

Poetry Series

Jay P Narain
- poems -

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Jay P Narain(Jan.1945)

Born and raised in India, I have been in US since 1965. I started to write poems at the age of 61. I love writing on love, nature and spiritual topics. Hopefully I would contribute a little.

A Few Moments Together

Let us spend a few moments together,
the holidays won't last for ever,
the promises we made to finish up the house chores,
will be our New Year's resolution for the next year.

Let us spend a few moments together,
let us feel each others pains together,
let us look in each others eyes,
let us rediscover the lost love in our hearts.

Let us spend a few moments together,
our long relationship has made our dreams stale,
let us share the soft touch of red roses of our love,
let us walk hand in hand together adoring the surf on the beach.

Let us spend a few moments together,
let us not worry about driving to popular places and beating the crowds,
let us sit close together and look at the stars in night skies,
let us really relive this life together.

Jay P Narain

A Few Ten Word Poems

Two headed shadow,
From two lamp posts,
loses its destination.

When little high,
The mind spins,
Seeing so many images.

Three deer on the trail,
show their grace,
and disappear.

Migratory geese,
settle down in night,
knowing eagle is asleep.

Jay P Narain

A Tribute To An Angel

The angels live in heaven,
Bringing the peace to the world,
Sometimes one get stranded,
As she wants to share the suffering in the world.

With the wings clipped,
She cannot fly to the distant world,
The immortal has tranformed into a caring heart,
She longs to share the love and attention of fellow hearts.

She feels the pain of distant grieving heart,
She shares her loneliness with other lonely hearts,
She cares about the drug additction in youthful hearts,
She may be far but she is always so close to our hearts.

She is awake whole night,
Wishing to find a caring person in the breakaway stars,
She watches the tall palm trees sway on a windy nights,
Like a lonely heart wandering all around to find a comforting heart.

But one thing she forgets,
She is angel of everyone's heart,
Her poems sing the praises of her inner beauty,
Her emotions mellow everyone's heart.

With caring hand over our shoulders,
The Angel would share our love and affection,
She would find happiness in her heart,
And give us all the blessings of goodwill and love in our yearning hearts.

(A tribute to an aspiring poet, Angelina Pandian) .

Jay P Narain

A Tribute To Great Poet, A. Ayyappan

Sitting on the park bench,
unshaven, unkempt, old and frail,
Never thinks what happened,
why he is homeless and left alone.

He is a pauper at this moment,
May be he was a prince in his prime past,
All the friends and family vanished,
when he gave up his fortune for the sake of his principles.

He may be a great lover still attached to his dreams,
the love his heart dreamed has become a mirage,
He still waits and waits hoping the love will be back,
Even after his death, he would wait with a flower to greet his lover.

He was an artist, a poet, and a great intellectual,
Wrote thousands of poem, some world renowned,
For some personal reasons, he wandered and slept on the street,
one day when he died, no one noticed him for days.

It hurts to see someone so bright, forgotten and lonesome,
poets may be princely paupers, aloof and lost in their own world,
But the society and the government should take care of them,
Not forgetting that they are the beacons of hope for the humanity.

Jay P Narain

A Walk With My Grand Daughter

An unforgettable event,
going for a walk with my two year old grand daughter,
She rolls down the hilly sidewalk,
On her nimble feet with sheer joy and fun.

Oh what a joy to play in a water puddle,
the smiles and happiness beams on her face,
till mom reminds her of the time out,
she gets back on the track.

How pretty I look,
she asks after putting a few flower petals on her head,
When I take a picture of my pretty doll,
she wants to view it right away on my camera phone.

Next we come to a neighborhood pretty garden,
she runs to the rabbit statue in the corner of the garden,
she gives him a kiss and hopes he would come alive,
like the princess in the story Mom reads to her every night.

At the end of the walk, she runs up to the stop sign,
Points to the letter S painted on bright red background,
S means stop for her and motorist alike,
Now it is time to go uphill slowly for her and grandpa alike.

Jay P Narain

Aansu(Hindi)

Dil ne kaha ankhon se, roya karo kum,
Kyonki rote ho tum, aur tadapte hain hum,
Ankhon ne kaha dil se, socha karo kum,
Kyunki mayus hote ho tum, aur ansu bahate hain hum.

Dil ne kaha ankhon se, sunhare spane dekhna karo kum,
Kyunki nirasha ke ansu bahate ho tum, aur un ansuon se pighal jaate hain hum.
Ankhon ne kaha dil se, tanhaion me dilo ki durian karo kum,
Kyonki pyar me khoje rahte ho tum, aur betaabi se intzaar karte rahte hain hum.

Dil ne kaha Ankhon se, asim vedna me kyon rote ho kum,
Kyunki sushk ashk baha nahi sakte tum, aur kuch soch nahi sakte hum,
Ankhon ne kaha dil se, khusion me kyon ansu aate hai kum,
Kyunki khusion me saare gham bhool jaate ho tum, aur khusion me ansu bhana jante nahi hum.

Jay P Narain

Alone

Loneliness has many forms,
My loneliness is,
like a flickering candle,
in an empty home.

When I open the windows,
and try to gaze you in dark starry nights,
the mild gust of wind,
almost blows off my feeble kindle,
reminding me of my meaningless presence.

My candle is melting away,
my tears keep on freezing at the base,
In my solitude no one cares,
whether me or my feelings are slowly vanishing away.

Then one day you appear from nowhere,
you shield the glow of my feeble candle,
the candle burns steadily with radiance,
my heart beams with joy and glee.

When I was daydreaming of love and romance,
you suddenly disappear forever,
my candle is full of fear and insecure,
as the winds of life may finally blow it off for good.

Jay P Narain

Anger And Love

Anger, torments our hearts,
makes one shout, to get the attention of alienated heart.
Rage fire ups the fury, hearts get torn apart,
Louder we get to communicate with our distant hearts.

In love, speak softly, speak gently,
to touch the close affectionate heart,
When deeper in love, just whisper,
as hearts are ever close together.
When in ultimate love, no need to whisper,
just looking at each other, unites the hearts.

(Based on Hindu philosophy)

Jay P Narain

Anticipation

The days seem long,
The nights feel lonesome,
I live in the anticipation,
That you will be back in my life soon.

The days of love letters are history,
The emails get to be very cryptic,
The ilu and imu seem far fetched,
When what I long to hear are a few live loving words.

What I am missing is not the wealth or pleasure,
But your love and undivided attention,
I want to hold your hands and put my head on your shoulders,
Just being with you makes my life worth living for.

The anticipation of our reunion,
Will erase the pangs of separation from my heart,
The waves on the beach would not be beating the shores that impatiently,
since you will be in my heart, body and soul.

Jay P Narain

Around The Lake

Nestled in the mountains deep inside the heart of a city,
the lake nurtures and opens its vast reservoir,
not only to the living creatures small and big,
but also to vast array of human speicies frolicking around its perimeter.

On the footpath around the lake,
the stream of people,
walking, skating, strolling, jogging, and biking,
going round and round the lake,
brings into my mind, the complete harmony in the circle of life.

The crackle of small creek feeding into the lake,
and the joyous sound of little kids playing in the shallow waters,
reminds me of the eternal fusion of soul and mind with nature.

The female duck sits on the banks,
overshadowing its twelve ducklings,
her eyes glowing with eternal happiness,
where no one can dare to perturb her bliss.

The seagulls, geese, swallows and other little birds,
flying over the lake, up and down,
in search of something they relish,
reminds me of the freedom and joy of living in all of us.

In the summer morning,
the misty vapor streaks from the lake reaching for the skies,
gives me the illusion of a divine soul reaching for the eternity.

The blowing leaves withering from trees,
creates an emptiness in the fall,
which is soon filled with flocks of migrating birds,
of all the beautiful colors, shapes and sizes,
It seems natural to observe,
that nature keeps her balance at all times.

Alas, in the winter,
I do not find anyone around the lake,

however, the rain drops make their presence felt,
filling the depleted lake with bountiful of water.
The fulfillment of natural resources,
is like enriching our consciousness with abundance of knowledge.

The spring brings the emergence of leaves,
and blossoms of all colors in trees,
people practicing tai chi and yoga in colorful costumes,
gives me the aura of self realization in our lives.

The beauty of nature,
mountains, lakes, creeks and all,
will outlive me and millions more,
into the eternity of the universe.

Jay P Narain

Atheist

How an atheist is perceived,
a non believer, a satanic mind,
but an atheist also believes,
in things which are scientifically sound.

An atheist believes in the evolution of universe from galactic constellation,
He owes his existence to the biological creation,
He believes the super naturals are creation of mind;
He believes that the destined destiny is a repercussion of his acts.

He will cite Buddha who thought the God does not exist,
He agrees with Buddha that he will reach the nirvana through self enlightenment,

He does not believe in religious rituals,
although he loves the philosophy of all the religions.

What is a religion to an atheist,
a brainwashing from the early childhood,
a fear thrust in the mind,
that a failure to follow it will bring bad omen of all kind.

An atheist believes in the consciousness of passion,
He believes that ten commandments, karma sloka, and jatak sutras,
All raise our consciousness to follow all the virtues,
Be passionate and help to alleviate the sufferings of the mankind.

Jay P Narain

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves,
I see your green tenderness,
changing to rainbow of sparkling colors.
In the chill of autumn winds,
I feel inside my heart a strange loneliness,
when I observe golden leaves departing from trees,
It seems to me that my love is leaving me behind,
and is headed to some unknown dreamland.

Why everyone is leaving me alone?
My favorite birds are disappearing one by one,
the flocks of migrating geese don't even care about me,
The beautiful flowers are withering in my garden,
Even the caterpillars are getting wings to get away from me,
the beauty of nature is disappearing right before my eyes.

When the chill and the blow of wind gets stronger,
colorful leaves swirl around in the air,
as if they are unsure of their destination,
I lose the sense of my existence,
when I see my love lost in confusion.

In the moonlit chilly nights,
the blowing wind creates the images,
of ghosts and goblins out of the floating leaves,
I will be hiding myself under covers,
as I am scared to watch my love as an ominous stranger.

The treasure of golden leaves lie all around the tree,
the snow and rain will dissolve its entity into eternity,
Next spring new hopes will arise,
the leaves will cheerfully appear again on all the tree branches.

My love will emerge from its solitude,
the hopes and lust will appear again in my life.

Jay P Narain

Autumn Stroll

In the early afternoon of the autumn day,
the trees are shining with leaves in green and gold,
the sun is shining with its golden aura all over the sky,
The ground is covered with the treasure of colorful leaves.

Holding hands we stroll in the golden meadows,
the shadows we form follow our romantic hearts together,
the wind stirs up and showers the leaves over you,
your hair and face looks pretty decorated with nature's jewelry.

The flower bouquet I brought to offer you,
as the token of my love and appreciation for you,
I felt spellbound when you smelled the flowers,
Your smile and happiness made my heart flutter with joy.

While strolling with our hands in hands,
kicking and stomping the leaves all around,
our conversations seem so romantic and full of love,
that even the birds seemed eager to hear as they hovered over us.

Jay P Narain

Autumn Thought

The season is changing,
the spine is tingling,
the night chill gets me shivering,
the early morning fog keeps my thoughts wandering.

The quiet and silence in the cold air,
reminds birds to get ready and fly to warmer air,
The caterpillars who flourished all summer on the pine trees,
Are getting wings to fly away as beautiful butterflies somewhere.

The leaves on the trees are trembling in fear,
they would not give up without looking their best in colors,
the leaves lie trampled and helpless on the ground,
hoping to get resurrected by the incoming rain and snow in time.

My wandering thoughts ponder for a while,
Is this the season of awakening from the troubles all around?
May be autumn is the season of resurrection,
With hope of achieving perfection in time somewhere.

Jay P Narain

Away

Leaving you, I went to the distant land,
hugging you, I left my heart behind.

I thought I will have a blast,
here I find myself lost at last.

When I return to my habitat after a hectic day of work,
I find myself in the void missing your smile and chat

when I wine and dine with hosts and colleagues,
the fun and pleasure, in your absence, seem so incomplete.

After a tiring day, I think I will sleep like a log the bed,
after a few hours of sleep, I am awake looking for you in my bed.

I am waiting to go back home,
I will find everything I want in your waiting arms.

Jay P Narain

Bamboo Grove

The bamboo grove shines in golden sunshine,
the lush green leaves in the grove sparkle with life,
The wind blowing thru the pores in bamboo stalks fills the grove with melodious music,
The parrots, cuckoo, and maina birds fill the grove with color and cheers.

The bamboo plants bend and sway during windy days,
shows how to be strong and flexible in stormy days.
It is the idol of survival in tough and blistery weather,
It graciously gives way to sprouts to prosper in its withering days.

The aura of bamboo grove by night is charming to behold,
The moon peeks thru the leaves painting the grove in silhouette and silvery shadows,
The trees resonate with the heartbeat of romance,
Each knot feels like the ladder to advance to the higher level of ecstasy of love.

The plum blossoms in the grove under the moonlit silvery skis,
Reminds me of the eternal lovers bonded together in eternity,
The trees stand tall with vigor with branches protecting lovely pink blossoms,
The grove brings the aura of good fortune and friendship forever.

Jay P Narain

Basant Birha (Hindi)

Ayi basant, phool khile hain chaman me,
Main akela, tumhe doodhn raha hun is chaman me.
Yaad aati hain, wo phoolo jaisi muskurahaten,
Jo prasfutat hoti thin, tumhari hotho se.
Main door, bahoot door hun, pyar ke us chaman se,
Jahan raat ki madhur chandani me, do dil milkar ek ho jaya karte the.

Jay P Narain

Battle Of Sexes

In the dawn of my married life,
The lake of life was shining with the bliss,
By the dawn of mid life,
There seems like storm brewing on the horizon.

Sometimes I wonder about the promises of eternal love,
When we nag to hate each other over trivial things,
A word spoken in anger, a bitter comment made in passing,
Makes the hearts seem distant and further apart.

When the coolness prevails, the heart seeks peace and love,
A few nice words get spoken bringing smiles on faces,
A few hints of love from the body language,
Makes the seemingly irreconcilable differences disappear sooner than expected.

The battle of sexes is a predicament of contradictions,
While heart seeks love and understanding,
The ego and stubbornness creates hate and differences,
While we want to care and feel each others joy and pain,
Still we become insensitive and hate each other over trivial things.

Marriage is not the unification of two perfect strangers,
But is a process of making an imperfect stranger as perfect lover.

Jay P Narain

Beauty

When I look at a beautiful woman,
my mind dreams of a passionate love,
but when the lust for passion subsides,
I am still looking for the beauty in love.

Beauty is in the eye of beholder,
some sees it in the beauty of a woman,
some find it in the glory of nature,
some discover it in the unselfish love,
some detect it in the revealings of a passionate heart.

The color of skin is only skin deep,
the sight of a beauty is only eye deep,
the inner beauty is real and lies in an intimate heart,
the real beauty itself is the reflection of a virtuous soul.

The external beauty lasts only for a few years,
It gets tarnished by the ravages of time and age,
The inner beauty lasts for ever,
It leaves its marks on the hearts it touches.

Jay P Narain

Birds Of Paradise

The lust for divine love in paradise,
Could not bring from heavens to the earth,
the birds of paradise sing the divine love song,
but they tend to soar away in deep blue skies.

With the heart aching for the melancholy love,
I planted my bird of paradise plant in my back yard,
The little plant had only one blossomed flower,
Missed the flock which it usually domiciles in.

Every morning, I open my window to the back yard,
The bird of paradise stands in the middle of other flowers,
the roses, petunias glow in sun, the beak of the bird of paradise just follows the
sun,
It follows sun from dusk to dawn, I adore this divine love act from bottom of my
heart.

With its beak pointing towards sun, head crowned with beautiful yellow and
purple leaves,
Thinking it may be crane, the hummingbird flies around, sits on its beak, feels its
love,
the beauty is overwhelming, the aura is divine,
If the birds of paradise see its flowery match, they may change their mind and
stay with us on earth.

Jay P Narain

Blossoms

Purple, pink, or white,
the blossoms are my heart's delight,
Apple, dogwood or cherry;
I can't stop admiring the astonishing beauty.

The wish of bare limbs looking up to the heavens,
asking for salvation from frost and rains,
Comes true in the vivid colors of blossom,
Lighting up the landscape and human imagination.

The sight of blossoms is so enchanting,
it's like so many beauties smiling in unison,
The sight over the grove of such blossoms,
Fills the heart with passion and inspiration.

In every blossom, resides a hub of evolution,
The birds and bees adore and love this sweet creation,
Many starry leaves will be born from this tiny galaxy,
Fulfilling the cycle of creation, the blossom will wither and disappear in eternity.

Jay P Narain

Blossoms And My Love

The unusual winter warmth,
Has brought the spring fever in the nature and in my heart,
The pink, purple and white blossoms are blooming all around,
just reminding me of your warm and sensuous loving heart.

How can I compare your beauty with the spring blossoms?
In red blossoms, I see your luscious red lips,
In white blossoms, I see your beautiful body,
The purple blossoms, reminds me of the depth of your eyes,

Closer I get to the blossoms,
closer I get to the God's intricate creation,
Closer I get to your loving affection,
closer I watch the heavenly smiles on your lips.

Under the blossoming tree I walk,
the fragrance fills my love yearning heart,
When I hug you with my sincere love,
your sweet 'I love you' words, fills me with eternal love.

Jay P Narain

Blue Moon

Heard in the news, on July 31st,
the full moon will be the blue moon,
A big dilemma came up, how would I tell my beloved,
Your face glows in blue instead of silvery full moon light tonight.

The glow of moon and the silvery shine fills my heart with romantic vibes,
the passage of moon thru dark clouds gives me hope for escaping dark down
days,
If the moon turned blue, the rays would not soothe my lonely soul,
the heart will be overshadowed in blue, I will be singing blues.

To my relief, the research on the internet showed,
Very rare second full moon in a month is termed the blue moon,
The fear in my heart subsided, the love will after all survive,
The silvery moon rays will reflect from ocean wave uplifting my spirits.

The moon has been seen historically blue many times,
when sky was overcast by the volcanic gases,
But moon reflection always remained soothing white,
May be I will say hello to my beloved up above in the sky.

Jay P Narain

Bonds

Bondages, we may dislike,
But bonds of humanity, we love,
While a bondage imprisons our freedom,
We like to be imprisoned in the bonds of love.

Love is bond woven with delicate emotional threads,
Not only it unites our heart,
It unites our dreams and ambitions,
If the bond ever breaks, we shatter our hearts.

Smile at some one,
Communicate in a language which pleases you and the others alike,
Create an everlasting bond of friendship,
With no selfish interests and false pretensions.

The human bonding is like the spring garden,
Where love and hope blossoms like beautiful flowers,
Even when some aspirations age and wither unheeded,
Million others sprout and keep the bond alive forever.

Jay P Narain

Butterfly

Butterfly, Butterfly..

You're the nature's most creative splendor,
the color patterns on your wing are so pretty and vivid,
no designer or an artist can even apprehend it.

When you fly in bunches or you fly alone,
my garden springs to life with your inaudible song,
When you fly in circle around me,
I am stunned with the beauty of nature around me.

As a young boy,
I would chase you thru fields and parks,
I would even try to catch you,
while you were kissing your dream flower,
I would dance pretending to embrace you,
and dream of flying to the heavens with you.

You can fly with such a grace,
all thru the sunny days,
the wind does not make you stray,
the shadows do not deviate your ways.

Beholding you the Butterfly,
My heart fills with joy and hope,
with a new beginning in the spirit of my life,
My unfinished dreams come alive,
with the hope of reaching new ambitious heights..

Jay P Narain

Chat Love

The cyberspace has opened many new avenues,
You click here and there and find what you want,
Here I find an instant friend thousands of miles away,
her handle ID is different than her real name,
I even don't know who is she and what she looks like,
She may be a he, she may be a teenager or even an oldie.

The chat begins with truncated cryptic messages,
sometime a message like see you tom,
sends my head spinning whether she is even chatting with me,
Sometimes requests for sal or asl makes me confused,
I think I am talking to some medical doctor.

The chat goes on for hours and hours,
I type a long question with my two slow fingers,
the reply comes like ya, i.c, y, or lol,
with a complaint that I am too slow for chat.

With time the formalities disappear,
I see signs of love appearing in messages,
sometimes messages carry deep emotions like i m n luv w u,
sometimes I see the tear down the eyes with i m brd n lnly,
sometimes it seems that the chat love will last for ever with wt dnt go,
sometime it seems that my chat love will disappear in deep blue yonder with c ya
agn.

After a long chat, my yearning to meet my love intensifies,
My heart wants to see some one close to me,
Holding my hand and sharing my feelings,
But when I turn off my IM, my chat love disappears into eternity.

Jay P Narain

Cherry Blossom

If I could only paint,
the intricate and beautiful floral designs of cherry blossom,
my mural would come alive with the beauty of nature,
it will be full with the joy of the pink and purple buds of heavenly creations.

A few months ago, the tree was standing bare and shivering in cold,
now it is full of pretty blossoms as if it has been just created by God,
The evening moon makes the blossoms look like shining gems embebed in silver,

the red gleam of parting sun over the lake gives it a golden aura to ponder,
If I could only capture this sight with the bristles of my paint brush,
It would be the only chance of my lifetime to paint such a marvelous
masterpiece.

Jay P Narain

Christmas Tree

I take out my plastic Christmas tree every year out of the box,
It gets all the decorations, ornaments and pretty lights,
It sits in my living room with some presents under its branches,
It looks pretty and brings the feelings of Happy Holidays in my eyes.

My daughter buys the real Spruce Christmas tree,
With all the decorations, it sure looks prettier than my plastic tree,
I can smell the fragrance of the Alpine and snow,
It brings the visions of snowy white Christmas night.

While taking my walk around the lake on a cool cloudy day,
I find couple of live Christmas trees decorated with colorful decorations,
I find a few little birds chirping on its branches,
I see pretty geese, swan and egrets frolicking in the water behind it.

The tree stands there looking pretty in rain or shine,
It radiates its message of Goodwill in day or night,
It does not have shining lights or silvery garlands around it,
But it sure has the aura of Happiness around it.

Jay P Narain

City By The Bay

Lost in my wandering world,
Roam all over from my soul to the outer universe,
Never think of the sanctuary where I live,
Always overlook my wonderful world.

Flew over decades ago from the East over the Rocky mountain west,
Came down on the earth in a city by the San Francisco Bay,
The peninsula, the islands, the valley, all congregate around this bay,
The mountain, hills, nature's beauty all overlook this beautiful bay.

Astonishing it may seem to look at all the balding hills,
Reminds me of my baldness in my maturing life,
Hidden inside them are the many earthquake faults,
Makes us quiever and shake once a while without loosing our sense.

Cross over the western edges of the hills,
Come to the most beautiful beaches in the world,
This is where the sea meets the sky,
This is where you leave the sculpture of your love engraved in the sand.

Enjoy the beauty of lakes like Chabot and Elizabeth,
Reflections of mountains in these lake mirrors the beauty of our souls in
ourselves,
The redwood trees tower in their sanctuary,
They have lived for centuries and hope to survive for eternity.

