

Poetry Series

Charnjit Patialvi
- poems -

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Charnjit Patialvi()

Educating India

India is marching ahead!
Many thousand crores gone down the lane,
And many more crores may go the same,
Not a leader dared to tame,
It has fulfilled million aspirations,
All for the sake of education.
India is marching ahead!
Black boards, tables and chairs are all there,
Sans students in classes, but here and there,
With broken windows and leaking roofs,
Are they the real proofs?
Peeping through the broken doors,
some still sit on dirty floors,
Sans teachers, sans light,
All we have the children fight,
Tearing the pages of the books,
Defaced and ugly looks,
Without regular teachers a school is run,
Contracted are seen instead,
The appointed ones have already fled,
Their salaries unpaid for months together,
Work piling up due to Bad Weather,
School are place of joy,
Sometimes become a political toy,
Rallies, meetings and feasting arranged,
Parents and teachers have estranged,
Never seen any progress ahead,
Funds siphoned instead.
On paper its all fine, one day India will shine,
Like torn sacks can't hold grains,
Without a will can't hold gain.

Charnjit Patialvi

Happiness: Waiting Endlessly

Happiness: Waiting Endlessly:

God willing, the things move,
Move in the right direction,
As desires in the core of heart,
The ultimate joy, The moment is precious,
Raising like bubbles,
So soft and glowing and contentious too,
Make you happy and contented.
So, envious the others remain,
Burning hearts and green eyes,
Is it the real happiness I wonder?
Man is striving, racing, galloping,
Carrying the burden of material and masses,
Killing the virtues and vices,
Overstepping the relations.
Cruzing to Nowhere - into an Oasis,
And 'That' remain eluded,
All those 'Haves' and 'Have-nots'
Waiting endlessly,
Waiting with moist eyes,
Waiting to beget the 'most sought',
Many full hands, remain empty and exhausted.
Agony in heart for it, as if for a beloved,
Who often betrays,
Like a infidel ,
It remains for few moments,
With a promise to revisit,
Which it seldom keeps,
May or may not return, its her will,
Pushing to the edge in gloom.

It is like the tides, suddenly ascending,
Ascending and raise the hopes,
lashing the shores, showing their might,
And in moments its is gone, all washed away,
Make desperate and crazy,
Waiting endlessly for happiness.

Charnjit Patialvi

Harry Is Late

Harry, Harry! Why are you late?
I went to bed very late,
Then I got up too late,
I had missed my breakfast too,
When I rushed for school bus,
I missed the bus too.
Mom was angry,
Papa was angry,
Kids teased me,
"Harry is late. Harry is late."
I stood with hanging head, My eyes were wet.
I am sorry, I am sorry , it is lesson to me ,
I will never be late again.

Charnjit Patialvi

Hospitals

They are the temples on earth,
With second Gods working there,
Saving lives of the almost dead,
Pumping the breath in the breathless,
Reviving the beats of the dead hearts,
Those ailing are treated with love and care,
Men when get well and pray,
God! was it you here?
Holding the hands of the old,
Extending their span out of cold,
Cheers is on their cheeks,
Women when delivering, seeks,
Infants are brought to new world here,
By the safe hands as they are,
With immunity, care and smiles,
Keeps the lifeline going,
The patient's needs preferred the most,
They really are the gods for men,
Their hands are Hands of God.

Charnjit Patialvi

Mother's Touch

My Mom `s very dear to me,
She is always near to me,
When the morning rays in to my house peep,
It's the time to getup from sleep.
keeping my head in Mom's laps,
waiting for her gentle flaps.
She `s always playful with me,
She always care for me.
I always long for her touch,
I feel its God's touch.
Her magic words make me do things,
Because, for me she always sings.
In her company, I am stronger,
Without her I can't stay longer.
My Mom `s very dear to me,
She is always near to me,

Charnjit Patialvi

My Desire To Live

MY Desire To Live

Once I had desire to live,
When I was a kid,
I had dreams unlimited,
Then, I loved nature so great,
Wandering in the lap of nature,
Enjoying the feast of eyes,
Places, people and world I saw,
Differently they looked,
Charming me with their looks,
I captured them in my eyes,
Forever they all remained,
So I desired to live more,
To witness the world of love,
The young heart throbbing for each other, I saw,
Holding their breath and hands together,
Promising to live and die,
But, people chase them like detested kites,
Killing them for honor,
It shook me hard and intense,
What had saints preached?
'Love and Peace is all you need,
World is hell without, '
And still I desired to live,
To try out with service to mankind,
Showing the path of love and compassion,
But the world is stubborn and cruel,
Hanged the saints, crucified Christ,
Beheaded the truth, stoned the innocents and virtues,
Still they say we love you,
Alas, I have lost the desire to live,
This was never my dream,
The world is full of fraud, mistrust and infidelity,
All you beget is hypocrisy,
God are you there? I wonder,
Or have been impersonated I fear,
I do not desire to live any more.
I do not want to live in this world.

