no legacy,
And his family must now face its doom!

The children's dream of glory sky-high,
Without hard work, has now gone by.
The beauty of the tyrant's wife has fled;
Begetting 'shame', her 'pride' lies dead.

.....

Death is a great leveler and teacher,
The widow is taught what is 'melancholy'.
Wisdom and humility have dawned on her,
She turns to God, with a heart made holy.

One has to create one's own destiny,
To live on other's glory and pride
Will bring none a life of harmony;
Borrowed plumes can't long abide.

Love is ultimate and truth is love,
Sans which man can't reach his goal.
Disproved is 'pride' by God above,
And Heaven accepts not a corrupt soul.

O Man! Love God and do realize
That all that is created should finally die.
To dust we return, never to rise;
For eternity, there we are destined to lie.

S.L.Peeran.

MIGHT AND RIGHT

Might only produces fright
When it loses its balance and control.
Nothing it does is ever right,
When man forgets his God-given role.

Mahatma's and Rishis all remain mum,
Justice has willingly closed its eye.
The weak and the humble remain dumb;
Can't fret or fume or even cry !

Voices of the meek ones are suppressed;
They are hardly allowed to take a fresh breath.
Those that dare are cruelly oppressed
And ruthlessly dealt a painful death.

The rule of the law should be 'Right', not 'Might',
For Right has its balance of Equity,
Overweighed by Goodness, Evil takes flight
And Mercy emerges with equanimity.

S.L. Peeran

THE WINTER OF LIFE

A blanket of snow envelops the mountain,
And covers the valley with a white curtain,
Naked trees sans greenery on the ground
Mourn the loss of life around.

The sweetly singing nightingale
And the cuckoo, with its melodious cooing,
Have fled, chased by the icy gale -
The onset of sombre winter heralding.

Spring and summer's brilliant sunshine
No more is present upon the skyline.
The cold chill makes our bodies shiver;
We need hot coffee to warm up our liver.

Nature, ravished, in deep slumber lies,
Frozen river waters no longer rise
Or flow majestically. Flowers have all faded,
Their brilliant colours are now all jaded.

Nature, of all its beauty shorn,
Proves that all the things that are born
On earth, must one day meet their doom,
The winter of life soon ceases to bloom.

S.L. Peeran

A CRUEL SOLDIER BUT A KIND MAN

With hawkish eyes and a grim face
 And a long twirling moustache,
 Trained to shed blood of enemies sans grace,
 Ever prepared to face an attack,
 With coarse hands but a measured walk,
 With a broad chest inhaling deep breath,
 He knows how to survive a shock -
 Brave in peril and courageous in death.
 This killer of foes is kindly by nature
 To friends both at home and abroad.
 Rugged and rough but stately in stature,
 Only when needed he wields the rod.

STRENGTH

Oneness in god's plurality is the strength of Hinduism,
 Islam's strength is unity in sects' plurality,
 Singularity of purpose is the main strength of Jainism,
 Motto of service is the strength of Christianity,
 Self-sacrifice is the subtle strength of Sikhism,
 Buddhism's solid strength is soul's purity.

The common good of masses is the strength of socialism
 And differences of opinion is the strength of Democracy.

P O L I T I C I A N S

Words of politicians are like changing sand dunes,
Slippery and swift like a speeding train -
Always restless, creating melodrama,
And making promises hollow and vague !

When they fume, the flames set ablaze forests!
When they fret, valleys seem to be in frost!
When they laugh, even ghosts take fright!
When they weep, even sleep takes flight!

Deceptive are their faces, like a mirage,
Hiding the traits of diabolic figures.
With eyes trained to spot prey, like eagles,
They wear whites to cover black souls within!

S.L. Peeran

19

N A T U R E

Heaps of boulders form the mountains;
Relentless tears of sombre, dark clouds
Threaten to form streams, rivulets
And rivers, to plunge into the ocean.

Trees with branch-umbrellas stand sentry
On greenery carpets, to save them for grazers.
Shrubs swing their tops of wild flowers
To attract butterflies to mate with them.

Imagination takes wings and soars
To realms of oblivion and ecstasy.
But Nature awaits not one's retirement
To leisurely reflect and write its story.

S.L. Peeran

20

L A W Y E R S

In black flowing gowns, with white bands and collars,
With sharp eyes wherein cunningness abounds,
Holding briefs in hands and moving around,
They assume the bearing of learned scholars!

There's more sound than sense in what they argue -
Fumbling with 'My Lord', 'Your Honour' at every breath!
Twisting words forcefully, but awrily, with stealth,
They bore the judges with their long tongues!

For the citing of precedents to make a point,
Lawyers bring along their big fat books,
Into which no one has the time to look !
In the end, their clients they badly disappoint !

Then why come to court to lose your time and money?
It's better you yourself your own actions judge
Instead of suffering ignominy at Court, through your grudge,
Legal fights leave behind no taste of honey!

S.L. Peeran

C O N F U S I O N

You need a peg on which to hang a coat,
A nail to be driven into a coffin,
A shoulder to weep on, a floor for dancing
And disarming looks your smiles to win.

The sound of music gives us rapture,
Brings us laughter, joy and mirth,
Nature is blessed with untold beauty,
Through which our souls refinement takes birth.

Man is always at daggers drawn,
Bitter, cold, sarcastic, angry,
His various traits challenge each other,
Trying to claim ascendancy.

The light of wisdom seldom dawns
On confused minds thus disturbed,
A Mahatma is he who gives rein to his
Good traits and keeps the bad ones curbed.

S.L. Peeran

BEAUTY IN STONE

Enticed by the marble's beauty, men employ
 This stone, various ornaments and monuments to make --
 Covering this Nature's gift to an everlasting joy,
 Heavenwards our souls to lift and take.

The moon, reflected by this marble-mirror
 With what effulgence of beauty shows its face!
 The glory of Allah, too -- to mitigate man's terror - -
 And grandeur of the Lord, on this stone, leave their trace.

See how the inlaid precious stones, serene ---
 Gems like rubies and diamonds of brilliant sheen ---
 Cast their dazzle on the smooth marble green!
 There are pearls as well, gifted by crystal streams.

At the crest are golden domes with silvery lining,
 Bedecked by chandeliers made of crystal,
 The countless mirrors of glass on the walls are shining --
 Reflecting spectacular splendour no story can tell !

.....

But had it not been for the unseen humble hands
That had transformed marble into monuments with rich carvings,
It would have lain unseen forever on barren lands.
So, let's thank them for enabling our souls to take wings.

Fired by Nature's boundless colourful grandeur,
Our spirit longs to imitate it in art,
In visual arts or those meant for the ear,
Nature plays an indispensable part.