The beauty of nature thrives on this bay,
The birds of the sea and land mingle all over the bay,
The alpine trees mingle with tropical paradise,
The flowers from east and west bloom all over the town.

Jay P Narain

Coming Home

The time and tide wait for no one,
From a little child, you grew into a young one,
I had to let you go to nearby distant land,
I had to let you explore the world and become a wise man.

I used to see you for hours and hours,
studying and playing video games,
Although we talked only a little everyday,
A few words used to make my day.

Now I wait for the day I would see you again,
the work and play keeps you entangled in your domain,
A mere indication of your coming home,
Makes me glee all over again.

If I were a mother, you would have seen glow of happiness in my eyes,
I would have left no stone unturned to make you forget your hard work miseries,

As I am a father, I could only sit with you and talk about work and games,
A short yes and no keeps our hearts warm and our bondage forever strong.

Jay P Narain

Commitment

Love me, love me,
I am so full of passion,
Let us embrace and fulfill our lust,
This is the goal of my ultimate love.

Not so fast, she replies with a smile,
Waiting for a good thing is a virtue not denied,
When you hold me in your arms, do you love me by heart? ,
Pleasures only last for few moments, but true love always last forever.

How can I show you That I love you so much,
Hugs and kisses makes me feel so close,
Even after making love. when I forget to show any affection,
Still I think I love you from the bottom of my heart.

Let us be intimate with platonic love, she whispers,
Let us build the bondage of love,
Call me whenever you need me,
Miss me wholeheartedly when I am not around,
Show me by words or action that you love me,
Plant the seeds of commitment in each other,
And watch the love blossom all over in our hearts.

Jay P Narain

Commuter Bus Ride

My patience ran over my head,
when the gas prices went over the roof,
I decided to forsake my solo driving freedom,
for the sake of green and took the public transportation.

I had to wake up so early,
waited for the bus to come so quickly,
Finally I hopped in the express so merrily,
To find myself in International express in the San Jose silicon valley.

In the bus, I saw people of all kind,
some eagerly waiting to talk to somebody,
some wanted to hide from everybody,
some concentrated in meditation and philosophy,
some were lost in staring at the next seat beauty.

Some were falling asleep, some were taking a nap,
some were listening to their iPod, some were planning on their laptop,
some were reading books, some were just giving a blank look,
some were appreciating the sight unseen,
some were reflecting on trail of tail lights where they might had been.

No sooner, the destinations came closer,
everyone anxiously looked out to make sure that the bus stopped near,
In the morning, everyone seemed little nervous and edgy,
In the evening, everyone seemed relaxed and very happy.

Once out of the bus, everyone seemed in a hurry,
the calm and peace they enjoyed for a while disappeared in a hurry,
the pace of livelihood overtook their lives in a hurry,
and I kept on wondering whether the fun of bus ride would vanish in a hurry.

Jay P Narain

Connection

Sitting in an eternal yoga position,
with closed eyes and open palms,
trying hard to discover myself,
trying to connect with known unknowns.

In one instant texting someone,
in another conversing on the phone,
the laptop is open with instant chat,
the teenage mind is exploring the modern means to connect.

What is this connection,
is it the meeting of minds?
or is it the convergence of hearts, ?
or is it the acceptance of the expected?

How could I connect,
When disagreement in heart prevails,
How could I communicate,
When obstacles remain in my mind to reach and touch someone.

Connect with the brightness in someone's eyes,
Bond with someone with the smile on the lips,
Hug with someone with gentle touch,
Reach the sublime connection with some soothing words.

Connect with such sweet words,
coming from the bottom of your heart,
the words that calm the fear of others,
and bring love and peace to yourself.

Jay P Narain

Crossroads

Crossroads of life,
Many paths, many goals,
Destination unknown,
Mirages of Hope abound.

The journey on the past path,
Hoped for happiness and blessed life,
Lost track, lost companion,
Wandered alone for distant promised lands.

Life seemed timeless,
Like an island in the middle of sea,
Only dreamt endlessly for a happy future,
Like the waves trying to hug the island shores.

Stood at the crossroads for along,
The other path always seemed nicer than one I wanted to take,
Many sand castle of hope got built,
Only to be blown off by the cruel destined wind.

The dawn had set in, the paths were getting dark,
Many shadows came as companion souls,
Slower they came, faster they disappeared,
Till I saw the light at the end of two distant paths.

There you stood, smiling in the dark corner,
I stumbled to reach you, you gave me your helping hand,
I may have wished for the shooting star,
You came in my life like beats of my heart.

My heart may feel happy after finding my trusted love,
But my soul is always in quest for peace and enlightenment,
When I search for this eternal wisdom forgetting my greed and lust,
I see my distant destination on a path full of faith and devotion.

Jay P Narain

Dance With Me

Would you like to dance tonight?

It has been a while since we last met,
the snow and rain has given way to the budding flowers and roses,
There is hope and anticipation in the air for our meeting tonight,
Would you like to dance with me tonight?

Let us dance tonight arm in arm,
let the romance wipe out the pains of separation we endured,
let the love and feelings emerge from our hearts in our embrace,
let us savor this moment with our flesh and soul.

While dancing arm in arm,
give me the smile my heart always yearns to see,
the radiating smile of love and affection,
shape up my thoughts and dreams in which I live.

Jay P Narain

Daughter

She reflects us,
In body and soul,
Our marital love and struggles,
shaped her emotions and dreams.

In the early years, she was the pupil of our eyes,
She was the lovely princess in our little castle,
We floated together with care bears on white silky clouds,
We flew together with Mary Poppins million times.

Her aches and pains always seemed like ours,
Her tears of joy and frustration always replicated in our eyes.
Her sorrow and set backs together we dared,
Her laughter and happiness happily we shared.

Her ambitions and adventures, we always encouraged,
Her mistakes and teen age isolations, we willingly ignored,
Her goals in life, we always stood behind,
She is our daughter and will remain our love for the rest of our life.

Jay P Narain

Deepika(Hindi)

Amavashya ki sandhya me surya ko chinta ho rahi thi,
Aaj ki raat Chand na honge, andhkar me duniya dub jayegi,
Ek choti so jalti hui deepika ne kaha,
Aap chinta na Karen, main andhkar ko mita jag me Jyoti Bhar dunga.

Ek choti si deepika ka astitva hi Kya hai,
Mere ek jhonke se bhuj jayegi, vau ne kaha,
Deepika jhonke se aur bhi jagmagayi,
Jeete dum tak jyoti pradan ki sapath Jo khai thi.

Ek deepika me ek sitare se kum roshni hai,
Andhere gagan ne kaha,
Deepika chamakti hui muskurai,
Main aur meri sakhiyan, andhere gagan ko bhi roshni se jagmaga dengi.

Ek besahri deepika mere Kuchi bundo se bujh jaegi,
Barish ki rim jhim ne kaha,
Deepika phir joron se chamki,
Jal ke Kuch boond dhuen me badal kar rah Gaye.

Ek choti si, pyari si deepika,
Kuch chano tak prakash deti hui bujh jaegi, manushya ne socha,
Deepika Khushi khshi muskurai,
Andhere me rah dikhane wali Chirag hoon Main,
Is se bada saubhagya Kya hoga jindagi men.

Jay P Narain

Deer

On the trail I walk around the park,
a creek runs with the sweet tune,
In the thick greenbelt around the creek,
The deer, turkeys, pheasants, and birds fo all type dwell in peace.

In the morning walk, I watch white tail and black tail deer wandering around,
They are grazing in the meadows with very alert standing ears,
Sometimes I come face to face with a stag, doe or a fawn,
I don't know what they see in me, But I see the splendor and beauty of nature in them.

Look into the eyes of a deer, it's so passionate and so beautiful to watch,
That for centuries poets have tried to compare their lover's eyes with them,
Watch the beauty in their walk, see the grace in their fearful gallops,
Compliment you lady love with the deer's beauty, to reap the loving response in plenty.

As a child I used to watch a stuffed stag head and horns as an ancestral trophy,
With eyes closed, the deer could not shed tears of isolation from mother earth,
The ancestors with the fake pride wall token have long past gone,
The deer wishes to return to dust to perish in eternity.

'Our soul looks around for years and years the desired enlightenment,
only to find that it is in itself which needs to be explored,
It is like a deer looking all over the field the musk he smells,
If he only knew it is hidden in his fragrant body itself.'(kabir das, an Indian saint)

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Jay P Narain

Deliverance

An age old dilemma,
Sages and humanity wonders aloud,
The death will get us the deliverance from the body,
But how would I set my soul free?

Scientifically the day we die, everything ends,
The ashes to ashes we meet, the life ends.
Philosophically we wonder, is there a life after the death?
Whatever the soul is, would it find a refuge?

Sometimes I wonder, what should I do to get the deliverance?
Writing love poems with foot dangling in grave, is that an answer?
Reading Holy books and visiting holy shrines, would that be the way?
Helping people and sharing their pain, would that deliver my soul?

Answers people have sought for centuries,
No one has shown the clear way,
If we knew, what kind of deliverance we seek,
The soul would find its own way of seeking Niravana and peace.

Jay P Narain

Desire

Men always desire for women,
Women desire what men desire,
Desire only seems to be fulfillment postponed,
It is the dream of the lust in our hearts adored.

The fire of desires ravages in our minds,
The flames seem to erupt scorching the entire universe,
The desires have no end in sight,
The waves of desires cascade endlessly on the shores of life.

Desire and enjoy not the things we have,
Always looking forward to things we don't have,
Is it the lust or greed in our soul?
Or is it the dream or an endless lifelong goal?

The lack of desire, I may not desire,
The life will be dull, the dreams will be void,
The control of my desire, I may admire,
The life will be full, the happiness will be achieved.

Jay P Narain

Devotion

Devotion is the hope,
To turn the dreams into reality,
Devotion is the desire,
To give life into heartfelt entities.

Devotion is the path to the goal in perpetuity,
Like the waves trying to reach the shores in eventuality.
Devotion is the ultimate refuge,
From the life's suffering deluge.

Devotion brings the sunshine in the darkness of life,
Like the shining rainbow after a stormy rainy day,
Devotion is an eternal inspiration of coexistence,
Like the beauty of the lake at the foot of the mountains.

Devotion is the means of attaining the ultimate love,
Devotion is bonding of heart and soul,
Devotion is the shelter in troubled times,
Devotion is truth and is the reflection of life.

Jay P Narain

Did I Miss You?

Did I miss you?
Probably not,
When you are my heart,
Missing you will be like missing the beat of my heart.

Did I miss you?
May be I did.
When I am in love with your heart,
Your bodily presence is the thought of the past.

Did I miss you?
Of course I did.
When I don't hear your sweet caring voice,
I am lost in your thoughts whole night.

Did I miss you?
I can never miss you.
Even if I missed you for a moment,
The pang of such loneliness will be sweet thing to relish.

Jay P Narain

Distant Friends

Once the friends we were,
We laughed together, we cried together,
We played together, we dreamt together,
We enjoyed good times together, we overcame the bad times together.

Now that we live miles away,
I think of you, think of our times together,
Should distance ever matter?
Because you are in my heart forever.

Sometimes when I feel lonely,
I get swept away by the memory of your friendship,
You were a friend in need, a friend indeed,
You made my nightmare and sorrows vanish with ease.

When you were near, I never said how good friend you were,
Even now from a distance, I don't need words to describe it,
The language of friendship is not words, but its meanings,
It is a feeling which does not require explaining.

Jay P Narain

Don'T Go

Don't just go away so soon,
I have not told you all my feelings,
stored and stacked high in my heart,
Give me a chance to pour out my heart,
unless you want to see it crumble when you go apart.

Don't just go away so soon,
I want to share my dreams,
which I have dreamt for so many nights,
The dreams of love and fantasy,
would turn into dark shadows with your get away,

Don't just go away so soon,
I have not showed my affection to you,
For so many days I have mused,
That our bodies and souls are inseparable and glued.

Don't just go away so soon,
If you leave, I will be looking for you all over,
I would follow the trail of sun to search for your shadow,
I would wish on the stars to find you in the moon and stars,
I will search you for eternity hoping to find you somewhere.

Jay P Narain

Down The Memory Lane

Cruising down my bus route to work,
Is like going down my memory lane,
The hills over the bay seem frozen in time,
while the memories flicker down the memory lane.

If I go over the hill and look into the calm bay waters,
would I see the reflections of my years gone past by me,
The trees, parks, lake, and bay are there since eternity,
but the images of my past only linger with me.

The memory lane is like a beach strewn with countless shells,
Although dear to my heart, they get scattered by the roaring waves,
The memory lane is the quiet and peaceful avenue,
where my mind dwells with only you and me.

When I look up into a dark starry nights,
Do I see you as a break way star coming down to meet me,
When I adore a beautiful flower in the park,
Do I see you smiling with charm and love.

Jay P Narain

Dreams

I have a dream,
A dream of escaping the tangled web of loneliness,
A dream of flying high with joy and happiness,
A dream which prevails in my mind,
A dream which seems like a beautiful mirage in my deserted life.

I have a dream,
A dream of a partner full of love and compassion,
A dream of a person who would willingly become my shadow,
A dream of a love who I would never lose from my heart,
A dream of a soul who would suffer from my pains,
A dream of a lover who would gleefully join hands and venture into unknowns
lands.

Sometimes It seems like the dreams are turning into reality,
A beacon of hope shines for a stranded boat in desolate ocean,
unluckily I lose the sight of hope in the rough seas of emotions,
as realities take over the sweet imaginations.

As a marooned sailor of the lonely ship,
I would hang on to the lonely beach,
I would keep dreaming on for the daring rescue,
For if the dreams die, I will fade away like a sea shell in the ocean.

Jay P Narain

Dry Tears

I cry, cry and cry,
I hope the crying will relieve me of my painful sorrow,
but I can not feel tear drops rolling on my cheeks,
my heart is crying but the tears are drying inside me.

When I lost my long time love,
I wished she would appear in the reflection of my tear drops,
The loving memories of the past played back in my mind,
the eyes would fill with drops of sadness,
but the tears of emotion would dry up inside me.

When I come home every night,
I don't find her waiting for me with her big smile,
I look at her picture and try to invite her back in my life,
the tears of memories flood my eyes,
only to dry up in a moment,
when I realize that she is gone away for good from my life.

In the lonely nights, when I miss you so much,
No one hears me crying and turning my agony in tears,
Before the tears dry up inside my heart,
I feel like I found you and liberated my soul.

Jay P Narain

Duality Of Love

Duality in life goes hand in hand,
Sorrow and happiness overshadow each other,
Duality in nature is the law supreme,
Dark nights always follow the bright sunny days.

The duality in love controls our emotions,
Loneliness is always overcome with a desire of unity,
In Separation sad songs reverberates from our hearts,
While in romance sweet imaginations imprison our hearts..

Where can you find an unconditional love?
Where can you find liberation in love?
Where can you discover your love growing day and night?
Where can you find solace that your love would not disappear from sight?

The duality also exists between a lover and God supreme,
When the lover and God are visioned in one love supreme,
Being shackled in this love overtakes all other dreams.

Sant Kabir wrote centuries ago,
'I will close my lover under my eyelids,
Neither any one would see my lover,
Nor I would be tempted to see someone else'.

Jay P Narain

Dumped

Rejection, a word I despise in love,
Makes me feel like I am going in the dump,
The wound in the heart will be deep,
The scars in emotions will be etched forever.

Rejection fills the heart with so much of pain,
A mute can even recount the painful emotions,
The sorrow in tear dropp from eyes can make nearby rocks cry,
The drowned image of love in the lake would not be able to survive.

Rejection of love, no one should ever feel,
The days become gloomy as dark nights,
The life boat drifts aimlessly in choppy life's seas,
The heart only beats for a living dead to survive.

Rejection may suffocate a heart, but the Hope makes it survive,
The rainbow at the end of rain makes the gloom disappear in a while,
There is love waiting around the corner,
To put a smile on the face and make one forget the never ending agony of failed love.

Jay P Narain

Dust Devil

The loneliness dancing in the hearts and mind,
swirls a dust devil in my sight,
the aches and pain of my heart, shoots into the whirlwind.

the emotions which cling to my heart,
feed the devil, with unknown fears,
It wanders all over in vain, in search of a cool soothing heart.

In an instant it disappears into oblivion,
as if sprinkled salt was too much to bear,
soon dust meets the dust, the devil gets overwhelmed by sorrows.

Dust devils spawn all over the horizon,
Heart feels sad with so many mirages,
the sandy vision of love seem so hard to comprehend.

Jay P Narain

Eternal Love

It's being with you,
and thinking of no one else.

It's looking at each other in eyes,
and getting lost in each other's thoughts.

It's holding hands and strolling on the beach,
and not even noticing the beautiful waves.

It's indescribable love written on your beautiful face,
It's undiscovered joy in your sensuous smile,
It's uncontrollable lust in your close embrace,
It's endless desire in the your deep beautiful eyes.

It's a painted mural in my heart,
It's inscriptions can't be erased with your loss,
if it ever gets repainted with a substitute love,
it's engravings always remain intact in my soul.

Jay P Narain

Evening Walk

Disgusted I walk around the lake in the evening,
thinking that my agonies will be lost in the dark,
I watch red and blue angry clouds hovering over the lake,
scaring poor ducks, seagulls and all the nice birds.

The evening sets in majestically,
The sun gradually seems to disappear,
The nature lets the angry clouds scatter,
The willow branches swaying in gentle wind,
Seem to remind me to forget my woes.

The long trek around the lake gets lonelier in the dark,
The owls start hooting and hovering from tree to tree,
The eagles, pelican and other big birds have disappeared in the dark,
The ducks and ducklings are finding refuge in the rocks.

The lake which was ablaze a few minutes ago with sunset light,
seems to be quietly getting ready to rest peacefully in night,
The waves and glitter of sunshine over the water has faded,
Making me think that the anger and woes will gradually fade away.

Jay P Narain

Farewell

Farewell my love, adieu,
Short parting steps seem too long,
Known destinations become unknown,
Pangs of separation overtake the happy union.

Farewell my love, adieu,
Waving goodbye till you disappear,
Hoping you will miss me all over,
Wishing your love will stay with me forever.

Farewell my love, adieu,
The nights will be sleepless,
As I will be searching you in my dreams,
The days will be restless,
As I will be counting days till we meet again.

Farewell my love, adieu,
The bright sunshine will look dull every day,
The enchanting moonlight will seem dark every night,
I will be living like a shadow with a void in my heart,
Hoping you will come back and fill joy in my heart.

Jay P Narain

Fireplace

The kindling are shooting from the log,
the flames are erupting in the fireplace,
the anticipation of the union is in air,
the wait to hug the loved ones will soon be over.

the glow of fire lightens my heart,
the thoughts in the darkness shine with brightness,
the vibes of warmth puts smiles on the lips,
no one remains stranger in this eternal radiance.

the thought of sitting together in front of these flames,
brings romance dancing in our minds,
it revives the memories of the drink of wine of love we always sipped,
it brings to our hearts the warmth and closeness we fondly shared.

with time the log loses its flames,
all the sputter and splinters will be gone,
the warm glow from the ashes,
will keep our hearts bundled together in passion for days to come.

Jay P Narain

Fog

When I wake up in the foggy morning,
I see the mountain peak but not the valley,
I smell the roses but can not adore their beauty,
I hear the birds sing but can not appreciate their melody,
I try to explore the mist but can not reveal its mystery.

When the sun rays break into the fog,
The valley comes alive humming,
The roses look pretty and seem smiling,
The bird songs from trees seem enchanting,
The mystery of mist turns into reality.

On those awesome days when my mind is shrouded in fog,
I have my set destination but can't find my ways,
I seek the true love but fear breaks my heart,
I explore the meaning of my existence but uncertainties overwhelm my soul.

On those happy days when the cloak of fog disappears from my head,
I clearly see my destination and find my ways,
I find my love overcoming confusion in my heart,
I take a step in solving the riddle of my existence.

Jay P Narain

For As Long As I Live

For as long as I live,
I will love to hate you.
We always toasted the romance with sweet wine,
Now let us swallow the bitterness in our wine of love.

For as long as I live,
You will be a loving stranger to me,
A few moments we shared together,
Will haunt us in our memories.

For as long as I live,
Your smile has scarred my heart,
The depth of love in our hugs and kisses,
Would be missed in our sweet night dreams.

For as long as I live,
Separation from you will depress my spirits,
When I will admire the moon in the dark skies,
I will feel so close to you even when I will be very far away.

Jay P Narain

Forever Yours

I feel like I am yours forever,
From the moment our two eyes met to become four,
the smiles on our lips said we were in love,
The heart got united and beat as one.

I feel like I am yours forever,
No one else can take Your place,
The days may be happy, the nights may be sad,
but You will be around me during good times and bad..

I feel like I am yours forever,
whenever I stroll in my nature's trail,
the tiny birds circle around me like happy little kids,
The soothing wind makes me feel that nature is my home.

I feel like I am yours forever,
Thinking of the lost loved ones, I would never meet again,
The memories bind our heart and mind,
The soul feels happy to be united as one.

Jay P Narain

Friend

In the times of loneliness and depression,
I need someone to share my affliction,
I need someone to hug me in my desolation,
I need someone to dry my tears from my eyes in dejection,
I need someone to make me happy in the times of lamentation.

I might find that person in form of a lover,
I would find refuge in love and become a dreamer,
I hope our relations would last long and forever,
However I am not sure that selfish love would last that longer.

I may find that person in the form of spiritual thoughts,
I would find peace and consolation in the divine sermons,
However as soon as I would shift my attention from meditation,
My heart would sink fast into the dire straits of depression.

If I am lucky, I would find that person in the form of a friend,
I would develop my friendship based on faith and trust,
My friend would be unselfish, kind and honest,
My love for my friend would be blind and earnest.

I would share my sadness and agony,
I would be assured that I would not be left alone,
I would cherish every moment of our company,
I would feel secure and complete in my life.

A real friend I would always treasure,
Your mere presence would bring joy and happiness in my life,
You would be a very special ship in my life's turbulent ocean,
I would be a sailor and our friendship will shine forever like a beacon.

Jay P Narain

Game Of Love

When I meet someone in my quest of love,
Little chats and conversations overshadow my heart's loneliness,
The smiles and laughter wipes away my hidden pain and tears,
I want to convey my love with a hug and kisses and forget my lingering woes.
But then I wonder, is it the true love?

Would not I like to touch her heart,
before I would force her to hold my hands,
Would not I love to see the pleasure in her eyes of uniting hearts,
before my lips would try to get involve into a passionate kiss,
Would not it be nice if she would give herself in loving submission,
before I would like to hold her in my arms.
That would be a real love, a love which would last for ever.

In the game of love, the complex strategies don't work,
the broken physical love may bring the feeling of guilt of hurting someone,
the real love may be shunned, ditched, or betrayed many times,
but it will rise from ashes like a phoenix when a real lover makes her call.

Jay P Narain

Gand Daughter's Giggle

When she giggles, with joy in her eyes,
the smile radiates the happiness so hard to find,
The beautiful unknown words she utters so cheerfully,
Rings the bell in my heart with the ever ringing sweet melody.

