

Poetry Series

**Anita Sehgal**  
**- poems -**

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# Anita Sehgal(08.10.1955)

Not Mine, Not Mine!

An imagery haunts for days.

Like whisperings in the wind

They settle on the clouds of my mind.

Slowly they connect...

And a chain of words reveals itself.

Poems dedicated to my Guru

I plummeted the depths of my mind

to give words to my feelings

None came.

It was with Thy touch

That like shells on the shore

They came of their own accord.

## 2 Be

In suspended animation of Now  
Why can't I just BE?  
With no baggage of the past  
And no worry for the future  
With nothing to pursue  
And nothing to prove  
BUT FOR THE JOY OF NOW!

I do not wish to become anything  
I just wish to BE  
To experience the magic of being alive,  
To see the unfolding wonder  
of the phenomenon called LIFE,  
To admire life's variety  
in all its facets.

To explore, to feel, to share the divinity within'  
which ties us all in a single thread of consciousness.

Anita Sehgal

# A Full Circle

The parched ground  
with wounds as wide as craters,  
stared at the relentless, harsh blue.  
Leafless, huge trees exposed their skeletons.  
Stunted shrubs clustered seeking succor in proximity.  
Carcasses strewn all around,  
Bodies dragged themselves helplessly.  
The sea beat listlessly on the hot sandy shores.

To whom do they plead for mercy?  
There was nothing left which could even appeal.

And then .... when all was done  
a cluster of dark black ominous clouds  
gathered in the distant horizon.  
An army to conquer the dead.  
None left to rejoice.

Slowly, they marched forward  
Lightning flashed, clouds roared.  
Beating the drums to mark their arrival.

A first few drops fell on the earth's face.  
She licked her lips in disbelief.  
The sea suddenly gathered courage to rise and heave.  
Unseen life scrambled out of crevices and ran helter skelter.  
Lifeless till now the birds chirped faintly.  
The branches opened their hearts to receive this manna from heaven.

.... And destruction gave way to creation,  
..... completing a full circle.

-

Anita Sehgal

# A Mother's Song

Oh! my Darling Baby,  
Where have you come from?

With your skin as fresh as the coming dawn,  
With your eyes sparkling like the morning dew,  
Your soft coos like the gurgle of a brook.

I wonder, where you have come from?  
You look at me with eyes heavy with sleep,  
Eyelashes curl up your cheeks...  
My lullaby floats you into the celestial world  
for your smile says it all.  
Mystified at the emotions that flit across your face..  
I wonder if you carry the memories of lives goneby?

Hush,  
Sleep, Baby, sleep  
For the hand that rocks the cradle shall also shield!

An aura of Divinity surrounds ...  
you have stolen my heart for eternity.  
I look at your beatific smiling innocence  
and disquiet weighs on me for treacherous are the ways of the world.  
Under the wings of love I shall strive to insulate you from the frowns of life.

And before long it shall be time to leave....  
Temptations abound... the forces of Maya\* clutch and life vacillates between  
many a high and low  
Forbidding winds blow and filled with anxiety I brood as to how you shall  
traverse the paths of life?

I pray that no thorn pricks your soft feet,  
No arrow pierces your bosom...  
There is much in this beauteous creation that is worthy of reverence...  
May all things sublime cross your path!

My heart melts and blessings pour forth

'May you carry with you the divinity for life for HE alone can steer you through  
the maze that is this world! "

\*The illusive power of creation

Anita Sehgal

# A Part Of The Whole

Apart yet a part of the Whole.

Is not the part, a part of the whole?

Then why is it apart?

In anguish..

It seeks to be the

part of the Whole.

Anita Sehgal

# A Strange Bargain

I knelt before Thee,

Hands folded

Head bowed

Surrendering my ego, fears and anxieties,

Rid me of all these and fill me with Thy light.

A strange bargain

But I know strange are your ways indeed,

My Lord!

-

Anita Sehgal

# A Tormented Soul

Tormented by petty desires,  
Base emotions ...  
Ignoble thoughts run riot,  
When did Thy image get polluted -  
Cleanse me of all imperfections,

Oh, Lord!  
That I may be worthy of Thee,  
Full of love for Thee and all Thy creation!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Another Day

The earth quaked, the black sky fell into the oceans

and they rose to gobble everything.

Leaving devastation and ruin in its wake.

Shamelessly, the next day dawned

Bright and fresh.

As if yesterday had never been.

So cheerful that it hurts.

The hungry empty spaces in the skies eat up the memories

Leaving it once more untainted.

I too, look up and take hope for there will surely be another day, another life.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Atamshakshatkar-Divine Bliss

I kneel at the feet of my Guru,  
Longing for blessings,  
waiting for Myself to be revealed to me.

Guru, the store house of cosmic energy,  
showers his grace.  
The blocks within melt,  
The Life flow acquires a new meaning.

The cosmic energy flows, pulsating in every cell and nerve  
Pounding within and around breaking down barriers..  
It moves with a life of its own  
Dragging down you away from the hold of the senses..

The centre of gravity shifts.. and the tiny flame within appears..  
The silence gives way to a whirlwind of activity.  
The large flame swirls and twirls at supersonic speed..  
Throws out majestic flashes of patterns of light  
The naked dance of light  
No words can describe.  
Is the brilliance of the Lord.

Then there is neither light nor darkness  
Neither this nor that as the tiny flame is engulfed.  
Back to the world of senses..  
In wonderment and thanksgiving to my Guru..  
For taking me to the Lord's doorstep.

Anita Sehgal

# Baby's Melody

The magic of Divinity I bring with me  
from the lands of beyond.  
With the blessings of the Gods,  
I arrive ...  
softly on the wings of the angels.  
I bring the infinity of the spaces,  
the depths of the earths,  
the colors of the heavens.  
and....  
silently I enter your lives.

I draw from the strength of my father,  
the love of my mother  
and the heritage of my progenitors.  
I come...  
for you to nurture and cherish me.

I surrender my life to you  
and  
place my trust into your loving hands.

Wrapped in my innocence I carry with me the wisdom of the ages,  
for I too shall teach you  
unconditional love, forgiveness, sacrifice and patience.

With the threads of your love and  
the guiding Hand of the Eternal One  
I shall ride the waves of life.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Back To The Source

Like a Deer madly driven with desire  
seeking its own musk..  
Through the labyrinths of lives..  
I sought myself in others  
Void within sucked outside energies..  
My mirror caught vivid reflections in myriad colors  
How could I be so opposite..?  
Till one day the mirror shattered  
In the darkness.. with no reflections..  
I caught sight of myself..  
A light self effulgent, steadfast and strong..  
filled my very being..  
A journey forward ....  
Going back a million miles beyond time and space.