S.L. Peeran

SCHOOL PRAYERS

Announcing prayers, when school-bell chimes,
The children rush to form their line.
Fresh like lilies, with awe on face,
With folded hands seeking grace,

Solemn prayers they say with fervour,
Seeking God's daily favour
To help them make a good beginning
To their task of learning, reading and writing.

Late arrivals stand at the gate,
Fearing the teachers' punishing rod
That doesn't spare those coming late -
And also for missing prayers to the Lord.

The joy that every morning brings
Is unspoilt for those who come in time.
All goes well for one who sings
Holy hymns with tune and rhyme.

S.L. Peeran

GRACEFUL LIVING

Let's walk away from this listless life
 to a yonder place where there is no strife,
 But is full of peace, solace, serenity __
 a place full of nature's beauty,
 Where rainbows appear upon the skyline,
 where minds meet the joys of the Divine,
 Where the art of living is a grace,
 Where barriers of religions have no trace.

DISARMED

She was there standing at my door __
 My dream girl, at last, on my floor !

In looks, she was at her best,
 I wished to welcome her as my guest.

But I was looking sheepish;
 My manners were only boyish.

With no charm was I armed;
 With her smile I was further disarmed.

S.L. Peeran

26

TO A FALLEN SOLDIER

O battle-fatigued Soldier,
 Shattered is your being,
 Weary of war and gun-powder ___
 For you had seen many dying.

From fear of death and suffering
 You yourself are now free,
 You 're free from human failings
 And fellow-man's tyranny.

You've conquered greed and passion
 And achieved glorious grandeur
 By dying for your nation,
 Your soul shines with splendour.

27

THE PATH TO PRAYER

He was ever willing to lend his shoulder
 To every dejected lover to weep
 He was the answer to a myriad fervent hopes
 A hallowed path that leads to prayer.

He was ever willing to lend his shoulder
 To carry the bier to its resting place
 He was both a devotee and a pilgrim
 To pass through the concourse to prayer.

S.L. Peeran

MY LIFE

My life is a tattered book
 Moth eaten, dusty and torn.
 It's a kite with its thread broken,
 Knocked down by the stormy wind.
 It's a boat sans sails, rudderless,
 Facing the turbulent sea.

My life is full of unfulfilled dreams,
 With sorrows many mocking at me.

WIDOWHOOD

Behind that beautiful face is a wrecked mind,
 Round eyes silent like full moon
 Forlorn looks, love lost, memories left behind,
 Oblivious of mental state & worldly boon.

Cruel fate has snatched joys from her;
 What was once dear is lost for ever.
 Prime of life is without its pristine glory,
 Widowhood has its own gloomy story.

S.L. Peeran

CITY LIGHTS

Those twinkling city-lights visible from afar
Silently beckon one to their haven -
To the hustle & bustle of the Golden Bar
Where mirth and pleasure promise a heaven.

Those twinkling city-lights visible from afar
Beckon one to the institutes offering wisdom
And knowledge, to make one a star
In the careers' or professions' kingdom.

Those twinkling city-lights visible from afar
Beckon one to the holy temple
To make offerings and burn agar
At the feet of idols, in devotion simple.

Those twinkling city-lights visible from afar
Beckon one to monuments of culture ____
To visit by buses, autos or cars,
The Museums, Mausoleums or sepulchers.

S.L. Peeran

WANDERING SOUL

I wandered & wandered all around,
 Like a lost sheep, a trackless star,
 With a begging bowl, to collect
 Crumbs of knowledge, from door to door.

I've seen ageless Time's misery,
 And joy, I've seen its depth and shallowness,
 Its glitter and gloom, its rise and fall
 Life's a scene of light and shade.

SILENCE

How can I keep my silence
 When I see so much of wrong around?
 It chills my conscious in moments tense;
 Provokes me to utter sayings profound.

How can I keep my silence
 When my mind is tortured with bitterness
 On watching throttling of good sense;
 And Man slipping into utter darkness?

How can I keep my silence
 When youth have lost their shame
 Age old customs their countenance,
 And Nature its beauty, name and fame?

S.L. Peeran

33

S I N

Sin! O man, sin!
 Let desires raise obstructions
 To goodness. Rent out your mind
 To Satan to cause your destruction!

Sin! O man, sin!
 Let your tribe increase
 And become one of tin!
 May peace always decrease!

Sin! O man, sin!
 Let Earth lose its beauty
 And sanity be lost in the din!
 May angels weep over your insanity!

34

THE SMILE THAT RELIEVED TENSION

My thoughts took me to past
 Years pleasures and times.
 It brought into focus of
 My mind, the cool & shade
 Of your friendship & love
 The comfort and solace
 Found in your company;
 The smile that thrilled
 My heart a thousand times
 And relieved tension.

S.L. Peeran

I A CROW

I wish I were just a crow
Cawing for my own pleasure,
Flying either high or low -
A simple black creature.

As a crow I don't have to worry
About food, shelter and clothing,
Lose happiness and feel sorry
And live a life of sinning.

Life is both growth and decay
Given to each creature in due measure,
To flourish or flounder day by day,
Simple living makes life a treasure.

S.L.Peeran

EDUCATION, RELIGION, AFFECTION

Without roots there is no tree,
Nor a building without a foundation,
Education is a must for refinement;
Culture and ethics are basic for a nation.

Religion is a way of life
To have faith in an unseen God,
So as to pin hopes on a safe
Future and a present that's good.

Affection is the basis of goodness.
It makes one forgiving and kind,
It frees one's mind from darkness,
All mortals, as one, Love can bind.

S.L. Peeran

A POEM IN THE MAKING

It is there, all right, within my mind,
But refusing to slip down to my tongue -
An idea for a poem of a rare kind,
Though still unclear and yet unsung.

The idea soon breeds many a thought,
Chasing images, groping for words,
Struggling with syntax, searching for rhyme,
The thoughts overlap like feathers of birds.

They now leak slowly from the nib of my pen,
Oozing like water from a closed tap.
They step to a rhythm but sometimes slip,
The poem emerges after a long gap.

S.L.Peeran

TIME DOES NOT TAKE NOTICE

How am I, concerned
 About your outbursts
Your wounded pride
 Of hurt of five thousand
Years. Of your idolatry
 Of Ahimsa, of untouchability?
I am not a Tribunal
 Of grievances, of concerns.
You may join the bandwagon
 Of play-card holders,
Of demonstrators, Fascists.
 You may shout from roof tops
Spit venom, cry hoarse,
 Time does not take notice.