The smiles on the face with giggle knows no fear,
Hold her hands and forget all the woes which were so near,
With her eyes glowing with cheer,
find the peace and happiness which are so dear.

The sweet giggle mesmerizes my imagination,
My face smirks and giggles in instant reciprocation,
All the worries and uncertainties disappear for a moment,
When my heart joins such a beautiful event.

Jay P Narain

Ghosts

When I was a young, I had a great fascination for ghosts,
I would wake up every midnight and look in the mirror,
One night I saw what I always wanted to see,
I shrieked, and I passed out.

The wavering image of skull and bones in a midnight mirror,
Was it some supernatural act or my extra sensory perception?
Was it the reflection of my subconscious mind or a dream of my fascination?
I am glad the ghost never came back as I stopped looking in the mirror again.

Now when I hear the clear voices of my late wife in restless nights,
I hear what I always want to hear, a few words of love and affection,
The images frozen from past, molded in my memory,
Seem to be floating in my sweet dreams and giving me the company.

The supernatural phenomenon of the subconscious mind,
Can be scary and can be kind,
The ghosts will live in our dreams and imagination,
As long as we would keep them in our thoughts and fascination.

Jay P Narain

Going To An Indian Party

On a beautiful Saturday morning,
I was enjoying my first hour of rest,
reading my favorite newspaper,
the flowers were blooming in the garden,
the golden sunshine was brightening my heart.
My wife came to join me somewhat half awake,
her beautiful face coming out of her flowing hair,
reminded me of the moon coming out of clouds.
She pronounced in the wishpering voice,
we are going to a party tonight.

After finishing my breakfast,
I went on my computer,
to surf and read more news,
and skim thorough my junk emails.
My wife reminded me again,
dont spend too much time,
with your computer mistress today,
as you have to finish all the house work,
before we go to the party tonight.

I started to do my yard work that late morning,
the light wind breeze and mild spring sunshine,
made my gardening seem like a wonderful chore.
I see my wife coming toward me,
I was happy that she would give me a hand,
I will enjoy all the pleasures of doing things together,
She softly anounces her inability to work together,
as she has to go for hair care and manicure.

Time passes, it is early afternoon,
I hear my wife asking me to come to the bedroom.
I go upstairs to our bedroom,
she is sitting on the bed,
with all the bright and colorful,
sarees and salwar kameez.
She seemed perplexed,
asks me what should I wear tonight in the party.

Saree selection is the toughest puzzle in my life,
does the green silk saree match her spirit tonight,
or red georgette saree match her skin tone for the night.
I was dumfounded with all the selection,
I told her, you look pretty to me in all the sarees,
and even if you came to me wearing rags,
I would think that my beautiful dream lady was emerging,
from the deepest ocean of love.

After some thought, she decides to go with Salwaar Kameez,
however she still has to select one from her bewildering pile.
Once again she asks me for a choice,
I tell her very honestly,
wear one which you like,
it is not the dress which is important,
it is what that goes in the dress makes it worthwhile.
She goes over her selections one by one,
all of which get my sincere approval,
finally she says, you are no help at all,
I will pick the golden red kammeez with all the little mirrors.
She finds all the matching bangles, bindis,
shoes and matching jewelries,
and starts to get ready for the evening party.
I was bubbling with happiness, as we nearly assembled,
the biggest puzzle in our married life.

It is about four in the afternoon,
I decide to and watch some games on the tube,
there is no big hurry,
the party starts at seven o'clock.

The basketball game was in the fourth quarter,
the two point difference in the playoff games,
in the closing minutes, was keeping me on the edge.
Finally I get my reminder call,
Aye ji sunte ho(Honey) , it is almost seven o'clock.

I go up in hurry,
clean myself up and take a shower,
in five minutes,
I was ready in my favorite party attire.

My wife was still waiting,
with her last question of the night,
She asks with a smile,
How do I look? ,
Do I look pretty? .

I do not know the answer to this question,
I tell her softly,
with your devoted love,
you are the prettiest woman in world.
A simple hug and a gentle kiss,
would make my life worth living,
for centuries to come.

It was getting late,
the part was supposed to start at seven,
if we can make it by eight,
we will be there in time.

Jay P Narain

Going To The Zoo

On a nice warm winter afternoon,
we took our grand daughter to visit the zoo,

She was all strapped in the stroller,
wondered why she is not riding single or double humped camel,
Instead of throwing her hands in the excitement in the stroller,
She would giggle with joy riding on the back of the camel.

The lazy hazy winter sun,
made the tigers and lions yawn in the sun,
She almost fell asleep in contagious yawn,
Till she decided watching colorful parrots would be fun.

The monkeys were playing around in trees,
The chimp was grinning with banana in his hands,
With the pacifier in the mouth, she wondered with open eyes,
'How human cousins looked at us from other side'.

She wondered why beautiful giraffes looked other way,
Why the elephants stood still and minded their way,
Why the striped zebras hid themselves from everyone's sight,
Why the sleepy alligator looked so oblivious in his muddy plight.

She appreciated people who would come and say,
How cute, a pretty girl in stroller in a jungle safari frock,
In the stroller, she felt like the animals locked in the cage,
She would love to grow up and see her and all her friends out of the cage.

The time went fast,
the winter zoo hours were short,
She was happy to say good bye to chicken, goat and pig in the petting penn,
She was ready to grasp her bottle and go to sleep.

Jay P Narain

Graduation Song

It's the hour of the graduation,
hope soars beyond imagination,
The hard work and sleepless nights,
are only the memories of the bygone days.

Feel free, as we always wanted,
Aim for the rosy future, as we always dreamt of,
Be, as we were meant to be.

The time has come for the,
exciting new life to begin,
The fear and anxiety of an unknown future,
don't even creep in mind.

The sweet touch of hugs and kisses,
from family and friends,
would be everlasting in the indebted heart.
the joy and happiness on their faces,
would be engraved forever in thoughts.

Feel free, as we always wanted,
Aim for the rosy future, as we always dreamt of,
Be, as we were meant to be.

Jay P Narain

Grand Lake

Going up the trail ridge road in the Rocky mountains,
was like ascending to touch the heavens,
The tall pine and Pandorosa trees got shorter and shorter,
The meadows, tundra, and remnant of summer snow took over.

On the way up, we met trio of grazing elks,
Reminded me of the ideal trios in life,
who teach us not to speak, see, or hear evil things,
They filled my heart with inspiration to bring happiness in my life.

While descending, we came across the continental divide,
Learnt how the rivers can only flow east and west of this line,
To the little squirrel it did not make any difference,
It would gather nuts from east or west, wherever it would find.

Finally reached the foothills to see the splendor of Grand lakes,
The mountain and lake seemed like two lovers,
Whose match was made in heavens to live together forever,
The lake radiates the love in the reflections of mountain in its waters.

Jay P Narain

Grandchild

I waited for all my life, not in vain,
Now I have a grandchild, my life will be full of fun.
When I appreciate her lovely eyes and beautiful smile,
I forget all my wordly woes and I believe I will survive..

In my younger days, Grandparents seem to be people from past,
Telling us stories from the past, memories and recollection of the past,
I never thought I will grow that old and become the grandparent one day,
I never imagined how beautiful it would be to see myself in my grandchild's face.

'I appreciate the generational patterns that ripple out from our lives,
Like stone dropped in water, pulsating outwards even after we are gone,
Although we have but one childhood,
We relive it first thru our children's and then our grandchildren's eyes.'

Grandchildren are the dabs on the impressionist painting of my life,
The dabs which connect generations to generations,
Their colorful plays and words reflect the life's joy and exuberance,
Their smile is more precious than the famous Mona Lisa's smile.

Jay P Narain

Great Expectations

Expecting always-nice things to happen,
leads us to dream in great expectation.

A flower budding in my love garden,
soars my expectations sky high,
the bud transforms into a beautiful rose,
only the feelings and rival expectations make it die,
the ensuing sadness strangles my great expectations.

The love song music playing in background,
creates expectations of attaining the love divine,
only the melancholy music and lyrics sinks my heart,
the loneliness overwhelms my great expectations.

The silent overcast of Stratus clouds,
fills my expectations with the hopes of romantic landscape,
My love and me would be rolling in snow united as one,
the stark cold freezes my imagination to a smiling snowman,
his waving hand gesture makes farewell to my great expectations.

I hope the rays of great expectations keep shining on me,
If the shine turns into dark shadows, my great expectations will die with me.

Jay P Narain

Happiness

I explore thee in the glorious sunrise over the lake,
I search thee in the joyous flight of birds,
I wish the bright sun rays would fill my heart with cheers,
I hope the spirit of freedom will uplift my emotions,
Yet I feel an emptiness in me overshadowing your existence.

I chase thee in the drifting clouds,
I pursue thee in the green mountain valleys,
I wish you would fill my instincts with the cloudlike divine ecstasy,
I hope you would paint my mind with the valley's eternal gaiety,
Yet I can't discover you in the wonders of nature.

I gaze thee amidst twinkling stars in starry nights,
I probe thee in the moon light over the dark shadows,
I wish you would comfort me from my agony and distress,
I hope you would give me strength to overcome my fears,
Yet I mysteriously elude you from my feelings and emotions.

I seek thee in the deep blue eyes of my love,
I quest thee in the money and riches,
I wish your love would last forever in me,
I hope money and wealth would bring some glitter in me,
Yet I am disheartened as I can't find you in materialistic pleasures.

I know you are waiting for me somewhere,
I would love you with deep passion,
I wish my pain and sorrow would be replaced with joy with your touch,
I hope my dreams and hopes would come alive with your presence,
Yet only if I could just find you somewhere.

Jay P Narain

Happy New Year

The fog and mist over the ocean,
the high tide does not care about,
The ups and downs of the surf,
sweeps anyone on its way.

The visions inside the New Year,
Is shrouded by the fogs of uncertainty,
The march of time would not care,
The failure and success in life.

The silky froth of the waves,
rides over the blue sea water crests,
The optimism inside human hearts,
overshadows pessimism hiding somewhere in dark.

The song and play of beautiful waves,
defies the gloom of fog and mist,
The aspirations and enthusiasm of the heart,
Wishes Happy New Year to all in the world.

Jay P Narain

He Must Be A Poet

He must be a poet,
the shabby look does not bother him,
Sitting by himself and lost in his thoughts,
Seems like normal thoughtful moment for him.

He must be a poet,
He goes deep inside a love song to find the meaning of love,
He feels the sorrow in the sad songs to understand the pain of heart,
He embraces the sadness to put his heart in his words.

He must be poet,
He peers in the flower blossoms to have a close encounter with the beauty,
He looks up to the clouds to send his love message to his distant lover,
He envisions eternal love in the perpetuity of waves beating the seashore.

He must be a poet,
He sees the shadow of the creator in the the moon light reflecting over the lake,
He reaches Nirvana watching the majestic peaks reaching for the sky,
He conceives lyrics of his illusion, vision and emotions for the world to feel his feelings.

Jay P Narain

Home Coming

When you left, I felt dark inside,
Now when you will come back, there will be light.

My heart sputters faster on this anticipation,
My love songs are echoing farther in the air,
There is aura of romance everywhere,
I have been waiting to see you forever.

When you left, short distances seem long,
Now even the long distances seem too short,
The farewell goodbye deserted my soul,
The arrival hello will brighten my heart.

In separation, the conversations never ended,
After one interlude, we impatiently waited for the next,
When you arrive, after greetings, no need to utter a single word,
Just your smile and happy tears will bind us together in this world.

After a long separation, an emotional hug will bring two continents in our laps,
With two bodies together and hearts beating in unison,
Our world will be one, our dreams will be the same,
We will be one, and our thoughts will be the same.

Jay P Narain

Hope

What is hope, ask a bee in cold winter days,
she hangs around the pruned rose bushes,
with the hope that someday the spring will come,
and the flowers will bloom again in the garden.

What is hope, ask the blue bird pair in early spring,
they work diligently to bring every twig and grass,
to build their nest in the corner nook of my house,
I see the hope in the eyes of this lovely pair,
They are dreaming of a happy home for their family.

What is hope, ask a lonesome soul,
When the uncertainties linger around in mind,
hope is the only refuge to calm our fears,
When the loneliness sends one in depression,
the hope of a companionship overshadows the despair.

What is hope, ask a human being,
our life is a sand castle of hope on a sandy beach,
with the lingering fear of drowning in occasional high tide,
our destiny, our future, and our own survival,
hangs around the magical hope, the hope that is the eternal inspiration.

Jay P Narain

Hopeless Romantic

Loneliness has made me a hopeless romantic,
I don't have the youth or charm to offer you,
I don't have the great health or wealth to share with you,
I only have me, a hopeless romantic, to make you smile at me.

When you first smiled at me,
your greetings ignited the sparkles of love in me,
I saw the mirage of the love oasis in your eyes,
I daydreamt of the fountain of affection in your smiles.

When you first touched my hands,
I almost got electrocuted by the loving sensation,
When I squeezed your hands with mine,
the sweats of love were born in the warmth of our affection.

When we were together for a few moments,
my loneliness hid itself in some distant corner,
Those few hours of conversation, fun and games,
will remain in my thoughts for days to come.

When you bid farewell with a gentle hug,
I thought I lost the biggest treasure in the world,
Even if you will be gone for a while,
Till we meet, I will be daydreaming about you day and night.

Jay P Narain

Hummingbird

Hummingbird, could I fly like thee,
relentless in your endeavors, could I be persistent like you,
Need no rotors and propellers, you hover better than a helicopter,
Your silent flutter is such a mystery, it defies the science and gravity.

In the early morning, the sunflowers greet the sunshine with warmth,
The birds of paradise look at the sun hypnotized,
You drink the nectar of sunflower in flight,
Your passionate kiss on the beaks of birds of paradise arouses my sensuous
dreams.

May it be the sweet nectar of rose, or the fragrant juice of jasmine,
you drink each nectar with passion and stride,
You hover and flutter, rest on the stems, roam over the flowers of your dream,
Unlike bees, you are so tender and harmless, you can be watched forever it
seems.

You wander all over the garden, kissing the marigold, and daffodils,
You collect the nectar and fly over to your nest,
You feed your sweetheart and young ones with your collected sweet nectar,
You keep the nature thriving in perpetuity for centuries to come.

Jay P Narain

I Am Glad, I Am Getting Old

Every morning when I feel the sunshine,
filtering in my room over the hills and trees,
I remember my care free childhood mornings,
when my parents would happily toss me up and down in air,
I remember the beautiful dawn of my married life,
when me and my wife would feel eternally bonded together in the sunshine,
Now I am all alone welcoming the cheerful day,
The shadows of the past have made me think that I am getting old.

I look at my picture album sometimes,
I wonder why my hairline is shrinking away,
I wonder why it is getting harder to chew the food everyday,
I wonder where my adrenaline is gone these days,
why can't I play the soccer and the tennis as I used to,
till my kids and people around me remind me,
that I am not only getting old, but I am old.

I used to look for respect in my younger days,
till I realized that the respect is given not expected,
now I find it everywhere even from people I never knew,
Now I feel relaxed with no fears and pressures of life's turmoil's,
I love young and old, I try to find the meaning of my life,
I am at peace with myself, I am in love with nature,
I am glad, I am getting old.

Jay P Narain

If I Could Write A Poem

I want to be a poet,
write a few stanzas in English,
A language which I don't know very much,
with limited vocabulary from science and math.

How can I relate the Newton's law of motion,
to paint the beautiful picture of the nature,
The law of inertia of things to stay in one state,
does not apply to the changing seasons.

The second law of rate of change of acceleration giving a force,
does not hold good in my love life,
If I accelerate my loving gestures,
It carries weight on me as just a desperate loner.

The third law of equal and opposite reaction,
may be hazardous to my worldly life,
When I reply back to my wife on any discussion,
the war of words seem to set off without any hesitation.

With such a bland poetic style,
I only wish I could write some day in vibrant colors and words like Jenny Gordon.

Jay P Narain

If I Were A Painter

If I were a painter,
My canvas would be the fusion of my soul with the nature.

The flutter of humming birds over a pretty flower,
would inspire me to draw a beautiful sketch,
and show me the beauty of great determination.

The bloom of cherry trees around the lake,
would sparkle my painting with vivid lively colors,
and make my mind dream with colorful imaginations.

The sea shell getting washed by the surf on the beach,
would be a pretty sight to behold on my canvas,
it would constantly remind me of the cycle of meeting and waiting to meet my
lover.

The majestic mountains reaching to touch the deepest blue sky,
would come alive with beauty and greatness in the eyes of the viewers,
and would make my inspired soul merge at its peak with the nature.

Jay P Narain

If Time Would Stand Still

If time would stand still for a moment,
The tide will wait for me offshore in the sea,
My life boat stranded on the rocky shores,
Will find a new course to my destiny.

If time would stand still for a moment,
I will give her my love with undivided attention,
The feeling of deep affection and love between us,
Will freeze the time for a glimpse of eternal love.

If time would stand for a moment,
I would stand tall like Rocky Mountains,
The avalanche, torrent rains and fires may come and go,
The hills survive and reach for the skies with trees reborn,
I will feel free and find myself reborn again.

If time would stand for a moment,
I would take a few moments to ponder my decisions,
The guilt and failures in my life due to my selfish oversights,
Might had turned into success and touched many hearts over the time.

Jay P Narain

Ignored

Insult me, I may get angry,

Love me, I will be very happy,

Hate me, I may love you,

Ignore me, I will be crushed.

I exist, No one sees me,

I wait, everyone sees thru me,

I hope, someone will find me,

I suffer, the pain of being ignored suffocates me.

I speak, No one seems to listen,

I shout, the echoes bounce back on me,

I frown, the anguish chokes me,

I smile, my spirit survives and I live on.

Jay P Narain

Immigrant

He has lived here longer than in his motherland,
He has learnt all the slangs and can bade hi and bye well,
Still when he pronounces birthday as birdday with an accent,
I guess he must be an immigrant.

He watches all the games on the tube,
He can bet on the fantasy footballs and make money on Texas hold 'em,
But when he calls the soccer as the football game,
I guess he must be an immigrant.

He has told his stories so many times,
The struggle he had to wage to survive in his native land,
Miles he had to walk barefoot to attend his school,
Although he struggled here as much to earn a living,
He at least enjoys the freedom he always cherished,
I guess he must be an immigrant.

He works harder than everyone around,
Making his ends meet is his motive divine,
His efforts don't get much attention,
As he is unable to draw any vocal attention,
I guess he must be an immigrant.

He does not wear a polo shirt with flag on is chest,
He does not furl the flags of his heritage and the adopted land,
He feels at home with people and culture of his land,
I guess he must be an immigrant.

Jay P Narain

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Jay P Narain

Indifference

Yesterday I was in deep love,
The love overlooked all the differences,
Even the two bodily differences,
The love tried to unite in one.

Today my love has gone stale,
The little differences we overlooked,
have become mountain from the mole,
The hearts which were overcoming all the differences,
Are becoming indifferent to each others existence.

When living a life, why be so indifferent,
Underneath the face of hate lies the smirk of love,
Under the uneasy feeling of indifference,
Lies the restless nights looking for that love again.

The indifference sends creepy feelings inside my heart,
when we promised we will be for each other forever as long as we last,
The conflicts, the hurdles and the irreconcilable differences,
should not keep us from reigniting our passion of love.

Jay P Narain

Infant Eyes

My grand daughter's infant eyes,
Only open now and then,
for some sweet enchanting moments,
Mesmerizes me to wonder what she sees with her beautiful eyes.

Do you see the affection of your dad,
In his laughter and happiness?
Do you see the love of your mom,
In her smiles, hugs and kisses?

Do you see your grandma,
Never wanting to give you up even when you mess up her dress?
Do you see your grinning grandpa,
Always eager to hold you in his hands?

Do you ever wonder what I see in your beautiful eyes?
The past, present and future, I see in it's deep tranquility.
Do you know what I adore most in my life?
Your lovely eyes looking at my face.

Jay P Narain

Inquisitive Eyes

The cute little infant eyes,
Are inquisitive and exploring,
The sight and sounds are amazing to her,
The creation seems to be unfolding in front of her.

The melody of ringing chimes over the crib,
Brings smile and joy on her face,
The playful swinging of arms and legs,
Creates an aura of exuberance and energy glowing before us.

The colorful animals in the paintings,
She beholds without a blink,
The vivid colors of baby animals,
Seems to evoke her young imaginations.

She feels like the waves sweeping the beach,
She feels like high flying kites in the blowing wind,
She feels like bright colorful rainbow after the waning rain,
Before she starts crying, she wonders who this admiring person is.

Jay P Narain

Is Life Worth Living For.?

Is Life worth living for.?

In my sleep and in my dreams,
In my thoughts and in my reflections,
I have a daunting question,
Is life worth living for?

To measure the immeasurable,
To scale the unthinkable,
The worth of life,
Seems pretty inconceivable.

Life may be worth living,
If you live the life well,
With a positive attitude, share your life,
The joy of living is to enjoy the joy of others.

Childhood dreams get stuck on becoming super heroes,
Adulthood strives hard to attain wealth and fame,
Golden years seek the solace in redemption,
The soul always questions, is the Life worth living for?

Sometimes events bring us to the edge,
May it be a failed love or a failed goal?
These times we ask whether the life is worth living for,
Without realizing that these events were not the end of the world.

When the body goes to the eternal rest,
Would anyone remember what the life was worth for?
Money and wealth will soon disappear,
Poems and paintings would gradually wither.

Did you touch a sprouting heart with generosity?
Did you seed your wisdom in the perpetual eternity?
Did you comfort someone in pain?
Did you make your life worthy and would not die in vain?

Jay P Narain

Islands

Timeless the island stands,
In the middle of the pristine blue ocean waters,
Only the Creator must have created such a beauty,
Lush with the trees, flowers and white sand beaches.

Timeless seems like the eternal aura over here,
Dinosaurs roamed here once mightily,
Indians thrived for centuries in this natural habitat,
Modern civilization transformed these in the relics of statues and totem poles.

Majestically Island stands in the sunshine,
Surrounded by the snow capped distant mountains,
The shores hug the restless ocean waves,
Like the Creator hugging the impatient souls.

The wild flowers and man made sculptured gardens,
Bask in the mild sunshine with the glorious beauty,
The birds chirp from tree to tree,
Singing the song of admiration for such a beauty.

Written in admiration of Victoria Island, B.C., Canada.

Jay P Narain

Key To My Heart

I am searching, searching for the key to my heart,
In the times of redemption, it will bequeath treasures of my heart.

I asked the mighty eagle, have you seen the key?
He hovered over the prairies and cliffs, finally hanged his head over the top of
the tree,

I asked the black birds chirping on the tree limbs,
The swarm looked all over the field, and flew back to the tree called home.

I asked the stray deer, he stared at me,
While I admired his beauty, he galloped over to the river bank.

I asked the pair of parrots, watching the peacock dance before the rain,
The cuckoo bird echoed in the sweet tune, look within yourself.

I asked the lover, waiting for his arrival on the banks of river,
There was the sparkle in her eyes, may be he has the key to her heart.

