

LOVE IS FIRE



Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad

LOVE IS FLAME

It is an honest Game

Love Is Fire Love Is Flame



**In Loving Memory of
Saroj Kumari Devi**

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30th June 2014.

Reflections of a Beautiful Family Life

The sun rose above the hills in my
village
As the joy of my heart sped for more
mileage
Rays of warmth and love rose high and
well
When My Pretty Lotus came in home to
dwell

Together we saw fresh dew upon the
grass
Birds chirped, butterflies flew to over
pass
I watched her gently moving around in
the day
My love got deeper and deeper living
everyday

I enjoyed the stillness and calm for so
long
Watching as she smiled and sang a
song

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She brought me fame and wealth
always

Like a slow flowing traffic of the
highways

My heart and soul kept flowing with a
lot of joy

I smiled and I quietly reflected all to
enjoy

I was handed a sweet princess to give
care

A sweet princess for my love life to
share

I took a vow to myself to be her
charming prince

She enriched my life and let me
convince

Love her and always cherish her was
the way

Until my last breath and until my last
day

I kept all my vows and lived a full family
life

I let her reign as my queen and be my
wife

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When she was gone, I made a promise
in my mind
I'll treasure all fond memories that I can
possibly find

Fifteen months have gone by but I'm
still grieving
My love's like war it was easy to begin
but never ending
I've fond reflections of all those
beautiful moments
I've created many poems but have no
further comments.



WHO WAS SHE?



Saroj Kumari Devi was born on 15th August 1940 in Nasinu in Fiji and her parents Chandar Pal Sharma and Lila Wati Singh bestowed her with a name that meant pretty Lotus. Saroj received her initial formative, primary and secondary education at the Dudley House in Toorak Suva as a boarder and her initial tertiary education was

conducted at the Fiji Advanced College of Education and then at the University of the South Pacific. She completed her other graduate courses at the Brisbane Advanced College of Education and Queensland University of Technology. (Cert Ed., B.Ed., Dip Ed. and B.T.)

Saroj was professionally prepared as a teacher and she taught successfully at various primary, secondary and tertiary institutions of Fiji and Australia from 1960 to 2002. In her forty-two years of active participation in educational work force, she held various positions of responsibility. She was a Teacher, Assistant Head Teacher, Head of Department, Lecturer, Education Broadcasts Officer and Senior Lecturer.

Saroj was married on 19th January 1964 to Ram Laxhan Prasad, her College Mate, and they together

developed a pleasant family life with four married children and eight grand children.

My Saroj came to me as a radiant star of my life and my sky of life got brighter and brighter every day. My life became a chain of miracles that gave me multiple glimpses of Heaven. In simple terms, we two were just right for each other with our deep love and strong abiding.

I never called myself a saint but I was a loyal, faithful and honourable husband to my wife who I always defended, honoured and treasured. She filled me with eternal joy and while my life was hers, her life was mine. She made me like her life, she liked my life, and so we liked the way one day flowed into the next.

We felt that there was nothing wrong in enjoying life if we were able to do

so. The days of our life was happy, we were content, our days used to be full, pleasant, racing, gaming and loving until I lost her forever. When she was gone, I felt empty, tired and all alone because not only she was a shining light of my life but also because she was an angel always ready to give and never expect any reward.

My Saroj passed away on 14th March 2013 after a short illness and was finally laid to rest at the Centenary Memorial Gardens in Brisbane on 16th March 2013. Some people mourn the loss of their dear one for a year but my pain and sorrow are so deep rooted that they would last until I too move to join her somewhere in the unknown.

How that warm sunny day had irrevocally changed all my life is very difficult to describe in words. I could never sustain the pain of my tragic loss then and have found that that deep-

seated pain would never go away. It got engrained into my bone. I have still not been able to fully understand and fathom whether it was my loss, my guilt, the natural injustice, my anger, my pain or my fear that is keeping my grief fresh. However, I have gathered that one has to deal with what one must.

There is no safe place to hide from desolation that is burrowed in the deepest part of your heart. One part of me said that the past was done and over, only my pain and hatred of losing my beloved remained with endless regrets and I had many questions with no easy answers.

One of the greatest mistakes the people sympathising with me made after my loss was to say that time was nature's way of healing and keeping everything from happening to my disadvantage but they did not know

that life had too many darker corners where emotions and sorrows could safely hide and torture you. So I was meant to look hale and hearty after burying the hatchet so to speak. How could I be suddenly infused with icewater in my veins and forget my pain, sorrow, loneliness, troubles, threats and weaknesses?

I was supposed to take one look at my future and forget my past to build my present but I did not and could not gather enough strength to change so drastically. So I decided to detach all physical relationship and learn to live with the soul of my Pretty Lotus for the rest of my life. I did not want to forget anything, especially all the fond memories of over half a century of togetherness. I chose to awaken my creative skills and senses to poetically express my feelings.