S.L. Peeran

TO A STONY HEART

For you, wealth is important
Dwelling in bungalows is important,
Owning cars is important,
Holding the leash is important.
What are you? Just a big
Fat Ego in all its
Personifications, an ugly
Demon, showing itself through a
Pretty face, to scare and ensnare
Everyone with its atrocious
Behaviour, to cause annoyance,
Give pain and wound soft hearts.

S.L. Peeran

SWEET & SOUR

You have so many cars
Of latest models & kinds
On display at your door.

Your greed to amass wealth
Through means fair & foul
Grows ever more & more.

To shock your kith & kin
With your atrocious behaviour
Is now becoming a folklore.

Time alone will show that,
With joy & grief, Love & hate,
Every one's life is Sweet & Sour.

S.L. Peeran

A SAVIOUR

He feels sad, with people
Surrounding, craving for favours
Relating tales of woes, of pathos
And grief. He is adulated as being
A saviour, a Saint, a Redeemer.
He is aware of the weaknesses of a being.
The fear of wrath of the Divine, drives him
To be in the midst of his creatures,
Who look up to miracles
From purified souls. He radiates
The effulgence of the sun, the
Brilliance of the Moon, the calmness
And depth of the ocean, the fragrance
of a Rose. The ecstasy of
Communion with the Divine,
Has released him from human
Bondage & sufferings of the soul.
From the depth of his heart, he
Calls out, "Allah Kareem,
Have mercy on your beings".

S.L. Peeran

TRIALS & TRIBULATIONS

I was once moving around aimlessly,
Hither and thither, quite oblivious
Of others' concerns, carelessly
Ignoring opportunities, being not serious.

I came suddenly face to face
With life, its snares and enigmas,
I had to mould my life with grace,
To avoid social conflicts and stigmas.

I now learnt to tune my mind
To sun and shade, rain and storms,
Struggles and strife's of every kind.
I realized life in its multiple forms.

S.L. Peeran

REVOLT WITHIN

The realization has dawned too late
That the more I come closer to you,
A repulsion of a kind unknown
Grows like stench from a gutter.
The farther I move away from you,
Memories of bygone sweet pleasures
Erupt, causing anguish & pain.
I am torn between the magnetic pulls
Of your personality and the revolt of
My soul from within, to resist you.

S.L. Peeran

44

A PERSON OF VARIETY

He is quite a marvelous fellow,
 Known to be a high - brow -
 Bald, fat, with a squint eye,
 Deliriously laughing at passersby !

With various delicacies like 'Dosas'.
 Varieties of silks, Vedas, 'Doshas',
 'Yoga Kaarakas' and 'Sani Dhirishti',
 Quite acquainted he's said to be.

A smattering knowledge it's also claimed,
 Of all Indian languages he had attained.
 Its five thousand years of history
 And its cultures too, they say, knows he,
 And being an ardent 'Baba' devotee,
 He visits the mutt of every 'Swami'.

.....

But he spends his evenings in the Bar,
And drives home at midnight in his car.
His morning walks he has in half-pants,
And after his morning Coffee, he scans
The shares-value in the 'Financial Express'.
His conversation he does dress
With gaudy jokes and spun-out fables,
Whether at home or office - tables.

He thus his mean mentality exposes
While as an intellectual he poses !
A 'Rip Van Vinkle' of the latest kind
He is, as one can easily find !

S.L. Peeran

ENDLES MEETING

We met after ages,
 Though we feel we had parted
 Just the other day.
 The memories are fresh,
 Greener than the leaves,
 Brighter than the moon light
 Clearer than the milky way.
 Our love has not withered
 Nor the spirit of lively mingling
 Has lessened. The twinkle in
 The eyes has the same flash.
 The fragrance of lovely talks is
 Sweeter than the perfumes of Arabia.
 Pleasure & joy are pure & sublime.
 Oh time ! do not flee. Stop forever,
 Convert this moment to an eternity.

A SOUL THAT CAN GLADDEN A THOUSAND HEARTS

What an innocent face he has, serene and calm !
 Not a glimmer of mischief is visible on his bright countenance.
 His gait is measured and lovely, and comely is his posture,
 With childlike laughter and a smile that melts stony hearts,
 Not an iota of anger there is, even in trying circumstances,
 Always helpful is this soul that can gladden a thousand hearts !

S.L. Peeran

LIFE'S STORY

Life is a tale of meetings and partings,
 Of woes, sorrows, and afflictions,
 Pleasures, joys, mirth and laughter,
 Regrets, repentance, remembrances,
 Fading memories, future fears,
 Hatred and horrowing experiences,
 Hearts' outpourings, mental outbursts,
 Trials, turmoil's, tears and tensions,
 All recording themselves in the form of
 Either prose or poetry.

HUMAN LIFE

A crow can build a nest
 So can an ant, an ant hill
 A spider a web, a bee a honey comb
 Each one has one's desires to fulfill.
 Life is churning of desires,
 Of multifarious needs & creativity,
 Growth and decay of Empires --
 Man ever in search of tranquility.
 Life is for giving, as much as for
 Taking of energy from sun,
 Bliss from moon, existence
 From rivers, rain & Nature.
 Life is for supreme sacrifice
 On the altar of the Ever Living
 To protect the weak & meek,
 That's 'Life' for a human-being.

S.L. Peeran

HIS OWN PRISONER

Give the man whatever he wants,
 Let him carry it around his neck
 Like iron shackles, pulling him down,
 Making him prisoner of his own self.

50

EASY VIRTUE

She is a dazzling beauty, with
 Charming face and bewitching eyes.
 Lustful looks & a melodious voice
 But, she is a lady of easy virtue !

51

SINS SACRIFICED

He has left his sins
 On the threshold and
 Altar of mirth & joy
 For every one to know
 That Life is meant to be
 Seen, felt & realized.

S.L. Peeran

LOVED ONES

We both came from the same womb
We both drank from the same breast
We played together, together bloomed;
We had turn hearts in our chests.

Separated now you are, and wealthy
The world's pleasures are at your door,
Your desires grow more and more,
Your mind has become unclean, dirty.

Your flirtations and secrets are out,
With a 'don't care' attitude you move about,
With self and pride, anger and ego
Forgetting what you were a while ago.

The pleasures sought will soon pass by,
When time comes for us to die,
Our wealth can't come with us in our bus,
But our loved ones for ever remember us.

S.L. Peeran

A CORRUPT PERSON

He amasses wealth with both hands,
 A corrupt person to the very core,
 With umpteen bad habits, he drinks
 Like a fish, womanizer and gambler,
 He dresses gaudily and flaunts his money,
 Having high connections, he calls the shots,
 Foul mouthed and quickly angered,
 He uses power to liquidate adversaries,
 He makes a great show of wealth,
 Without the least qualms or conscience.
 A corrupt person of such a kind
 Is a contagious disease threatening mankind !