I asked the surfer, riding the mighty ocean waves,
The ups and downs of life are like riding the waves, the key is in the feelings
itself.

Tired I come home, my one year old grand daughter gives me a hug,
I ask her, she babbles, and I wonder, Have not I found it already at hand?

Jay P Narain

Khoya Pyar (Hindi)

Pas rahte hue bhi duriyan dikhti hain dil ke aaine me,
Hawa me rahte hue bhi padosh sunya lagti hai jigar me,
Pyar ki chabi bhay bhit aur anisshit lagti hai anubhaon me,
Kale baadlon se bhara gagan byakul hai gambhir barish me.

Humsafar khojte hain anubhaon ke sagar me,
duriyan hi dikhti hain in lambi rahon me,
humdard ke sang baatna chahte hain umang jo hai hamare dil me,
Lekin in tammanaon ko koi sunta nahi in sune rashto me.

Rishte jo banaye the anek lamhon me,
Toot jaaten hain anban se chan bhar me,
Mahal jo banaye the sunhare sapnon me,
khandahar ban jaate hain matlabi duniya me.

Apnanpan doondhte hai is ajnabi duniya me,
Koi niswarth milta nahi is jagat me,
Lagav ki kimat nahi hoti hire moti me,
Khoya pyar doondhte hai ummido ke upvan me.

Jay P Narain

Kori Kavita (Hindi)

ek kavita likhne baitha hoon,
jo aah pahle kavita ki ladi hoti thi,
woh dil me itni gahari ho gayi hai,
ki ab labon aur kalam pe aati hi nahi.
meri kavita ki kagaz kori hi rah gayi.

kabhi kavita me premika ki mushkan nazar aati thi,
kabhi gulabi hothon me unki nazakat dikhti thi,
ab premika ke sang gulab ki gulshan bhi chali gayi,
meri yeh prem ki kavita phir kori hi rah gayi.

socha kyon na ek khusion se bhari kavita likhen,
Khusion ke umang se chaman me hariyali bhar den,
per khusion me itne mast hue, ki saare nagme bhool gaye,
meri kavita ki kagaz yon kori hi rah gayi.

kaise kavita likhe, jab dil jale ki aag me koi chingari hi nahi,
kaise dil ki awaz ko nagmo me likhen, jab un nagmo ko koi sunne wali hi nahi,
Kaise dil ki dastan ko syahi se likhen, jab toote hue dil me koi arman hi nahi,
kaise dimag ki rachna ko panno pe likhen, jab woh koi kavita hoti hi nahi.
meri kavita ki kagaz yon kori hi rah gayi.

Jay P Narain

Laws Of Science In Life

Life seems like a complex piece of puzzle,
Fitting the pieces together seem like an endless task,
By the time one bug in the life's code is removed,
The other bugs seem to pop up everywhere.

The law of mutual attraction,
Keep males and females orbiting around each other,
The cosmic attributes of light and dark moments,
Reflect in heart as joyous and sorrowful moments.

The law of opposite polarity attraction,
Brings a male and a female in romantic union,
Sometimes love dominates, sometimes differences emanates,
Sometimes hate culminates, sometime affection overtakes.

The law of equal action and reaction,
Demands respect and equality for the partners,
Each action may build up the trust or invoke reactionary mistrust,
The cycle of mutual accord and discord keeps on repeating itself.

The universal law of conservation of energy always holds good,
The missiles may fly, the UFOs may be visible in broad daylight,
The energy vented in anger radiates everywhere seeking intimate attention,
The sum of all the energies is conserved with better understanding in mutual love.

Jay P Narain

Learn From The Trees

Trees tall and small,
couples young and old,
trees stand majestically beating all odds,
couples try to survive the toils of daily turmoil.

Spring adorns the tree with leaves and flowers,
Makes the tree forget the cold and frost of winter,
Love makes the couple to dream the impossible dreams,
Making them forget the pangs of separation and loneliness.

When the weather gets violent and stormy,
The tree loses a trunk or two while keeping its grace,
When couples get into personality conflicts,
They should agree to disagree while keeping their amicable posture.

Do the trees fight amongst themselves?
Definitely not, they live in harmony and keep their territorial independence.
A lesson for the warriors in the battle of sexes,
Keep your cool, learn to live and let others live.

Jay P Narain

Life

Life is a mystery,
if I only knew what's in my future,
I would have enjoyed all this very moment.

Life is a puzzle,
If I only knew how to fit in the pieces,
I would have solved an endless enigma of desires.

Life is a riddle,
if I only understood its underlying meaning,
I would have enjoyed the ups and down of the life.

Life is like a coin,
On one side of the flip,
it's love, joy and happiness,
On the other side of the flip,
it's despair, loneliness and unhappiness.

Life is like the nature's never ending weather cycle,
Spring brings the birth of a new life,
The seeds of hope and emotions start to prosper,
Summer brings the ultimate desire to cherish,
the pleasures, love and lust in life,
Fall seems not far behind to remind us,
there is so much to do and yet so little time,
Winter brings the calm and philosophy,
Life is an adventure, a gift from God,
Take the life in stride,
As the end may be lurking on side.

Jay P Narain

Lilies

Sitting by the banks of my village pond,
I see majestic lotus sprouting all over the water,
The red, pink and white petals over the green leaves,
casts an aura of eternal beauty in my spirits.

When I go to the little village market,
I find flower vendors selling the beautiful lotus,
I see the majesty turned into helpless offering,
I see the perpetual flower with seeded body crying for self esteem.

The beautiful white Calla Lily adorned with smooth green stem,
makes me think it as a nice offering to the memory of my loved ones,
The smooth and sensuous beauty of the pristine white lily,
would enhance the beauty of my love with purity and divinity.

When I look at the yellow Asiatic lily,
I see an exalted beauty radiating her charm away.
while the white Lily shows us the glimpse of heavenly resurrection,
the beautiful yellow lily invites us to enjoy our life on the earth with elation.

We forget the blue, violet, pink and green lilies,
their beauty invokes some spiritual love with nature in our hearts,
they don't fear the adverse and unknown dangers,
they stand smiling fearless and eager to rekindle our souls.

Jay P Narain

Little Green Apples

Little green apples
where you were hiding in
blossoms on my tree

Hummingbird hovered,
bees kissed the white blossoms,
promised little green apples.

Little green apples
who would taste your tartness first
blue jays, swallows, me?

Last season's apples,
wrinkled skin scattered under tree-
forgotten old men.

Jay P Narain

Lost In The Desert

Lost in the desert, in the early dawn's light,
the sand is cool, the distant palm tree seems so quiet,
the water bottle is half empty, the hope is half alive,
there is cool anticipation, the path to hope is so much in sight.

Lost in the desert, in the hot midday sun,
the sand blows all over up and around my head,
Far away, it seems like a cavalry of camels is coming to rescue me,
the mirage of oasis all around makes me feel home all over again,

Lost in the desert, in the moon lit evening hours,
watch my lovers smile in the silvery shining sand,
Shifting thru the layers of sand, memories slip thru my fingers in time,
The longing of union becomes so intense, only to evaporate as the dew in the
sand,

Lost in the desert, in the late dark nights,
I wish from the breaking stars to fulfill my desires of life,
The ghosts of past come whirling by as bats in my dream,
only to wake me up from my frightening dream.

Jay P Narain

Lost In Time

Ever wondered what will happen,
If you lost the track of time.
The time ticks away every measured moment,
The mind feels bewildered in the maze of happenings of those lost moments.

When you are sick and disabled,
Can't keep the track of changing days and nights,
The body may be resting in peace and quiet,
But the mind keeps on struggling to orient itself with time.

The time clock and the body clock,
Seems to function well in synchronized harmony,
The lack of harmony between these clocks,
Evokes the feeling of uncertainty and fear in mind.

Ever wonder when one dies,
The mind and heart stops,
The body clock disappears in eternity,
As if trying to keep up with the time clock of eternity.

Jay P Narain

Lost Love

Wandering in the desert of loneliness.
Heart tries to uncover the lost love in sand dunes.

In the sunny glitter of sand, the mirages of oasis of love abound,
With images of your sensuous smile everywhere around.

In the moonlit cold silvery sheath of sand,
My shadow feels the warmth of your close embrace.

When I sift through a heap of sand to uncover my lost love,
Only memories and time seem to slip with the sand thru my hand.

The gusty winds serenade your love songs,
My hearts dances with you in the rhythm of the swaying palms.

The distant caravan of camels, brings the hope of our meeting,
The caravan passes by, I just keep on waiting for you.

The echoes of the whisper I hear reflecting from sand dunes,
'It was not into my ear you whispered, but into my heart.
It was not my lips you kissed, but my soul. '

No matter where our love is lost deep under the vast sand,
rest be assured that I will be yours,
and you will be mine.

Jay P Narain

Lotus

The lotus blooms in the middle of the pond,
The beauty of pink shades on the white petals,
Makes the swans and birds admire and circle around it,
The green leaves floating on water inspire the painters all around it.

The lover dreams how the beloved would look around the bloom,
She would radiate with beauty with the blush of pink,
With lotus adorned in her flowing hair,
Would seem like moon coming out of clouds.

The serene beauty, fragrance and grace of the lotus,
Has inspired divinity and purity of soul for centuries,
The lotus stands tall above the calm or turbulent waters,
When the water recedes it gently bows but never breaks.

Let the beauty of lotus thrive in its natural habitat,
A bouquet or an offering is only a temporary wish fulfilled,
When the lotus withers away with age,
It spreads the seed all over the pond,
For its perpetual beauty eternally reclaimed.

Jay P Narain

Love And Marriage

Love - what is love?

Dreaming of impossible dreams,
Falling in love with love itself,
Endless desire of being with someone,
Chasing the mirage which seem so close but is so far away.

Marriage - what is marriage?

The reality of sunshine overwhelming romantic starry nights,
Agree to disagree on matters of life with underlying love,
Battle of sexes, hating the partner but awaiting the response of love,
The unity of two imperfect strangers as nearly perfect lovers in life.

Love - what is love?

Destitute heart in loneliness seeking a refuge,
Daydreaming of a lover in the times of a despair,
The heart thinks of you and only you,
The love is blind and sees nothing at all.

Marriage - what is marriage?

Not only showing the affection when making love,
But keeping it in heart and mind all the time,
Not only showing the marriage is made in heaven,
But keeping it on earth with mutual trust and devotion

Jay P Narain

Love Letter

I found a letter in the drawer in an old pile,
buried in dust and lost in time,
The ink and the words were faded,
but the thoughts and feelings were molded.

This may have been the first love letter I wrote,
which my wife kept it with her for so many years,
The promises of eternal love glowed from its engravings,
The hopes of love lasting beyond our lives were shimmering in its etching.

With so many promises ignored,
the 'I love you' greeting almost forgotten,
I asked my wife, 'Why do you keep this piece of paper,
full of false promises and momentary love innuendos'?

She smiled, blushed a little, and replied,
It may be your ad-lib promise and show of love,
but when you inscribed it on the letter with your feelings,
It became ultimate sanctuary of my love.

Lullabies

After the mom left the baby with me for a while,
She looked around and cried and cried,
Rocking in arms and feeding the bottle did not help,
Till I held her close to my heart and sang her the lullabies.

The ageless lullabies I sang,
To comfort the baby and rock her to sleep,
Has charmed endless generations of children,
Crossing the linguistic and cultural barriers.

The song invites the uncle moon,
To come by the village on the river's bank,
He must come with the rice porridge in the golden cup,
To feed the baby and make her happy again.

The magic of the song overwhelms my mind,
When the crying baby smiles and puts her hand on my face,
I touch the extended little hands with pleasure,
Knowing that the intimate friendship has begun forever.

We played with the toys she had,
The sights and sounds captivated our imagination,
Now I remember why someone once said,
That we only got married to become grandparents someday.

Jay P Narain

Making It Up With A Rose Bud

There was acrimony in the air,
The smiles from lips were long gone,
The affection had become the thing of the past,
The love was all battered teething on last straws.

The rift between two loving hearts were deepening,
the two united souls were drifting further and further apart,
The communication had completely broken down,
We were two strangers living in domain of our own.

.
While walking in the garden, I was adoring the beautiful roses,
The fragrance of roses reminded me the senous lover of not that distant past,
The sparkling beauty of roses brought the memories of the smile on her face,
The resilience of the roses to all kind of weather,
touched my heart with the notion of never ending love.

To mend my dwindling relationship, I reluctantly plucked a rose bud,
Instead of offering it t the spreme God, I presented it to my divine love,
I could see the smirk of smile on her face making it flush in pink,
I could see the glow of happiness in the corner of her eyes.

The miracle of rose buds united the two hearts again,
I found the romance in a hug after a long time,
An affectionate kiss sent my head reeling in the exalted land,
I hope our love would be as resilient as the bud of a rose.

Jay P Narain

Making Of A Poem

What's a poem?

It's a metaphor, it's a metaphor,

What's a metaphor?

'It is a device for seeing something in terms of something else.

It brings out the thisness of that, or a thatness of this.'

How do I write a metaphor?

Think of rain as the cry of the heavens,

Think of love as a rose,

Think of burning candle as the agony of a lonely heart.

How do I piece together metaphors?

On a moonlit night, I see my love reflected in the moon's silvery light,

Holding her tight, I smell the fragrance of jasmine tonight,

Adoring her smile, I see the beauty of monarch butterflies,

Staring in her eyes, I see the oasis of love in my high desert lonely life.

How do I write a poem?

I love her but have not spoken a word.

You have the inspiration, put in some romantic words.

On a beautiful moon lit night, I wonder who is prettier,

When I look at you, I forget about the moon.

Knit together love, loneliness, fear and tears of heart,

Into a beautiful tapestry of emotions and feelings that mask your heart,

Stitch some metaphors, make it a heartwarming comforter.

Jay P Narain

Man

The boy's childhood dreams,
Are the man's earliest aspirations,
Be a super hero in sports and all,
Be a winner and shine at the top.

The tender dreams may fade away,
But the man's aspirations blossoms into youth's wishes,
Be the best and attain your goals,
Attract the most attractive girls, and let the world be a carefree paradise.

The time has come, the youth has become the man,
The man is king of his castle, the man has dreams,
Sometimes he goes astray, sometime he loses sense,
The man always survives, he can be defeated but not destroyed.

In the dawn days of life, man sees the golden sunshine of wisdom,
The life's chase slows down, the peace of mind prevails,
He tried to attain perfection all his life,
His failures were not his fault, as he was as perfect as he could be.

Jay P Narain

Meaning Of Love

In my thoughts and in my imagination,
the true meaning of love is beyond my comprehension,
The mysterious aura of moonlit starry nights,
makes my heart yearn for the essence of love.

Love is intimacy of amorous hearts,
Love is the fusion of minds and souls,
Love is sharing of faith and trust,
Love is the will to overcome hate and angst,
Love is unselfish devotion,
Love is the prime mode of creation.
Love is the life support for souls,
Love is immortal even in extinction.

Still I don't know what love is,
Maybe love is love,
Or just an imagination,
In my lonely heart.

Jay P Narain

Memorial Day

On the nice sunny Memorial Day holiday afternoon,
I am wandering in my backyard garden,
The blanket of red roses seem like bringing the memory of my smiling loved one,

the birds of paradise seem like searching all over for some one,
the bright red rhodies cast the glow of her beautiful eyes on me,
the faces in colorful pansies portray her beautiful face staring at me.

Separation from the loved one haunts me on this lonely day,
Only the sweet memories and thoughts wipe the tears of sadness from my face
away.

Jay P Narain

Men's World

A men's world, a man would dream,
Floating in good health and wealth,
Dreaming of being his own boss,
Hoping to be the head of the household.

The peace at home he would cherish,
A wife with pleasant smile at the door, he would relish,
Welcoming him after a day's of hard work with a gentle hug,
Soothing him with nice conversations to make him feel at home.

Whatever health and wealth he may have,
A loving companion is the cherished wish he has,
The dream of sharing the pain and happiness of life,
With a loving wife and kids makes his life worthwhile.

The constant nagging and blaming each other,
He despises and wants to avoid,
A silence in disagreement bonds him closer,
A silent appreciation is his way of life.

Jay P Narain

Migrant Worker

Standing by the end of parking lot,
By the side of the big box home improvement store,
There are a few people who wait here every day,
Looking for daily hard work to keep their hopes alive in destitute ways.

As a young adult, they heard stories and dreamt of the paradise land,
The land of El Norte may be paved with gold and money hanging from the trees,
Everyone drives a car or two, everyone has plenty of food to eat and drink,
They even have a song, this land is for you and me.

They may be legal or illegal immigrants,
Sooner they arrived, their dreams crumbled into the realities,
They could not afford a car or live in the house of their dreams,
They could only buy their staple food if someone offered them a daily job.

They work hard, they hardly sweat in the blistering sun,
they build roads, buildings, monuments and gardens of everyone's dreams,
No one dedicates a plaque in their honor, no one recognizes their work,
For a fistfull of dollars, they are hired hands for a few intense labor hours.

Jay P Narain

Mirror

Mirror mirror on the wall,
what do you reflect,
A self righteous image,
or a deception of the soul.

Happiness beams from the image,
Sorrows seem to fade away,
Lovers see the beloved's reflection,
Fear brings out sacry visions.

Beauty adores itself in front of mirror,
Ugliness feels self content,
The reality seems to come alive,
Dreams can't even find its shadows.

In a parallel mirror,
One becomes infinity,
In a broken mirror,
Hopes get utterly distorted.

Jay P Narain

Missing You

Do I really miss you?
In the beautiful spring afternoon,
I am admiring the sprouting lilies and daffodils,
When I look deeply in the petals of the African violet,
I see your wide-eyed face smiling at me amidst its petals.

When I am enjoying the sunshine with ecstasy,
Me and my shadow dancing with the joy of the eternity,
Still my heart is missing the melodies of love,
which came out when you softly said something with love.

I may have everything I want,
to entertain and keep me happy,
But all these seem irrelevant,
when I can't find you around me.

Miles and miles away from you,
Even though I pretend I am not lost in you,
I am lost like a lone star in a twilight sky,
I feel like a boat drifting aimless in the sea of life.

Jay P Narain

Money

Color of Money,
It may be green, red, white or shades of warm,
Makes me wonder,
Why the whole world is overwhelmed with its charm.

We work days and nights,
To make few bucks and make our ends meet,
Money rules our life,
Some lives prosper, some get ruined.

There is no end to making money,
More we have, more we want to have,
Money makes us blind, we lose the sight of things around us,
We lose so many precious moments, we lose the sanity of our life.

For a few moments, do not run after money,
Look and appreciate your love and honey,
Money will fulfill your needs,
Love and affection will fulfill your soul.

Jay P Narain

Monsoon Rain

It's the end of summer,
the sweltering heat,
makes human sweat in the night,
and makes the plants and trees,
wilt even in the moonlit nights.

The eastern wind breeze brings an eerie feeling,
that the monsoon clouds are soon coming,
there is a strange silence in the ears,
the sky gets darker and darker,
the flash of lightning illuminates the dark skies,
the sound of thunder fills the heart with fear.

The rain starts coming down,
slowly at first, but heavy little later,
the gutters and drainages suddenly fill up,
and water starts flowing down the streets.

Children take off their shirts,
they shower and dance in the sprinkling rain,
their joy and free spirit,
fills the hearts of onlookers with joyous music,
the little paper boats start to float down the street,
till they drown into the swallowing streams.

The sound and the music of rain,
fills the lovers heart,
with the desire to meet their beloved,
the embrace and kiss in the humid rainy day,
elevates the desire of getting united in one entity.

After the pouring rain for a while,
the clouds start to break up and scatter in the sky,
the sun comes out playing hide and seek with the clouds,
the sun rays form the magnificent rainbow across the skies.

The birds and critters start to sing their songs,
the plants and flowers seem to be awakened from a deep sleep,

the eastern wind breeze feels so nice,
the rain leaves its lasting impression across the land and skies.

Jay P Narain

Mortal Thought

What you do when I would be gone?
Would you rejoice or feel distraught?
When I lived, I enjoyed every second of my life,
whether it was the moment of happiness or sad demise,
When my soul has happily left the bondages of the world behind,
why not you join in my happiness and rejoice the virtues of my life.

Jay P Narain

Mother's Day

I must be dreaming,
breakfast in bed with a bouquet of roses?
When I open my eyes, I see smiling kids,
waiting to wish my wife a happy Mother's day.

We were all waiting for Mom to enjoy her meal,
She waits for a while, feeds me a little,
she shares the goodies with the children,
Finally she puts the food in her mouth,
with the smile and happiness hard to believe.

The glimpses of our life roll before my eyes,
I can see her shaking the baby in her lap whole night,
the lullabies she sang, worked on me more than the baby that night,
I could see her hugging the kids in the day care center in the late afternoons,
as if she had found the biggest missing treasures in the world that time.

I could envision her entire life,
dedicated to keep the children and me very happy,
her own wishes and desires could wait little longer,
the only wish she had was to make everyone happy in the family.

I wish we had Mother's day many times a year,
it will be a moment for all of us to reflect,
the contributions and sacrifices Mothers make,
Although the economist may come with \$140,000 a year price tag,
I believe the affection and dedication of motherhood is priceless.

Jay P Narain

Mountain High

Who cares about
the height of the mountains?
Who would care to scale it?

Who cares about
the color of the rocks,
without the sun light
to reflect from it?

Who notices its modesty,
standing tall, but silent of itself?

Who observes that the mountain
remains unaffected,
not pained by winter snow,
not pleased by summer glow?

Who notices its wisdom,
attaining the heights of perfection?

Who names its generosity,
among the elks, the birds,
the animals who make it home?

Who notices its love?
It bonds with earth,
It radiates warmth when needed,
as love does.

Who knows the mountains came from,
seeing it there?

Who wonders how old that mountain is?
It has been ageless for years.

Who wonders whether the mountain
knows itself full of tress
or if trees know themselves as the part of the mountain?

Who does not go to seek it,
for its stillness, for its silence,
as if it understands the mind's needs,
the heart's nourishment?

(An adaptation from! like the lake a Chinese poet sits beside in a painting by
Michael Shepherd)

Jay P Narain

Mt. Hood

Who cares,
how high is the Mt. Hood,
The surrounding alpine trees grow taller each year,
Not to scale it, but to keep the mount in sight.

Who cares,
whether the Mt. Hood is visible or not,
The snow may diffuse it in the clouds, the rain may make it disappear,
but the mount is always standing tall, silently and graciously.

Who cares,
How beautiful may be Mt. Fuji and Mt. Rainier,
The beauty of roses only last for a short time,
The beauty of Mt. Hood has stood its times.

Who cares,
whether the Mt. Hood was active volcano at one time or not,
Now it is silent, It is still,
Now it is cool and bonds with heart and mind.

Who cares,
where the Mt. Hood came from,
Seeing it there,
It has been ageless for years.

Jay P Narain

My Blossoming Tree

There she is, the prettiest lady on the earth,
laden with pretty blossoms on every strand,
The blue sky adores its beauty from heavens,
The green earth looks up in enchantment.

I show my grand daughter the beauty of the nature,
I put a blossom in her beautiful hair,
My grand daughters wonders if she looks pretty with one blossom,
How pretty She looks with so many blossoms.

