

THE GREAT VOID

(The Mystic Poesy)

by
Vizaibhaskar



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TRANSLATOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Dr Deerghashi Vizaibhaskar's book 'Maha Shunyam' is a thematic treatise of well-founded philosophical thoughts with firm footings of modern Cosmology. The metaphysical terminology he used is apt and befitting; not a mere a jargon of technical words. It speaks his mind. It sings the Indian heart . The intricate essence of the core philosophy is well-expressed in simple and stylish form of free verse in Telugu. His admiration for the Infinite Universe and his firm faith in the All-pervading Universal Consciousness appears to have taken birth in his heart, as the most nascent instinct. His fond poesy served as a beautiful vehicle of his mystic thoughts. The book, indeed, is unique.

Lord!

Before the break of the First Dawn

When You were

The silent spread of shoreless seas

I was lying on your fathomless beds

In Silent slumber!

At the shrink of the Last Dusk

When You still remain

As an expanse of speechless ocean

I slip into your soundless waves

In Silent sleep!

Meanwhile,
Me Lord !
Let us celebrate together
In your Harmony
The Melody of your Silence !

I am deeply indebted to Acharya Gangisetty Lakshminararayana for choosing me for rendering it into English. Also, I am grateful to the Author, for allowing me to translate his great book. My immense thanks are due to Dr. K. Premalata, who has kindly consented to look into the literary flaws. I thank the publishers, cover designers, organisers and my well-wishers.

I am, indeed, honoured to accomplish this. I am grateful to God !

Foreword

My dear friend Prof Lakshmi Narayana Gangisetty has asked me to write an introduction to English rendering of an ambitious Telugu poem by his friend, Dr Vizaibhaskar, an already well-established poet and play-wright in Telugu. This task had better been assigned to someone who is closely familiar with the original works of the poet in question who would be in a better situation to examine the quality of the translation. Prof Gangisetty has considered me instead because of his love and friendship. My only qualification to undertake this task is the fact that I happen to have written poetry in another language and dabbled off and on in the thankless art of translation.

I call this poem ambitious because it is about everything. All can be grist to the mill of poetry. Its subjects can vary from the tiniest of atoms to the biggest of stars. It can be as short as a syllable or as long as *Kalavela*. It can make us smile, laugh, think, reflect, reconsider, re-mold, re-member ourselves. Its styles too are variable: prose, verse or free verse. The poet, in short, unlike the doomed citizen of any part of the world today, has uninhibited freedom.

Kavyasyalokekavirevaprjapatih (the poet is the creator-god in the world of poetry), says Sanskrit Poetics. But all this freedom is meant not to be licence. It brings the poet a responsibility to create a form, meaning and resonance. This is known the world over. But, in India, we discovered the highest function of poetry which only the best of poetry pulsates with: *dhwani*, a phenomenon as elusive as the charms of a heart-enchanting woman. This is the highest meaning which all other all other meanings of poetry strive to approximate. Dhwani is

not paraphrasable: it is subtle and elusive like the aftertaste of a wholesome meal or after-effect of love-making.

This said, we should also recognize that not all poetry needs to be dhvani poetry. The epic poetry, for instance, tends to be fiction in verse. In Telugu, Palkurike Somanatha's *Basava Puranamu*, is a supreme example. There can be also good didactic poetry, *neetikavya*. The same poet has written an excellent work of didactic poem in Kannada, *Someshwara Shatakam*. What Dr Vizaibhaskar has attempted in his *Maha Shunyam* is the genre of philosophical poetry illustrated best, according to me, by Sant Jnaneshwar's Marathi classic, *Anubhavaamrit*. Sri Aurobindo's English work, *Savitri*, is a fusion of epic and philosophical poetry.

Mystics around the world have wrestled down the ages with the challenge of inscribing into poetry's sensuous landscape the incorporeal and ineffable experiences. Philosophers and visionaries have tried to translate into poetry "thoughts that men think in their minds alone.'

While mystics' stuff are intensely subjective experiences, the philosopher-poets', discursive ideas. Every time science explores and opens to us the hither-to unknown facets of phenomena, the onus is on poets to include them into a certain poetry of ideas. After Renaissance, Metaphysical Poets of England often succeeded in doing so.

The new Philosophy calls all in doubt
Even the sun and moon are put out

In these words John Donne mapped into a poem of his the skeptical world-view inaugurated by the new science in his times. It is the responsibility of poetry to wed the new to the old in human heritage.

Since Renaissance through the period of Enlightenment and then during the Post-Einsteinian period, the world of science has expanded in unpredictable directions and dimensions: the macro world of space-time, the micro world of sub-atomic particles alongside the mysterious world of quantum mechanics that subverts the principle of continuity underlying other realms of the physical world. These provide not just a challenge to poetic imagination but also a whole new mine of images and metaphors.

I am delighted to note that Dr Vizaibhaskar has taken this challenge in his present work. But he does not view the wonders of the expanding universe through the materialist prism and premises of science. He attempts to map out on the infinite inner cosmic map experience and expounded in the expressions by seers and visionaries of ancient India. In short, *Mahashunyam*, is a brave endeavor to integrate the ever deepening wisdom of ancients with the ever growing knowledge and ever proliferating details of contemporary science.

It is no doubt a daunting task full of risks. Dr Vizaibhaskar deserves our appreciation for undertaking this.