A FOOLISH PERSON

He never keeps anything to himself,
 With a loud mouth he blurts out everything,
 Everyone's secrets unmindful of harmful results.
 With a dare-devil attitude he rushes where angels
 Fear to tread and takes hasty decisions,
 Being quick tempered, he makes fiery speeches
 But often regrets them at his leisure.
 A spendthrift, he freely entertains one and all.
 He's friendly but boastful, sometimes buckles-up
 And humbles himself before every one.
 He shamefully confesses and reveals his own sin,
 A kind soul but a foolish person he is !

S.L. Peeran

SHOCKING BEHAVIOUR

He is always interfering in
 Whatever you do. Criticizing,
 Passing unwholesome comments
 Condemning, making fun, poking
 His nose in every work of yours.
 Never remaining silent, pulling
 Legs, short-circuiting good work,
 His behaviour is always shocking.

OLD BANDICOOT

He makes faces every time I pass by him,
 Throwing lustful glances and winks at me,
 An old bandicoot with insatiable
 Lust for wine, food and women.

S.L. Peeran

57

A COLD LOVER

He never praises or appreciates me.
As cool as a cucumber, unexpressive,
He silently turns his face away
Whenever I happen to look at him,
There is neither warmth in his love making;
Nor does he enjoy my company,
I'm dazed desolate, feel dejected.
Lovers yearn for passionate feelings.

58

LATE SUCCESS

He is a writer of great merit,
With tremendous knowledge & insight
A multifaceted personality
Combining wisdom & experience.
A kind soul with plenty of patience,
Who achieved success in the evening of life.

S.L. Peeran

SIMPLETON

A simple straight-forward person is this man,
 Who calls a spade a spade without mincing words,
 He does not mix drinks. Ever ready to help friends,
 He's always truthful, forgiving and kind-hearted,
 Though his plain-speaking sounds sometimes harsh,
 Showing genuine concern for the distressed,
 And sharing his meal and purse with the needy,
 He's a man with simple habits and a golden heart.

WORK IS WORSHIP

He is always a very busy person,
 Never wasting a single minute,
 From morn to eve, being creative,
 He plods away, with his working-kit,
 This minute here, the other, there
 He's found, giving shape to his fine ideas.
 How sweet is the honey he churns out
 From the bitter sweat of his endeavours !

S.L. Peeran

A BORN LEADER

It was the crying need of the times that projected him;
A find, blessed with all good qualities by nature -
To sail with the wind or against it whenever necessary,
To read the pulse of the people and to respect their sentiment,
To distance adversaries, to act tough with scoundrels,
To be generous to friends, to tap available talent,
To make amends or compromise whenever due,
To fight when it's a must and lie low in bad times,
To let the rein loose or pull it tight when required -
A born leader with good quality of head and heart,
A courageous man with a tough and iron will.

S.L. Peeran

A MESSIAH

A founder of a great movement is he,
The uplift of his countrymen is dear to his heart,
Schools, Colleges, Hospitals, and Societies,
He struggles to motivate his people to start.
Mingles with all irrespective of class,
And silently works for their betterment
With a glowing face and a flowing beard,
He's well groomed and dressed, though not showy.
A harbinger of peace, amity and friendship,
Is this pious man of sterling character.
He's a man of his word, firm & dedicated
Who loathes to see his people in penury,
Though he is hailed day in and day out
He remains humble despite praise and fame.

S.L. Peeran

A CLOSED - DOOR MEETING !

Being held is a 'closed - door' meeting
Of a high level, of big - wigs ___
Of national significance and utmost importance
To the security and safety of the country,
Stenos, peons, usherers and bodyguards,
In hushed tones are re-discussing
The audible, loud, heated debates
At the supposed secret, 'closed - door' meeting !
Cameras are flashing away in glory !
Every Tom, Dick and Harry
Is relaying information to friends and foes !
Files marked 'Secret' or 'Top Secret'
Make their way into the corridors,
And information therein is exchanged for a fortune !

S.L. Peeran

GOLDEN TIMES

Oh ! can we get back those golden times
When our lives were tuned to harmonious chimes,
When no news was flashed of dowry deaths,
When children went early to cozy beds,
When food and vegetables were a-plenty,
When milk and honey flowed in society?

Oh can we get back those golden times
When melodies sung were sweet sublime,
When education was a source of pleasure,
When days and days passed in leisure,
When science was not meant for destruction,
When human feelings included 'compassion'?

Oh can we get back those golden times
When Peace was amidst us all the time?

S.L. Peeran

65

TIMES SHALL CHANGE

There are times when we may have to lie low,
 When desire and pleasure should be made to go slow.
 Often like beasts behave rich men;
 Hardly any sense can be driven into them.
 Fired by passion they lose their sense;
 Anger makes the oppressors more dense,
 But pangs of conscience soon make them weep;
 They then yearn to shun life and eternally sleep,
 So, times do also change like the seasons;
 Evil shall give way to goodness and reason,
 Where reason falters, patience should prevail,
 Life's ship should be decked with HOPE as its sail.

66

MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS

Shattered are the dreams!
 The past & present are gone.
 Darkness sets at noon!
 A marriage 'made in heaven'
 Is now on the rocks!
 The fragrance of rose
 Is converted to stench
 As love turns sour ___
 Like milk to yoghurt!

S.L. Peeran

67

W H O

Who is it

Who had done

Good to me

And has gone?

A Samaritan

Sent by God

To bless me !

Who is it

Who knocks my door

At unearthly hours?

A surprise guest

To share my woes

And share his joys !

S.L.Peeran

68

FISHERMEN & FARMERS

Fishermen are sons of the sea
 On rafts of wood or bamboo,
 They must catch fish, huge or wee,
 Despite storms, their work they do.

Farmers are sons of the soil,
 They must plant seeds, food to grow,
 In all seasons they toil ___
 In sun or wind, rain or snow.

69

DAMNED MAN

The sorrows of the blind world afflict me,
 Drowning me in an ocean of deep pathos.
 Blood of humans flows like a stream of water;
 Cries of pain and anguish rend the still air,
 Like dust of storm, sins of man rise upwards.
 The wondrous blue sky is darkened with grief,
 The holiness and aura of man is damned,
 Stars no longer twinkle to charm one's eye.
 The Sun and Moon lie eclipsed to mourn the loss
 Of God's creation, destroyed by selfish man.