The sun rays kiss her with sheer delight,
The wind hugs her wonderful fragrance in ecstasy,
The bees hover over her like long lost lovers,
The birds hop all over her in sheer excitement.

In the full moon nights, she shines in silvery sheet,
the wandering deer looks at her and wonders,
Is she prettier than the moon in starry skies?

One day I will be watching,
the fluffy clouds roll by,
the spring rain and the light wind,
will shake and scatter the blossoms around,
My heart will feel helpless and will just pray,
The birds will chirp and the rainbow will appear,
welcoming the tender leaves in the womb of such eternal beauty.

Jay P Narain

My Destiny

When I am happy,
bustling with successes in life,
When my dreams are fulfilled,
with love and riches I desired,
I do not even think that,
my destiny brought me here,
I just give credit to myself.

When we meet our beloved,
when we start to love and miss each other,
why we give all the credit to fate and destiny?
We strove to get into that enchanted world,
we played all the rituals of the love acts,
There is no destiny,
we got into it by our own free will.

When we are sad,
with the miseries of life and death,
with broken dreams of happy life,
with tormented heart in our love oasis,
why we think that all of it was in our destiny?
Life is like an ocean wave,
it has low tides,
soon to be followed by the high tide,
All we need is faith and determination,
to get over the notion of our predetermined destiny.

Destiny does not shape our future,
we do by our deeds and actions,
I do not believe in pre-professed destiny,
because I shape my own destiny.

Jay P Narain

My First Day In School

More than half a century ago,
the Monsoon showers had just brought relief from the sweltering summer,
just when I was dreaming of playing soccer whole day outdoors,
My Dad decided that I have to attend an elementary school.

I was dragged a mile by my older brother to my new school,
It would be my favorite Durga Temple converted into a school,
My dreams of a class with benches and chairs just vanished,
As we were sitting on the floor in open partitioned classrooms of the school.

I thought I would get a nice colorful uniform to wear to school,
but it looked like that the dress code was a futuristic dream,
At least every class had a black board bigger than my slate,
the teacher had a duster whereas I had to wipe the chalk with my hand.

The fear of some burly kids and nostalgia of home made me sad and homesick,
I could not stop crying and asking my teacher to let me go home.

I still remember the teacher with big black cane,
every time I cried to go home, I got a whack on my palm with his cane,
I could not stop crying, he would not stop whacking,
till I was sent in a distant corner for breaking the class rule.

Kneeling down in the corner, I dreamt of Mom and home,
I found comfort in the memories of joyous Durga Puja days,
I wished the Goddess would come alive,
and pierce the hands of the teacher with her big spear.

Finally the Tiffin time heralded the temporary recess,
the teacher came down and helped me open my Tiffin can,
He asked me to eat while he wrote something on my slate,
He hoped that it would keep me interested in his school.

After I finished my food, he handed my slate,
He had drawn a picture of a big smiling cat with whiskers and big tail,
He asked me to draw the cat on the other side of the slate,
I was so happy drawing the circles and lines whole afternoon,
I forgot I had a rough first day in school.

My Husband Is Son Of A...

When I ask him, 'Do you really love me'?
He thinks and says, 'Sure I always say 40-love when I play tennis with you'.

Whenever I come home happy after my shopping spree,
He reminds me, 'Honey, Money does not grow on tree'.

Whenever I need some help in household chores,
He reminds me that his work domain is outdoors.

Whenever he works outside the house,
He moans and groans that I forgot my wedding vows.

Whenever I complain of being TV. sports widow during leisure times,
He wants me to be creative and pick up some hobby sometimes.

When the hour of romance comes on the anniversaries,
I expect gifts, flowers, hugs and kisses,
Instead I get a flower from the garden reminding me of my marriage anniversary.

Whenever I am dressed up to go the parties and want him to look sharp,
He comes up with his favorite old shirt and baggie pants.

When I am mad on him for not listening to anything I say,
I think he is a son of a gun, what else I can say.

Jay P Narain

My Ideal Woman

She will be pretty as the full moon,
She will be soft and gentle like the flowers in bloom.

She will be rich and kind,
She will have the willingness to earn her spending in mind.

She will agree to disagree with my thoughts,
She would smilingly cast away apparent differences,

She would be willing and ready to make love anytime,
She would not complain of headache at the nick of the time.

She would love me with deep affection and love,
She would find in me the best friend she ever would have.

Jay P Narain

My Little Ballerina

Would you like to dance my little ballerina?
She dances and dances,
no leotard, no tutu, no hair ribbon, and no ballet slippers.
she spins with hands over her head, and I dream of..

Our nearby beautiful lake near the mountains,
She dances with joy on the shores, with wind unfurling her hair,
No swans, no prince, no villains, no curses, just pure sweet innocence,
the ducks and geese become spellbound to show their synchronized dances,

She dances and dances to open a beautiful world for us all,
Ballerina Angelina pops up in her pink wardrobe and shoes,
Angelina dances with my little ballerina scattering their smile all around,
She swirls, she twirls, she spins, my dream spins with her.

Are you tired, my little ballerina?
She opens her eyes, keeps dancing with hands over her head,
This is a magical moment for me,
when I pick her up and give her a hug.

My little ballerina.. my two year old grand daughter.
Ballerina Angelina.. fictional mouse Ballerina(TV character)
Swans are rare in this part of the world.

Jay P Narain

My Little Town

My distant little town lies overseas in a dusty corner,
once it was my center of the universe,
a place where I spent my innocent childhood growing days,
a place where I always wanted to come back.

Rising early I treaded its dusty tracks,
the vivid colors of sunrise enchanted my imagination,
the songs of bird filled my heart with melodious inspiration,
the fruits and berries I tasted, left inside me the everlasting sweet sensation.

Whether it was a blistery hot day,
or when the heavens broke loose on a sweaty rainy day,
I and my friends enjoyed the games we played every day,
every step we took, brought a new perspective in our growing days.

After many years I am visiting my little town,
What was once a little has become big town,
The thawed visions of yester years are facing new reality,
The changes I may despise, but the past memories will remain with me in
eternity.

Jay P Narain

My Love

If had I announced in my garden,
How much I loved you,
The squirrels, blue birds and deers would have followed me in pairs,
to get a glimpse of your warm radiant love.

If had not I opened your box of love,
I would not have known how sweet was the love,
I would have been spinning my web of daydreams,
Hoping for deliverance from the fangs of loneliness.

If had not I accepted you as the beat of my heart,
I would have remained a lonely stranger in this vast world,
You are my best friend and my only love,
Who can feel my pain and heart ache from distant part of the world.

If had not I embraced you with feelings in my arms,
the jasmine and roses would have lost their scent,
If had not I compared your beauty with the full moon,
the moon would have felt shy and would be hiding behind the clouds.

If had not I thought you as my true love,
My soul would be still searching for the immortal love.

Jay P Narain

My Missing Half

When I wake up in the morning,
I want to hear your beautiful voice,
Only the radio alarm makes me realize,
that my other half is missing from my world.

You bestowed so much love and affection,
that you became the other half of mine,
For thirty some inseparable years,
we were each others heart and mind.

Your call to the pearly gates of the heaven came too early,
no one could save you from the dreaded heart attack,
I watched in deep sorrow and pain,
my other half vanishing before my eyes on the banks of river Ganges.

There is lingering emptiness in my heart,
I try to find my missing half anywhere I could,
Sometimes I see you in the waves of the ocean,
other times I see you smiling in my garden with roses.

You were a shadow of my self,
Now I can't find that shadow even in the midday Sun,
However I see that shadow in the full Moon,
smiling at me and filling my empty heart with love divine.

Jay P Narain

My Mom

The first word I uttered in my life,
was not the golden arches but the universal word of eternal love,
The word Ma has all the variations in different cultures,
It signifies the eternal bondage of motherhood in the Creation.

I would feel the warmth of her affection in her lap,
when crying was my only profession,
More she would rock me to make me sleep,
More I would cry to get her heavenly attention.

Whether I was a bad boy or a good boy,
whether I played whole day or did my homework or not,
she made me think that I was the best boy in the world,
she disciplined me with utmost care,
and shaped me for a bright future,

Whenever I did something very stupid,
her anger would change into sermons,
In one instant she would be in rage over my actions,
In the next moment she would forgive me,
and instruct me to take right decisions.

Whenever I was in pain over the setbacks of daily life,
Her tearful eyes would feel my agony,
She would try to heal my pain with great sympathy,
she would comfort me and fill my heart with empathy.

Whenever I needed unselfish love and tenderness,
She would be there with pure and honest goodness of the heart,
She would bestow never ending love and care with innocent smile,
She would live in my dreams for the rest of my life.

Jay P Narain

My Petunias

My pretty petunias, whether you are white, yellow, red, or violet,
you ring your bell with joy in my heart.

I wish I could follow your ways,
You survive bowing graciously in the adverse rainy days,
You rise like phoenix and bring cheers in hearts on happy sunny days.

Jay P Narain

My Photo Album

The photo album stores the history of my life,
Every page is the mirror of bygone days,
The reflections in the mirror brings memories alive,
The memories which beam me magically in the world of my choice.

A first few pages of my album are blank,
As a little kid I did not want to stand in front of a box with a man in black hood,
I did not want to be seen upside down in his view finder,
I was happier playing soccer somewhere else in the nearby play ground.

The b & w family portrait of me, my siblings and my parents is my prize possession,
It was a rare event when we all could gather and pose for a moment,
Now some are grown up, some have left our midst,
The glimpse of all of us together brings the emotions of close family ties.

As I turn the pages of my album,
I see happiness radiating from every picture,
May it be a smile of a family member or mine,
Or it may be the beauty of the nature smiling at me,
Every picture brings a memory flashback,
of the joys and emotions of important events in my life.

Next my eyes get glued on my personal family picture,
My wife radiating with her beautiful smile,
My kids little scared of the dark studio set,
Me grinning with smile of worth thousand words.
It is picture which remains in my heart and wallet,
It is a picture which brings joy, love and affection to me every minute.

I guess no one ever keeps the pictures of death and agony,
It is hard to see the cremation picture of departed love,
It seems as if my heart is turning into ashes,
The pain and agony of this scene is so much,
The book of album closes by itself.

I leave a rose and a lily near my album,
Rose shows our everlasting love,
The lily puts the aura of comfort and hope,

That one day her love will resurrect and meet my heart.

Jay P Narain

My Pretty Daffodil

In search of a garden flower in mid February afternoon,
I stumbled in a little corner into a bunch of bulb flowers,
There were some bright yellow flowers bowing graciously in the cold,
They were shivering but seemed to dance merrily in the chilly wind.

I dared to pluck one of the flowers, separating it from its flock,
The rich yellow petal cup adorned on top of lovely green stem,
It held the beautiful nectar of nature to welcome the coming spring,
I did not know till someone told me that it was a pretty daffodil.

I could offer my pretty daffodil on the alter of God,
It would love to meet the creator and adorn the alter,
The beautiful yellow petal cup would remind the devotees,
To share the golden honey of kindness and good wishes with all.

I could offer my pretty daffodil to my departed loved ones,
It would fill their heart with shining love and beaming smiles,
It would remind me of the glass of the wine of love,
Which we shared in our lives till heavens got us apart.

I could offer my pretty daffodil to my lover at heart,
She would be ecstatic to behold the flourishing love,
I would love to engrave our kisses on those lovely petals,
And preserve in my heart and soul for many years.

My pretty daffodil was so fragile and tender,
I put her in a vase, watered at any hint of withering,
I could not keep her beaming and smiling with time,
Even in the premature demise, she was spilling happiness from her cup of love.

Jay P Narain

My Pretty Doll

When I met this four year old,
I thought I found my pretty doll,
She radiates the prettiest smile in the world,
The joy from her voice fills the room with the sweetest accord.

Her crayon back pack is little heavier than her,
when she draws the circles, I am transfixed to watch the circle of life,
when she scribbles on paper, I wonder where Picasso may have found his
inspiration,
when we draw together, I feel captivated by the innocence and the beauty of
creation.

Her inquisitive mind is restless to find,
why one rose is red, another one white,
why it rains some times, why the sun does not shine all the time,
why the Care Bears live on the clouds, and why the cookie monster eats all her
cookies.

When she comes and sits down next to me,
The chemistry of closeness sparkles in my heart,
This love is so rare, this affection is so priceless,
I will treasure in my heart for a long time to come.

Jay P Narain

My River

I am sitting by the bank of the river,
reflecting what my reflections in the water mean to me,
the calm and serenity of the eddies and waves,
sends my thoughts in the endless tranquility.

The images of my childhood play before my eyes,
jumping and playing in the water was a sheer joy,
Buffaloes and cows would come near us,
the drink of water kept them alive in the hot sunny days,
the flute music from the shepherd boy serenaded our play,
we looked forward to seeing all the girls coming to fetch the water our way.

On our honeymoon days,
we would sit by the bank hand in hand,
the tantalizing songs of the flowing water,
made us fall deeper and deeper in love there after.

The lush beauty of the river abounds in the country side,
The white and pink lotus flowers gracefully adorn several spots,
the sunflower would shine like sun on the banks,
the bamboo plants would dance and whistle in the wind.

The spirit of sharing bubbles through the sparkling stream,
In the intense summer heat, the thirsty gets their precious drops,
In the heavy rains, the overflow from the banks,
irrigate the paddy fields to the sheer joy of the farmers.

The water in the river keep flowing,
like a lover in anticipation with open arms,
it's eager to get to its vast oceanic destination,
where the lover meets the beloved in deep ocean of love.

River, you are my eternal friend,
lovers and loved ones will come and go,
I will always find you when I need you,
May it be the moments of happiness or sorrow.

Jay P Narain

My Shadow

My shadow lurks around me,
I see it from dawn to dusk,
I see it in the moonlit nights,
I see it whether I like it or not.

I can't escape my shadow,
It goes wherever I go,
Is it my flattened body shape?
Or is it a reflection of my emotions and response?

I have been carrying my shadow on my shoulders for long,
It jumps with joy when I am happy,
It drops its head when I am sad,
It is light but I carry it around as heavyweight.

When I am too sad, I can't see my shadow even in bright sunny day,
But the shadow calmly follows me consoling me by the day,
When tears roll down my cheeks in sorrow and pain,
My shadow soaks up my tears and relieves me of the pain.

When I walk with my beloved in bright moonlit nights,
Our shadows walk with us reflecting our unity,
When we disagree with each other in the dark nights,
Our shadows seem to hide somewhere in disunity.

Jay P Narain

My Shadows

Shadows of me,
follow me from dawn to dusk,
Even in bleak or moonlit nights,
It does not get lost.

When I am sad and crying,
you feel my tears before it bites the dust,
When I am joyful and happy,
You are celebrating with me merrily.

When I am in love and walk with lover hand in hand,
you bring her shadow along, and make me feel good,
When I lose my lover and sometime think I can't see my shadow again,
You are quietly there comforting my lonesome soul.

When I am lonely, I go to a bar and drink to forget my woes,
You are there with me sharing my dark moments of life,
When I walk out and stagger under the moon lit skies,
you give me company and sooth me with your silvery disguise.

When I die, I am sure you will be with me,
when loved one will be mourning, you will be comforting them by my side,
If I get buried, you will be buried with me,
If I get cremated, your ashes will mingle with me.

Jay P Narain

Natural Girl

The portrait of an Adivasi girl,
Beauty as natural as the mother earth,
Clad in one piece white sari with red borders,
With matching necklace and bangles to keep up to fad.

Who cares about gold and diamond,
when stones and beads can adore her beauty,
She does not wear high heel shoes and carries a gucci purse,
A flat leather sandal protects her feet and valuables are kept under sari at the top.

She does not stand in fancy place or a nice beach,
Her mud and straw hut with scattered water vases give a natural look,
No one directed her to give this pose,
This is the way you stand leaning over a post.

And the look on her face,
shows the anticipation in her eyes,
the rose on the top of hair do,
glorifies that she is the nature girl.

Jay P Narain

Nature Love

When I went for my afternoon walk in the city park,
the man made lake welcomed me with open arms,
The ducks, geese, seagulls and swans were happily frolicking in the lake,
The overshadowing nearby mountain seemed to be so close.

The mountains greet the morning sunshine with the glitter,
the lake reflects the thousands of sun in the water with vigor,
In afternoon heat, the mountain stones simmer, the lake water breeze makes it cooler,
In the night they feel like in love covered in romantic silvery sheets.

The mountain offers love to trees, refuge to deer and wild animals,
Never wanting anything in return,
The lake offers misty ways to heaven in foggy morning,
relentless in offering peace and tranquility.

Whats true love, when you offer your heart and soul to others,
With no expectations and rewards in mind,
That love lasts for eternity,
Like the mountains standing tall in spite of ever lasting internal seismic activity.

Jay P Narain

New Year's Eve

It's New Years Eve Again,
The time did not wait for this year to fulfill my dreams,
The new year is waiting in the wings,
Only with a dream to be happy and merry in my daydreams.

When everyone is reveling with food and drinks,
With loud music and dances with partners in hands,
I am reflecting on my bygone days,
Thinking of those days with happy and sad moments.

Sometimes I wonder where is the limit,
The sky is the limit but it has no limits beyond the dark outer space,
The lust for money, love, fame and success,
Keeps feeding the fire burning in my heart of unfinished desires.

I am seeking the truth and searching my soul,
Contentment with what I have may quench the fire of lust,
The happiness I wish for me and to you all,
May come about when we touch each others heart with passion and love.

Jay P Narain

Niagara Falls

The fabulous beauty of Niagara Falls,
whether it is the American or the Canadian horse shoe falls,
makes me wonder how others see this natural wonder.

As a loving couple watching the falls arm in arm,
reminds them of eternity of love and romance,
The forking of river into two great falls and then merging together at the bottom,
replicates the two different paths of their life merging into one down the road.

As a parent with little children watching the falls with curiosity,
I can hardly hear their questions deafened by the melodious roar of the fall,
The youth and exuberance of the falling stream,
fills my heart with hope and inspiration for my kids.

As a single lonely man,
I am lost at the sight of the gorgeous fall,
I feel like many streams going down both the falls,
searching for love around and losing my own identity downstream.

Riding abroad the Maid of the mist boat trip around the fall,
as a couple, we find love and romance in the mist,
the height and the depth of the falls mirrors peak and valleys of our love,
the beauty and splendor of the fall reflects the beauty of our life together.

As a parent with little kids abroad the boat excursion,
I show them the the majesty of falls and the beauty of nature,
more awesome than the TV shows and video games,
I show them the visions of strength from a simple flowing stream.

As a single person with the lonely heart,
I am always seeking for my love in the misty drizzle,
The shower in the drizzle seems so incomplete,
the rainbow in the mist does not seem to lead me anywhere.

Jay P Narain

On The Beach

On that beautiful afternoon in autumn,
holding hands we walked on the beach,
with our hearts beating in unison.

The strong chilly wind breeze,
made us huddle close to each other at ease.

The waves of surf ever creeping close to us,
brought the feeling of endless love between us.

The beauty of seamless blue sky over the horizon,
lifted our joyous spirits high over the endless ocean.

The pebbles and shell we gathered,
became the relics of romantic moments we shared.

The flirtations and little twirl dances we did on the sand,
brought our body and soul together hand in hand.

We thought we would never part from the beach,
but the fading red glow of setting sun,
reminded us that in life and nature,
all of us do part from things we love and cherish.

Jay P Narain

On The Golden Pond

The sun is setting, it is late summer afternoon,
The sky is filled with vibrant colors,
The dawn is setting over the pond,
the water is glittering like gold in the pond.

Sometimes the wind makes ripple over the water,
sometimes thousand suns reflect from the rippled pond,
sometimes concentric circular waves emerge,
sometimes memories seem emanating from the pond.

The shadows are getting longer and longer,
the reflections break into pieces and reunite again and again,
The memories of our long years together,
seem to perpetuate in the ebb tides of the golden pond.

How many times we sat on the shores, adoring the beautiful sight,
How many times we held hand, promising to love each other forever,
How many times, the trees swayed and birds flew around adoring our close
embrace,
How many times, the pond smiled and wished, time would freeze and love would
reign forever.

Jay P Narain

Our Anniversary

The romance was in the air,
when we first met together,
we looked at each others face,
and found our destiny in each others hearts.

The romance blossomed,
the roses and jasmine bloomed in our sight,
The care and affection bonded us together,
The bouquet of love enchanted our hearts and mind.

Then we got married on this day,
Although the bouquet of love has become little stale after many years to this
day,
When I watch the sparkle of love on your lips and eyes,
I feel like we are rekindling our passionate flame of love this day.

Let us take this moment to rejoice our bonds,
Anniversaries remind us we have made this far in harmony,
With love and care, we will make it for many years,
With bitter sweet taste of married life, our love will overcome all our fears.

Jay P Narain

Parting

Parting is such a melancholy feeling,
It lingers in heart with sweet and sour reeling,
The last few lingering leaves on the autumn tree,
Shows how hard it is to part and feel free.

Every meeting with the loved ones,
Evokes the feeling of union in hearts,
Heart only wishes that the time would stand still,
And the moment of parting would stay in distant thoughts.

The law of physics and nature states,
'Every action has equal and opposite reaction',
The poor heart has to bear the law of inevitability,
'Every happy union will be preceded by the pain of separation'.

When the time of farewell arrives,
The parting leaves an ominous spell,
Heart reflects on the past happiness of the union,
Tears and feelings overshadow the sorrow of separation.

Jay P Narain

Partners In Life

In the midst of twinkling stars in dark starry nights,
you arrived in my life as a breakaway star,
the bright trail you left in sky,
sparkled my heart with heavenly joy.

Like two strangers we met on that life's road,
Forsaking everyone we had in this world,
Like two loving hearts strolling as one,
we made our journey together in the paths unknown,
Like the twinkling stars in the sky,
we were eternally there for each other.

The fun and excitements of life,
we enjoyed together as delicate wine,
The pain and sorrows of life,
we shared together as bad dreams,
The joy and worries of raising family,
we cherished with sublime sweet emotions.
The unhappiness and discord in life,
we overcame with our trust and love divine.

No matter what lies at our unknown destination,
rest be assured that I will be yours,
and you will be mine.

Jay P Narain

Past, Future And Present

In the glimpses of the past,
I see reflections of happy life,
The nest we built together,
sits empty as the love bird flew away.

I dwell in past to find my lost love,
scrutinize my actions, finding my faults,
Try to lure my love. with no hope at all,
With heavy heart, I find dwelling in past is more pain to endure.

Heart seeks attention and a lover to find peace,
dreams of future love to fulfill the void,
In the past, I thought, I acted, I created my destiny,
The future seems to be just a wishful thought.

The present is the place where I live,
concentrate my mind on acts I do,
forget the past, don't dream of future,
try to rebuild my empty nest and new destiny.

Jay P Narain

Petrified Tree

Up near the peak of Rockies,
Me and my limbs live in frigid cold,
The mountain seems to be frozen in time,
Being a petrified tree, I am frozen in stone.