- -

Anita Sehgal

# Beyond Mind Body

Words swirl in my head  
Like a swarm of bees.  
My thoughts arise in clouds from my mind,  
My heart a cauldron of emotions.  
Senses storm the bastion of the body -  
Leading, misleading, ever changing.  
What have I to do with the Mind, Body combine?  
For I am a part of Thee and seek refuge in Thee.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Blessings

My heart melts and flows through my closed eyes

Hands fold up in prayer

No words escape my lips

A fullness fills the emptiness of my mind

And I am ushered into Your presence..

In thankfulness I bow my head

for I feel blessed

- -

Anita Sehgal

# Boat Of Destiny

The boat of destiny

takes you across a thousand shores.

Though born through me,

I cannot cling..

for life beckons you..

Its own purpose to fulfill!

Each soul a part of the grand design!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Can You Not See?

Can you not see HIS hand..

in the orderly movement of nature,  
in the clockwork precision of all creation,  
in the mathematical relationship that exists amongst them.

The secret within the seed that  
turns it into a tree.

The design in the single cell  
which holds the blueprint of Life.

All around is HIS miracle..

Why do you ask for more proof?

-

Anita Sehgal

# Cause And Effect

I know not what the cause

and what the effect.

Cause and effect together..

spinning out furiously my life's path for me.

caught in its merciless tangles,

I cry out for mercy.

Oh, Lord!

I lay before thee.. my bundle of grief.

For you to decide,

What the Cause and What the Effect!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Chimera

A soul as old as eternity  
Again, peeps through the eyes of a child  
In wonder it gazes at the world  
As if for the first time.

I am amazed at nature's chicanery!  
How it manages to deceive  
And Life after life is lived in this DECEPTION.

Anita Sehgal

# Dear Heart

Dear Heart,  
Be still.

Why can you not be?

How do I comfort you?

Like a gypsy you wander from place to place.

What is it that you seek?

From abjections of sorrow to heights of joy  
you vacillate.

Hush,  
Be still.

Unshed tears you store for what could have been.

Days lost in longing, hoping and desiring.

Every minute gone by is the past..  
It is now over... finished.

The future is elusive..  
yet to emerge from the penumbra.

Chasing shadows for what will or will not be.

Dear Heart,  
Be Still.

Grasp the moment  
for it holds an untold story.

Feel it, live it within.

For whatever is lived in your depths ...

comes to pass.

AND

here alone lies the libation which shall heal the wounds.  
Secrets reveal themselves to still hearts.

Be still,  
Dear Heart

Listen to your murmurs,  
its whisperings hold a mystery.

Listen to your beats,  
for the beats are the rhythm of the universe.

You and I together shall dance in step with the Divine beat.

Who needs another when the swing of love unites us both to spread its glow.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Deja Vu

Something stirred within me,

A memory, faint as the footprints on the washed out sand  
... Déjà vu

Like waves which yearn to touch the sky,

Like a river which races to loose its identity,

Like the flames which consume.

What is it that I left behind which bothers me so?

-

Anita Sehgal

# Delusion Ensnares

Maya

She, of voluptuous beauty,  
White, full bodied with long, dark tresses.

She, with her kohl lined, deep eyes,  
beckons tantalizingly,  
through her veil.

Alluring, the master seductress,  
Inviting a drink from her full red lips  
Honeyed nectar ...

Strangely compelling ... her beauty.  
Like a swarm of maddened bees, men hung over.  
With iciness wrapped in seductive charm she entrapped,  
Reveling in her power, she then moved on.  
Desiring her,  
To possess her, men warred.  
Launched tens of thousands of ships.

The Lord of the mind□

He, Man-ish, whose very name meant the Lord of the Mind.  
She, with an obsessive hold on his mind,  
Beguiled him.  
Besotted with thought of her  
And drunk with his own power,

He with his band of five,  
as thick as thieves,  
launched into pursuit.  
Maya deigned to be conquered.  
and the Lord of the Mind was now the Lord of the World.

The Joy short lived

Days passed in dalliance and heady lovemaking.  
Soon whispers abounded.  
Warnings of deceit and betrayal  
He smiled ' what do they know of Maya..'

'Jealousy says strange things.'

'She a Whore - beds one today, another on the morrow',

'They await their turn.

Avowed herself to me,.. the powerful and the clever one, is She

Her amorous clutches never shall slacken.'

## The Betrayal and Anguish

And then the tide turned as tides are meant to turn.

Maya's magnetism enhanced.

He lost his to Time.

Having amused herself, it was time to move on.

Suffering from intense longing,

In despair and anger,

he called her a witch,

could see no more her bewitching beauty.

Like an elephant maddened, he was beside himself with grief.

And raved and ranted.

'It does not bode well', the wise ones said.

Swung between love and hatred,

he sought revenge.

While the temptress played hide and seek.

## A dream

One day he dreamt,

a dream of the wild ...

and the very cold froze his heart.

Rivers forgot their boundaries,

ominous darkness abounded,

Intercepted by an awesome show of sound and light.

Streaked with thousand colors of red, ran the blood of all creatures..

Winds howled, warning of great disasters..

Was this pralaya, or the doomsday or Qaayamat?

Seek Maya..and thus shall be your end...

Go seek the one who shall guide you through!

For Maya would grind you under wheels of death!

## Prayer

Haunted, shaken and tortured..

..A prayer to the very heavens ...

to The eternal One, Shiva,

for the potion to rest his weary heart.

All HE said was reach the Hamsa (magical swan) ,

who shall transport you to the realms of Maya and beyond.

Far across high peaks and deep valleys,

he came upon a sage,

' An opposing feminine power is the only match for Maya'.

'Shakti is the one to carry you.

Like a serpent coiled,

she lies asleep...

since eons in the deep dark caves . '

Like a man possessed, he now prayed at the doorstep of Shakti.

Shakti

Shakti, since eternity lay sleeping

in the subterranean regions.

Unaware, unawakened.

Slowly, she uncoiled,

arousing from her slumber.

The eternal primordial sounds reverberated

from all the conch shells in the oceans.

Finally, the time had come for her to begin the journey.

The journey to the seventh heaven

Over uneven mountains and turbulent turbid lakes,

Where the buds of lotuses sprang forth.

'Leave your five warriors behind, ' Shakti said,

'Where I take you, they are of no help.'

But they clung to Manish.

'They come at their own peril', she said.

Shakti, slithered and slipped and slowly moved through the fiercesome  
fires in

the rugged mountain peaks.

Quenched her thirst on the poison of the lakes.

Once cleansed,

A touch of Shakti and the lotuses bloomed one by one.

While the warriors perished..

A kaleidoscopic range of colors., moving in and out in circles,  
Manish riding Shakti,  
plucked the jewel treasures within the lotuses.  
Finally, it traversed to the seventh heaven-  
- where a thousand petalled lotus was in full bloom.