How can poetry inseparably wedded to the sensory and concrete immediate handle discursive categories of science and mysticism? This is challenge the poet here encounters at every turn. The best results are obtained when this language of abstractions albeit passionate unexpectedly becomes visible and palpable as in:

He is coming towards you
He is rushing towards you.

Beware

Hidden crowbars are behind his back....
He digs out mineral wealth with his palms
He crunches precious metals with his palms
He tears your stomach like a hungry wolf

I congratulate Dr Vizaibhaskar for undertaking such an adventurous poetic voyage. The translator also deserves our encomiums.

I hope that those readers who cannot access the Telugu original will be able to get a sense of the ambitious nature of the source-text through this translation

Shiva Prakash
Munich Germany
25.6.2015

In Praise of My Lord

He, whose universal consciousness
 Changed into this world of creation,
 Whose primordial instinctive nature
 Took the shape of the Soul,
Whose formless grandeur of display
 Staged the indomitable Life force,
 Whose lustrous light of luxurious form
 Leads this wide world of ours,
Whose impeccable imagination
 Is the life-support of all Life,
 Whose respiration
 Is the world's source of Life breath,
Whose image
 Is the base of all arts,
 Whose heart
 Is the dramatic stage of the universe,
Whose being
 Is the endless Great Void
 To him,
 I prostrate
 And do my poesy.

The Great Void

The Void is not Nothingness;
It is nothing, but, the “All”,
The ‘all’ that is Omni-existent
And Omni present.
It is filled in every thing
And embraces every one.
Shrunk as an atom,
Spread out as the Infinity
It is a half-closed stage,
And a full-blown state;
Like the head and tail
Of the same coin.
The Void- This Great Void
Is the charm of the infinite forces,
The glowing meet of innumerable hues.
It is the universe hidden in a grain,
The energy
pervading unto the infinite’s rim,
It is the shadow
Of the almighty’s protection,

Also, The Doom and the destruction

Awaiting In the corner of the Cosmos-womb.

It is the Time

That rules the entire elemental Earth,

That bestows life to all the Worlds.

It is a playful puzzle of the forces of Nature,

The strangest end game of the Creation.

It is the infinite light's ceaseless flight!

A beautiful compromise of
In and Out!

Ceaseless Days and nights

God, the great admirer of beauty,
Lit the Sun-lamp and
Searched the entire Galactic space
For the endless beauty.

His is the untiring eternal search,
Thirst for the vision of beauty
Infinite, inlaid and inward.
The damsel Earth
Turned her face away in shy;
But, vowed not to show up her face
At a stretch, day in and day out.
The stubborn Sun was steadfast
And dazzled more and more.
All the elements of solid, liquid and gas
Fueled the torch
Yet, helpless they were;

The unique unpaused beauty of the Earth
Could't not be made to be glanced
By the God in a single seamless look.
The ego of the Lord
And the vow of the Earth
Entwined as ceaseless days and nights!
The Time is passing, thus,
day after day!

The Time Capsule

Whirled moments rush out
From the Time-capsule
Like pelted particles.
Every single minute passed
Creates its own creation.
While the people on the earth
Live with the Time pieces within,
The clock of the universe works
Planets being its pendulums.
The Time is the sole creation of the Space
The Nature is but the self-born spirit.
The time has no untimely end
Its end is the end of the evolution.
The Time is single-faced
Inevitable experience is its gift,
The Time is twin-natured
Creator's blessing and destroyer's wrath
Are its final fruits.
The Time is triple-eyed
It sees the three phases of the Nature-

Creation, Sustenance and Destruction.

The Matter should perish

Paving a way to the resurrection.

Sure, a day will come

When all the elements of the Time

Bundle up as a single inseparable bunch,

Planets resemble the leafless trees,

The stars merge into one another

And loose their luster,

The scattered Matter gathers together,

The new order of Time-standard emerges.

The life-force dwells in a deep sleep;

The experience is never before.

It is a dichotomy of life and lifelessness.

It is the universe's shrunken state

And Matter's inward movement.

The Time retreats into its parental womb

Till the Light Energy transforms as Time,

Till the sweat-drops of "kala purusha"

Turn into stars and the galactic globes,

Till another Big-Bang occurs

And the Matter revolves again

In the whirl pool of the endless Space!

The Births and The Deaths

The Time is a pregnant woman.

And a perpetual stream.

The tides erupted from the river's womb

Carry the tides of Births and Deaths

Like a sprout that cleaves the earth and shoots up,

Like a rain drop that breaks up the cloud and falls down,

Like a foetus that tears the placenta and comes out!

Every moment

Blows the Life-breath into cells to animate!

And every globe of the celestial world

Is, but, the expression of the Inner explosion.

The Time travels from shore to shore

Unaware of its end.

Does it end up in death?

Or in adorable Truth?

The Time remains dumb,

For, it has gifted the word to us

And hid to herself, in dumb,

The secret of Life and Death!

Twin Twigs

The Time-Tree

Spread over the entire eternal Universe,

And took over the whole elemental Earth.

It is the cause and effect

Of the Beginnings and the Ends.

This great rootless tree

Has just a pair of twin twigs!

Calamities and Disasters,

Fears and imageries,

Deities and Devils,

Past Histories and great Futures,

Civilisations and Cultures,

Wars and peaces

Hang to the branches like birds.

It has mere two branches;

The branches of the infinity-

One is unyielding to the memory and

The other is un blending with the Vision.

The trunk, sleek and strong at the same time,

Bears the burden;

Never claims the name or fame,
Yet, the supremacy is all its own!