As I ascended to the heavens,
I had to leave my earthly leaves behind,
I could have been a towering blue spruce in the valley,
Up here I am a diminutive figure amongst towering peaks.

The seasons change without changing my mood,
The fall does not mean anything for my bare limbs,
The winter snow and avalanche do not shiver my rocky bones,
The spring bloom brightens the valley but leaves me for dead stone.

When I have achieved such a high perfection,
The clouds and lighting can hardly scathe my tranquil position,
My soul has achieved its golden ambition,
I love being petrified as nothing can change my imagination

Jay P Narain

Picture On The Wall

My beautiful wife in the picture on the wall,
stares at me with the wide beautiful eyes,
greet me in the morning with the graceful smile,
welcomes me in the evening with her enchanting charm,
at one time she would be waiting for me at the door,
now she waits for me smilingly from the picture on the wall.

In the bright sunny days,
when the house is an empty nest,
She comes out of the captivity from the picture,
She quietly enjoys the beautiful music,
all the oldies and songs fill up her soul,
She enjoys her spurt of the moment dances,
in the melody of inaudible musical songs.

She adorns her neck with the immortal silk flowers garland,
Her body blossoms with the beauty of surrounding flowers,
All her dreams seem to come alive,
with the glow of love radiating from her face.
She stretches and extends her hands,
to meet her family thru the invisible bond.
The warmth of her presence,
is omnipresent even in the dim lights of the room.

In the dark starry nights,
the mellow moon light shines on her,
She smells as fragrant as the jasmine flowers,
Her eyes twinkle with pleasure,
as she is going to meet her eternal lover.

She comes and sleeps on her side of the bed,
With her invisible arms around me,
I get intoxicated in my sleep with her warm embrace.
When I tell her how much I love her in my sleep,
I could see the teary eyes even in the pictures of my dream.

Before the dawn sets in,
She quietly disappears from our midst,
She covers the fragrance of her body wrapped in her dress,

Her eyes are wide open to welcome any unfinished dreams,
She becomes captive again in the picture on the wall.

Jay P Narain

Plagiarism

How could I copy your poem and call it mine,
when the emotions and heart in it are not mine,
How would I relate to the golden sunset,
when I am stealing your wealth in bright day light.

How could I copy your feelings and call it mine,
when the pain and loneliness in it are not mine,
How can I convey my love to my lover with your poem,
when the yearning and desire of love are not mine.

How could I copy your precious art and call it mine,
when the mural of sentiments you created are not mine,
How can I see the steamy love in misty rain,
when I can only feel the fog on my mind's pane.

How could I copy part of your work and not call it mine,
When nothing better comes to my mind,
How can I relate to you and admire your work at the same time,
when I quote your work with proper reference, the plagiarism you would not
mind.

Jay P Narain

Prem Rog (Hindi)

priyatam ne poocha mujhse,
ki kya main chand se jayda pyari lagti hoon,
maine kaha apki kasam,
jab main apko dekhta hoon to main chand ko bhool jata hoon.

gul ne poocha gulshan se,
ki kya main is mehfil me bahar laati hoon,
gulshan ne di nazuk kaliyon ki duhai,
apki dilkash nazakat ko dekhkar main jannat ko bhool jata hoon.

maine apni mehbooba se poocha,
kya main apko apni nazron me kaid kar loon,
Mehbooba ne bari betakaluff se kaha,
kaid me tumhe ek nazar niharte main saari duniya ko bhool jaungi.

Kavi ne kavita se poocha,
kyon kavita me itni dard hoti hai,
kavita ki panktio ne gahri aah bhari,
kavi ke ankhon se bahte hue ansu galon se tapakna bhool gaye.

Jay P Narain

Premonition

I have the premonition,
Good bye, adieu, Give me a big hug and kiss,
Hold me tight and don't let me go,
As something tells me, it will be our last embrace.

How do I know my future?
Why my heart sings such blues?
Is there a divine power?
Is some one calling me to heavens?

Is this a premonition or a confusion in my brain?
For so many years I never could tell what will happen next,
Loved ones shrug it off as if I had a morbid day dream,
Some one please tell me, why I would not be back again.

Why the premonitions come so true,
One moment I was jolly and shopping,
Next moment I was gone forever in the distant land.
Still, I am confused, Is premonition a bad day dream?

Jay P Narain

Programmer's Life

On the sleepless nights,
My mind wanders and feels restless whole night,
The bugs are irritating me,
They are not in my bed, but are hidden in my source code.

The project deadlines keep me working all the time,
The 24/7 work schedule never lets me see the sunshine,
My fingers are getting numb, my wrist is in pain,
But I don't care, I am stuck here with some bug on line number ten.

My beloved asks me when you will be free,
Do you love me or love your programming miss,
I tell her it would just take minutes, get ready for the evening fun,
Frustrated when I hang my hat, I find the night is almost dead.

To fix the bug, I scratch my head too much,
At one time I had Elvis hair do, now I have lady gaga look,
Oh my God, I was happy momentarily that I found all my bugs, ,
Till I found my software needed a new and improved outlook.

Jay P Narain

Promised Land

Take me to promised land..

Growing up in Guatamala,
I had heard of the nation due El Norte,
Many from my village had gone there,
Brought up money and tall stories.

I grew up in a poor family,
Eating tortillas, beans and meat sometimes,
Played soccer, baseball, and went to school,
Loved little señoritas going to school.

As a youth, finally found señorita of my dream,
Got married in the village church with fiesta and mariachi band,
The time seemed to go fast some times,
Soon I was the father of four children, and many mouth to feed.

I told my wife, it is time to go to nation due El Norte,
Find a job, bring some money for family and kids,
My wife would not let me go, but finally gave up to my dreams,
I was ready to go and work and fulfill family dreams.

I had to pay the Coyote(Smuggler agent) a huge sum of money,
I had to sell my land and wife's jewelry,
But in the land due El Norte, everyone has a dream,
I had a dream that I will overcome all the problems.

We were almost fifty in the group,
The coyote promised us to get through the border,
We rode bus from Guatamala City through Mexico,
Finally we were dumped near Arizona border with little food and water.

Now we were on our own, the coyote was long gone,
We will run through the cactus desert whole night,
We will try to catch some sleep under a bush in broad day light,
The old ones were weak and trembling,
Many did not make it, many just gave up the dream.

Finally one night, we ran across to the nation due El Norte,

The USA was land of our dream,
We were running from town to town,
Till I found some friends who were settled in some town.

Now we stand near the big box home improvement store,
Hoping someone would pick us for a day's work,
The work is hard, people want everything get done,
The time and money is on everyone's mind.

I hoped that I would buy back my land and my wife's jewelry in no time,
After three years, I even don't have enough money to go and see my children,
I send some money home to my wife for my family,
The rest I spent on house, food and other necessities of life.

Many employers ask me this question over and over again,
Is this way of life worthwhile for a little bit of money?
Although my English is very poor, I hardly understand many words,
But I understand the question and my answer is this,
It is better to struggle and achieve your dreams,
Than to just live in poverty on tortillas and beans.

Jay P Narain

R..O..S..E

Remember when I would offer you a rose,
you would consider it as the precious gift of love,
When you would smell the rose and fondly smile,
I would be intoxicated with the sweet fragrance of your love.

On those dreary winter days when you would be away,
my heart would be lonely with the misery of separation,
I would feel the like rose bushes stranded in snow,
where all the leaves were parting one by one.

Somewhere in the tenderness and softness of the rose petals,
lies my delicate and innocent love,
sometimes the thorns pick and hurt,
sometime love is full of fear, sometimes it hurts.

Everlasting beauty of the rose remains in my heart,
even when the rose blossoms, fades and withers,
My love is immortal like rose,
which never dies in the heart as I love you so much.

Jay P Narain

Rain By The Sea

I have seen downpour over the rooftops and trees,
I have seen rain over the mountains and valleys,
Even it rains over the vast ocean,
I guess it rains all over the world.

The rain, thunderstorm and lightning,
Put all the cruising boats and yachts at the bay,
the exalting sailing spirits were dampened,
The colorful sails of sailboats were all wet and disheartened.

Looking at the downpour from a sheltered cove.
Arms in arms, the lovers held hands with deep passion,
The thunder and lightning brought their bodies close together,
The rains brought the close feeling of sticking together.

The duck, ducklings, and the birds happily jumped in the ocean,
Only to enjoy the rain by themselves,
The sight of heavy rain over the vast ocean,
Filled our heart with the tranquility of the music of rain over the sea.

Jay P Narain

Reality

Why it always seems,
that the grass is greener on other side,
why it always seems,
That Everyone is happier than we are.

Why it always seems,
that the daily rituals make us dull and grey,
why it always seems,
that the problems seem not so far away.

Why does it always seem,
that the distant drums have sweet melody,
why does it always seem,
that the goals and destinations are always so far away.

Why don't I search my soul,
To discover that the realities are harsher than the sweet imaginations,
Why don't I try to discover the fact,
That the life survives on the moments of truth.

Why don't I play my own off beat drum,
To console myself with some incremental achievements,
Why don't I plant my own garden,
To appreciate and love the beauty of even unfinished garden.

Why don't I bridge the distance between our hearts,
To find that reality is more enduring than the mirage of love,
Why don't we connect with someone with a smile,
Than just wonder how sweet the other person could be..

Jay P Narain

Rear View Mirror

I am cruising thru the avenues of my life
The uncertain future seems to get closer and closer,
The present seems to float fast away from me,
Only the visions of past linger around in the rear view mirror.

I look at the crossroad, where we first met,
Your promises of meeting again brought me there over and over again,
Once when i saw you happily strolling with someone else,
I knew my loving destination has vanished forever for someone else.

I vision my sweerheart waiting for me all over,
When love was being poured, i was playing the game of silent appreciaion,
When love is ignored and not reciprocated with aftention,
The love departs and only the shadows lurk in the rear view mirror.

The visions in the rear view mirror,
Fast recede and get out of reach,
Notice the manuevers we make to go ahead,
Learn from the past and charter your course ahead.

Jay P Narain

Redwoods

Standing in front of the tall redwood trees,
I look like a midget compared to the tree,
The trees are burnt, carved and hollowed for shelter,
they are still green and standing tall in posture.

I feel like a redwood tree,
I have been tormented and saddened by my emotions,
Still I feel like a giant overshadowing my misfortunes,
Sharing my thoughts and happiness with everyone around me.

Walking in the thick redwood grove, I feel the filtering sunshine,
The tall trees seem to reach and touch the blue sky,
They have been standing there for many centuries,
Giving us the fresh scented air and filling our heart with peace and tranquility.

I wish I could be like a redwood grove,
Aged with wisdom and sharing my thoughts,
If I could make this world happier for some one,
I would have filled my heart with joy in my life.

Jay P Narain

Reflections

Ebbs and tides in the lake,
concentric and oscillating waves beating the shores,
reflections and thoughts of my heart,
emanating and dissipating in the universe.

When I peek in the concentric eddies,
I see the reflection of my memories,
Inscribed in each wavelet is some fond happening,
expanding wave and impatient time fades away,
the fondness which I want to keep on lingering.

I find you in the reflections,
smiling behind me on my shoulders,
this is a sight I want to behold for ever,
only to find it moving further and further forever.

I fondly remember playing in the shallow water,
the splashes we threw at each other cleansed our love for each other,
the eddies came and touched our feet and souls,
only to move away with a disheartened look.

Jay P Narain

Rejection

I was on my space voyage to the lover's dreamland,
My hopes were high; I was enjoying the thrilling emotional space walk,
Suddenly tethered cord of my love got cut,
I found myself floating in the darkness of the lonely universe.

I got lost amongst the stars in dark skies,
I got hung up like a trishenku star where no one could hear me cry,
Someone strangled my dreams and aspiration,
Promises of being friends forever stopped my heart beating for a while.

May be I was not the tall price charming,
May be I was not the right tribe or caste,
Why did you show me all the dreams of a happy space trip?
You should not have started any relationship.

I am sure you will find the perfect astronaut of your dreams,
But as a favor, please don't betray someone's budding ambitions,
You will be a real friend and a greatest platonic lover,
If you were honest and did not use a dagger.

Jay P Narain

Relationship

When I feel I am in love,
I see the reflection of my love in the mirage of my emotions,
The intimate connection between two loving hearts,
Creates a dream of sweet relationship in my imagination.

In the shining mirror of relationship,
The fragile love exalts in the feeling of intimacy,
The uncertainties defy all the boundaries of fear,
The daydream of close affinity defines a passionate entity.

With the hope of a lasting relationship,
The lovers spirit soar like the flight of free birds,
The feeling of togetherness even in imagination,
Is more satisfying than the pain of isolation.

The relationship is like a tender flower,
Love it from distance, touch it, it will wilt away,
It is the mellow wine of love,
Age it for devotion Drink it for an eternal fulfillment.

Jay P Narain

Retirement

I always wished I would retire one day,
The daily rush routines and taking orders from the bosses,
will be a thing of past and no concern to me,
I will be rejoicing a life of leisure and ecstasy.

Finally the moment arrived, I was forced to retire,
I came home and felt like the king of my castle,
Until I was reminded there is a queen in the castle too,
You want your ways, but I have my own ways too.

My queen asked me what next hun,
Having your company 24/7 will be no fun,
Think of something creative to do,
Otherwise we may be destroying our relationship too.

I thought writing love and loneliness poems,
for my first departed wife will be a nice tribute to her life,
Till I was reminded that she has seen enough of the love lyrics,
Get out of depressing thoughts and have a real life.

What would be more creative than taking up the art painting,
I would paint beauty of my queen and nature in vivid colors,
Once again I was reminded, do whatever you want to do,
As long as you hang your art in garage and paint outdoors too.

I always thought after the retirement,
you can bond with your lover on never ending honeymoon trips,
My dear queen thinks the vacations are fun for a week or two,
As she has to take care of her children and attend her meditation classes too.

Now retired, I am supposed to be wiser,
I should listen and keep my queen happier,
The peace and quiet I always wanted,
will come with the harmony and love of my beloved.

Jay P Narain

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Jay P Narain

Riverwalk

High above the mile high Colorado Rocky mountains,
Anywhere I see, I see the tall cliffs with silver lined snow caps,
The Alpine fir, blue spruce and oak trees abound,
The winter snow is gone, the summer greenery has come to stay.

In and around the trails,
I hear the music of river creek flowing down the hills,
The sparkling clean glacier water sings its own divine tune,
The gentle wind blows over and serenades her with whispering chime.

There are many obstacles in the river's path,
The fallen limbs, boulders and numerous rocks,
The river embraces these hurdles with tender touch,
It embraces, under flows, overflows, still playing its melodious tune.

I walk miles along the river walk,
I try to listen to the joy in the music of the current flowing fast and slow,
Whatever the intricacies and hurdles we face,
We must flow like the river, singing, dancing and living with joy.

Jay P Narain

Rose Love

With the bouquet of red roses,
I was standing in the desolate alley of my life,
My unkempt hair and untidy looks did not bother me,
My eyes were waiting to see you for the first time.

My dreams were composing you with red roses,
your face would be as cheerful as the rose blossom,
your lips would be red like the rose petals,
you would be tender and lovely as the rose itself,
your body fragrance would will fill the air with the scent of roses.

I saw your shadow coming close to me in dark,
your presence lighted the darkness in my heart,
you accepted the bouquet with thanks and smile,
I was all exalted and floating in my love paradise.

Our meeting lasted for a short while,
your laughter and smile filled my heart with joy,
you handed me a rose with the stem,
as the parting gift for remembrance.
The beautiful rose looked so pretty in my room,
It filled my heart with the sunshine of love and happiness.

Many days and nights have followed each other since then,
I have not heard from my lovely lady of rose for a while,
the wait for phone calls have been eternally long,
the rose has withered and lost its spirit,
The scattered rose petals on the floor,
reminds me of the remnants of my vanishing love.

Jay P Narain

Runaway Dad

You ran away that moment,
I don't remember whether it was day or night,
You did not vanish in eternity to get the enlightenment of the soul,
You just ran away from me and your newborn soul.

For years we were lost In the world,
The footsteps at the door brought hope of your return,
No one was there to rock the baby to sleep with the lullaby,
No one cared to wipe the tears of desperation from my eyes.

The baby grew up without the love of the father,
I was dad and mom to him all his life,
He missed the fun and games and all the fatherly love,
I missed the love of my lover as you were lost.

My friends advice me to give some time to myself,
May be I should find a friend and lover,
May be I might find the joy of my life,
But how can I leave the joy of my life alone.

Sometimes the cruel realities overwhelm our souls,
The love I never got, I love to bestow on others,
The loneliness erupts in my soul every night,
In the form of dew tear drops in moonlit night,
But I always survived,
By seeing the happiness on face of my loving child.

Jay P Narain

Sand Dunes

The shape of sand dunes on the beach,
Shows the patterns etched by the sweeping wind,
Walking on the beach on a windy day,
I feel how my life changes with the emotions everyday.

The drifts and mounds on the sand hill,
Waiting to be shaped and reshaped by the surf and wind,
The valleys and hills of my feelings,
Forms and reforms with the myriads of
events everyday.

Ask sand dune what it is,
A heap of sand changing its form every moment,
I ask myself who am I,
I am what I am, changing with my emotions every day.

Sand dune. a shining sand castle in a golden sunset,
Or a buried chest of marine treasures,
My life, a mirage full of hopes.
Or a Pandora's box full of life's trials and tribulations.

What does sand dune hear in the perpetual music of ocean waves,
Melodies and exuberance of waves to embrace it someday,
What I envision when I watch those lovely waves,
Me as exultant lover trying to reach my beloved with the musical
rhythms of eternity.

Jay P Narain

Scrapbooks(Acrostic Dectina)

Sweet

Caring memories,
resurrecting from the
amorous pages of my life.

Past seemed so young and exuberant,
Behind my wrinkled face and sunken eyes,
Only your tender love makes my heart beat,
Only your lovely smile keeps me going in life,
Knowing one day, you will be gone from my life.

Sweet caring memories, resurrecting from the amorous pages of my life.

Jay P Narain

Sea To Sky

On a nice sunny summer day,
There is no better view,
Than to watch the sea meet the sky,
In the beautiful Vancouver Bay.

From the ocean beaches,
Feel the enormity of tall mountains trying to touch the clouds,
See the receding alpine tree line,
Trying to reach the snowy peaks in the sky.

Discover the paradise of natural wonders in the hills above,
Here you will discover a gorgeous water fall,
There you will find the lost piece of mind the lost lake,
Everywhere you will find the tranquility your heart so desires.

Look down below from the mountain peaks,
The high rise towers look like tiny trees,
The islands and the ocean looks so calm and quiet,
Makes me wonder why we pace so much in our daily lives.

Jay P Narain

Searching For Love

You are so close, but you seem far away in the mirror of my heart,
I breath fresh air, but I feel emptiness inside my heart,
The images of love seem insecure in the mirage of my emotions,
the sky seems so fearful with the dark clouds of the heavy rains.

While searching for my beloved in ocean of my love,
I only find empty waves perpetually beating my emotions,
When I try to share the whispers of my heart with my lover,
I don't find any listener in the alleys of my life.

The bond I weaved over a long time,
breaks down in a second with indifference,
The castle I built with my sweet dreams,
turns into ruins in the selfish world.

I look for the unconditional lover in this strange world,
I never find any unselfish lover in this world,
The closeness can't be bought with diamond and pearls,
I look for my lost love in the garden of my hope.

Hindi:

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Jay P Narain

Second Chance

If I had a second chance,
I would have erased all my past mistakes,
I would have turned all my wrong decisions into the right choices,
I would have changed the course of my life.

If I had a second chance,
I would not have been alone in this world,
I would have shared more time, love and affection with her,
I would have death wait for a little longer for her.

If I had a second chance,
I would have shaped my personality little better,
I would have controlled my stubbornness and anger,
I would have listened and respected the ideas of others.

If I had a second chance,
I would have reset the destiny of my life,
I am repenting my past for a moment,
I am wishing for an impossible second chance.

Jay P Narain

Serenity

In the golden morning sunshine,
The beaming leaves on the tall trees,
unaware of scorching summer days and cold winter nights,
Give me a feeling of serenity,
An undiscovered peaceful feeling I long everyday.

The mild wind chimes thru the leaves,
The singing of birds echoes thru the limbs,
The trees bounce back to the stage of tranquility,
My heart reverberates with the music of serenity.

The flowers shine bright in sunshine,
Sharing their serenity with bees and butterflies,
The humming bird hovers over the flowers to kiss the serenity,
Silently I admire the sharing of eternity.

I love the glimpses of sweet serenity,
Gives me a feeling of calm and peaceful eternity,
Even it may be a transient feeling,
I feel content and lose the fear of uncertainty.

Jay P Narain

Seven Sins

I wonder about my arrival in this world,
was that a sin on my part?
I was scared, I was crying,
I was stepping in this strange world.

As I grew up from my innocent childhood,
I realized the meaning of sin for the first time,
when I committed an act against my conscience.

We were taught to take pride in ourselves,
to enhance our self confidence,
then how come Pride is a cardinal sin?
When I indulge in vanity,
when I think I am better than others,
when I step on someone's pride,
then I am breaking my own humility,
then my virtuous Pride has really become a sin.

Jealousy comes to my mind,
when I see someone richer than me,
when I see my coworker getting preference over me,
I realize that I am hindering the good of others for their sake,
The Envy has taken over me and my conscience.

When things don't go my way,
when I have run out of patience and compassion,
I am Angry like hell,
I am committing a deadly sin,
I need a dose of love and kindness to sooth my soul.

When I get lazy and expect my destiny to bring me riches,
when I forget my right to karma(work) and not to its results,
when I drift into complacency to my spiritual needs,
I have become a Sloth and lost the zeal of my life.

I would love to be a generous person,
I would love to praise and commend on others achievements,
I would love to help others without any return expectations,
but my heart wants its own share of recognition or more,

my earthly desires and temptations overtake my generosity,
I am overtaken by the sinful feeling of Greed.

Why should I eat only the regular burger and fries,
when I can super size it for a few more pennies,
Why I only go to a party to only enjoy company,
why not I get drunk to have the best of good times,
there should not be any limits to my pleasures,
as I have been overtaken by my sinful sense of Gluttony.

When I see a pretty woman,
My mind goes into the wild dreams of romance,
When I get a drive to gain more power,
I try to enhance my ego's image.
Lust has overtaken my self control,
it is suffocating my soul with pleasures.

I wonder whether the death will be my last sin,
I will be leaving all the loved ones,
it will be a natural act against my earthly wishes.

Jay P Narain

Shalom, Salaam, Salamat

Shalom, Salaam, Salamat,
the interfaith gesture of goodwill greetings,
Say it to welcome or say it for goodbye,
No hugs and kisses needed, the word says it all.

Literally Shalom stands for peace,
Salaam and Salamat offer warm welcome,
With it, the friends unite their bond,
With it, enemies thaw their differences.

Shalom, she said in her sweet voice,
Salaam, I said adoring the sweet girl,
Then came crashing two diverse cultures,
Then came the realization, we were fondly greeting each other.

Salamat, she said in her own sweet accent,
Then came the sweet smile and sparkling eyes,
Salaam, I said to feel her at home,
The diversity seemed to disappear with amicable hearts.