### Hamsa (The SWAN)

Nestled there a hamsa, soft and white and pure..  
shining like crystal.  
Stirred with the touch of Shakti.  
Feeling caged and bound it thrashed around..  
but had never sought to test its wings.  
Ah! to savour the winds in the open sky.  
To Hamsa she said, 'you were ever ! '  
Tentatively, he stretched  
and lo and behold! the very winds beneath the wings lifted the Hamsa.  
It circled and saw and felt the freedom of the skies.  
The Hamsa took Manish along and the direction was up.

### Eternity

A great peace descended on Manish..  
... as the golden rays beckoned him.  
Warmed to the core with the eternal love of the BEING ...  
He saw HIM- Shiva united with Shakti, in an eternal dance.  
He at once remembered that this was HOME.  
It was from here that life began and this was his final destination.  
The very Gods and angels in all the heavens  
rejoiced to bless the homecoming.  
Then Manish met Maya in her own realm.  
And she fell at his feet ....  
but surprisingly he did not want her anymore.  
Wondered why?  
This journey had all begun with her, for her.  
But she mattered no more.  
' My Lord! I was always yours to have as you pleased and as you needed.  
Only you did not know how to keep me.  
I cannot be confined.  
Few know my secret.

I shall always remain a faithful slave.

Unlike your name, you were not the master of your mind.

and you sought to make me your Master. '

Freed of the desire to possess, he felt rested like he never had done before.

-0-

Glossary:

It is allegorical tale.

- **Band of five:** Lust (Kaam) , Anger (Krodh) , Greed (Lobh) , Attachment (Moh) and Ego (Ahankar) , all the constant companions of the mind
- **Elemental Fires:** Shakti, The Divine energy, the Mother Goddess, the creativity principle. This energy alternates period of motion and rest. If not awakened properly or not guided by a Guru, can cause great turmoil and agony to the aspirant.
- **Hamsa:** Literal meaning Swan, symbolic of Soul
- **Jewels:** The journey of the Divine energy or Shakti through the different chakras results in opening different layers of mind and mystical experiences.
- **Maya:** Illusionary power of creation, behind which lies the Power of Desire.
- **Man-Ish:** Man- the mind and Ish - the Lord or the one who is the Lord of his Mind
- **Mountains:** The Vertebral Column. Shakti flows through the Sushamana Nadi in the spinal canal, through the chakras and connects the base chakra to the crown chakra. Nadis said to carry the life flow energy. The soul is freed only when the energy reaches the Crown chakra.
- **Pralaya:** End of creation as mentioned in various Hindu scriptures / Qayamat as mentioned in Quran.
- **Chakras:** Symbolising the seven main chakras- Muldhara: situated at the base of the spine, Savadhastana: situated below the genital organ, Manipura: situated at the naval, Anahata: situated at the heart region, Vishuddha: situated at the base of the throat, Ajna: situated between the eyebrows, Sahasrara: The seventh chakra, situated at the top of the head or the Crown Chakra. Chakras are the power centres associated with the subtle body of man.
- **Lotus:** yog nadis- Symbolic of the opening of the chakras through which the aspirant is exposed to various mystical experiences.

- **Seventh Heaven:** Symbolic of the seventh chakra-Sahasrara-, also known as the thousand petalled one, located at the top of the head. Also called crown chakra.
- **Shiva:** The Eternal One, The Supreme Being
- **Shakti:** The primordial energy which lies at the base of the spine, the power of which once awakened can carry the soul to the divine. It flows from the base of the spine i.e. from the Muladhara Chakra to Sahasrara Chakra at the top of the head; to unite with the Supreme Soul -Shiva. Also known as the serpent power or Kundalini which lies coiled at the base of the spine. The power of the divine energy is hidden by the cloak of desires which cloud the mind.  
The Kundalini Shakti or the primordial feminine energy when rises to the crown chakra merges with the eternal source of energy, Shiva, the aspirant experiences infinite bliss and peace. As opposed to Shiva, the eternal changeless one, Shakti, is the divine, feminine, creative principle referring to the changing manifested phenomenon.
- **Veil:** The truth of Maya is hidden, it is only partially known

Anita Sehgal

# Desire

YOU too have desires..

YOU desire that we come to YOU..

of our own free will.

YOU desire that we love YOU,

above all else,

before YOU reveal Yourself.

Why deny me my desires?

Desire is the crux of all creation.

Only replace all my desires

With my desire for Thee!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Divine Mother

Enough,  
Divine Mother,

Thy game of hide and seek,

No more shall Thou be a mere thought in my mind.

I crave for Thy direct experience.

To touch, see and hear Thee..

It know it is possible..

If Thou choosest to bestow Thy grace on me!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Existence - Cinquain

Existence

Joyous, melancholy

Creating, flowing, demolishing,

Energy that is life and death

Vitality

Anita Sehgal

# Faith

At every crossroad of my life  
The sword of doubt pierces my heart..  
Faith flounders  
Such is the doubt..  
That it questions HIS Grace again and again  
as if HIS reassuring touch has never been experienced  
Doubt like a touchstone tests my faith and ...  
Then the fires of Faith burn evermore brightly.

- - -

Anita Sehgal

# Freedom

If I could I would,  
Hold on to the rays  
And climb into the sun,

Slide down the rainbow  
And ride on the clouds..

Walk on the ocean and fly with the winds'

Flash with the lightning  
And roar with the thunder

Heave with the waves  
On the stormy seas

Fall like the dew on the soft earth.

Melt with the snow into mighty rivers

Twinkle with the stars

And blaze with the meteors across the skies'

` Oh Freedom! What freedom,

Encased within the five elements I can only dream'

Till my soul gets to soar  
And find it is ME and ME all over!

-

Anita Sehgal

# From Birth To Death And Death To Birth

For the pleasure of Thine senses

Ye hast run from life to life..

Body to body..

What about the soul?

Does it even exist?

Caged and imprisoned within the five elements..

Dominated by the three gunas...

It pleads for mercy

seeks release from the cycle of life and death.

-

Five elements refers to air, water, earth, fire and ether - which forms the life force and then disintegrates thus completing the life cycle.

The three gunas means the basic qualities of nature viz. sattva (purity leading to divine happiness and knowledge) , rajas (passion leading to intense desire for sense objects) and tamas (darkness leading to delusion) . They are present in different proportions in all beings determining the intrinsic nature. The proportion defines man's attachments to the sense objects. To attain immortality and freedom from the cycle of birth and death, one has to move beyond the three gunas.

Anita Sehgal



# Grieve Not

Grieve not for me

When I am gone,

For we shall surely

Meet...

in another Time

and another Form

As surely as Day follows Night.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Guard

Stand Guard e'fore the citadel of your mind....  
Lest they enter invited..  
Choose well before granting them permission.  
Irrespective of where they come from...  
For they sneak in before you know.