This is the truth between the two Delusions,
And the true route between the
two voyages.

Also,

One branch is the Past,

The other is the Future;

That which stands In between the two

Is the Present.

This is the Eternal and primordial
Time-Tree!

The Celestial Fire of the Self

Oop!

The lamp extinguished,
The Spirit evaporated,
The sound of Life fell dead,
The roaring noise receded into
The ocean of silence.

The beaming light of the burning torch
dipped in the lake of Time and dimmed.
The lustrous light of knowledge
That kindled the minds
Retreated into the celestial cavern.

The fire of Ego, burned all along,
Finally turned to ashes.
But, the inner Consciousness
Seated in the brilliant chariot
Is out on the sky-ride.

It is enquiring
The stars about the whereabouts
Of the encompassed Elemental Matter,
It is asking
To which Temple to go and glow
As a lamp of worship,
To which body of forms and virtues
To reach and become the inner Self.

All The Stars above, all the sides around
And all the Worlds together
Are signaling the mystic message
To peep deep into the layers of the Earth.
But, there lies -
The glory of humanity like a lump of mud!
The Life's existence like a heap of funeral ash!
How deep is the role of the great Spirit
That shapes the Human from the dust?
How intricate is the touch of the soul
That turns the lifeless into life?
The source of solemn reunion,
The course of human comeback
From the fundamental elements
Is an eternal heavenly process.
In this sacred celestial fire
Every particle, every rain drop and
Every single twig is a poised fire wood;
Causing the great Inner Force
To emerge again and again.
The old never remains forever
The new is not at all fresher
Every single Individual is, but,
A new revelation
Of the primeval consciousness
of the primordial Universe!

The Mother's Womb

The soil silently embraced the fallen seed,
The moisture nurtured,
The air filled it with Life-breath and
The touch of light gifted the leaf;
The sprouting is the symbol of Life!
A symptom of the Spirit!
It gazed into the infinite sky
And longed for the limitless growth,
Its wish was
To wander beyond the clouds,
To sway in the celestial swing,
To play with the meteors and comets.
But, the seed soon realised
That the Time is often detrimental
And the very means of Creation is
The root cause of Destruction.
Forget cruising out into the cosmos;
Far fetched is the thought
Of coming out from Within.
What a sheer waste of Life!
What a lethal stroke of helplessness!
Tears are rolling,
Showers of blood are raining.

The visible art and craft

Spread all over the Space are
reducing to nil.

The Existence, that was,

Is getting destroyed in the funeral pyre of Time,
The five fundamental elements
that shaped me are slipping into oblivion.

The Mothers womb that once sent me into

The great stream of Universal Consciousness
Now, pushing me Into
The great abyss of the greatest Void!

Freedom

A great silence transformed into Time.

From it

The moments and the minutes took birth,
From the gathered mass of Matter
The particles and atoms are born,
The timeless stream of
unknown consciousness
Formed itself into Life.

Since then,

The Life-Dove is a prisoner in its own cage!

It is aware that

Without stepping out into the outside Freedom
None can visualise the Lord's
universal image.

Thenceforth

It is struggling to shatter the
worldly fetters.

The bird has a strong desire

To reach the sky,

To taste the stars,

To blow breath and cool down the Sun,

To gaze the Earth by sitting on
the crescent.

But,

Its own wings are binding,

Its own worldly wants are hindering,

Not to cross the Earthly horizons!

Beware! Don't take it light

One has
thoughts of many a wonder worlds,
Another has
Unimaginable literary splendors,
Some are blessed with
The abundance of scientific searches,
Some hearts
Are store-houses of untold dreams.

How many philosophical thoughts,
How many silly stories are hidden
In this body of ours;
A sack of skin! A bundle of bones!
Remember O Man!
You are nothing and nothing is yours.

Don't be proud and get mad.
If I wish, I can
Change your own eye-sight
Into the Sun and the Moon
And burn you down,
Blast your body into a live volcano
And turn you to ashes,

Fill your lungs with whirlpools of fire,
Dip you in the seas of your own sweat,
Break your Rainbows and
Bring gloom of doom into your heart.
Beware! Don't take it light!
I am mere air when I am outside,
And become life when I go inside.

Mother's mat and Dad's money!

The foetus in mother's womb

Is akin to the mass of the infant Universe.

The early formation of the Human body

Is the first celebration of Life's descent.

The Big-Bang-explosion is

The start of the Creation's jubilation.

The Universe

Ceaselessly expands and contracts at will;

The result -

The astronomical expanse of the Space.

Innumerable stars, planets and satellites,

Meteors, comets and Space craft debris,

Milky ways, Black holes and glowing Nebulas

Constitute the humongous Galactic Space.

Mystical and mysterious, indeed,

Is its strange orbital equilibrium.

And the

Undeterred order of Organisation,

Wisewisdom of the expansion,

Innate sense of inherent self discipline.

Unwavering firmness! heightened eminence!

Completeness! And the crystalline purity!

This beautiful form is beyond vision,

This nature is above comprehension.

Indeed

These are the divine qualities of Mom and Dad!

How true is this native saying that

“The Sky is the mother’s mat and

The Stars are the coins of father’s purse

Spread over it”!