Jay P Narain

Shroud

A shroud, invisible, and omnipresent,
hangs over my shoulders, mind, and heart,
it's the veil, invincible, and impermeable,
keeps my feelings deep inside my heart.

Tender touching feelings reverberates inside the shroud,
Images of loved ones appear and disappear on sight,
the sweet memories and recollections are inscribed over its walls;
I am a prisoner of my emotions inside its walls.

There is no escape from the shroud,
from the intertwined feelings and love,
Even the tears flowing down the cheeks,
Seem to get swallowed deep inside the heart.

Time and tide waits for no one,
the darkness of shroud will lift some day,
I will appreciate more the beauty and virtues of people around me,
and I will learn to love someone than to fall in love with love itself.

Jay P Narain

Sibling In The Middle

Sibling in the middle,
lost in thoughts.
The parents get twinkle of joy in their eyes,
when they play and laugh with the eldest,
They see pupil of their eyes,
when they hold the youngest up high.
I am the sibling in the middle,
always ignored and overlooked in life.

Do I have to be a rebel and revolt against you?
Do I have to write hate notes on you in my diary?
Do I have to feel depressed and lonely?
Do I have to cry?
Do I have to complain to my friends,
that my parents don't care about me?

Think of me as your forgotten child,
play and laugh with me so that I feel wanted.
All I need is the same hug and kiss,
which you give it to your other kids.

Jay P Narain

Sick With Pain

Physical pain, excruciating and agonizing,
with shrieks and moans of alleviation,
Can't be etched as the pain of the body in words,
As the person who suffers knows it most.

Poetically we share pain of our hearts
In colorful and tearful words of all sorts,
The pain of the body can only be shared,
with a compassionate person's touch and sympathy.

Recovering from a major surgery in a hospital room,
The nurses came as angels in my half awakened dreams,
Some volunteers came, sat and watched over me,
Their faces will long linger over me.

Who do I consider my really own?
Person who I thought were mine but could not spare any time,
People who were little strangers but gave whatever time they had,
In the end, the person with a few words of consolation and show of tender care.
Won my heart and will mend my body and mind.

Jay P Narain

Sleep

Oh, I rejoice those wonderful nights,
When I crash and sleep like a log,
My snoring bothers and serenades my partner,
But I am fast asleep and don't hear a thing.

I love those dark starry nights,
When I am afraid to have the visions of ghosts and goblins,
May be the fear keeps my eyes shut,
Making me fall asleep with such an ease.

Then comes a few dreadful nights,
When I toss and turn driving my partner to the edge,
May be I am stressed and submerged in train of thoughts,
Or I am waiting to resolve some differences with my partner in bed.

I love those moonlit nights,
With full moon and stars soothing my sight,
Why can't I sleep in these lovely nights?
May be I am waiting for a hint to make love tonight.

Jay P Narain

Sleepless Moonlit Nights

Early to bed, early to rise,
makes you healthy, wealthy and wise.
Followed the age old saying,
Can't figure out why I am still awake on this moonlit night.

Under a moonlit starry skies spreading its silvery covers,
I might fall asleep instantly embedded in its soothing spell,
The train of thoughts going through my mind,
Might stop to appreciate the beauty of such a night.

I may wander in the meadows in the night,
The deer and fawns may come across to meet me,
While they would wonder about my troubled mind,
I would adore their beauty and forget all my woes.

The insomniac mind overwhelmed with streaming hopes and dreams,
Might ruminate to see the end of the shooting star,
The stars wandering for centuries in the distant galaxies,
Break loose, shine and glitter in the sky,
After finding the peace and calm of the eternity.

Jay P Narain

Smile

Daydreaming of your sweet smiles,
The mist of uncertainties in my heart disappears,
As the rays of sunshine of your smile descend on me,
My heart is highlighted with the happiness of the eternity.

In the turbulent hours of mutual discord,
When our hearts break down in total disarray,
A conciliatory approach with a smirk,
Instantly melts away the obstacles dividing our loving hearts.

In the first meetings of two strangers,
A smile breaks the ice,
The fear of rejection disappears,
And the hearts seem to inch close together.

The heart only remembers encounters with sweet smile,
The sweet memories get etched forever,
Whether you are far away or so very close,
A sweet smile on your lips my heart yearns.

Jay P Narain

Smile For Me

When you smile,
You create a language of intimate interaction,

When you smile,
You send an instant message of heart to heart communication.

When you smile,
You create a dream world of happiness,

When you smile,
The whole world smiles with you,

When you smile,
The despair and troubles seem so far away,

When you smile,
The hope and cheers seem only a stone's throw away.

When you smile,
My heart gets the will to survive in distress,

When you smile,
My mind gets the power to overcome all the hurdles.

When you smile,
My heart belongs to you,

when you smile,
The whole world belongs to you.

Jay P Narain

Snail's Life

The snail's pace is rather too slow,
while trying to reach its favorite plant,
It gets trampled, tossed, and crushed on its way,
When it reaches its destination, the sweet rewards are there in its way.

The snail may seem small and invisible,
But look at the snail, it feels like Hercules carrying the earth,
The theory of relativity may be invariant,
But the theory of relative sizes makes it a giant.

Snail is little creature minding its ways,
Slow and steady wins the race must be its survival ways,
When it gets smashed and goes belly up,
It offers itself generously as food to hungry birds.

When the mail does not get in time,
We call it as the snail mail,
When we are looking for some delicacy,
We opt for the escargo, the buttered snail in the shell.

What we learn from the life of the snail,
Never give up your aspirations even if you are totally ignored,
Keep you hopes high, don't worry about your shape and size,
If you make your life worthy for others, you will make your life worth living for.

Jay P Narain

So Close But So Far Away

When you were close to me,
We walked and breathed as a single soul,
Mutual love and affection was in our hearts,
Your smile and your presence made my days.

No poems or love lyrics came to my mind,
I never dreamt of building a love monument or a shrine,
Whenever I presented you with fresh garden rose,
The happiness and smile on your face stole my heart.

When you used to be away to your family and friends,
I would count days and nights for your return,
A few minutes of phone conversations used to make my day,
And finally when you came, our hearts and bodies used to reunite in one.

Now when you are gone so far away,
I envision you every minute with my poems and thoughts,
The monument I have built in my heart,
Is prettier than the marble domed wonder of the world.

You are so far away, but you feel so close to me,
I can smell the fragrance of your beautiful smile.
Sadly I miss your presence every day,
But it is a nice feeling to be so close even you are so far away.

Jay P Narain

Solitude

The pain of loneliness fettered me for a while,
I felt like a wandering blind man looking for sunshine,
I saw the pain of leaves departing from trees in the chilly fall nights,
I heard the murmur of rain drops falling from the dark menacing clouds.

It was all so quiet all around me,
There was nothing to say or hear about me,
I was living dead looking for a glimpse of life,
My soul was entrapped in the cage of solitude.

Now free from shackles of loneliness,
When I search for happiness in my soul,
My heart again longs for the peace and tranquility of solitude,
Where my thoughts would soar like eagle in deep blue skies,
Where I would be with me and my soul on a distant mountain top,

Now when I seek to discover and be in peace with myself,
I find solitude a bliss which heals my soul,
But how can I forget those haunting lonely days,
When solitude was a curse igniting the flames of desolation in my broken heart.

Jay P Narain

Spring Rain

The spring is in the air,
The cherry blossoms adorn the trees,
The roses are smiling everywhere,
The bees and humming birds are fluttering everywhere.

Here comes the spring rain,
The cold rain drowns all the soaring spirit,
The birds and bees wish the rain go away,
The roses seem to be bothered by the offending rain.

I watch the rain from a distance,
There is no dancing in this cold rain,
I watch the roses close their petals,
As if a beauty hates to be sprayed by a young man.

The rain reminds me of the untimely troubles,
In the middle of happy days,
I am sure the rains and troubles will go away,
And happy days will return over gain.

Jay P Narain

Strangers In The Bus

We stare at each other,
sometimes we smile,
sometimes we say hello,
Strangers we are at best in our own domain.

Whether one is sleeping on his seat,
or one is busy with his fingers at chat,
whether one has a blank or a curious look,
We all have some stories hidden behind our faces.

We remain strangers till we start a conversation,
A simple well wishing breaks the ice,
Then comes the stories of life, past and present,
The stranger feels like a person we knew all our life.

Whether it is the social nature of humanity,
or the traveler's syndrome,
whatever it is,
it is always nice to have a friend even for a short time.

Jay P Narain

Stars

As the young lovers,
watch together the stars in the dark sky nights,
the twinkling stars brighten the dreaming eyes,
the twinkling glow of love makes the hearts unite.

When you die, where do you go,
some legends give you a place in the stars,
Where do I find my lost love,
I keep searching in the maze of the stars.

Some say, watch a breakaway star,
when the love can't overcome loneliness,
It shoots from the heavens as the breakaway star,
I wish to catch my love in blissful anticipation.

Some say, watch the stardust in dark skies,
See the silvery shine of fragmented love from the skies,
The shattered love fills the dark skies with silvery shine
The love outlives forever in stardust in the mystical dark skies.

Jay P Narain

Sunset

It is the sunset time,
The sun is still trying to break thru the clouds,
The sky is getting red and blue,
The days struggle to last few hours is fast fading away.

The leafless limbs of the weeping willow tree on the lake,
Can't shed any tears for the departing joy,
Blackbirds and Robins are flying from branch to branch,
Hoping to find some shelter from the predators in dark.

The seagulls, ducks and geese are milling around on the lake,
The darkness brings fear in their hearts,
How the ducklings will survive?
Is mother goose's prime concern for tonight?

All the cherry and eucalyptus trees around the lake,
Are standing as dark silhouettes of their own,
The eagles are perched on the tree top,
The owl has replaced the seagull from its positions on the post.

The sunset brings the myriads of colorful thoughts to mind,
The lover couple seems to see the vibrant color of their love at dusk,
The lonely person sees the departing dear love in dark,
The optimist sees it as the beginning of the end of gloomy thoughts.

Jay P Narain

Supreme Lover

The nature provides shelter to all the species,
May it be birds, bees, deer, or bears,
May it be flowers enchanting in so many vivid colors,
Likewise Supreme protects nature and us all with open arms,
We are the beloved, believers or not.

The lover waits for the beloved,
The footsteps, voice chimes in the beloved's heart,
The Supreme looks over and cares for us,
With an unconditional lover, all the beloveds vision to unite with the love.

The seasons change, Time matches on,
The pleasures come, the pain and suffering follows,
The brightness of day is followed by the darkness of night,
the Supreme lover stands by the beloved, going thru ups and downs in life.

The seasonal cycle of change in seasons,
The birth and death cycle of beloved,
The Supreme love stays still, the love does not change,
The flowers or species may change, the love of lover and beloved remains the same.

Jay P Narain

Tagging Along

Pair of loving blue birds is hovering in blue sky,
The pair of ducks is swimming on the shining lake,
Enchanted with the beauty of nature around,
Arm in arm, my dear, we are tagging along on our life's path.

The sleepy willow tree limbs are awakening from the wintry cold,
The spring fever will turn it into the weeping willow of love very soon,
Our journey began with destination unknown,
Arm in arm, my dear, we are walking fearlessly united as one.

The pink cherry blossoms have black marks,
But I can't stop staring and loving its beauty from my heart,
Our humanly interactions have emotional high and lows,
Arm in arm, my dear, I can't stop admiring your beauty and affectionate love.

The roses are smiling in the beautiful spring morning,
The tear like dew drops on the stems awakens my loving emotions,
Our journey on this path may be hard and tedious,
Arm in arm, my dear, we shall overcome all the hurdles and tag along.

Jay P Narain

Tears

Tears roll down my cheeks,
Do you ever CARE?

Caress me, care about me,
Call me, come close to me,
Create the feeling that you belong to me,
Console my heart that you are there for me.

Are you afraid to show your love for me?
Are you subconsciously living somewhere when you are near me?
Are you aware not to hurt my feelings when you talk to me?
Are you willing to be a part of me?

Rolling tear drops are mixed with my hurt feelings,
Ravages of torn expectations come down with it streaming,
Raw tarnished hope reflects on its coatings,
Reminiscences of lost love overshadow its cascading.

Externally tear drops are the mirror of my hurt emotions,
Ever more when I was seeking lasting love in your affection,
Eventually the tear drops would convey my message and lighten my pain,
Eternally you will understand and we will one forever again.

Jay P Narain

Thank You

Thanks to the heavens,
I descended one late night,
bewildered, confused and crying,
only to be comforted by the touch of Mom's hands.

Thanks to my parents,
All their efforts and love molded me up,
Whether it was trying or happy times,
they always stood behind me with hand on my shoulders.

Thanks to my brothers, sisters, siblings and friends,
Some of you were my role models, some of you my heroes,
I looked at you all the time and found my inspirations,
Your love, company and togetherness reared me to become what I am today..

Thanks to my wife,
The stranger who came along and became my best half,
We sailed together in the turbulent river of life,
Enjoyed the best moments and overcame the worst alike.

Thanks to everyone who touched our lives,
we could not be happy by ourselves,
until we shared our happiness with you.

Jay P Narain

The Bench By The Lake

In the cold fall morning,
the bench by the bay lies empty,
do I vision what the bench envisions,
in the vast scenario of nature.

The sight from the bench must be enchanting,
it must be wonderful to watch flock of geese and ducks frolicking,
the sight of mist rising from the lake and meeting the skies must be subliming;
the colorful aura of the sunrise and sunset must be stunning.

The echoes of the music around the bench would be exalting,
the chirp of birds and the buzz of bees must be entertaining,
the music of creeks and crackle of children must be soothing,
the sound of wind fluttering the colorful sails must be exciting.

the scent around the bench must be tantalizing,
the smell of perfume of eucalyptus and pine must be stimulating,
the aroma of variety of food must be appetizing,
the fragrance of cherry blossom and flowers must be enticing.

the bench is always anxiously waiting,
to give a place to rest to the weary and the tired,
the bench is always ready to embrace,
the engravings of throbbing hearts which long to be tied.

The bench gleefully adores the bonding of moms and infants,
it cheerfully watches the hugs and kisses of admiring lovers,
it reflects on the life's reflection of graying couples,
it waits to share the joys and pains of many lives.

Jay P Narain

The Language Of Love

May it be summer, winter, spring or fall?
The bee hangs around the beautiful roses forevermore,
What is the whisper in that romantic buzz?
I would like know.

The mystic Papiha love birds live in pairs,
When one dies, the other drowns itself,
What are the vows they made?
I would like to know.

The flock of migratory birds roams in blue sky,
If they miss one, the entire flock desperately looks for one,
What is the language of such an intimate communication?
I would like to know.

May it be hot summer nights or the humid rainy nights?
Thousands of crickets sing their melodious tune whole night,
How they match their tune in one pitch of love song,
I would like to know.

I would like to know the language of love,
Which may not have script, but is the song of hearts.

Jay P Narain

The Poet

The days may be long with the routine work,
But the nights are always short and charming,
The day's work is to keep me living,
The night's charm is to keep me intoxicated with the love of poems.

When the sun sets and everyone goes to sleep,
I peer at the millions of stars blinking in the sky,
My mind blinks with the little shining stars,
I am wide awake hearing the song of my heart.

Who says you can see mirage only in hot day light,
The mirage of love dances before me whole night,
The dream of me and my lover united in eternal love,
Keeps me restless and churning emotions inside me.

I want to live in the loving world; I want to see everyone happy,
My heart bleeds when I see someone lonely and unhappy,
The drugs, wars, and political greed drive me insane,
I wonder sometimes whether we can all live in peace and harmony.

The emotions I try to etch on a piece of paper,
May take a while to engrave,
But the mural I paint with tears, emotions and my heart,
Will be there for you to share and feel as a poem from my heart.

Jay P Narain

The Rain And The Lake

And the lake asked the rain,
Why do you overwhelm with your love over and over again?
The rain broke for a while for a thought,
and came back with more showers as the eternal play of love.

Rain said I came from distant land and oceans to meet you,
Lake said I have been waiting forever for you.
Rain said I am the true lover, I dissipate and merge in you,
Lake said Thank you rain, I am the reservoir of love,
I keep your love and share it with others who want it.

Rain said I am glorious, come with thundering dark to fluffy soothing clouds,
I provide the world with the nectar of life,
Lake said I am still and adore the beautiful mountain and blue skies,
I provide heaven to all forms of aquatic lives.

Rain said even when I am breaking away, I bring the beautiful rainbow,
I provide a bridge from land to heavens for thoughts to ponder,
Lake said I have overcome the emotions of joyful sunny days and dark gloomy
nights,
I only feel happy when I am desired by somebody.

Jay P Narain

The Routine

Getting up early morning in dark,
Coming home after the work in dark,
the work routine keeps my eyes in dark,
the dreams of living in sunny California is shrouded in dark.

The daily life runs on this routine.
It may be a winter, summer, rainy, or a snowy day,
the routine lurks around to be followed that day,
On those few sick days, don't we wish that routine will stay away.

The bittersweet relation it carries,
It will be with me till I hang my hat one day,
Can't live a single day without it,
Always wished it will disappear some day,

The routine I love to hate,
sets my aims and goals every day,
Without a routine, my life will be in vain,
With the routine, I live my life over and over again.

Jay P Narain

The Super Moon

The super moon shines over the mountain with silvery shining light,
Moon so big in size sends the wise owl flying in fright,
Hyenas stop laughing for a while to watch the smile on moon's face tonight.
The mountain and its trees adore this beautiful sight.

The mountain and its trees adore this beautiful sight,
The silvery charm brings the memory of my mom's lullaby,
'Uncle moon, please come down and bring the rice and milk for my child in the
golden pot tonight',
My heart tries to search the beauty of my love in the big smiling moon so nearby.

My heart tries to search the beauty of my love in the big smiling moon so nearby,

It is hard to decide who is prettier, the moon or my love tonight,
The silver rays mesmerize my eyes with so much love and tranquility,
That I wish we will be together in love forever we are in sight.

That I wish we will be together in love forever we are in sight,
When I rub my sleepy eyes in the dawns early light,
With heavy heart I bid goodbye to this sight,
May be in next hundred years, my roaming soul will watch again this beautiful
sight.

Jay P Narain

The Waves

When I walk bare feet along the ocean beach,
The waves come rushing to greet me,
They play hide and seek with my feet,
And challenge me to enjoy my best.

The constant music they play,
Serenades my lover to ecstasy,
Dancing to the music of the waves,
Unifies our heart and souls.

The time never waits,
The tide hardly can wait,
The sand sculpture of my beloved waits,
Hoping they would momentarily wait,
and feel the deep love embedded in it.

Sometimes the waves may seem to be beating in vain,
they can't even make up their mind and hold on to the beach,
Even this seems like a victory in defeat,
Trying to succeed is more challenging than the victory itself.

Jay P Narain

Those Moments

Those moments will never be back,
Those tender moments when we first touched our hands,
Those loving moments when we first met with great love,
Those moments we wished would never pass.

Those moments seem never to fade away,
The moments of sleepless nights,
Missing you with heavy heart,
Laden with tearful eyes and lost in your thoughts.

Those moments seem never so close,
When we would have reached the cross roads,
When we would forsaken all the bondages,
When we would be united as one forever to come.

Jay P Narain

Thoughts

I am an tired old traveler,
Trying hard to discover,
The destinations unknown to me,
The life too complex for me.

Working so hard in my life,
What have I earned in stride,
When I leave this bountiful world,
What legacy I will leave behind.

The Pharaohs built pyramids to stash their identity,
Shahjahan built Tajmahal to remember his lovely wife,
Now when we wonder and marvel at these monuments,
Do we ever think of Mumtaj or Tutenkhamen?

Have we ever thought, who we remember in our life,
Why we remember the love of our parents so fondly.
Why we never forget the little gifts which meant so much,
Why we always miss the love and passion of our loved ones.

The answer is in our hearts,
How can we forget someone who shared our sorrows and pain,
How can we forget someone who lent his hand in the hours of need,
How can we forget someone whose unselfish acts touched our lives.

Jay P Narain

Thoughts(A Duet)

In the summer
I stretch out on the shore
And think of you
Had I told the sea
What I felt for you,
It would have left its shores,
Its shells,
Its fish,
And followed me.

Duet:

In the spring garden,
I wander and see your beautiful smile in the rose blossoms,
Had I announced in the open air,
what I felt in your smile,
All the sunflowers would have looked away from sun,
All the birds of paradise would have turned their heads,
to see the glimpse of your smile in your picture on the wall.

Jay P Narain

Tiger

If a tiger would come alive,
from my paintings and sketches,
Could you make a wild guess,
What it would be.

Would it be a young and macho breed,
With the vibrant stripes of black and yellow,
With his snarling ferocious teeth and whiskers,
Would he scare away the flock of deer at the river banks.

Would he attract the tigress in the thicket,
would he show his skills with a quick kill or two,
Would he roam around the jungle majestically,
as if he were the king of the forest.

Or he would be an old and tired tiger,
Who had seen his hay days with flock and kills,
His flashing charisma he can only vision in the river reflections,
He would just yawn and slumbers in the broad day.

Jay P Narain

Tomorrow

Will there be a tomorrow for me?
I don't know.

When I wake in the morning,
I am happy as a dog,
as I have made into another day,
I have endured joys and sorrows of life,
I have experienced many roller coaster emotional rides.

With the sun breaking out of the fog over the mountains,
the birds flying cheerfully out of their nest,
the flowers greeting the sunshine with big smiles,
I know it's going to be a great day.

Will there be a tomorrow for me?
I don't care to know,
I enjoy every moment of life in the best way,
I do things which I always dreamt of,
I find my love in the eyes of my loved ones,
I relish affection and friendship from others,
I try to achieve enlightenment for my soul,
with the best preaching anywhere in the world.

Hopefully I am in the last decade of my life,
I have achieved my goals and desires,
I am happy as a bee with whatever honey I have,
I feel that the days of the achievements,
should to be replaced with the acts of redemptions.

Whether I am there tomorrow or not,
I feel my extension should be there for the eternal continuity,
I see my extension in my children and grand children,
I see my extension in my selfish world.

I see more opportunities in the unselfish universe,
I try to help disadvantaged children for their bright future,
I try to help needy for their needs,
Unselfish love for the humanity,
brings exalting peace to my heart.

Will there be a tomorrow for me?
I don't need to know,
I would live a life full of hope,
I would lead a life full of compassion.

Jay P Narain

Trees

A tree is a tree,
whether small or tall,
touch it to feel its vibes,
watch it to feel its aura.

Spring delights trees,
Blossoms bloom, fragrance abounds,
Bees and birds taste the nectar,
Touch and feel the hope of revival .

Oblivious to summer heat and wind,
shelters the birds and bees,
Stands tall for selfless service,
Engrave love message forever to keep.

Autumn trees display glamour of falling colorful leaves,
gloom and doom of loneliness looms,
The leaves get trampled, twirled around in swirling winds,
Get close to a tree to feel the sadness of being alone.

The winter trees, standing bare bone,
Cold rain and snow freezing its bones,
With branches and arms raised to heaven,
They invite the divinity and faith to give them the willingness to survive.