S.L. Peeran

ADVICE TO DEAR SON

Never be an uninvited guest, dear son :
Unexpected visits will be relished by none.
But courteous be to one who calls on you,
Although unasked or at an hour undue.
Be cautious while expressing your own opinion
For they may lead to wrong conclusions.
Blind criticism is a sure way to loose your friends,
In bitter sorrow your arguments may end.
The eldest child of Virtue is Patience
And the golden means to Peace is Silence.
On your visiting a house, when they open the door,
Greet them with word "Peace be yours".
Be kind and gentle to one and all,
So that your hosts may treasure your call.

S.L. Peeran

A DAWN OF A NEW MILLENNIUM

May this century its chapter close,
 Carrying away all mortals' woes.
 May New Millennium with new hopes dawn,
 Enhancing humanity's excellence each morn.
 A thousand years of human endeavour
 Have shaped the era drawing near.
 May this approaching New Millennium
 Illumine human minds in millions.
 Let not Satan steal its thunder;
 Let it help us achieve the wonder
 Of Utopian bliss through universal peace ____
 By starving War to its decease !

72

K A A B A

Kaaba is a symbol
 Of love and brotherhood,
 Of sacrifice and submission,
 Of forgiving and forgetting,
 Of oneness and unity,
 Of friendship, of bond
 With Almighty Allah
 The Beloved, the Loved,
 The Merciful, the Beneficent,
 The Gracious, the Forgiving.

S.L. Peeran

A BORN MAHATMA

A Mahatma is an institution
 Of culture, good breeding and nobility.
 He's always a treasured gift to his nation ___
 A gentle person of integrity.

Love is stocked in his noble soul
 For the well-being of man and nature
 He moves steadily towards the goal;
 Profoundly learned, he's a good teacher.

Determination is his weapon main,
 Patient in failure, humble in success,
 He seeks not flattery nor ever grows vain;
 The more his fame, his pride is the less.

Among the nobles he's a prince,
 A sparkling sun among the scholars,
 Of Right and Virtue bold in defense,
 He's broad in vision with a mind secular.

S.L. Peeran

74

BASIC VALUES

There should be a basic level
 At which, one should sink
 All differences & prejudices,
 At that level, one should
 Share the pleasantries,
 Courtesies, & customary rites,
 At that level, one should
 Shake hands and hug each other.
 Destruction of that basic value
 Is pernicious & harmful
 To the harmony of society
 And existence of good institutions.

75

FALLEN MAN

Oh ! What a fall for you, Man !
 Once you were heavenly;
 You've now become earthly !
 Oh ! What a fall for you, Man !
 Once you were angelic;
 You now are demoniac !
 Oh ! What a fall for you, Man !

S.L. Peeran

CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS

You are known by the company you keep,
You may be an innocent person
But, if you move about with scoundrels,
Thieves, dopes, drunkards and vagabonds,
You will be considered as one of them.

You may not be a learned man yourself
But, if you attempt to learn from others
By being always in the company of scholars,
Read good classics and modern literature,
Then the aura of learning surrounds you.

Company makes or mars a career;
So choose the best among your friends.

S.L.Peeran

FORGIVE THEM FOR THEY KNOW NOT

You must accept people as they are,
 Not expecting all their traits to please you.
 To create and maintain healthy relations,
 You'll need to put up with their whims.

Sometimes you may have to even gulp down
 Your anger at insults and humiliations ____
 Forgiving those who are their cause,
 For, 'they know not what they do'.

You should maintain your cool with dignity,
 With silence and calmness as golden aids,
 Like Time, Forgiveness is a great 'healer' ____
 A balm to soothe pain and to heal wounds.

DOWN TRODDEN

God has assigned her an unenviable task
 Of being a humble sweeper, a street woman.
 What is your role towards such a creature?
 To look down upon and downtread her
 Or to show compassion and work for her uplift?

S.L.Peeran

TURN A BLIND EYE OR SHOW COMPASSION

A person is occasionally whimsical,
He at times shows his idiosyncrasies,
Behaves atrociously and uppishly,
Gets drunk, becomes volatile and mad.

Muddy, still waters, if stirred
Spread pollution obnoxiously,
So never trigger off such a person
For you'll be shocked by his reaction.
Just ignore him, turning a blind eye,
Or show compassion and treat him with tolerance.

S.L. Peeran

HEED COUNSEL

Sagacious advice one seldom gets,
Which is profound in wisdom and learning,
And a sage's experience in life.
Ignore not such pearls of wisdom,
Respect men of saintly disposition,
For they carry with them the aura of knowledge.
Heeding their counsel with awe and obedience
May bring cheer and charm into one's life.

S.L. Peeran

OUR SHATTERED DREAMS

Now we have come to the end of the road,
To a dead end on a steep cliff,
Our voices no more do charm each other,
Nor do our eyes meet with pleasure,
Our looks are scornful, wild with passion,
Anger, wrath, spite and vengeance.
Though deep down in our hearts, when calm,
We regret, we weep and long to embrace
Each other and realize our sweet dreams,
There's no meeting ground at all ___
Nothing in common; no emotional bond,
The fragrant flower of love has withered;
The binding cord of Love is broken.
We can sing together in chorus no longer;
Our voices are out of harmony.
Our steps don't keep pace any more;
So no more can we walk together,
Our aims & priorities are now different
Our motives, hope & dreams are different
We stand in different planes & parallels;
We are uniquely, inherently different.
There's no compelling force that can
Persuade us to make peace
With each other or re-unite us.

S.L. Peeran

82

A DEPRIVED PLEASURE

I will not give you the pleasure
Of hurting me and enjoying the pain,
Caused to me at being humiliated.

Am I a hunted deer or fox?

Am I a squirrel or a butterfly?

Am I a wild horse to be tamed
Harnessed, ridden and whipped?

Am I a shrew or a vagabond?

Am I a radical or a terrorist?

I am none of these, nor even a scavenger
To be thus teased, to be thus bullied,
To be thus hounded and sacrificed !

83

BEWARE OF PITFALLS

Some people tend to poke their noses
Into the affairs of all and sundry,
Posing as wise and learned men,
They give opinions and advice freely.

Fake doctors are really dangerous;
Half-cooked food is unhealthy.
Heeding the counsel of self-styled sages
Will lead to pits and pitfalls many.

S.L. Peeran

RETAIN YOUR INDIVIDUALITY

You should always retain your own
Personality and individuality
And not get overawed by the glitter
And glamour of another person.
Nor should you lose yourself in the
Tempestuous, overbearing personality
Of a 'big-brother' — bearlike and bullish.
After a time, when life becomes difficult
To be carried on with such bullies,
You'll find you have no identity left,
With which to create a niche for yourself.
You would have become useless and ruined.