Shut the gates on the rotten ones.  
For they will soon poison the foundations of your castle.  
Seek out the ones which will freshen and lighten, spread glow and love  
And your castle is alite with a thousand candles which shall shine from afar.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Hide And Seek

Why do I see only sorrow, conflict and pain round me.  
Happiness is only a fleeting moment here,  
Lord, I seek refuge in Thy pure joy,  
Why is it so difficult to reach Thee,  
Are my efforts wanting?  
Or  
Are You not prepared to reveal Thyself yet?

-

Anita Sehgal

# Himalayan Bride

Resplendent in its snow capped glory,

Stands the tallest peak

-untouched.

Thinly veiled by the floating crowd,

Its fine silhouettes barely outlined.

Like a shy bride

Awaiting a lover.

The golden orb lifts the veil with a touch of his gentle rays.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Home

Far away, dark clouds gather,  
Despondency fills my heart.  
Far away, the red sun drowns in the ocean,  
A deep sadness prevails.  
Far away, the glowing evening sky slowly turns black,  
Melancholy fills the air.  
Far away, the shadows lengthen,  
Pensiveness overtakes.  
Far away, noises still,  
The quiet eats at my heart.  
Far away, darkness envelops,  
dimmed stars quiver like a dying candle,  
the ocean beats listlessly  
and restlessness overpowers.  
Words struggle to give expression to the vacuum,  
Far away, the bells toll,  
Stirring up forgotten memories.

All I know, it is time to go home.  
Time to unlock the secret place in my heart.  
Draw out the ancient key...  
Touch the source .....  
which engulfs in love and a deep peace prevails.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Homing

Words string together to music make..  
Lilting mystical melodies of times beyond time  
Where no space exists  
Barriers of past, present, future collapse..

Only Existence breathes  
Each breathe a musical note....  
Soft, haunting notes seep in to cause uneasy stirrings  
rise to a crescendo - rapturous, heady, intoxicating□  
sharpening the yearnings to unravel mysteries of the beyond  
My soul soars in a vain bid..  
Like a fallen angel desperate to redeem

Faded memories of a celestial home beckon  
For the moment I make do with the touch of the infinity,  
a peep into the sacred  
.. the longings pave the path back to the Source  
One day, one day....

Anita Sehgal

# I Bid Farewell

I

Greater than you my Mother,  
is my Motherland,  
At this hour, she calls upon me  
her honour and her name, to protect.  
Shall now be put to test, all that you taught,  
I know, a heavy heart bids me gone  
your blessings, my protective shield.  
Grieve not if I am not back  
for I shall have written my name in the annals with gold.

To my Dear sister, a brother forever her protector,  
a greater calling awaits me.  
Your thread of love binds us,  
Always  
a reminder to safeguard  
every honor.

To my young Brother, I say, your time is not yet come  
for footsteps mine to take.  
When you are grown, many an occasion shall see you torn,  
Remember in the pride of the nation your glory shines.

To my Dearest Father, who I idolize,  
I am what I am because of you.  
Into your big shoes, when my little feet slipped,  
since then, your footprints have found my feet.  
The stripes on your shoulders swell my heart  
Your dignity I may match not but  
a promise to do you proud, I take.

And, to you, my Dearest wife,  
my new bride and mother to be,  
hard to leave when love promised unending.  
Pray that I shall not falter mission mine  
My vows unfulfilled to beside you  
forever in joy and sorrow...  
But shed no tear,

for your sacrifice is greater than mine,  
for knowingly you tied your life to mine.  
Tell my little one of me, whom I may not live to see  
That I loved and lived life fully,  
Together celebrate my life and mourn not my death.

Here I make a vow,  
forever shall I uphold  
the responsibility that the Uniform vests on me.  
The nation rests fearlessly knowing  
that it is we who guard them in their sleep.

- -

Anita Sehgal

# Jaise

Prabhu mai tujh me leen rahu yaise!  
Jaise pani me boond  
Jaise samunder mai lahare  
Jaise paodoo me pate  
Jaise chand me chandni  
Jaise suraj me tej  
Jaise phoolo me khushboo  
Jaise inderdhanush me rang  
Jaise neela akaash

Man me Deepak jale  
Har pal tere naam ka!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Journey Called Life

The journey called Life

was lonely and forlorn..

Till I met my mentor

Who said &quot; It need not be so.  
For you are not alone.

Why trudge life's path in fear and anxiety  
when it can be full of joy and blessing.'

He introduced me to HIM,  
who has now become a part of my life.

Nay, not a part but LIFE itself.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Just Musings

The Universe longs to  
Communicate with Us  
Mesmerised by the power of our tendencies  
We miss the message.

--

Words are hollow  
It is the heart which speaks volumes.

The mind dare not venture  
                  into the dark unknown alleys,  
where the heart unknowest to me  
                  treads fearlessly.

-

Beyond the shackles of the mind  
.. of the right and the wrong  
.. of the good and the bad  
Lies the freedom of universal consciousness.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Kaal

In the burning cauldron  
of Kaal (the eternal time)  
Time stews all

.

Life's path runs  
Through a complex maze,  
Unfolding the fruits of the seeds sown in the past lives..  
Knowing not which man rushes blindly rushes through life..

-

Anita Sehgal

# Karma

Time

Slips through fingers like sand.  
Every thought, word and deed  
imprints itself in ether,  
to weave the web of our future.  
Entangled like a fly in the web I long to escape.  
I know not how.  
Then I learn that there is no escape.  
Nature has its own way of seeking you out  
for there is no place to hide.  
Soon enough your past stands before you  
in different forms and shapes.  
And nature takes you on a blind spin.  
Thus is destiny made..

Then dawns illumination on nature's trickery..  
Play it at its own game..  
Surrender your efforts' and its rewards at the Lord's feet....  
Then He alone is the doer and the enjoyer.  
What a Relief!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Krishna

Oh, Krishna!

Thy flute of love plays on...

Yet I hear it not.

Bless me, that I may be in tune with Thy music.

May I dance through life

on your notes.

May Thee be my pied piper..

And lead me where thou wouldst!

-

Krishna is the incarnation of Lord Vishnu part of the Trinity comprising of Brahma- the Creator, Vishnu - the Preserver and Mahesh- the Destroyer. His name means the Dark One. He is the All Attractive One, the Puran Avatar - the complete incarnation. He is depicted in various perspectives as a God child, a lover, Divine Hero and the Supreme Godhead. One of his popular depictions is with a flute.

Anita Sehgal

# Life

Life has shut its doors on me.  
However hard I pound and knock..  
It does not respond.  
I long to reach out to the joys and the smiles of life,  
But they are not for me.  
My mind space is filled with desperation,  
the spirit is dejected.  
I live in my head ...  
Thoughts weave a tight net grasping me firmly.  
How can I empty my cup to refill it with life?