Jay P Narain

Trust

What is trust?

Ask not a question,

Believe in someone's all the words and actions.

How to get entrusted?

Start on a little uphill journey,

Don't deceive or take over someone's dreams,

Don't lie or take advantage of someone.

Trust is a blind faith,

Don't stab on its back.

Where do I find trust?

Look into the eyes of your love,

It's full of trust,

Think about the love of God,

It's the trust trying to touch your heart.

What if I don't find any trust?

If all my efforts fail to gain someone's trust,

I should forgive that soul,

I am giving all my attention,

But someone is lost in its own world.

Jay P Narain

Tum Rutha Na Karo(Hindi)

Jab tum mujhse ruthti ho, badi soona lagta hai,
tum mujhse naraj hoti ho,
fir kabhi batten na karne ka wada karti ho,
bhangi palko me dil ka dard dubo leti ho.

Jab tum mujhse ruthti ho, badi soona lagta hai,
jab mai tumhe manane ke liye ek phool bhet karta hoon,
tum use fenk kar be dil se swikar karti ho,
main sochta hun ki kash mai bhi ek phool hota,
jindagi ke safar me tumhe khus kar apni jindagi safal karta.

Jab tum mujhse ruthti ho, badi soona lagta hai,
hamare rishte kache dhaago se bhi najuk najar aate hain,
jab main ankhe mila kar tumse baaten karne ki kosis karta hoon,
tumhari adhoori mushkaan mujhe zinda dile qatl kar deti hai.

Jab tum mujhse ruthti ho, badi soona lagta hai,
main tumhe apni bahun me le phir kabhi tumhe naraj na hone dene ki kasame
khata hoon,
Jab balon ki kali ghata se tumhari chehre ki khubsoorti naikahrti hai,
main to tumhi me chaand dekhta hoon, aasman ke chand ko bhool jata hoon.

Jay P Narain

Tumbleweed

Tumbling came the tumbleweed,
stumbling in my tail wind path of walk,
It rolled and meandered all over the grassland,
gave me company for sometime on my lonesome path.

My mind thought for a moment,
How thrilling it is when a diaspora meets a diaspora,
I stumble here by the stroke of destiny,
you meet me here defying all odds with the act of divinity.

Thoughts of where we came from always lives in our memory,
Unknown where we will go, we just tumble along the paths of our lives,
When we rest, we scatter our seeds of thoughts and life,
tumbling through thick and thin, we have spent our lives.

Pretty soon our paths will diverge,
we will roll away in different unknown directions,
Your worry free composure teaches me a great lesson,
tumble away merrily in life, keep the happiness tumbling in the heart.

Jay P Narain

Tumhari Tasveer (Hindi)

Chand me jab tumhari sunahri parchai dekhi,
tab badlon ne dhak kar hame juda hone se majboor kar diya,
Samandar ke ret me jab tumahi tasveer banayi,
tab lahron ne akar tumhe mujhse cheen liya,
Jheel ke jal me jab tumhari chabi dekhi,
tab hawa ke jhonko ne use bikher diya.

Maine apne dil me ab tumhari tasveer bana rakhi hai,
kudrat ki koi kayamat use kabhi mita nahi sakti hai.

Jay P Narain

Twisters - A Tale Of Global Warming

Decade ago, the world laughed,
at the hole in the ozone layer,
the global warming was a joke,
? the scientists got ridiculed.

? ? Now a decade later, the ground hog is confused,?
the grizzly bears can't hibernate,?
the polar bears can't find their icebergs,?
The migrating birds don't know their winter destination.? ?

Somewhere there is summer in winter,
somewhere it is draught in rainy weather,?
There is ice age in some mild weather lands,
there is spring in the cold arctic frigid lands.? ? ?

Never heard of twisters in post warm winter,?
The bands appear every night from midwest to the south in USA,?
In a blink, small towns get erased, not once but twice,
Families, children get tossed apart, many die in this natural fury.? ?

The personal and material losses are staggering,?
Only hope and faith keeps people alive and surviving,
On first instinct, we may think it to be the act of God,
On second thought, we are overlooking our grave mistakes.? ? ?

May be the politicians will realize the danger,?
Too much of pollution and urbanization hurts mother earth,
What will be the use of being super rich or super powerful,?
When the nature will wipe us out in a moment from the face of the earth.

Jay P Narain

Ugly

Close your eyes,
Feel your heart, feel your mind,
The beauty may turn out ugly,
The ugly may resonate with the inner beauty.

No one is born beautiful or ugly,
Ego scorns one and adores one untruly,
Look inside the skin deep adjectives,
Find someone yearning for love and intentness.

The ugly girl cries in front of the mirror,
She does not want to adorn herself as no one cares,
Till her blind lover tells her how beautiful she looks,
She hugs him, kisses him and finds her beauty in him.

The ugly man hides away from the mirror,
covers his face with something to hide away from others,
Till his wife tells him, I did not marry you for your looks,
I married you for what you are and your stunning cuteness.

Jay P Narain

Uncertainty

Uncertainties linger everywhere,
In thoughts, and in life,
The events from birth to death are certain,
But when they will happen is uncertain.

Hope sets the goals,
Achievement is always uncertain,
The aspirations drive the life,
Destination lies beyond the gates of uncertainty.

Dreams inspire the soul,
Realities tarnish it into daydream,
Time seems to be at stand still,
When uncertainties play the overwhelming game.

The question of life's survival,
Is the puzzle of uncertainties,
The light at the end of the tunnel,
Is obscured with the fog of uncertainties.

Jay P Narain

Vishwas (Hindi)

vishwas woh phoolon ki beli hai,
jiski her kali me bhagwan nazar aate hain,
avishwas woh patjhar hai,
jisme saari gulshan birani nazar aati hai.

vishwas ho to meri akriti men hari hain,
avishwas me mere vicharo me kewal main hi nazar aata hoon.

vishwas se asafal ki sadhna पूरी होती है,
avishwas se safalta me bhi adhoori trishna nazar aati hai.

viswas se niraasha bhi aasaha ban jaati hai,
aviswas se aasha bi niraash nazar aati hai.

vishwas ki kadi me paraye bhi apne nazar aate hain,
avishwas ki duniya men apne bhi paraye nazar aate hain.

Jay P Narain

Voices

The voices I hear when I am asleep,
Ends my quest for the love ones I need,
The dreams may disappear when I awake,
But the voices keep lingering in my thoughts.

The voices may be the whispers of love,
They may be the echoes of train of my thoughts,
The voices may be the desires of the lost love,
They may be the reminders for fulfilling the promises in love.

The voices may be the chatter of loved ones,
That brings me out of sleep and go look for them,
The voice may be the inspirations my heart needs,
That my heart always searches in the world of emptiness.

The dreams I see and voices I hear,
Emanates from the state of mind I am in,
Happiness brings sweet dreams and music,
Emptiness brings nightmares and voices I do not want to hear.

Jay P Narain

Void

What is void,
One that can not be filled,
Why it cant be filled,
There is nothing in the world to fill it with.

Why my heart has become a void,
There is silence, no cheers, no joys,
The love seems hard to get,
There is always some price to be paid.

How do i fill up the void,
With laughter and love of my loved ones,
With infrequent shallow chatter of my friends,
With the sweet whispers from the mirage of love.

Unfulfilled expectations bring pain,
Illusion of something missing torments the brain,
Channeling thoughts improperly havocs the feelings,
The darkness of void looks for the beacon of hope.

Jay P Narain

Waiting

'I am waiting,
For something to bring smile on my lips,
I am waiting,
For someone to bring tears of joy in my eyes.

I wait in the dark nights,
For morning sunshine to greet me,
I wait on the rainy days,
For the rainbow to appear and uplift my spirits sky high.

I am waiting patiently by the door,
Hoping the next footsteps will be yours,
I am waiting by the lake,
Hoping your love will flow out of the lake.

I am waiting and waiting,
For someone to listen to my heart's song,
I am waiting and waiting,
For some one to give me the everlasting love.

,

Jay P Narain

Waterfall

I was looking for the eternal beauty,
which God and Nature may have created on earth?
I think I found it, up high in the mountains,
in the form of gracious thundering water fall.
Originating from the melting snow,
or the water parting from the frozen glacier,
raging plunge of unlimited water down the cliff,
makes the waterfall show off its beauty and grace.

I stand in awe and behold the water fall,
an exalted sensation seems to fill my heart,
I see the boundless stream of water,
splashing on the rocks at the foot of the cliff,
and making the shadowy mist around it.
The Sun rays cast their reflection,
and make the mist appear in cheerful rainbows colors.

The cool breeze mixed with water drops,
soothes my mind and cleans up my body and soul.

I can stare at the waterfall for hours and hours,
take its pictures or portray its image in my heart and mind.
Is it a picture of a mighty reaching for some weakling down below,
or some earthly mind trying to achieve the limitless sky of wisdom?

I wonder where the water goes,
the foamy and silky waterfront,
moves down the creek,
in a melodious tune in its eternal path,
like a lover searching for the beloved in the unknown paths.

The music of flowing water fills the mountain ambiance with sweet musical
harmony,
The lovers hear the sweet serenade of their intimate feelings,
The separated lovers find their missing emotions,
The meditating hearts find the sounds of their soul,
The nature lover's ears ring with melodious sounds of the flowing water,
I am positive that one can hear songs of their heart and mind,
in the flowing stream of the water fall.

Jay P Narain

Waterfall In The Rockies

Sitting by the side of the waterfall,
I have tried to reach the sky,
The air may be thin, the trek may be hard,
But to touch the waterfall so close,
Was the dream of my life.

The splash of water on my face,
wakes my senses tired and asleep,
The water gushes past huge boulders,
making the best music I have heard in my life.

Try to peek under the sheet of water falling off the cliff,
The life time of memories will seem to be wrapped inside the mist,
Once I would lead my children along the trail,
Now I am watched by them if I could make the trail.

The water streams past logs, limbs, trees and stones,
Making its way through rough terrains,
Persistence in endeavors always attains the goal,
The eternal waterfall gives me the subtle message all along.

Jay P Narain

Waterfall Of Loneliness

The water cascading down the illuminated fall,
Can not brighten a lonely heart,
who knows how many broken hearts are hidden behind the fall,
Even Taj can not shelter them in the tomb of love.

In the mist surrounding the falls,
so many wishes shine like sun in the day light,
In the darkness of night, hopelessly they shed their tears as dew drops,
Quietly they fall in the waves and get washed away in the silence of the dark.

In the beauty of water fall, your beauty shines all over,
It is the lover's oasis away from mirage of dreams,
Beholding your smiling misty watery statue,
The lover wishes to become part of you.

Jay P Narain

Waves

When I walk bare feet along the ocean beach,
The waves come rushing to greet me,
They play hide and seek with my feet,
And invite me to enjoy my best.

The constant music they play,
Serenades my lover to ecstasy,
dancing to the music of the waves,
Makes our hearts beat in unity.

The time never waits,
the tide hardly can wait,
the sand sculpture of my beloved waits,
hoping they would momentarily wait,
and feel the deep love embedded in it.

The surfer rides on the high waves with much delight,
the low tides bring ocean treasures to children's delight,
the perpetual attempt of the surf to stay on the beach,
Makes one think that trying to succeed is more challenging than the success
itself.

Jay P Narain

We Are All The Same

We are all the same,
whether we are black, brown, or white,
We are like many species of birds,
chirping our own tunes on the tree of the world.

Whether we are rich or poor,
we all have some joyful moments and some dreadful days,
one may be enjoying caviar and wine,
other may be happily surviving on a loaf of bread.

Whether we live in rich or poor country,
we all find same refuge under a mansion or a hut,
We all have the same problems of survival,
May it be earning a million or simply a few bucks.

We all are made of same flesh and dust,
we may follow faiths of different sorts,
we all have the same goal and destiny,
we yearn for peace for our soul and wait for the ultimate destiny.

Jay P Narain

What Is Beauty?

What is beauty?

The mountain peak with a glacier in its cradle?

The misty lake with blossoming water lilies at the foothills?

Or a beautiful smile and greeting from a stranger up the hiking trail?

The mountains can't see its abundant beauty,

The towering trees it shelters thru thick and thin can't see their majesty,

The elk, moose, deer and bears roam around without glancing their grace and beauty,

The little squirrels which greets the trekkers does not know its naivety

The beauty is what soothes are thoughts and mind,

The visionary beauty only lasts for a while,

The beauty of the falling waterfall is in the touch of mist splashing on my face,

The beauty is in the compassion of some hikers helping the old and tired on their way up.

What would I remember from this mountain trip?

The mountain, lakes and falls are frozen in the time scale of eternity,

The people, trees, deer, elk and bears come and go in the evolutionary cycle,

The beauty of nature and the beauty of compassionate heart will last forever.

Jay P Narain

What's Love

What's love my dear love?

When you cry, my heart weeps,
when you laugh, my heart rejoices,
when you have pain, my heart aches.

How much do I love you?

I am the bee, you are the honey,
I seek the fragrance, you are the jasmine,
I stare at the dark skies, you are there with silvery soothing light.

How deep is my love?

I am the heart, you are its beat,
I am the ocean, you are its waves,
I am the body, you are its soul.

How strong is my love?

We may or may not be there life long,
But be assured,
I will be ever yours and you will be mine.

Jay P Narain

When I Will Be Dead

When I would hear how nice person I was?
When I would find out that I was loved by so many?
Would I have to wait?
To find it, when I will be dead.

As the days go bye,
The death lurks by my side,
Every day I struggle to own my piece of the world,
But when I die, I leave behind everything to the world.

Death is an unpleasant thought,
I can't imagine that someday I will be dead,
I would not be able to see the tears rolling down the cheeks,
I would not be able to watch the grief on my loved one faces.

When I die, do I need to be mourned?
I will be dead and smiling in liberation,
May be smiles and happy memories,
Will uplift my soul from here to the heavens.

Jay P Narain

Where Am I

Am I living in the past?

Remembering the sweet moments of our life,
Dreaming only of romance and closeness of our hearts,
Ignoring the differences and bitterness which kept us momentarily apart.

Am I living in a dream world?

A world where affection reigns supreme,
A place where no one argues or complains,
A paradise of love, smile and sweet accord.

Am I living in the present?

The many hurdles in everyday life is hard to imagine,
Where a mole argument can become an obstacle mountain high,
Where the realities overshadow my daydreams and strangle my emotions tight.

Where am I?

Living in the present wishing for the bittersweet past,
Wishing a compassionate present in a fantasy dream world,
Living days of my life and hoping for the best.

Jay P Narain

Who Am I

I am

a tiny bundle of joy in the endless universe,
a twinkling star in the Milky Way,
a tick of a second in the timeless creation of God.

I am...

a man who is brother, father, and uncle filled with love and compassion,
a man with determination to conquer all the hurdles of life,
a man who is husband and a lover, keep you loving with devotion forever,
a man of honor and dignity, respecting and admiring the virtues of others.

I am..

the great blue sky, that keeps your hopes and goals soar so high,
the endless ocean, that transforms into cloud and water to keep you alive,
the mighty wind, that makes you breath and makes your spirits feel so free,
the blazing fire, that kindles warmth and joy in your life,
the earth, the origin, continuity, and the destination of your life,

I am..

in love sometimes, in despair sometimes,
happy sometimes, sad sometimes,
everything sometimes, nothing sometimes,
what I am, almost all the time.

Jay P Narain

Why Can'T I Be Like A Bird?

Why can't I be like a bird?

I would like to soar majestically as an eagle,
over the skies of beautiful lakes, mountains, and farmlands,
The roar of the gushing wind,
will fill me with the spirit of freedom and joy.
I would love to dive a thousand feet like a free spirited Bungee jumper,
to catch the swimming fish in the shining water of the lake below.

I would love to be like a cuckoo bird,
I will wake up everyone early in the morning,
I would fill the morning sunrise with my melodious music,
I would wish the universe a bright and a happy day.

I would love to be a migrating goose,
with beautiful gray, green, white and black fur.
I would fly in formation with others in my flock,
I would create such a pretty painting in the blue sky,
that which will suppress all the worries in one's mind.

I would like to be a humming bird,
I would flutter over a blooming pretty flower,
appreciating its beauty and the fragrant nectar.
I would teach the world that the size does not matter,
it is the perseverance which counts at the end.

I would love to be like the blue Jay,
I would fly over all the beautiful gardens,
I would sing in my feeble chirps,
I would not suffer from the ravages of human pain and sorrow.

I would love to be like the black bird,
I will make my home atop the trees under starry skies,
Although I am considered little greedy,
I try to survive without any great lust for earthly desires.

I would love to be like those anonymous little birds,
flying over the lake oblivious of big birds and vultures,

The freedom to live and fly,
would bring the ecstasy of joy in my heart.

I don't like to be considered a species with little bird brain,
Don't I fill the swimming pools with little rocks?
to raise the water level,
so that I can drink the water from its safe edges.

Jay P Narain

Will You Cry If I Die?

Will you cry if I die?
die I must, more inevitable than I was born,
Born in night, I did cry,
cry, that was the sound of joy.

Joy of birth then, now the joy of death,
death will bring a closure to the miseries of life,
life spent in survival, always striving to pay the bills,
Bills from now will be someone else's headache.

Headache I get reflecting on my past life,
life was full of thrill and agonizing moments,
Moments of love and affection I cherished,
cherished not, the death is lurking by my side.

Side by side, my love, we spent our life,
life with ambitions and lust has come to a close,
close by you, when I die, you smile with tearful eyes,
eyes that I will adore, saying goodbye with heart full of love.

Jay P Narain

Willow

Standing there is my beautiful willow,
I wonder sometimes, why we call it a weeping willow.
Winter, spring, summer of fall,
I adore you more than ever before.

In the winter, you stand lonely in the maze of bare limbs,
The snow and ice embrace your lonely vibes,
The romantic etchings of loving couples on your trunk bark,
Become the petrified book of romance.

In the spring, your beautiful pink blossoms are so enchanting,
Like a newlywed bride waiting for the lover in ecstatic anticipation,
The little swallows chirp from limb to limb adoring this miracle,
I can't stop staring at you and forgetting my woes forever.

Come summer, you are stooping down to touch the hearts,
Laden with the green leaves and silvery shine,
The bird nests are filled with young and growing,
The shades and shelter you provide are heavenly and divine.

Fall comes on you hard; the leaves wither with time,
One by one, they all get blown away exposing your sheltering womb,
The birds and bees, all slowly disappear,
Instead of you, my beautiful willow, I weep for your solitude.

Jay P Narain

Winter Stroll

Hand in hand, we strolled,
Around the lake in the hazy winter afternoon,
The fog shrouded the lake in secrecy,
The birds and bees tried to uncover its privacy.

The beauty of geese swimming in pair,
Made us feel warm in cold weather,
The charm and agility of their play in the lake,
Made us to rediscover our forgotten love again.

The milling of pelican, seagulls and ducks,
Cast an aura of free spirit and intimacy over the lake,
The harmony and coexistence they showed,
Made me wonder why could not we live in similar harmony and peace.

As the offshore mountain promised to refill the summer drying lake,
The dew and mist filled warmth in our aging hearts,
Many sun reflections in the ripple and waves sparkled over the lake,
The waves of intimate emotions spilled from our hearts to put a glow on our faces.

Jay P Narain

Wishing Well

In the bright summer day,
The water in the fountain in the park is gushing with joy,
The reflections from the wishing coins are dazzling my eyes,
The coins are full of someone's daydreams, and anticipation of love,
Only time will decide when the those dreams would come alive.

With so many wishing coins already in the fountain,
I add my coin in the water with a kiss and a wish,
Like so many wishes, Is my wish ever going to come true?
Only the reflection from the pool smilingly knows.

In every coin a wish is wrapped,
A hope is bound, an expectation is carved,
The reflecting moon rays from the coins in the night,
Fills the heart of viewers with the soothing peace and glitter in the eyes.

Next time I pass the fountain again,
I add my coin with another wish,
I never knew whether any wish came true or not,
The only thing I know is the sight of the fountain brings me rays of hope.

Jay P Narain

Woman

Woman, who are you?

A charismatic attraction for the lonely hearts,
Or a beautiful creation God made the very last,
A dream adored in arts and hearts,
Or a mirage in the lustful human heart.

Woman, who are you?

When you are far, I miss you so much,
When you are close, I don't want to let you go,
When you are nowhere in sight, I am lost and looking for you.

Woman, who are you?

You are the ocean of love,
You are the river of emotions,
You are tender like a budding rose,
You are flexible and strong like a bamboo tree.

Woman, who are you?

A magician to mend the broken hearts,
Or a wizard to keep me spell bound,
A musician to sing the songs of my heart,
Or a lover to share the joys and sorrows of my life.

Jay P Narain

Words

Words I speak,
speak to convey my feelings,
feelings which should not hurt others,
others should feel happy and I should feel nice,

Nice words weaved into a song,
song with the music of my heart,
heart full of emotions and hope,
hope which should bring optimism in life.

Life full of optimism,
optimism that nothing is impossible,
impossible word should not linger in mind,
mind should be looking forward to joyous dreams,

Dreams of success and attainment of goals,
goals of earthly possessions, fame and wealth,
wealth sets a greed and lust for Midas touch,

Jay P Narain

Yellow Rose

She came in my dreams last night,
She left a yellow rose and a love note on pillow next to me,
As always the inscription read,
'we are friends for ever and in the eternity'.

Since a rose is a rose,
why the red rose shines in the glory of love?
why the white roses remind us of our departed souls?
and why the yellow rose shines the rays of friendship in all of us?

Like sunshine bursting through grey clouds,
The aura of friendship emanates from its golden petals,
The frozen dew drops on its soft satin petals,
glorifies tears on my cheeks in the times of sadness,
Its mere presence and the fragrance,
fills my heart with the scent of warmth and affection.

Yellow rose you are perfection in creation,
I wonder why you have to wither away in time,
With every falling petal, a heart is broken,
with every withered yellow rose, a token of eternal friendship is lost.

Jay P Narain

Your Picture

When I see your shadow in the moon on silvery night,
The clouds come rolling and throw me in sorrowful plight,
When I sculpture you in the sandy beach in sunshine,
The waves come rolling to snatch you from heart of mine,
When I see your beautiful reflection in the lakes,
The wind comes blowing to dissipate you in waves,
Now I have engraved your picture in my heart,
Forever to keep, forever to last.

Jay P Narain

Zero

The zero is round and round,

It does not have the beginning nor has the end,

It is the web of emptiness, it is the circle of infinity,

It is a closed loop which is the wheel of truth.

When you have millions, you have all the zeros,

when you have nothing, you have the lonesome zero,

When you look beyond the stars and skies,

When you look beneath yours bones and hide,

What you have is nothing, an eternal zero.

When we are alive, we protect our wealth and fame with jealousy,

When we die, we take nothing with us,

We all came with nothing, we all go with nothing,

The zero is the eternal symbol of nothing.

Look into our hearts, we have feelings,

Look into our minds, we have thoughts,

Look into our life, we have some meaning,

Look into our soul, we search for eternal peace,

A peace which gets us close to Nirvana and to nothing.

Jay P Narain