The Voyage

The Sky is an ocean of “yoga”!
Beyond the “Existent”
There moved the “Non- Existent”!
The one which is not existing
Assumed the state of “existence”!
The Planets became the enlightened glitters;
Of pearls, corals and brilliant diamonds.
The co-planets talked to each other.
The duty of their nurturing, now,
Is the sole responsibility of the Nature.
While the Globe traveling against the tides
Of “pralayas” there was a sudden jolt;
The exponential celestial growth was halted.
The helmsman fell into the ocean!
Since then,
The Globe is restricted to its fixed orbit;
The revolving Earth became God’s expression,
In the light of the Soul
The inner force evolved, the Life sprouted.
A little lamp was lit
As a symbol of Universal form;
But, its light turned into a dictating Ego!
Then, the Humanity retreated.

Look

The boatmen, in their own way,
Are trying to steer the boat in all directions,
But, the boat is refusing to move;
For, every one has his own thinking
Every talk has its own reasoning.

Amidst the duels of words and quarrels

No one knows
Neither the direction nor the destination!
Is the Boat heading towards the shore
Of the Inner Consciousness?
Or edging towards the ends
Of the Universe?

Effortless Effort

Whose direction is it

To build the Nature

On the base of an Atom?

Whose skill is this

To lead the civilisations

Along the time-lines of the days?

When was the construction

Of the tidal fence built

To save the wealth of diamonds

From ocean's depths?

Which Unknown Force's

Effortless effort is it ?

The Creation, however,

Is self-made and self-sustained ?

We know not.....!

Straight lines never can make a picture;

Only curves and curvatures do.

No one knows

The number of bends the Time-line has taken

To draw these numerous Worlds.

We know not

Whose shadows we are,

Of whose bodies and of which worlds!

Are we receding without seeing the Truth?

Or are we heading to have its Vision?

We know not

Whether we slip into the Dark

Before the light is shed upon us.

The Will and the Volition

Enough of your restless and aimless run,
Your galloping horse takes you to no where.
O Man! the voyager of the Ages!
Mind the journey of your Earthly Life.
Recollect -
How much you have toiled to take this Birth
When the primeval Elements
were dormant,
When the inanimate primal Void was silent,
When the measureless Time was immeasurable!
Sure, All this was not done for the trivial wants;
But, aimed at the final attainment of the Divine Bliss.
Thus, the Heavenly system was set,
The Universal Mass settled
Only to achieve this Supreme goal.
But, then, there was a division -
Of the inert Matter and the Agile Energy, and
This and the other Worlds.
Every thing is toppled and topsy-turvy-ed!
Every ethic was misinterpreted,
The Human desires took over the reins;

The Body, the divine temple, now,
Became a dwelling dungeon.
No religion, no holy scripture, no prophet
Is able to explain the deviations of
The divergent Monotheisms of different faiths.
The peace-makers are at wars!
The blood-shedding warring legacies and
The Demons and the Demigods still prevail!
The world literary cultures are at logger heads,
The saint hood became the safe haven for the selfish!
The Mind entangled in the clutches of poverty,
The Soul imprisoned in the cage of the body,
The Truth, burdened by the love and lust,
Is yet to be emancipated!
The convenient theories emerged
To satisfy the inherent individual Egos;
The Spirituality, now, is a thing of the trade!
The Man has become a “Living Dead”.
The Life-spirit fragmented!
The new Creation, therefore, should be based
Not on the Divine dance of the First couple
And their ecstasy for the supreme purpose.
Let the hunger, justice and equality
Be the basis for the new order.

Let not the Demons, the Demigods, and the Dogmas
Take over the work of the new Creation.
With a pure and doubtless determined Will
Seek for the Ideal world of equanimity.
The Beginning decides the End,
And the End commands the Beginning;
There you are -
The center-point!
And the stand-alone Self!

Dwarf

The leaves,
Playing happily at the heights,
fall down from the tree
One by one.

The rain drops,
Resembling the sky,
Drop down in showers
One after the other.

But the Man,
Born on the land,
Ignorant of
Neither sinking into the soil,
Norreaching the sky,
Is remaining for ever
A dwarf.

The Cry of the Earth!

The men in the layers of the Earth
Are hastening to born,
The earth calling back the living into the layers.
Limitless is the soil's sacrifice, but
Endless is man's selfishness.

Man
Discarded the Divine qualities,
Dishonored the Human values,
Narrowed his world.

He became
Merciless, shameless and stone-hearted;
A wound on the bosom of the Earth!
As an encroacher of
Air, Land, Water and the Space
He destroyed the Life,
Demolished the wealth of flora and fauna.
The Earth is mourning for the present plight
And for the future generations in sight.
The Mother Earth's resounding roar is in the air!
The Natural calamities like
Earthquakes, torrential rains and tempests,
Blazing temperatures, melting glaciers
And Cosmic contaminations -
Are the curses of the
aggrieved Earth.
Moved by this melancholy,
The orbiting planets are praying the Lord
To bless the Mother Earth with
Nature-loving lads!

The Musical Evening

God halted the chariot of Time on the Horizon,
Sky adorned herself with the sapphire blue lights.
When the mischievous Sun retreated
The fearless stars gathered all around.
When the deities of planets showed up
The bright-eyed stars rushed to the galaxies.
The comets came, wagging their tails.
Then the veiless stars took the reentry in hurry,
The clouds were busy covering their nudity.
The vanished Black holes were the
shapeless spectators!
The ancient mass of Matter was a
spectacular blitz!
The Timeless wisdom is resonating in the thunders,
The whole Cosmos is singing the song of the sky
In the temple of the Universe.
All the forces- from infinitesimal Atoms to Infinity
Are paying musical tribute to the
Universal Godhood.
For this great Astronomical
musical extravaganza.
I, alone, am the spectator!

