

Thoughts in bloom

by

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Dedication

To my son
Chiranjeev

Acknowledgements

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Danseuse

She speaks through her steps,
Dancing and revolving,
Expressing her art,
Going beyond the self,
A bond with the Supreme power,
A complete surrender
Of the mind and the heart,
A performance
Filled with true devotion.

Sunrise

Sightseers swarm
To catch your glimpse,
Your spray of colours
On the lofty peaks.
Your appearance delights
One and all,
To experience rejuvenation...
A new day, a new life.

Yearning

My heart yearns,
To go a long way,
Far across the fields,
Across the echoing hills,
Towards a place enchanting,
Lovely and silent,
Beside a gurgling stream,
Where I can see myself,
My reflection...
And speak out my feelings,
My tormenting desires,
To ease a heavy heart,
In the serene atmosphere.

A gift

(Dedicated to my mother)

You smiled at me,
Even though you were in pain,
You sacrificed for me,
Never thought about your gain.
You brought me up,
With lots of love and affection,
You stood by me,
Giving me utmost protection.
You inculcated in me,
Good habits and values,
You patiently taught me,
Prepare savoury menus.
You still care for me,
Although I stay remote,
You are divine to me,
My precious gift from God.

Secret

A secret remains a secret
Till it's kept a secret,
If once it's revealed
It doesn't remain sealed.
All depends upon self-restraint,
The power to retain and refrain,
Indomitable spirit - unyielding,
Sheer determination - untiring.
Aren't these secrets
Of keeping secrets?
If we try we can succeed,
A resolution to just proceed.

Silent enemy

Creeping slowly,
Each day, every moment,
Through my thoughts,
It haunted, attacked,
Made me miserable.
The enemy,
Mocked at my resolutions,
Began to build its base,
An attempt,
To ruin my imagination.
Helpless, frightened,
I searched for aid everywhere,
To evade the silent enemy,
But none could rescue me
Or provide a defending solution.
One day, exhausted,
I dropped on the floor,
And dormant self-confidence sprang forth!
Ah! I discovered my remedy ultimately!
To overcome fear, the silent enemy.

Horizon

Strolling on the sandy beach,
Enjoying the cool gentle breeze,
I looked at the people around.
Little children built sand-castles,
Young couples sat close together,
Elderly people enjoyed the waves.
My eyes fell upon a pair -
A grandchild and a grandfather,
Talking and munching ground-nuts.
One rising sun, the other setting...
Miles apart, yet, both rising and setting
At the same place - the horizon.

Recreation

The aroma of green tea,
Palm-laced beaches by the sea,
Beautiful thundering waterfalls,
Shopping spree at the malls,
A rejuvenation with a spa,
Christian pilgrimage in Goa,
Fresh snowfalls shivering the bone,
Pristine perfection carved in stone,
Enchanting wildlife on a safari,
The cushiest ride ever on a Ferrari,
Temple shrines representing reliance,
Heavenly Kashmir witnessing romance,
Expedition towards the majestic summit,
Gurgling rivers meandering proceed,
Just a glance through a kaleidoscope,
Fragments of India's recreation, wow!

Child labour

Whoever he may be,
Tom, Dick or Harry,
Wretched poverty stares,
Sternly at his face,
Compelling him to toil,
With exertion and toil,
Losing childhood joy,
Discarding shame and coy,
Deprived of learning,
In course of earning,
To contribute for the family
And get rid of scarcity.
Little did he know,
The world thinks for him so,
Dedicating a day every year,
As World Day Against Child Labour,
Observing it on June 12,
By creating awareness and a wave,
To ban child labour
And protecting him forever.

Remembering Netaji

Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose,
Born on twenty-third January,
A great inspiring leader,
The greatest patriot of our country.
He formed the Azad Hind Fauj,
Or the Indian National Army,
Left the Congress party,
With difference of opinions
With Gandhiji.
Netaji roused the words -
“Give me blood and
I will give you freedom”,
Awoke the youth of India,
Instilled into them
The fire of nationalism.
“Chalo Dilli” and “Jai Hind”,
Netaji shouted the slogans,
We'll remember you, Netaji,
Every year always and again.

Relationship

I remember those words,
That Shakespeare once wrote -
The world is a stage,
And we are all actors.
Are we really actors?
Do we actually play roles?
Our relationships...oh, yes!
We act in so many roles!
When we are children,
We are with our parents;
When we are parents,
We are with our children.
When we are students,
We are with our teachers;
When we are just souls,
We are with the Supreme Soul.

Save water

Oh! Precious drops,
A view crystal clear,
Life without you,
A complete mess,
Perhaps a nightmare.
Your pleasant existence
Sustains survival,
To blades of grass,
Green paddy fields,
Greenery spreading out -
Touching the horizon,
Every living creature,
The chirping birds,
Flocks and herds,
Mankind as well.
A clarion call,
For each individual -
Let's join hands,
With purpose and mission,
To save every drop,
Every single day,
And live in fellowship,
Harmony with nature,
For healthy living,
Benefitting mutual welfare.

I like

I like to see -

The sun rising,
The flowers blooming,
A baby smiling,
The stars twinkling.

I like to hear -

The notes of a sitar,
My husband playing the guitar,
The advice from a wellwisher,
The encouraging words of my father.

I like to touch -

The dew-drops on a flower,
The water of a flowing river,
The soft hair of my son,
The lovely sweaters knitted by mom.

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