S.L. Peeran

POWER OF CREATIVE PEOPLE

There are some people who create
Material goods for one's pleasure,
Another kind make musical instruments,
And sports goods to enjoy at leisure,
Some others create great works of
Art and literature, which are a treasure.

Creative men have always a following
Of supporters who, by their works, are thrilled.
They not only praise but propagate their works
Which encourages them to become more skilled :
Even their enviers are soon subdued;
Admiration and aura in them are instilled.

Thus creative people, over others, tower;
The world bows down before their power.

S.L. Peeran

86

FLIGHT TO THOUSAND LIGHTS

The aches & pains of daily living drowns
 One's senses as though in a deep trance.
 Sprightly thoughts soon spring from furrows of frowns;
 Like colts & fillies they begin to prance !
 A call from the pathless realms now cheers,
 Like soft, soothing music, the deafened ears.
 Yearnings erupt to be with lost dears
 And souls take wings to join the peers.
 Pangs of grief soon loosen their hold
 To ease the spirit, to take flight,
 And clear the mind of dark clouds, to unfold
 Ecstatic bliss with its thousand lights.

87

FRIENDSHIP - INFATUATION - LOVE

With nervous laughs and occasional flirting,
 Their Friendship grew into Infatuation,
 Adding a sparkle to their eyes
 And filling their lives with new elation.

Soon shorn of all its glittering shine,
 Infatuation's dazzling crown of gold
 Metamorphosed to a flowery garland __
 With LOVE, their necks together, to hold.

S.L. Peeran

YOU GET WHAT YOU DESERVE

Like a big fool of an ass,
He wore the garb & skin of a lion
And tried to roar, but could only bray —
And got the sticks on his back,
He fully deserved what he earned.

A beast of burden can never rule,
So also, worthless men who ape,
Dine and dance with great guns
To boost themselves and their ranks
Among the gentry and the elite,
Are exposed for what they really are
When the game is up and things are clear,
And finally get what they deserve.

S.L. Peeran

BLESS ME

Oh ! if only I could dream of thee
 And see Thy beauty and effulgence,
 Thy charm, Thy benign look, Thy smile,
 To relieve me of my pain and anguish,
 My despondency and perplexity,
 That have left my life so shattered !
 O sweet one; O Thou deliverer
 From all miseries and calamities !
 O Thou most compassionate one,
 O haven of peace and tranquility !
 Bless me, enlighten my dark soul,
 Redeem me from all vicissitudes,
 Guide me to a life of bliss,
 Of solace and contentment.
 I have heard, O Eternal Lord,
 Thou showerest Thy choicest blessings
 Upon all Thy chosen ones.
 Let me, then, be one of them.

S.L. Peeran

IN THE NETHER WORLD

Where will you search for me
 When I'm gone to the Nether World?
 In my old shoes in the attic,
 In my torn and tattered clothes
 Or in the not so worn-out suits and ties,
 Which remind you of the rare occasions
 Specially worn by me to please you?
 Now they'll not part with you,
 Having become your precious antiques?
 Or will you keep searching for me
 In my photographs in the album
 Or the big sized coloured one on the wall
 With adoring eyes and wearing a smile
 Haunting you with loving memories?
 Or will you search and search for me
 In my diaries full of accounts of our love,
 Our meetings & quarrels, travels & expenses,
 Our hopes & disappointments, our pains & pleasures?
 Or in my love songs and my letters
 Carefully preserved in dusty files,
 Or in my collection of books which had bored you?
 You had hated it whenever I held it,
 For you had yearned to be held in my arms.
 They now bring uncontrollable, ceaseless tears?
 Whenever you prepare a special meal
 Or steaming tea of my special brand,
 Or cut a fruit of choicest sweetness,
 Old memories haunt you and you wish
 You were with me in the dust & soil,
 No more wishing to keep body & soul together?

S.L. Peeran

TOIL AND SOIL

He toiled from morn till late in the night,
 Without any rest, day after day.
 Ignoring his own needs, every paisa
 In his savings-box he would carefully lay.
 Year after year his savings grew ___
 Enough to give his daughter away
 In marriage. In a grand manner,
 The wedding place on a fine day.
 Music and dance, flowers and finery
 Greeted the 'baraat' all the way.
 Silver, gold and other items
 Of the dowry were arranged in fine array,
 As demand after demand was being made,
 Each was met in every way.
 But as each demand was being met,
 The groom had more and more to say.
 To his growing greed there was no end,
 The bride's poor father, sick and grey,
 No longer able to bow and bend,
 Finally had to call it a day.
 Calling on the gods to help his daughter,
 Down he fell and lifeless lay,

 Ended, thus, his lifelong toil ___
 Enabling the groom to bury him in the soil.

S.L. Peeran

LOVELY CHILD

I asked my lovely child
 How much he does love me,
 With a twinkle in his eyes
 And splashing a big smile,
 He spread his arms to show
 That Love is too great for one to see.

HIS GRACE

With His Grace I could have a glance
 At His effulgence, which left me in a trance.

His face radiates His divine glory,
 His beneficence, His might and mercy.

My being is enveloped with his compassion,
 Every particle in me is His creation.

He dwells in me serenely,
 Life glows in me sweetly & calmly.

Songs flow from my lips in praise of His love,
 Which He showers on us from Heaven above.

S.L. Peeran

94

CHARM IN LIFE, SO DEAR

When all seems blank on the earth and sky,
 When no opportunities ever come nigh,
 When, from everywhere, despondency glares,
 When, into the face, disappointment stares,
 When cheap become sorrow and fear,
 Charm in Life becomes so dear.

95

LABOUR SANS LUCK

There is an urge in almost everyone
 To achieve success and earn a name,
 To receive awards for hard work done
 And attain wide, everlasting fame.

Many have died attempting to scale
 Mighty mountains high and steep.
 A few succeed, but many fail
 To find the pearls in oceans deep.

Nature has designed its own ways
 To gift its gems to the ones she chooses,
 Though one might slog for days and days,
 The fruits of Labour, Luck often refuses.

S.L. Peeran

2001 - A PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS

Two thousand and one will soon have begun;
 Praise be to Thee, Lord, the ONLY ONE.
 Let seconds & minutes pass in Thy praise;
 May blessings, thrive, our goodness raise.

Misery & poverty teach us humility ___
 To seek Thy Grace, Love and Charity,
 To repent to Thee and seek Thy Forgiveness
 For our sins of hate, jealousy & covetousness.

A RESOLUTION

Let's free ourselves from cobwebs of life,
 Not acting like a frog in a pond or like a dog
 In a manger, and be neither victims or creators of strife.
 Let us also refuse to be beasts of burden that slog,
 Instead, let's educate & illumine our minds with knowledge,
 So that we may all step forward hand in hand,
 Between man and man let us drive no wedge.
 Let's resolve to be a part of a single harmonious band,
 Let us all sing together celestial songs
 In praise of God who to all of us belongs.