That's how the creation is!

The forgetful Time

Started again its story telling.

The rivers trapped in the iron fist of the sea

Are surging to liberate themselves,

The fragments of the light formed into stars

Are trying hard to reunite.

The haughty mountains seems to have realised

And stopped their further growth in height.

The egoistic language got tired and

Found solace in the imaginative emotion,

The Life-pictures are running into

The shades of imagery of devotion.

The supreme soul, in the form of individual souls,

Seems searching its

Temple in the celestial Space!

That's how the entire Creation is!

The Hook of the God!

No fish can escape
The God's angling
In the lake of "shunya"
With the hooks of Wants
And baits of hopes.
It is doubtful whether
The God is aware
Of the strangling baits :
the vital threads of cotton fibers,
the little living bodies of the very lake,
The worms and insects
Of the breeze on the bank.
O! Ignorant kid!
Why is this cruel play?
Instead of getting entangled
In this dubious illusive net,
Better get caught
By God's doubtless hook!

Who knows?

Who knows

Which Comet and when it whirls away

The Globe with its tail?

Which Black hole, like an Anaconda,

Gobbles this ball of soil and mud?

Which great oceans of the sky

Engulf the Earth and push it aside?

Which planetary fragment, like a bird of prey

Swoops down and catches this fish-like Sphere?

Which fierce fire of “pralaya” burns down this world?

Which violent wind-storm topples the Earth?

Which Super Matter, with limitless lust

Reduces this Earth into a grain of mustard?

Who knows

What cosmic happenings are at play

Behind this mysterious backdrop of The Space?

Who knows

What unknown incidents of higher worlds unfold

When the celestial curtains rise up?

The Meaning!

The Creation and the Destruction

Are the heads and tails

Of the coin of the universe.

God-particles are the building blocks

Of the foundations of the Universe.

Endless is man's quest to solve

The mysteries of the infinitesimal Universe.

Alas! All the Truth-finding hypotheses

Stuck in the mud of the religious monasteries.

Many pseudo prophets sprang up,

Obstinate arguments about the beginnings

Of the Matter and the Spirit,

Of the Egg and the Embryo

Persisted, unsolved over the centuries.

Religious rituals were performed

On the scientists' corpses,

Every rising head was hammered down.

Nevertheless

Double-edged is the scientific quest;

The Scientific invention is no peacock-dance;

It is the "tandava" -the end dance of Shiva;

Under which rhythmic trampling

The Nature is crushed.

The Man never remains,

The Earth never survives.

To understand this

Is to end up in oblivion!

Run! O Planets! Run!

Look

He is coming towards you,
He is rushing towards you
With long and curly hair.
Don' get yourselves deceived,
Beware
Hidden crowbars are behind his back!

He hides,

He plunders all your wealth.
He has schemes of thousand heads,
He has hands of thousand thieves.
Now, he does't spare even the Planets.
He digs out mineral wealth with his palms,
He crunches precious metals with ease,
He tears your stomach like a
hungry wolf.

Look

How the Earth is bleeding to his stabbings!
The water resources are dwindling,
The green forests are disappearing,
The dugout mines suffer from pinching pains.
All this is the result of his crafty trade.
He is one among the many
Who devour the land and the Sun.

His hypocrisy, his crocodile-catch,
His chameleon colours are, but, his own.
His hunger ends in colossal devastation.
Once He enters,
Your halos of light will distort.
Even the Brahma, the creator
can't recognise his own make,
The mother gets confused
And disowns her own child.
That is his diabolic skill!
Man is the intellectual form of physical Matter!
But, his is the mind perverted and wicked;
He is the one
Who can burn you down
Just with the light of the lamp!
He is an inexcusable curse!
That's why-
O planets! and the celestial globes!
Run away from Man,
Away, away from him.
Many gods are needed to create.
But a single man is enough to destroy.

The Tear of the Sky!

Strenuous, indeed,

Is the desire of the Divinity to creat.

Five fundamental Elements

Have to unite and breath as one single Soul!

Each Element with its individual Self

Has to build and spread as an Earthly “Life”.

It is doubtful

Whether the soul is mere a combination of Elements.

“Life” may not be just this!

May be

A pleasant amalgamation of the unique qualities

Of Sonar reflex, Communicative complex,

Glow of the flame, flower of the Form

and the flow of the Nature!

Man is

An epitomised brevity of Universal complexity!

Man is the mysterious story teller,

Sent by the Lord, to narrate

His own mystic anecdote to His own Lordship!

Man,indeed, is the tear of ecstasy

Shed by the eye of the Infinity!

The Breath

The stars look like the rice grains
Sprinkled over the sky,
I fly as a dove to pick them up.
The sky is opened up all over
unto the horizon
Like an opened book of palm leaves,
I unfold myself as an Alphabet.

The Moon is bright like a lotus
In the edgeless lake,
I reach as a shining beam.
The Sky is calling
Like a greenish grove,
I spray the sweet scent
As a blown up bloom.

The planets are afloat
In the Sea of the sky
Like lifeless bubbles,
I blow the life into them
With my breath.

The End

The inquisitive Man is exploring
The infinite skies and the endless Space
Filled with the Sun, the Moon and the Planets.
He ventures beyond the astro-orbits,
To find out the source of the creation
And the cause of the Creator,
To reason out, explain and comment.