I know life exists for I have had glimpses of it.  
The warm inviting rays of the sun peeping through the canopy of the trees,  
the cool soothing feel of the water running through my fingers,  
the wind softly rustling through the leaves,  
the clouds floating without a care in the blue and the  
brilliant beckoning hues in the evening sky.  
In these moments everything stopped ...  
And I had a glimpse of LIFE...

Little by little the knots in my heart melted.  
I reached out..  
Moved out of my head into my heart.  
And felt and felt.  
Life crept in slowly.  
That sense of wonder  
which I had lost, made its way back.  
The blood pulsating in my veins made me feel alive again.  
The miracle of life itself, enveloped me in its magic ...  
Life invited and said, 'Trust.., come live once more ...  
Cast aside your burdens for I shall take care of you'.

--

Anita Sehgal

# Life And Death

Life and Death ...

Two sides of the same coin.

One cannot exist without the other.

Each revels in devouring the other,

Knowing even so that without the other

IT WILL NOT BE

-

Life and Death,

A beautiful merry -go -round.

We, like children clamoring to stay on.

Round and Round,

In a whirl we go,

Till exhausted we want to opt out

-

The essence of creation..

A harmonious blend

of opposites.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Love

My love for You,  
In words I can express not.  
For fear of being ridiculed  
If only I could but  
give a dropp to taste.

So that they too,  
could drink endlessly from the ocean of Divine love.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Love - Cinquain

Love

Sensual, ethereal

Possessing, surrendering, all encompassing,

The alpha and omega of creation

Quintessence

Anita Sehgal

# Many Faces Of Duality

I weep,  
At Life's transitoriness,  
Its impermanence,  
And elusiveness.

I rejoice,  
In its beauty and splendor,  
Balance and precision.

I am awed  
By its majesty,  
Might and fury.

Its fragility,  
Its tenacity and persistence  
Simplicity and complexity  
All at the same time.

I marvel,  
At the joyful blooming of fresh life  
Amidst death and destruction.

I wonder,  
At Nature's pinnacle of glory.  
Man  
A complex bundle - both Divine and Demon?

-O-

Anita Sehgal

# Maya

Remove the veil of secrecy.. THY has cast upon Thyself,

Delusion ensnares the senses,

An army of thoughts invades the mind.

Maya casts its web,  
Entangling me in its fine weave.

Insidiously they move,

Treacherous  
are their motives to tighten their hold on me.

YOUR creation hems me on all sides.

How then can I, YOUR created,  
Move out of YOUR creation?

It is YOU alone, who can draw me to YOU!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Mela

Mele ki camak damak  
Aankhon ko choandiyati hai  
Chamakti hui sajavat  
Bujhti jalti bijliyai  
Tumhe bulati hai  
Idhar vah jhoola jo tumhe  
Aasman choyave  
Udhar vah jo tumhe yaisa gol ghoomaye

Chaakar par chaakar  
Apni sudh budh hi kho jaye  
Aur phir chunu ki chat, chacha ke gole man lalchayai  
Haan, vah sheesha yaisa jadool  
Hame apne badalte roop dhiklaye  
Hawa se baate karti rang birangi chaakari  
Jhis ke ghoomme me hum kho jaaye  
Aur vah madari jo apni harkat se hasaiye  
Hamari indriya jo is jashn ko choos rahi hai  
kya chodengee apna rang

Yaisa hi to jeevan hai  
Ek mela  
Maya ki choonri aude hum  
Aur aur ki haud me  
Soochne vicharne ki  
Shamta khohi  
Hum yaha kis liye, kab tak?  
Aakhir hum kaun?

Har din dihti arthiyoo ki baraat  
Asthayita har taraf se ghore  
Phir bhi vivek hai maun  
Na koi sawal na khoi jhigyasa  
Sun man par indriya kare tandav  
Jaise gool jhoole par kabhi upar kabhi neech  
Jindagi bin baataye kab jeevan se khisak gayi khabar nahi?

Anita Sehgal

# Moods

Freedom of the clouds

Infinity of space

Beguiling twinkle of the distant stars

Depth in the darkness

Message of the winds

Paintings in the sky

Shine of the sun

Coolness of the moon

Thickness of the forest

Pounding of the rains

Ferocity of the water fall

Fullness of the river

Restlessness of the waves

Tenderness of a mother's love

Strength of the father

Passion of lovers

Mystery of life in the opening flower

Sheer power in the roving tiger

Stillness of a yogi ...

..... Joys of being alive experienced in so many ways..

Anita Sehgal

# Music

Music pours forth from the taut strings of a sitar,  
under the nimble fingers of the player.  
Notes reverberate into the ether  
till the sounds fades into infinity,  
I surrender myself to Thee to play the  
music of life, as You desireth.

Anita Sehgal

# Nature

I stand at the edge  
of the cluster..

And watch with bated breath the spaces between leaves,

For they seem to hold a secret,

So tight, divine and sacred  
Thick with the silence  
Of the mystery of existence,

I dare not step in to disturb nature,  
Offerings its prayers to the Almighty!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Nature's Theatre

A parade of the creatures of the sky

passed through the deep blue.

Angry, furious, overladen

they poured on the hapless ground.

Slowly spent..

followed then a golden charioteer..

Drawing a tableaux of fluffy whites.

.  
Shaded in brilliant hues - silver lined, gold ringed

In shades of purple and pink.

The sparkling rainbow provided the grand finale.

-

Anita Sehgal

# 'Now'

NOW sits with its head bent  
Arms around its knees,  
Like a petulant child gazing at the walls in the corner.  
The shadow of the past, looms threateningly  
Long images flash on the walls.  
NOW longs to escape but where to go.  
The future under the shadow of the past appears bleak and dreary.  
NOW feels stifled, caught between the past and future.  
The past that is gone and the future that is never there.  
Both together somehow manage to squeeze  
and stifle the life out of NOW.  
How do I liberate myself? She wonders...  
gathers courage..  
stretches her arms to catch the shadow of the past  
Afraid to be caught, the past slinks along  
the walls as Now chases it.  
Slowly as Now expands its space, the past retreats.  
To tackle the future, why worry about what is not there yet or may not be there  
at all.  
Live Now in joy and surrender, without looking back and forth.  
The past will no longer haunt ...  
And the future has no say.

- -

Anita Sehgal

# Oh, Shiva - The Eternal Dancer

Oh, Shiva!

Thy dance of death rages, underneath the fire..

Sprout the seeds of creation.

Thy benign gaze nourishes

What it then seeks to destroy

It matters not to Thee

To see Thy creation..

Vanish like hills of sand

For Thy createth and destroyeth...

For Thee, it is a game played at Thy abode the Kailash

Too far away to hear the anguished cries of the created and destroyed!

Anita Sehgal

# Once

Once my house was full of people  
Both young and old ...  
of diverse opinions and myriad temperaments.  
Voices and sounds echoed all around,  
Doors banged and shut, activity all around...  
Where is my corner of quiet, I wondered?