Charnjit Patialvi

O! My Master.

The guiding light in me, pushes the darkness out.
The deep gorge of ignorance lit-up with the sunny beam ignited in me.
He made it happen with his magic, terseness and resolve,
The things were different, but, made them appear as they are.
The command and control he mastered,
To tame the wild horses so timed and rogues, to ride.
The spirit behind success is his, we only gestured.
We act like actors with my master script.
Its all his potential we excel, the direction we took.
He is the creator, a next to "Him",
The best of, makes the fortunes, Rest simply argue,
The immortal is his blessings,
Countless snubs, thrashing, and painful angry blows,
Raging the temperature like a furnace,
Tempering the metals to shape them he wants,
Are his tools to chisels out an animal to a man.
His fingers bear the magic & his mind the beauty within,
Transforming the caricatures to life.
I think I have achieved, but, fact 's he made me able.
I may forget for a while,
The spirit haunts. In crisis he's my torchbearer.
I must pay the respect for making me what I am.
May God! let him not rest in haven,
His task still remains to be completed yet,
I still need his words, I still needs his snubs,
I can't and never excel him.
The imperfection remains,
Where ever I may reach.

I shall need you 'Sir',
O! my Master, Be with me,
I feel secured under your shadow, as my second Mom.
I still feel the caring fingers moving through my hair.

Charnjit Patialvi

Religion.

I was born on a bright sunny day of May,
Knew not what caste and creed that day.
The society thrust a ceremony,
To cut my veins from Human blood.
I was chaste and innocent but,
religion made me indifferent.
Hypocrisy all the way, to practice the path away from truth.
We call all are one, yet we hate all.

I say, love all so that you hate none.
It's a business to some, and a cloak for odds.
I have witnessed blood in temples, the place of gods.
Greed overflowing the coffers.
There is race to grab the offers.
So has grown the enmity within man.

I hate the extremes, O! it has separated me and my ideals,
I have lost the innocence, Oh! God.
The mans cruel hands and mind,
Makes the difference in least different I find.
The religion has casted the out castes,
The religion has resulted in Blood baths.
No! No! No! do not go so deep, O! man thou shall be lost,
The enemy in front, is a man at last.
Killing thy brother for his colour and creed,
Is never and never shall be a Deed.

Charnjit Patialvi

Teachers Day.

Every heart that beats,
Year after year it repeats,
We sing in the praise of God,
For giving us the opportunity to take birth,
The most pious land on Earth.
Here we had a great saint,
of education to deal,
Who lived a true teacher's ideals,
Simple and humble, down-to Earth was he,
Made it to the helms of a Nation,
So synonymous to education,
He is demi-god to us.
Will remain for as long as India lives.
From grasslands and dusty lanes in country side,
Walking to the temple of Power, His Excellency
Made the mark, the aspirations we nourish within,
Can get its realities come true, a real epitome of Knowledge,
flame of learning within still burning and guiding the nation out of storms.
Shattering the clouds of uncertainty, spreading light and hope,
We regard him, in our hearts, still a great teacher today.

Charnjit Patialvi

The New Day.

Golden Sun is rising up,
Calling kids to get up.
Birds are happy and gay,
None of them, home they stay,
With folded hands we all pray,
Kids get ready for Learn-n- play.
Noon is very hot,
There is work to do a lot.
The bell rings Ding- Ding- Ding,
With joy all we sing.
It's the time to go home,
Here we go to our sweet- sweet Home.

Charnjit Patialvi

The Discarded

The Discarded

With the wandering eyes,
Seeing towards the skies,
Waiting endlessly for a healing touch,
Touch of humanity , a warmth of mother's hug,
Which remain eluded,
Before the start end is concluded,
Seeking a possible answer to the waging question,
Why was I born and discarded?
From where did I come?
Why did the 'Civilized' - Abandoned,
Was my birth an experiment I wonder?
By the God may be.....?
Or was it a burden disposed I never know,

'Innocent' they call me yet like criminal they treat,
Homeless I wander, through streets,
And roads all leading to nowhere,
Hatred and scorn is all I beget.,
The dirty looks scanning my soul,
As if a worm out of gutter,
Hungry, frightened and bullied,
Even traumatized, teased and cheated I feel.