Will this Earth of ours survive
Under the feet of the restless discoverer?
Will this unique Earth,
Of the Omniscient eternal Creator
Blast into pieces
By the bash of a rouge asteroid?

Will the story of the World of “dharma” end?
Is the Globe distorting from its orbit
Because of the burden of injustice, inequality,
Poverty and cast and religious cruelty?
Is the mother Earth burning with rage
Because of the sheer wastage of
nature’s bounty?

Will the world extinguish and end
Because the Omnipresent God is late in arriving?
Don’t you see
That the good of the World lies in
Protecting and not in punishing.

The “Disinterested” Mind

With which Detached intelligence
The Soil chooses suitable blocks of atoms
To build the Man,
With which sluice
The great flood of water controls
Its inrush,
Which end-fire of Creation’s Dissolution
Cools itself to support the Life,
Which heavy whirl wind reduces to
A gentle life-breath,
Which Sky descends on the Heart
To turn it into a land of joy!
From that dexterity of the detached Will
The Human form is shaped!
The imprisoned pentad of
The fundamental Elements, encased!

The Imprisoned!

For nothing,
 You have tied me down with the nerves
 In a bundle of bones!
 Sculpted me with muscles,
 Adorned me with robes of skin
 And garlands of sweet bonds!
 I remember that eventful evening,
 That dusk,
 Overcast with the planetary dust.
 When all the roads of the heavens were crowded,
When all the worlds were in your praise;
 The sky turned pitch black and
 The the glitters of the stars dazzled my eyes.
 The vision of the Universes sparked
 The Divine touch in me!
 Immense was the ecstasy of the Infinitude!
 But, often hard are your decisions,
 Strange are your deeds.
 Nothing is permanent,
 No easy to reach the divine dwelling.
 Painful Is the state of Life;
 The Punishment follows!

Yet,

Till the nave body of mine is not unveiled

I enjoy the ecstasy in my mind,

Spread your Infinite's bliss to the world,

I attune your punishment to your entertainment!

Sure,

You will like my songs!

And bind me there forever in
your presence!

The last lines :

Which Sky descends on the Heart

To turn it into a land of joy!

From that dexterity of the detached Will

The Human form is shaped!

The imprisoned pentad of

The fundamental Elements, encased!

The Silence !

Great, indeed, is the Silence !

The plant bears the cool of the silence

When blooming.

The Mind blooms the same Silence

While brooding.

The First Throne!

A lot of restrictions, a bundle of hinderances!

As long as one lives on the Earth

The pentads of Senses and actions are at play!

Suppression, Authority and Hypocrisy!

While alive, we acquire

Just a two feet of place under our feet;

But, after the death,

We occupy His entire eternal Empire!

Is not the Death a great expanse ?

An eternal Emancipation ?

The circumstances differ at the surface;

But,

The center of the Earth Is the confluence of

The present, the past and the future.

There can be seen

The stories of the past,

The remnants of the Civilisations,

The bases of the future forms,

The dried-up oceans,

The died-out Days and Nights and

The settings of Suns and moons.

The unison of the Times lead to the unity of vision!

The life forces are at work in its womb

And every atom is the womb of the mother Earth!
It is the place of the souls
Ever enjoying and ever lamenting!
It is the temple of all the souls sleeping,
The site of the beings in making!
The grounds of the re-births in offing!
From the common man to the complete man
One has, but, to experience
The taste of the soil.
Is not the Earth First Throne to Man?!

The beautiful Portrait!

That Portrait is my favorite and my life!

Every time I see it

I experience an unbound ecstasy;

A Divine vision of the Lord Shiva and

His celestial dance, the “Tandava”!

The great consciousness engulfs me;

The air that gives

The initial movement to the infant,

The inherent response

that transforms a piece of flesh

Into the crawling power

The same Universal Consciousness

Fills within!

When I enjoy the bounty of that beauty

The gloom of my ignorance darts into the sky

And my body glows brilliantly.

I feel all the worlds are moving
with me

And I see

A deep valley is adorned with high peaks,
The creative skill kissed the heartless,
An arc is extended to complete the circle.
All my empty voids are filled with
The Eternal form of Universal Consciousness!
The pleasant thoughts
Flew high like the birds,
Flowered like lotuses.
All this is
The soul's sacred process of internal "yaaga"!
In her presence
My physical forces transform into spiritual love!
She is the sacred ceremonial alter of "yagna"
To change an ordinary man to a saint.
That unique portrait of Hers
Is a combination of
My Mother and the mother of
the universe.
It is the great picture
of Nature
drawn by the Lord!

The change!

Once

The Sky felt proud
That she is higher than the Earth.

Now

The same Sky is ashamed
That she can't produce
even a fistful of grain
To serve any one
Like the soil of the earth.

The End Scene!

The intellect of the aged world
Is diminishing.
 Bearing the burden of knowledge,
 The earth Is trembling.
 The heart of the wounded galaxy
 Is groaning.
 Being deprived of the words,
 The silence
 Is endlessly weeping.
 The Nature, turned into
 Domestic tool
 Is ceaselessly lamenting.
 All the happenings stretched
 Between the dawn and the dusk
 Are ending up in nothingness.
But,
 The Matter, in introspection,
Is moving towards the end scene!

The Revenge!