Once my house was full of guests,  
Glasses clinked, tables over laden..  
Laughter rang out ...  
Merry stories exchanged and news dissected,  
Each sticking vociferously to his point of view, egos clashed.  
Why cannot we listen more and talk less, I wondered?

Once my house was full of children  
Each child in a world of his own....  
Growing up years and its challenges..  
Seeking to balance, the righteousness of the elders and the sensitivity of the  
children..  
How does one bridge the gap.. without treading on toes.. I wondered?

Once the walls reverberated with the joys of the coming festivals  
Every occasion and season, a reason for celebration.

Amidst all this.. hustle...  
Life's ups and downs..  
offered its own variety..

All this was then ... and now..  
Not a sound echoes.  
The bell hardly rings,  
No callers to disturb my reverie.  
Children moved out..  
Now an empty nest.  
Relatives have no time,  
Friends all gone,  
The kitchen fires hardly burn.  
The echoless, cold walls and  
the now musty furniture, so carefully gathered once, give company.

Festivals come and go.  
Summer heat is unbearable  
Winter chill eats into my bones  
Monsoon is wet and slushy  
Spring no longer blooms.  
Life now spent on my rocking chair, whose creaking and squeaking  
is a lullaby...  
The walking stick, the only support of my tottering bones...  
Occasionally, I get up to clear the dust of old photographs on the walls,  
of smiling family and friends-events and occasions.  
I stare at them and reminisce of the past and pull it into my present.  
All gone but the memories glow like embers in the dark winter evenings.  
I am waiting ... waiting for what I do not want to acknowledge.

-

Anita Sehgal

# One Truth

In the deep dark ether,

Only the cosmic machinery hums.

Silently the infinite procession of the heavenly constellations,  
dances in rhythm to the Divine beat.

Held together by the thread of invisible energy..

The sounds of silence speaks of the One Truth- Ekam Satya.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Power

Oh, Today, the mother of Morrow,  
Born of Yesterday..  
A thread binds us  
As I incubate the next day ...  
I choose to release the past  
Even as I acknowledge and accept for it has brought me to Today  
I am not bound by it..  
Fresh as a dew, I am Today..  
The future in my womb  
restless, seeking a joyous journey..  
taking a leap of faith  
into the unknown, the mysterious  
which lovingly beckons..  
unburdened by the fetters on my feet.

- -

Anita Sehgal

# Questions?

Witnessed

Birth and Death,

Plenty and penury,

Joy and sorrow,

Love and hatred,

Bountiness and pettiness,

Clarity and confusion.

Can you choose one without the other?

Are they but two sides of the same coin?

Perplexed by the duality of life.

I questioned..

What is life?

Why Me?

I wondered.

Why was I born?

What exists before and after?

Confused and depressed

I searched but found no answers..

Till I met my Guru..

'No answers lie on the outside

Go within', I was told.

'Knock persistently..

the underlying essence behind the duality shall reveal itself

as THAT in which all variety dissolves beyond the pale of the mind and the senses.'

Triggered by the Guru's cosmic energy

forms and figures melted..

into a mass of pulsating energy.

Separate yet connected

alone yet together.

Many yet One..

An integral part of the whole

Part of the universal pain

Part of the universal joy..

.. Universal Consciousness - the collective reflection of individual consciousness.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Quietus

Ever since I was born,  
    You have been with me  
As I grew,  
    Your shadow over me lengthened  
In all my joys and sorrows,  
    You stood looking over my shoulder  
At the heights of success,  
    It was your hand which stayed me grounded  
In the pits of depths,  
    It was you who put life's experiences in perspective  
The hurt of betrayal and the shame of ignominy,  
    You tempered with your touch  
Nature's beauty I saw through your tender eyes  
It was you who defined the nature of life as  
    transitory, ephemeral, heart breakingly fragile  
Life's elusiveness engulfed me...  
    the moments and relationships I cherished all the more.  
Against the backdrop of your presence..  
    I was sensitized to the miracle and mystery of life.

Without you life would be an endless banal desert.  
Without the fear of its loss.. would I be able to cherish this nectar of life?

You have been my closest friend.. Yet I knew it not.  
Your final embrace ...

    After a life accentuated with your presence, a blessing- for the freedom  
from vicissitudes.

And you alone can break the body barrier - videhamukti- to liberate my soul  
and soar it to its destination.

For to life and beyond life it is only you, Death, who have lent it meaning.

Anita Sehgal

# Raped

The dry river beds,

where once were meandering rivers.

Water marks remain,

where once were waterfalls.

Naked mountains cover their shame with a clump of trees,

Mounds of garbage' replace the verdant green.

Gaping wounds on hammered mountains.

Why bewail when nature retaliates?

-

Anita Sehgal

# Reflections

Images reflected on the smooth glass windows as people rush past.

Images of people talking and laughing or gazing silently into space as the train screeches through a tunnel.

Eyes avoid eyes but stare at each other freely in their reflections to see them vanish in no time.

If I could look at the world through the reflection  
Would it be any different?

For it would not be clothed in flesh and blood  
Nor emotions woven in its every wrap and weft.

Or like a ghost hovering over live bodies  
But no, for they still have the leftover impact of flesh and blood.

But a reflection- immaculate, untouched, virgin  
As real  
But without the angst of being human!

Anita Sehgal

# Refuge

Life is a series of motion pictures.

Images dance on beams of light,

Casting long shadows on the walls,

Grotesquely they move

To play out their role

of violence, base passion, anger and love.

Oh, tormented man!

break the shackles that bind you

Seek refuge in the One!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Road To Nowhere

Life is a journey on the road to nowhere..

With its trials and tribulations..

Its waves of joys and sorrows,

Leisures and pleasures

In life's pauses one reflects..

The din and noise of life  
Strangles the soft questions.

Is this the purpose of a life?

Suddenly the road to nowhere reaches a dead end.

What lies beyond?  
I never sought to know..

I now seek to walk the path of  
Seekers who can show the beyond.

It is too late now..  
To turn back the time machine.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Seek

The message is timeless  
Yet a few dare to venture..

Seek Ye,

And ye shall find the very elixir of life

For you alone are the fountain of

Love

Happiness

Wisdom

And strength

And the journey to HIM must begin within you.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Shadow

I was forever your shadow,

The laughter on my face has since died,

The spring in my step is lost,

My tears have also dried.

I no longer like to hear the songs we sang together.

My moods always reflected yours.

I remember and ...  
a sweet melancholy pierces my heart.

I have no memory of the earlier years  
as if I was born only when I met you.

Our lives were so intricately woven.

How then could you leave?

Why then do I survive  
when you are no more?

Everything was about you.

I wonder now when we were together if you ever thought  
of my identity as separate or was I only a mere reflection of you?