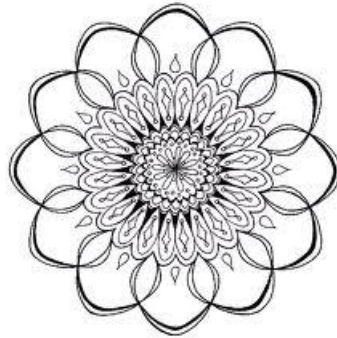
Over the last fifteen months, I have done just that and intend to continue doing so to keep myself emotionally attached to the soul of my beloved wife. I see that there is nothing absurd about this human conduct because my wounds have neither festered nor healed and I cannot leave my past in the path where it all happened.

Now I think I have mastered a special gift and that is that I have the ability to see things as they really are. I thank my beloved wife for this sewa change in me. My family life that was my charm is no more with the strong pillar of strength that has gone forever but I am not going to let her down and give up. I shall overcome, endure and then join my Pretty Lotus when the time comes.

She would be remembered for many of her super human qualities such as her quality of mercy, her extreme

kindness, unconditional, instinctual and realistic love and the elements of share and tender loving care.

Our souls were one, Saroj and I, and we both knew it. From the beginning of our love life, we recognized that we were part of each other and parting was not in our agenda but when it did happen, I was torn and broken. My heart seems to collapse and my body became numb but some how or the other I kept moving like a corpse.



Creativity Continues...

Unki Doli Aur Unki Arthi

Apne beetey huye pal ki tulna karna
bade takleef ki baat hai
Wo din badaa khushi ka tha aur aaj ka
din badaa manhoos hai
Uss din ek doli uthi thi jab do shareer
ek aatma ban gaye thea
Hum dono pawintra pyaar ke bandhan
mein bandh gaye thea

Ek doli mein sawar hoke meri dulhan
badey shaan sey chali thi
Ham ne unko badey pyaar sey apne
ghar ki ek devi bana li thi
Samay beetey bahut khushiyan aayi
jeewan khushhaal ho gaya
Pachpan warshon mein itna pyaar mila
ki dil baag baag ho gaya

Aaj wahi ghar sey ek arthi uthi toh
mera ghar sansaar ujadh gaya
Hum dono ka saath chhoot gaya aur ab
hamara raasta badal gaya

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Unka shringaar aaj bhi wayse hi huwa
jaysse uss din kiya gaya tha
Fark kewal itna tha uss din wo vida
huyi thi aaj unka alvidayi tha

Uss din unki maang bhari thi aaj bhi
sindoor unke maathe lagi thi
Uss din gaheno sey wo saji thi par aaj
unke paas kuchh bhi nahi thi
Uss din main hasta muskarata raha
par aaj hamara dil ro raha hai
Uss din hum ghar basaaney chale thea
aaj mera ghar ujjad gaya hai

Uss din unke gorey haanthon mein
mehndi lagi thi aaj bhi lagi hai
Uss din unke haanthon mein hari
choodiyen thi aur aaj bhi saji hai
Uss din sawari piya Milan ki thi, aaj
woh piya sey bichhad gayi hai
Fark hai dono dino mein bahut, uss din
toh doli thi aur aaj arthi hai

Lakhan ki duniya badali jab aangan
mein Saroj ke kadam padey thea
Dil ke har taar khil uthea thea aur
baagon mein bahaar aagaye thea

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Saaraa jeewan swarg bana diya tha
mere jheel mein Kamal khile thea
Ab wahi ghar ek samsaan bana hai
jahan unke kadamo ke aahat thea

Yeh toh jaahir hai ki Bhagwaan bahut
bada hai unki lila apram paar hai
Unke aseem kripa aur kar kamlon sey
iss saare jagat ki hota beda paar hai
Gar meri ardhaagni na aati iss jeewan
mein toh kawn dikhata rah mujhe
Dhannye hai mere Saroj Devi ki jisne
Bhagwaan ka bhakti sikhaayaa mujhe

Wo meri dulhan bani aur doli par aayee
par hamne unko arthi par bida kiya
Unke liye aysi khudgarji dikhana mere
tann mann ko jagjhore ke rakh diya
Mere jeewan ke har pal chhin mein
unka aysa pyaar mila hum tript ho gaye
Fark kewal itna hai unke chaley jaaney
ke baad ab hum tadap ke rah gaye

Unki doli aur arthi uthaaney ka shubh
ausar agar phir sey mujhko mil jaaye
Unke arthi ko main doli bana loonga
chaahe duniya idhar udhar ho jaaye

Uss doli mein main unke naye aatmaa
ko jeewan bhar sambhaal ke rakhoon
Yahi Saroj ke Lakhan ki chaahat hogi ki
ab unko apne duniya mein hi rakhoon.

Meri Praan Priye

Jisne kabhi mere mehbooba ko dekha
hi nahi tha
Unko pataa nahi mere dilwar ka jalwaa
kaysa tha
Hamne unko kamal maanaa aur gulab
kahaa tha
Unka ek ajeeb roop raha aur junoon
lajawab tha
Mere pure pariwaar mein unka maan
bejodh tha
Jisne kabhi mere mehbooba ko dekha
hi nahi tha
Unko pataa nahi mere dilwar ka jalwaa
kaysa tha
Jise main haseen samajhta hoon mera
gulab tha
Jise main dil mein sajaya tha wo mera
dildar tha

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