No name is written
On the face of the Days,
No milestones are fixed for
The weeks and the weekends.
The unbroken Time is cut into pieces,
The time is unfolded and measured
Bit by bit by the measuring rope.
One can't raise a dividing wall
Between the periods of Time.
The Time is raging and
Erasing the name of the Man
Who ventured to name it and
measure its dimension.
How great is the vengeance!
How glorious is its fond resurgence!

The Play of the Truth!

The Earth is revolving, ceaselessly;
Which mysterious potter gave the initial start?
The festivity of the Life and the Lifeless began;
When, in the Soul's mystic display,
The molecule of air changed into cells?
Eternal is the distribution of life by the Nature.
On the Earth-
The progress of Science and Technology!
Within -
The degradation of the ancient Cultural heredity!
Every new generation unveils the new face of the old,
Lifts the earthly backdrops and puts them on the world!
Man's quest for the final Truth is on;
Some say
What is seen is Truth and the other is "Mithya",
Others say
What is not seen is Truth and the rest is "Maya".
No generation agrees with the other,
No revelation is unanimous.
The schools of thought of the Old and the New
Are at logger heads!
The Truth missed the bus,
The hunger for the knowledge is on the test.
The complexity of the riddle is thickly twisted
Like Lord Shiva's Plaits of head locks.

The Human Mind and the the forces of Nature
Are at cut-throat competition!
The wheel of the Earth is struggling for a solution.
Not knowing this secret play,
Man Is a moving pan in the game
Since time immemorial.
This two-wheel rotation continues for ever,
Proving that
Today's Truth is tomorrow's UnTruth.

The Ocean!

The Sun and the Moon

Are the two sons of the Sky,

Cute and pretty.

The helpless Sky begged the Earth

To breast-feed the kids.

The affectionate Earth

Fed them with her mountain-breasts.

A few spilt-over milk drops puddled.

And, now

The mothers's lap is an ocean of milk!

Humanity

Humanity is there
In the soil of the Earth;
But, in Man
Mere soil, just mud!
Hence,
The man is ended up in the earth.
But,
The mud of the soil is
Sprouting upright
As a Human being!
And the Humanity!

The Fateful Retreat!

Till united as one,

I was at both the ends.

I was in two halves elsewhere ;

Some sacred soil

Stitched me together!

How great is the Lord!

He gave all of Him to me,

The womb served as His Heaven,

The soft placenta as my bed

Like lord's "shesha talpa",

I rested in Amniotic fluid

Akin to the "kseera sagara".

I bloomed at the end of umbilical cord,

Like "brahma" in lord's lotus.

A mystic bondage established

Between Me and my Mother.

I was thrown into this world.

But,now,

I lost the Divine touch!

I am moving away from it!

I am drifting away from
His divine gesture
That kindled
The temple of my body!
I deplore -
Why My Consciousness,
My eternal awakening of endless Births,
Is departing?
Why at all this fateful retreat?!

I remained as I am!

The Body is instrumental
For my advent into this world.
My mind is the tool
To fill the Nature in me.
This bondage
Between the Within and the Without
Is, but, the expanse of the Universe.
The water I drank made me a perilous Lake,
The food I ate ate me a bit,
Every vision I viewed chased me.
My desire to acquire all made me mad;
This was the root cause of all my plight!
The Nature which entered in me
Became wild and dimmed my wisdom.
I was lost and wounded in the war
of wants,
But, thanks to the life-culture of
all my births,
I rose up, I recouped and
I had the vision of the Truth!
My heart filled with the Supreme Soul
And replaced the occupied Nature.
Now,
I found myself and remained as I am!

Me and the Moon!

My heart is a blazing furnace!

My eyes the sparks of fire!

And my breath is the wild wind!

This world is full of

Wicked deeds and vicious people;

They boil me and burn me to the core.

The moon alone is the one

Who cools my Self.

The moon light will sprinkle the scents!

Though I like

The stars in the sky,

The planets in the Space,

The crimson Sun of the dawns and the dusks

My heart adores the shining moon!

Though I enjoy

The clouds' shapes of dancing postures,

The sky's patterns of pleasing colours

The moon alone enthralls me!

Like my mother lulls my mind!

When my lovely experiences fragment

The full moon alone rebuilds my ruins.

When the Ego casts its gloom
The moon-messages awakens me.
When I search the sky-ways
For the pearls of the Truth
The moon-torch comes to me handy.
To my dreams of desires
The moon is my eye!
To my unbroken garland of thoughts
The full moon is the thread!
In uniting me in the supreme Universe
The moon -
The moon alone is my friend!

Awaiting

The weapon becomes an ornament,
If it loses the power of wounding.
The word is a “mantra”,
If the pinching nature is relinquished.
Me and the Sky become “one”
If we lose one another.
Not only me, My Lord!
The Sky too is anxiously awaiting!

After Death!

The tree changes into a plank
To become the part of the house,
The mountain moulds into a rock
To stand firm as the foundation.
The Man's thought kindles
The future generations
And lives after the death!

A prayer before the Birth!

O Sun!

I am going to descend on

As an entity

Of both physical and ethereal bodies.

I am acquiring physicality by departing

From the fullness of the unknown!

The beginning of the Birth cycle

Destroys the Divine memory.

I know -

The inert mass starts intellectual acts.

I am breaking the bonds of Nature

And ending up in the bondages of blood!

I am going to be entrapped

In the ecstatic emotions!

O Sun of thousand beams!

You thrust your flames in my stomach

As endless hunger before my Birth!

Yet, your rain brings harvest and food!