On which altar do I now pour my joys, sorrows, loves and longings.

For I never had anyone other than you not even myself.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Shoonya

Where the rivers meet the ocean

Where the earth meets the sky

Where day meets night

And night meets day

Bindu, the point, where life in the womb begins

Where all sounds dissolve

And silence melts

Shoonya, the point where non creation became creation.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Silence

In silence I commune with Thee,  
Words have no place between us,  
For You know my deepest secrets.  
Spaces without thoughts and words..  
Are Thy temple.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Sleeping Beauty

The fair face of the earth glows softly in the darkness of infinity,  
Held aloft magically in the deep swirling oceans.  
The brown blanketed in rich green,  
Clouds in varying colours hover on its brow.  
A sleeping beauty in the giant universe....  
Moving rhythmically on a preordained path in the vastness..  
An aura of deep tranquility pervades...

The deceptive shell of harmony cloaks seething fires.  
Within violence and discrimination rage,  
Greed and power play, rules,  
poverty and hunger abound.  
Discord overshadows goodness.  
Pregnant with this diabolical burden...  
She floats Unmindful..  
Mother Earth, how can you be so blissful?  
What shall emerge out of Thy womb?  
A monstrosity or shall the hidden divinity finally, arise?

--

Anita Sehgal

# Sounds Of Silence

The sounds of Silence beckon..  
    Between the beats lies the secret  
Reverberating through my being  
    Tugging at the melancholy in my heart  
Tantalizing, enticing, inveigling me..  
    to enter the sacred spaces  
For they form a path into the journey unknown  
    Silence touches the depths in my soul  
Revealing Myself to myself.

- -

Anita Sehgal

# Stranger In The Mirror

A desolate and lonely  
figure stares at the stranger in the mirror of Life.  
Alas, I spent my life leaning on props.  
When they succumbed to the vagaries of time.  
I now wonder who I really am?

-

Anita Sehgal

# Swamps Of Time

Shrouded in the mists of time  
the phantom hands from the past  
desperately struggle to cling to the present  
... the grip is loosening  
the past losing its sting

Heavy boulders on the  
frozen breast of the earth shifts grudgingly  
the green beneath bursts forth

Spring arrives  
so clear and fresh  
as if winter had never been

Past relived and digested  
Births a new life  
Every moment now brings its own power..  
All that is gone is gone  
It is over.. it is finished!

Fountains of life spring forth  
from the Cosmic Well  
Filling in spaces where the past hid unbidden  
Bubbling, joyous aliveness  
Where the hands from swamps of time had been ...

- -

Anita Sehgal

# Thanksgiving

Like the sheet of mist,

I rise to merge in the Divine.

I turn in Thanks to the instrument I leave behind..

Now supine and peaceful

For serving as the gateway to Thee!

-

Anita Sehgal

# The Delight Of Senses

The delight of the senses....

only seeks to drag,

Man further and further into the worldly mire.

When pain and disillusionment sears the heart,

the search for the meaning of Life begins.

Is that how You have

planned the beginning of the journey to Thee?

-

Anita Sehgal

# The Face

Neither her attire nor her demeanor  
spoke of a life of riches..  
Nor reflected one of abject penury,  
Just another old woman....

On the temple steps, where quietly flowed the Ganges,  
profoundly engrossed, sat she  
a rosary in her hands and a chant on her lips.

Her face, my attention caught ....Deeply lined  
Life's experiences furrowed there  
Like a farmer's land carefully tilled...  
Etched clearly, the lines of joys and sorrows.

An ugly old face, would most call,  
Only the beauty in the marks, life left, I saw

A face barren of lines, many crave  
and to keep it so, to great lengths go,  
Blandness like memories deleted... vitality of life denied full expression! ! !  
Where do they store the Pandora of life's offerings?

The face - a reflection of the agony and ecstasy of living!

And finally, she opened her eyes ....  
Tranquility in the deep black,  
a reverberation of the epiphanic consciousness  
engulfing a mystery of the bygone,  
As if she beheld the world from a dimension beyond

-

Anita Sehgal

# The First Rain

The lightning flashes  
ripping the sky.  
Dark, thick clouds quickly hug to repair the rend.  
The winds move cool and fast,  
heralding the arrival of the much awaited rains.  
The dried, parched earth,  
with bated breath, lay coiled in anticipation.

Flashes lit up the wide countryside.....  
Throwing up enchanting images  
of the clustered houses.  
Swinging trees and the  
swaying tall grass acquire a mystical air.

It has been a long, relentless, searing summer.

The first rains ... there is something magical about them.  
The earthy, heady fragrance fills the air as the dancing drops make first  
contact.  
The music thrills.  
Pregnant with hope... life revives.

Children rush out to feel the first drops on their faces,  
wrestle in the puddles  
and to launch paper boats.

Birds let out their shrill, haunting pleas.  
The creatures of the water quirk joyfully....  
The peacocks shriek in joy and spread wide their colorful feathers.  
Drops of water chase each other tantalizingly on the surface of the leaves.  
Thousands of shades of green unravel from the dried earth.  
A sheet of white rose as one into the darkened sky.

The rain ... the thread which ties the earth and the sky.

A time for the lovers to unite,  
the music to play, feet to dance, all hearts to bloom, for forgiveness....

... for love is in the air.

Tears fill my eyes as I watch the miracle, as the Lord quenches the longing of  
life.

--

Anita Sehgal

# The Game Of Roulette

No amount of riches,

No amount of power,

No adulation..

Can fill the void in the heart.

Like a game of roulette  
... the turntable moves.

And the face of sorrow looms behind.

The hunger of soul can only be appeased by Thy presence.

True happiness lies only at Thy feet

Lord bless me with Thy Love!

-

Anita Sehgal

# The Lord, My Beloved!

The blooming flowers  
are the smiles of my beloved.

The wind rustling through the trees,  
are the whispers of my beloved.

The waves beating on the shores,  
are the heart beat of my beloved.

The clouds in the blue sky,  
are the footprints of my beloved.

The rainbow on the horizon,  
are the many colours of my beloved.

The changing seasons, is the pattern of life woven by my Lord.

The fury, the beauty, the sublimity of nature,  
are the many moods of my Lord

The tiptoe of every dawn..  
the joy of my Beloved.

In the brilliance of the sunset sinking in the depths of the ocean  
HE takes me to his bosom..  
wiping out the sweat and tears of the harsh rays of life.

In this peace and bliss,  
away from the turmoil of duality,

HE and I exist  
And then I too am no more..

Anita Sehgal

# The One As Manifested

In the whispers of the winds,

In the swaying of the trees,

In the colors of the flowers,

In the flutter of the butterfly,

In the strength of the mountain,

In the restlessness of the ocean,

In the blues of the limitless skies,

In the rage of the fires,

In the depth of the ether,

Thou the UNMANIFEST has manifested.