S.L. Peeran

TOTAL SURRENDER

I love HIM, respect HIM and honour HIM;
Each breath of mine is spent in His service.
Day and night merge and I slave forever
Out of dedication, Love of Labour.
Neither vagaries of weather, ill health
Nor desires, nor slumber can deter me.
With deep devotion, I burn the Candle
Of my life at His feet in total surrender.
I have no complains, demands, compulsions,
No grievances, grief, or pain.
Undoubtedly, I am captured by HIM;
I am now left with no will of my own.
My Master's service is my main motto
I wish I were a dog to befriend HIM.

S.L. Peeran

PRICELESS PRESENT

O my dear soul - mate !
I wished I could give you
A lasting, lovely present
Which is precious and priceless ___
Not available even
In the grandest of treasuries
Of mighty Kings and Nawabs.

I looked and looked around,
Searched & searched all places.
At last I found it just
Within my own heart.
It is my lasting Love.

S.L. Peeran

100

OH ! DREAMLESS SLEEP

What, you want me to go back
 and resume the life I left?
 I bartered my griefs & sorrows,
 my anguishes, pain & sufferings
 For peace, bliss and happiness
 by giving up survival's struggle,
 I let my sails to take me
 wherever lay my destiny.
 My heart stopped throbbing,
 my eyes shedding tears
 Of separation from my loved ones,
 from all pleasures and longings.
 I let my being be beaten,
 patted, kissed or kicked.
 I allowed my self - respect
 to be spat upon,
 My ego humiliated and
 destroyed. Yet again
 The stresses and strains, turmoils
 and torments of my mind,
 Amorous, lustful thoughts
 and covetous desires & feelings
 Keep swelling up, tempting me
 every now and then.
 Not wavering, I stood my ground
 and stubbornly bore the brunt
 Now I have become
 the butt of everyone's joke,
 The neo-rich calling me
 an odd, foolish man.
 Now don't beg me, my dear
 to slip down once again,
 Loosen my firm grip,
 my tight hold on 'kama'.
 I pray, let the evening
 set with calmness descending
 And birds chirping to lull me
 into sleeping soundly,
 Deeply & dreamless
 till eternity.

S.L. Peeran

101

BURY THE HACHET

Let the dying, decaying, perishing
 Icons, myths, idols and superstitions
 Of 'Kama', evil, devilish fetishes
 Lie destroyed, buried in oblivion.

Let the bygone heroes, warriors,
 Chariots, swords, 'trishuls' & armoury
 Lie buried deep for ever
 In Mother Earth, our protector.

Let not the dinosaurs be resurrected
 Nor Genghis & Hulagu be revived.
 Let the planet live in Buddha's tranquility,
 Ashoka's peace & Mahavira's Ahimsa.

Let the nobility of heart prevail;
 Buy not the arguments of renewal
 Of past stormy tempests & holocausts.
 Let the Sun's effulgence shine forever.

S.L. Peeran

QUATRAINS

"Q"

There is fraternity in Serpentine queue
You find men & women of all hues
Standing for long to reach the counter
Preventing strangers breaking line in centre.

"ROSE"

Fragrance of sweet rose in the air
Raises passions of mirth & pleasure.
Bedecking in the lady's plait
To take a picture to treasure.

S.L. Peeran

H A I K U

Fundamentalist
 Quite a serious business please
 Social menace.

Earth microscopic
 Sun a speck in galaxy
 Man invisible

Kids drive you crazy
 Humiliating behaviour
 We love our mummy.

Life in sea's turmoil
 Feelings of desolation
 Men in search of peace.

The prime of our youth
 Is like budding of flowers
 Fragrance in the air.

On our enemies fall
 There was glee & joy galore
 Release of tension.

Enough is enough
 The line of least resistance
 On verge of breaking.

S.L. Peeran

It is society
 Within a great society
 Wheels within giant wheels.

For you we do not
 Exist anymore isn't it
 Keep your distance please.

Studying and studying
 To fulfill a strong clear dream
 Doctor in making.

Strong like an iron
 Clear like a crystal diamond
 Mind is marvelous.

It is sandy earth
 Turned to glistening mirror
 Of rare purity.

Churning of desires
 There is no pleasure in life
 Life without a wife.

Marriage is bargain
 There is no life without wife
 Cudgels around neck.

S.L. Peeran

Circumbulation

Around the Holy Kabba

Humble submission.

In solar system

Seven planets moving around

Harmonic dictum.

Peaceful harmony

A must for humanity

And economy.

Inter caste marriage

A peaceful coexistence

Trend of modern age.

Patience is virtue

A silent prayer of man

Sweet fruits, as labour.

Cosmic rays in air

Transmitting love, affection

For humanity.

Recite names of God

A silent prayer on lips

As a thanks giving.

S.L.Peeran

Rejoice every day
 In act of charity
 Make hay while sunshines.

My silent hours spent
 In pangs of separation
 Hoping for merge.

A close door meeting
 Of worlds powerful leaders
 To end nuclear war.

I burn in midnight
 In love of Thy Beloved
 Shedding tears of bliss.

Hear Hear Me seeker !
 I shall not open My door
 To thankless beings.

Love is every lasting
 For those who die in deep grief
 Destroying their self.

I cried bitterly
 To seek Thy sweet countenance
 Fragrance merge in air.

S.L.Peeran

Pathos in my blood
 Gushing forth like restless stream
 To merge with Thy self.

Oh! My Beloved
 Show me Thy sweet Effulgence
 I am in anguish !

I shall die, when called
 Summon me, O my sweet ONE
 My life is for You.

Roses Roses dear
 Just for sweet remembrances
 For my love to bear.

I burn in Thy love
 Leaving my ashes for you
 Holy communion.

Sun, Moon, Stars, Planets
 Ever in search of Thy self
 O love show Thy Face.

Burn, burn, O my love
 My heart is ready to burst
 To receive Thy Grace.

S.L.Peeran

Oh my Beloved
I wish I was never born
Thrown afar from You.

Kindly show Thy Grace
For, your seeker is weeping
In separation.

Life is meaningless
Without Your presence in me
Be with me my Love.

When I am with You
Supreme bliss flows in my blood
Kindly bear with me.

All your beings weep
For You are so Merciful
Forgive all our sins.

Your false claims of love
Oh Peeran, where is justice !
Satan is in you.

Sins sins I commit
In hopes of Your Love, Mercy
Dared me to transgress.