Struggling for bits of food I strive,
Searching from left overs in streets,
From the 'Eveing Bash' of the riches,
Hiding from the drowsy eyes of bullies,
like a prowler on a mission,
stretching my feeble hands in the waste bins,
Stumbling over the wasted lot.
I and stray canines share the spot.
Finding some bits to calm the burn of hunger.

Putting the rags on from shivering cold,
More I cover more they reveal,
At times get some oversized to don,
Still happy to find a lot,

Roaming in the chilling winters,
sharing the dens and food with my best friend,
I find him faithful but still like me, discarded.

I heard some say Man is Kind,
Yeah I find him a special kind, wild creature,
the most powerful, merciless and dreadful indeed,
Yet afraid of new born?
Throws their new born to die,
But the beasts never discard their young,
Till their last breaths of course,
Still we are wise.
We are the 'Masters' in this world.
We have a choice to do the wrongs,
And still call ourselves kind and civilized.

Charnjit Patialvi

The Old Age

Peeping through the lenses of spectacles round,
Like Vintage car holding on jacks with no wheels found,
We lay in the backyards, collecting dust,
With gone times catching rust,
Once we were the part of races,
Now cracking skin and wrinkled faces,
Like waxed creations at Tussauds case,
We've like flower vase,
Then were donning in grace,
Gradually we have lost the pace,
The colours of world seems now fading a bit,
Our Time has passed, to witness spectators we sit,
The world has changed a lot,
Now here we are the harried lot,
Cruising through the, thoughts of left behind,
Hazy pictures come in mind,
Causing lots of apprehensions,
How to proceed is now our tensions,
It seems we have finished our inning,
Was we right, or can we amend the remaining,
When our trembling foots we stand,
Which were once the firm foots on the land,
Keeping with the pace of time to go,
It always made destination know,
Which were always eager to move,
Now need clutches to move,
The hand which created marvels once,
Are trembling like wading leaves,
Hardly we count the best under our sleeves.
The face which raised many eyes,
Have become the matter of lies,
Smiling through the artificial jaws,
Slowly we get the deal of outlaws,
Faking happiness To make others please,
Is the only way for tension release,
And, show we still are happy with life,
Both the Husband Or Wife.
O! dear this is Life,
Yes! dear this is Life,

This is the time to analyze what we lost,
The score board of the past,
Waiting for the final call,
Till then you may recall,
Many have moved, its my turn to come.
Making way for others to come.
We are the part of game,
It has been played, still it will be the same.

Charnjit Patialvi

The Sea Beach

The sandy beaches attract all,
Bright sunny evenings bring joy to all,
Every moment is different to see,
Waves are the power of sea,
It's hope of a new truths that it may reveal,
Wonder is the sea men's zeal,
Tiny boats dancing on waves make a sight,
On the shores, It keeps all visitors right,
Some lay basking like dogs so lazy,
The salty touch of water, makes you crazy,
Bringing sea treasures with waves,
Crabs and fishes out from watery caves,
Wonder the world is within.
About the precious creatures that lives- in,
Shells and pearls gives dreamy flight,
They garnish the beaches bright,
Prawns & Fishes gives foodies delight,
Its marvelous, the morning sight,
Rocky floors and coconut trees,
We feel the touch of breeze,
Blue waters meeting the sky,
Dreaming birds, when over they fly.
Castles we build in sand,
Get demolished, It washes out messages on sand,
Feel the thrust of waves,
It is splendid and thrilling indeed,
Moving over with golden spread,
Want to gather the sweet memories, as much as I can,
The capturing the bliss on the faces of kids,
Admiring the Lord for the greatest creation,
It has become our recreation,
But the fury is disastrous,
Mighty waves can dig watery graves,
Tsunami, we cannot forget for ever,
We pray that it returns never.

Charnjit Patialvi

The Unborn Daughters.

We live in land of gods & goddesses,
We worship them for Prosperity and solace.
We look for our prayers be heard,
Prayer to beget a son.
Sons' who will keep the race growing,
We want happiness flowing,
We want our race going,
Here daughters are unwanted,
That's why thousands are aborted,
Strong obsessions for a male,
That all our faith we subscribe, fail,
Killing is crime we know,
But not a bit of remorse we show,
Our insanity know no bounds,
Mercy is nowhere found,
Killing them before birth,
Is killing Mother Earth,
Dreaming of crops to grow?
Without our roots, we're unable to grow.
Un-thinkable, without a womb?
That's why Medico's 're on job.
In mothers, we see incarnation of God,
Give me a son, O my Lord!
Hippocrates, we are,
We love our mothers a lot,
But rearing foetus without mothers, is our newfound plot.
Birth Engineering is new study on cards,
Hospitals shall be sans female wards,
Daughters & sisters will exhibit in shows,
Sons will grow in rows,
We are gentle, but without a heart,
Sisters, we love you great!
We want her, for our needs,
But still, in womb she bleeds.