-

Anita Sehgal

# The Undeath Of Death

In a gallery seat across time and space,  
this temple body glimpsed  
the many lives, many bodies..  
that I occupied

To live and live again  
Where then was Death?  
I wondered

For all I could see was life  
Death an illusion  
masked by life..  
To live once more and ever more

For all around was only Life!

- -

Anita Sehgal

# Thee And Thee Alone

Oh Lord!  
Grant me the blessing  
That I see Thee in all creation  
... in all nature  
In each wave and cloud  
In each flower and tree  
In each stone and mountain  
.. in every being  
...in every dream  
In the all of earth, fire, water, air and ether.  
May I see Thee and Thee alone!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Thoughtlessness

Thoughts scatter like broken clouds in the sky,

And remain as streaks of paint on the canvas.

They batter the wall of energy  
like the stormy sea on the stony shore,

Only to fall aside

and

the emptiness revels in its fullness!

-

Anita Sehgal

## Three Stages

In my sleep, I am the architect of my dreams,  
The director, actor and scriptwriter  
All rolled in one.  
My characters play out their role  
Without the constraints of time and space.

In deep sleep I know not where I was, yet I had existed then,  
as I remember having been there.

On awakening, the architect disappears,  
To be replaced by a separate I,  
An actor governed by a different set of rules,  
A part of HIS drama.

The common thread  
of the Eternal  
which runs through all the phases,

Is none other the HE Himself within and outside of me!

Anita Sehgal

# Time Cycle

Across my window  
A tiny rose bud peeped shyly out..

Pure, innocent, fragile..  
Days passed..

The bud turned to full bloom,  
Radiant in its glory.

Vainly it preened at the sun.

Soon enough the petals turned pale..  
forlorn and lonely..

The drooping stem heaved to bear its dead weight..

The days waited patiently.

For the rose to bide its time..  
Anytime, anytime, , .. now  
An endless time cycle.

-

Anita Sehgal

# Twilight Years

It is the evening of his life.

He sits on an isolated bench  
And stares with empty eyes at the barren park.

Where no flowers bloom  
No children play.

The gaunt branches of the trees  
reach out as blank eyes of the dead.

A lonely sliver of a moon hangs low in the sky.

Slowly the darkness settles in ...

The stirrings in his heart move out to connect  
but come back desolate and forlorn.

Long gone his soulmate.

None awaits him at home..

How long, how long  
before it comes..?

-

Anita Sehgal

# Universal Consciousness

A volcano of emotions..

Translated into words.

Words chasing words..

A series of thoughts

This is the mind

But is this I?

I know that I am not the body

for it reduces to dust.

The spaces between words

.. The gap where no word exists..

Shifts the centre of gravity

outside the mind body combine.

To merge in the Consciousness which exists

Beyond form and word!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Web Of Existence

In what careless moment

did Thy hand,

weave the Web of Existence,

Fashioned and crafted

our lives..

So you could watch

in amusement

our joys and sorrows!

-

Anita Sehgal

## What Is It?

He had no flesh to clothe his bones.

No strength to drag this frail bag.

A terrible anguish fills my heart....

Why does he suffer so?

What tremendous burden does he carry?

That does not snap the body from the soul.

Anita Sehgal

# Window To Eternity

Oh Death!

Thine time hath come..

What have I to offer Thee?

Unprepared am I to face Thy resplendence

A life unfulfilled... the Grecian Urn overfloweth with remorse

Mine own magnificence unrecognized

Shriveled my soul bid time

Joy- full creative expression a miss

Alas! under the cloud of Thy certainty

A pall of gloom descended

Till face to face.. with Thee

Found I that,

That Death is but a window to Life Eternal

For I continue to Be

- - - - -

Anita Sehgal

# Wireless Connection

Wireless!

yet wires intertwine

in a tight maze.

Yet the illusion of separateness persists.

For we do not see

the invisible connection.

Why is this secret

covered in wraps?

So difficult to discover and comprehend!

-

Anita Sehgal

# Witness

As I began my journey  
My spirit watched in awe  
As the Divine hand  
kneaded and shaped  
My vessel to perfection

As my vessel and I became one.. memories faded  
Tossed ruthlessly on the ocean of life..  
Harsh lessons learnt..  
Humbly I hand over the reins to HIM

Like a bamboo reed, I now empty the vessel  
to allow His sublime music to flow  
and the beauty of Life reveals itself ...

Anita Sehgal

# Words

Words are powerful potent beings  
Heavens they create and castles they make  
The worlds created by words reach further than the farthest star  
To worlds sublime they carry you  
Deeper than the the oceans is their reach

Sharper than the sword they pierce  
Flesh wounds are quick to heal  
Word wounds scar for life  
They wind and rewind in your head  
And spring back and forth from hidden depths  
Each time create a fresh serration  
Shine the light of words on a despondent heart  
It can heal, uplift, soar

Imagery created through words can move the worlds  
To war many were taken  
To entice, persuade and motivate  
To create bridges between hearts  
Words flow freely where angels fear to tread  
The ephemeral and elusive gets trapped in its web

A window to the heart  
Words move swiftly like sifting sands  
Flowing rivers  
Poisoned arrows  
Or turbulent oceans  
Capture the words floating in the ether in the gossamer fabric of your mind  
Create a world with no borders

Despite all its power it is but the creation of the mind  
Beyond the power of the word lies the bliss of wordlessness  
How do I flow through the bliss of life without the duality of the words

Let the barrier of world dissolve into eternity

Music of the wordless flows through the words  
They fall through the womb of the ether to manifest  
Savour and drink from this urn of words for they hold the drops of eternal bliss

- - -

Anita Sehgal

# Would It Not Know?

What is it..

which makes the cell grow into a bony baby?

which makes the seed grow into a massive tree?

which makes the waves rise on the breast of the ocean?

which makes the Sun shine everyday?

which makes the food our bodies nourish?

which makes the fires rise and the winds to blow?

the planets to rotate

and the stars to twinkle in the heavens?

Would IT not know, What I need to sail through life happy and serene?

Anita Sehgal

# Yearnings

The muted colours in the sky  
Bid farewell to the day.

The dusk casts long shadows,

The soft wind whispers the mysteries of nature,

A bold star peeps out

This play of nature  
sharpens the yearnings of my soul.

Oh Lord, Where have Thou hid Thyself?

Before I know it,

HE tiptoes into my heart

and I am awash in Thy divine love.!

-O-

Anita Sehgal

# Zindagi

Zindagi ki bhag daud me,  
Yaise ulajh gaye hum,  
Ki jeene ka matlab bhool gaye hum.

Gamo ne yaisa ghera  
Ki khushi se dar gaye hum.  
Nirasha me bhaite yaise rahe they hum,  
Ki asha ki dastak bhi  
Pahchan na sake hum.

-

Anita Sehgal