S.L.Peeran

I shall never love
 Oh Peeran those who dared Me
 Now quickly repent.

Turn Thy face in love
 Or Peeran you shall face wrath
 And be forsaken.

Love or be ever damned
 Burn yourself in ever Love
 Donot forsake Me.

Shake, shake, shake yourself
 Of all the worldly desires
 And turn to deep Love.

What is love tell Me?
 To be in submission, Lord
 To receive Thy Grace.

Submit or you die
 Love does not bear jealousy
 I want my love, Lord !

I heard a loud voice
 Peeran, submit or perish
 Lord, allow me to Love.

S.L.Peeran

I am always drunk
 In ever pure intoxicant
 That takes me to Love.

My heart burns in Love
 Celestial beings watch me
 And call me a fool.

Why love? My son asks
 Candle burns to give light, dear
 To show you THE path.

Kindly look at me
 I am a forsaken love
 Thrown out of Heaven.

My lamentations
 Has it not shaken you Lord?
 Donot throw me out.

My praises for You
 Thou shall always give me Love
 I seek Your blessings.

My head is bursting
 In splitting headache, fever
 Show Thy Grace my Lord.

S.L.Peeran

Where is Thy Justice?
 Peeran ! you are forsaken
 You have challenged Me.

My covetousness
 Puts me to shame, O my Lord
 Show Thy Graciousness.

Maintain silence, please
 In prayers, Lord showers Grace
 Man to receive peace.

Show mercy, always
 So that Mercy shows its face
 That is the God's way.

Success touches man
 Who humbles himself before Thee
 Love grows in His fan.

Sun shows effulgence
 On humble, poor and mighty
 Nature shows Lord's Eminence.

Might and right do fight
 But, do not transgress His love
 For Peace would take flight.

S.L.Peeran

Beauty shows its face
 To charm, sooth melancholy
 Nature reflects Grace.

Greenery all around
 Nature shows its own glory
 Impress profound.

Show of ego's strength
 Is to face catastrophe
 Grief & Loss at length.

A rose among thorn
 Is more pleasing to the eyes
 It has more value.

To relieve tension
 Roses, roses all the way
 For all occasions.

Gulmohar among roses
 Is more lovely and pleasing
 Poetry in flowers.

Art is more pleasing
 To connoisseur of beauty
 For time is fleeting.

S.L.Peeran

Gambling tendency

A sure way to loose money

Health and happiness.

Source of poverty !

A large number of children

Plaue on society.

Growing vehicles

Is adding to the traffic

A noise pollution.

Flowery language

Rhyme and Rhythm in poetry

Sheer music to ears.

Buried in deep earth

Ashamed to show my face, Lord

Eternal sinner.

My humble prayer

Expose me not on dooms day

My face is darkened !

The heart is empty

Without any love for my Lord

It is disgraceful !

S.L.Peeran

How could you fly now?
 With wings of love clipped for ever
 Mother earth for me.

Colourful rainbow
 On the horizon of love
 To keep heart cheerful.

Champak's sweet fragrance
 Reminder of eternal love
 Mother Teresa.

Flow of tranquil stream
 Calmness begets mental peace
 A living Buddha.

Douse the fire gently
 Find peace by ending quarrels
 Before milk turns sour.

Generate good will
 For heavens sake save your souls
 Save from destruction.

That eternal fire
 Erupts now and then to burn
 Reduce self, to ashes

S.L.Peeran

TANKA

Do not call me mad
 My love is for all to see
 Unabashed, I cry
 When Adam, Eve cast away
 Where do you stand, Oh Peeran !

Oh, blackened sinner !
 Darker than the burnt charcoal
 Bury your face in earth
 Hide your dark soul in white sheets
 You are unfit for my love !

People of all faiths
 Masquerading, destroying
 In the name of Lord
 Beauty of Mother nature
 Creating storms after storms.

With wings of angels
 Soaring in bliss, ecstasy
 Mother Teresa
 Thou art angelic beauty
 Queen of hearts, succour of poor.

S.L. Peeran

Like waves and waves
 Storming the mind of a poet
 Imaginations
 Penning poems with gems, diamonds
 A garden of rare beauty.

Road roller rolls road
 Stones, jelly, sand and tar crushed
 Problems squeezes man
 Miseries befalling like
 Lightening, storms striking earth.

Bubbling like balloon
 Charmless men fly in power
 Only to burst down
 Drowned in corruption & scams
 A ship lost in a whirl pool.

Holed up like a rat
 Like a hermit in a cage
 In meditation
 To reach pinnacle of peace
 A great man in the making.

S.L. Peeran

Great men seldom weep
 Like tigers they show their strength
 Standing like statues
 On the pedestal of love
 To conquer the hearts of men.

I am satisfied
 With the gifts received from Lord
 It is miracle
 With the weakness of our minds
 We brave the storms of our lives.

What a paradox
 Poor in eternal struggle
 Rich live in pleasure
 Like date palms in dry deserts
 While banyan trees spreading shade.

Poets emotional
 Sooth music in sheer poetry
 To console the heart
 Nature's voice reflect in poems
 Glory to the Divine self.

S.L. Peeran

Silence is golden
 When soul soars out of body
 And lips are sealed
 Move about like silent Moon
 Monuments shine forever.

CHILD

Child sparks innocence
 Being father of the man
 A white dove of peace
 For, new born ushers in change
 A bright star in galaxy.

LEGEND

The lamentations
 The overwhelming sorrows,
 Grief, on the death of
 The Father of the Nation
 Will remain as a legend.

EVER CORRUPTION

Ever corruption
 From mother's womb to the grave
 Is from birth to death
 Creation to destruction
 Event in perpetuity.

S.L. Peeran

CLONING

Cloning of a child
 A scientific invention
 Of ingenious minds
 For destruction of culture
 A dare devil incarnate.

SMILE

A smile on the face
 A sure way to Supreme bliss
 Purity of mind
 Diamonds sparkling in colours
 Illuminating the soul.

A SLAVE

Compassionately
 Your servant seeking blessings
 For ever a slave
 Sincerely seeking Your Grace
 For perpetual happiness.

PEN

Is Pen a weapon
 To make a child literate
 To dip in learning
 Enlighten the mind & soul
 Reach pinnacle of success.

S.L. Peeran

HISTORY

Contemporary
History of present times
Twist & turns of lies
To form a great monument
Mystery novel in making.

MUSIC

Inspirational
Music of the ageless times
Candle of the life
To enlighten heart & soul
And soar to heavenly goal.

CONFUSED

Interpretation
Of various Religious Texts
Babilisation
Confounding mystery of Times
For ever remain confused.

S.L. Peeran