Still the war against the hunger prevails,

Helpless weepings of humans of all ages persist,

Hunger, discrimination and social injustices haunt!

I prefer, to be born as a statue,

rather than a stone;

Abundant beauty of

Humanity is hidden in sculptures

But, not a trace of it in the
stone-hearted Men.

The Lamps of Life

The little endings

In this endless Eternity

Are the extinguishing Lives!

Some beautiful Angels

From the luminous constellations

And the lustrous Time zones

Bring the Life in their tender palms

And lit the little Lamps.

Some stone-hearted

Devilish wanderers of the Dark

Crush them.

Cruel undoing!

The hard-line attitude

Of the Men and the Women,

Their harsh love-life egos

Are the root causes of this disaster.

The Ecstasy of the Polarised Desire!

How rapturous is the galactic tour
When travelled in the still Space!
How absorbing is the dialogue
With the gestures silent and void!
How glad is to hold the breath and
Pump the air into the Universe!
How thrilling is the experience
To observe the Atomic world!
How happy is it to contemplate
The touch of the far away planets!
How ecstatic is to become a lamp
To lit the unborn worlds!
How harmonious,
How melodious is it
When the Spirit shapes into a sculpture
And moves in Art in the
Celestial dance!

The flowers of the Time!

The time is shedding

Its buds and blossoms of Days.

Some are trembling in the twigs;

None of them likes to join the soil.

I gathered the fallen flowers

And fixed them to their stalks.

The Next morning

When I went and saw the garden

The plant was all in blooms!

One was the flower of the poesy,

Another was the blossom of the story

The other one was a poem in dance!

Re-Creation

The ocean becomes lenient

If Tempests are absent.

The Earth is ignored

If it forgets its tremors.

The cloud is uncared

If it can't roar.

Man is a mere dwarf

If he does't attain

The heights of Arts.

Man's re-creation to God's creation

Is, indeed, a music in dance!

A stage of performing play

Is, in fact, an act

Of smearing Divinity to the Humanity!

Poet's pen

A great part of my life escaped into
The tidal circles of Time.
Many incidents sieved out
Without becoming happy happenings.
How many individuals hid their faces
Without being the characters in my play!
The dichotomy of Right and Wrong
Made many to slip behind the curtain.
The stream of Arts
Sank into the deserts of dried-up hearts;
And the “navarasas”
Were never unveiled in full.
The poet's pen is in turmoil!
O Time! the embodiment of the eternal Art!
Can't you inspire my characters in my act
To question the oddities
Reigning on the stage of the world?
Can't you explain to my actors
The Human virtues hidden in the Nature?
I am sure,
With your sincere support
My pen can become a Trident,
A dagger in the hands of a timid,
A stream of sweeping consciousness.
The move of Time
In sympathy with the poet
Means
A lethal Poison! And a literal chaos!

Another show on the stage

I am aware,
How skilled you are
To prepare me to face the chill of Death!
You created sleep for half of my life
To get used to the tempests!
You have given me the sky-high emotions
To fight the Earthquakes!
Gave me the tremors of the heart-strokes
To welcome the Doomsday's wrath!
Tuned me with the rhythms of
The five fundamental Elements!

But, in my case
There is no necessity for such a scene;
For,
I am your servant,
An admirer of your glory,
A skilled script writer,
And a director behind the curtains.

I am the one
Who make the hearts of the roles to speak,
Who open the nature's beauty in Art!
Every living cell of mine is full
With the skills of the performing Arts;
I am aware that all this is your blessing.

I am the curtain-raiser, awaiting your final call.
When the answerless question of the existence
Hangs in the minds of
The great thinkers and the Saints alike

The doubts arise, naturally, about the next Stage!
To make the Life's play flawless,
May be another Act is inevitable.
Hence, it is my humble begging,
My Lord!
Tell me when and where
The nextAct of my own is planned!

Manthropadesham

The robes you wear are
Getting woven beyond horizons;
Go with the naked heart.
The thoughts that must reach your mind
Are getting knit in the Celestial worlds;
Go ahead with the bowl of your head.
The energy that envisions your eyes
Is turning into a ray beyond the
Time-Zone;
Await your empty looks.
For making your mind flawless
It's being trained in the Cosmic regions.
If you can become the pure Consciousness
In every Atom you hear the message of
The "Maha shunya"- the Great Void!

The Infinite Manifestation!

Ages and Ages after

I took Birth.

When I opened my eyes

I came to know about Time,

And then

I understood that

There exists a secret of the Creation.

I am moving -

Life is groaning under my feet!

I ran to the Lord -

On the way I met "Death"!

I trembled;

Not with the fear of death,

But for the love of Life!

I long to live long,

I wish to be reborn!

The living is a great experience;

But, the next Birth is doubtful!

I am dying,

I was dead long back,

In fact, I am not even born!

Not only me, but, all and every thing!

Strange!
Every one exists on every galactic globe!
Oh!
Great is this experience of Divine View!
I am witnessing
The event of my own birth
In every manifestation of His Consciousness!
Imbibing the vision of the Earthly “dualities”
With the equanimity and composure
Is the Universal stature of the Human being!
The universal secret of the lineage of the Births
Lies in the nature of the Universal Matter,
In the unbroken form of the undying Soul,
In the SuperSoul’s Divine Truth;
The Certainty, Stability, Entirety and the Eternity!
A great enlightenment!
I merged in the Time!
I turned into the Time!
I became a Man of wisdom!
I became the Wisdom!