And still we say God is great!
Great indeed! He is, for letting them be killed,
With those who are our ill-gotten skilled,
Thinking, He's with us to share,

Guilty are we, plundering the Nature,
Guilty are we, of slaughter of Unborn Daughter,
Guilty are we, offending the rules "He" précised,
Still we call us civilized?

Daughters indeed make us proud,
Proud are we of her achievements,
But we shall not let her born.
Earlier it was dowry, now its their life,
Where will your sons could find their wives?
We are ready with our sharp knives,
But, daughter should die,
We want to suppress their painful cries,
Let's make real vows,
Never can we walk with one sided shoes,
Never can we prosper with unborn daughter.
Let us welcome our beloved daughters.
With them is future of Man.
Let's pray should'nt that worst dream, come true,
Forgive us God, for ill -gotten thoughts.
We pray for wisdom, O Lord!

Charnjit Patialvi

Time Is Passing Through.

Time is passing, Time is passing!
Time is trampling the leaves of life,
Like crushed under the feet of mighty jumbo.
Like uprooted trees by tornado,
I thought to be a fighter like Rombo.
The dreams dashed, It came and crashed.
Here, I lay, helpless.

My memories fail me.....
Agony of separation,
The hurt of words, dear one's said,
The cruelty that world had shown,
The hunger of my belly,
The bullying of the mighty,
The abuses of the elders,
The thorny path I took,
The pleasant smiles of my beloved,
The tender touch of my mother,
The betrayal of my own,
The cheating of the authorities,
The back stabbing of my friend,
My dreams of flights & fantasies I failed,
Ambition to scale the heights,
The sympathies of strangers, all were unforgettable.
But, have failed me!
I lay beneath the might foot of Time licking my wounds in dust.
All my dreams are shattered. My Time is out.
O Dear! The Time is passing, Time is passing through.
Time is trampling the leaves of my life.
I lay beneath quite and motionless,
Forgetting the time, how, restless I was!
My wisdom has failed, My all visions have faltered,
How helpless I have become,
Or the Time is mighty I wonder?
Where are my powers gone?
Defeat I never tasted, The Time has over powered.
The Mighty is Time. The Mighty is Time indeed.

Wake India Wake

Wake India wake!
Come the nation is calling,
Come with your hearts open, with spirits high,
India needs you that's why,
A spark has kindled, the torch is lit,
Thousand of soldiers are there to sit,
No food no relax, prayers on their lips,
Satayagrah by veteran Gandhian is not gossips,
A Surge of human sea,
Like a tsunami of emotions,
For freedom second they want to see.
This remains the their last of options,
It is aspiration of millions,
To call back the "black billions",
Nation calls for swiss licks,
All they earned by kicks,
A 'thought' is churning,
With spirited support, Streets are burning,
To the call of Anna, for crusade,
To free the nation of scams,
India, we say it Great,
People have to prove it great,
Join our hands for final assault,
Break the barriers of immunity,
Immunity to politicians to loot and walk free,
It now or never,
If you feel its offending,
If you feel the heat of corruption,
Then come out, pledge your support,
Its war of wits,
Its to prove your guts,
To do justice to all,
Join its Anna's call.
Show the power of public,
Though we are a republic,
Let the authorities feel the heat,
We will not retreat.

When I Lost My Mother

With a question in my eyes,
Looking up to the skies,
Searching for a affirmative,
For whom I was very possessive,
My heart wanted to cry,
Near to her, where she lies,
Things suddenly changed,
Like a storm that has raged,
All my musings came down crashing,
Her nerves were not flashing,
My combined emotions betrayed,
My thoughts failed and breathing delayed,
My confidence shattered,
Mind got wild and jittered,
My world came down crumbling,
Tongue was trembling,
My mother, lay motionless,
On the bed in casualty ward,
The doctors giving the impulse,
Failed to find her pulse,
His dejected looks made us frightened,
A fear of losing a revered one,
My empire of love lay conquered,
My childhood castle disintegrated in seconds,
Wondering where has my mother gone?
Why 's she so still? Not even the slightest murmur I hear,
Why the gloomy look she bears,
Is this it is all? I feared,
Why I wanted to cry?
Why I could'nt believe its all over?
My dearest of dear lay as dead,
The happiness had all fled,
The truth was in front of me,
That all had lost for me.
The shoulders on which I grew,
And arms that cared for me went cold I knew,

Charnjit Patialvi