

Poetry Series

MBJ Pancras
- poems -

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MBJ Pancras(22 August 1961)

A Post Graduate Teacher in English in a Government School in India. A creative writer. Published some books on Grammar. Extending writing.58 + years old. Martial Artist Karate- -Shito Ryo Kabbadi, Dramatics, Choreographer, Western Classical Music, Playing Harmonica, and Key Board, Acting, singing, etc. Married to Christina Martin, and having a daughter Suzanna Christy Maria Patricia.

(psalm 27 In The Exact Nonet)

The Lord is my Light and Salvation;
The Lord is the Strength of my life;
Of Whom shall I be afraid?
The wicked shall stumble.
My heart shall not fear;
Though war should rise
Upon me,
I stand
Firm.

MBJ Pancras

'heart In Heart'

It is a beautiful way,
A beautiful way it is!
A garden of roses with its fragrance!
Full of fragrance a garden of roses it is,
Butterflies around with their silent music!
With their silent music around are butterflies,
There are little showers of rain on our way,
On our way little showers of rain!
We walk together heart in heart,
Heart in heart walking together!
Till we reach the Garden of Eden,
Till reaching the Garden of Eden!

MBJ Pancras

A Canopy Of Caring With Sharing Togetherness (Friendship)

A verse painted for thee!

Thou, a daughter of dharma, lain in the palms of Nature,
Every sigh breathed of Nature wedded in thee to breathe,
A unique thought thou art, blended in the antique language,
A star captivating with thy ethical philosophy crowned with pearls
Of etiquette. Thy hilarity hath jingles of laughter and mellifluousness.
Consistent are thy words, Oh! For thou hast struck the right of the line,
Simple is thy way, humble is thy disposition, translucent is thy words,
An artistic artefact art thou engraved in Keatsian 'Grecian Urn'!
And thou art a child of the mother of divine bliss couched in Keats's Endymion.

Thou, a lioness of solemnity! And thy task is simply momentous to be measured,
Thy eyes have verve with the power of swiftness to count the moments of age,
Thy statements swathed with potential propositions capped with codes of puzzle.
Thou simply a relic of Keatsian urn drawn toward antique philosophy,
What a thought thou hast kept deep in thy heart, so just and sane.
The brook dwells in bliss and traverses thro' the way of silent tremor,
Ripples of vigour chant fun and frolic when thy gestures pass the way,
Strings of lyre throb melodies when notes of thy heart splash 'cross the sky.
Thou, the child of blissful Nature, art dwelling in the song of Green Nature.

Behold! Thy words be thy speech exquisitely wedded in mellifluousness,
Thy bravery might be thy sword; thy swiftness be thy sling,
And thy strides shall break hurdles and thy way is onward.
Thou laugh, pearls drizzle; thou smile, the west wind floats,
The dream of Nature doth flash 'cross thy waving hands.
Blossoms of Nature sparkle by thy touch of adoration,
Songs of earth reverberate by thy words of love,
Fragrance of friendship traverses by thy demeanour.
And thou art a canopy caring with sharing togetherness (friendship) .

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A Child On The Road

piteously born,
an orphan of desires,
signature denied. (A Haiku)

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A Child's Wit

is no one with you?
so you visit me and mom,
mom says we are one. (A Haiku)

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A Cloud Of Darkness...

I honoured you with all my heart,
But a cloud of darkness fell between us.
Thank you for having been a FRIEND to me.
SORRY I disturbed you so far.
So I leave far from you,
And you can see NO MORE.
Here ends the story.
Yet my thoughts in poetry
Will move around in the air
Like the West Wind.

MBJ Pancras

A Daring Endurance!

"I built a daring endurance within to set out with my father;
My father, handicapped, ails with knee fissure.
Far from my birth place I've been with my ailing father;
My assistance to him would be a boon unto him.
Days passed in normalcy; regular meal we had.
The sun rose in the east and set in the west,
There were waning moon and waxing moon,
Thunders and showers had their regular routine.
A sudden lock down was lifted across the world,
And too in the nation I live 'midst trials.
We were left penniless in the town far away from my place,
The 'governments' airlifted the wealthy suitcases,
But those of rags lying on roads were neglected.
I built a daring endurance within to set out with my father,
A long way to travel - -more than a thousand scores,
I packed all my youthful dreams and unfolded my real deeds,
An old but sturdy engineless vehicle I held with courage,
My father with broken knee took the back seat.
The incredible journey I started with my father.
I was swift in my ride when I thought of courage,
My legs moaned with pain of ceaseless functioning;
I rolled my twin legs along the rolling wheels,
The felt for my struggle, but had to shine upon the earth,
A solo competition it looked like on roads,
For the absence of countless drivers and bikers,
I sweated; my father sweltered and we had breaks,
I distrusted the helpless 'powers', who draft simply rules,
On our way we were stuck by electronic media,
And you could listen to our pathos and struggles,
I found humanity is dead in the world,
With the least amount I had I pedaled miles together,
With a drop of water to quench our thirst,
At roadside water taps intermittently we stopped,
At nights we stayed under public trees,
And I knew criminals would loiter around,
Yet, we were under the guidance of an unseen hand.
The days were long that we passed ten times,
And there we reached the point of our destination.
Yea, I built a daring endurance within with my father

That life can be lived with courage and endurance.

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A Drowning Boy

is my life fatal?
I look for hope from mankind,
but hope is above. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

A Great Leap In The Lord!

On this day thou wert born forty and nine years ago,
Scores and scores of trials passed thy way,
And we watched them together passing like storms.
I let my inward eye perceive thy birth from thy 'mother's womb':
Thou fed on by the umbilical cord of her, but she had no love for the foetus,
She nourished her body, but had no mind to nourish thee within.

The day of thy entry dawned, but she thought it was sunset to her life,
She thought she had walked through woods 'mongst bushes.
She had ne'er taken thee unto fresh streams,
Yet a mystical guidance handled thee with care.

Thy 'mother's womb' too reluctantly carried thy brother foetus,
And he too was made to see the bleak world.

Thou wert brought unto a lovely soul which nurtured thee,
And watched thee grow in her arms till 'that' day broke out.
A black cloud shrouded thee, and there was no sun in thy life.

It was the day that showers from Above had drenched thee,
Thou wert cherished by the warmth of the sun,
And the moon sang lullaby each night for thee,
And the stars delighted thee with their chorus notes.

We travelled thro' life, a blend of tempests and breezes,
And the game of life taught us its rules and philosophies,
And we were blessed with a Heavenly reward,
And it is the little angel who taught us the meaning of life.

It is the Hand mystical with the unquestionable mystery living with us,
And till this day He hath not left us alone,
And it's the day of Thanks presented unto HIM.

Rejoice! Let's rejoice with HIM!
For we're in HIS Arms hidden deep in HIS Love.

MBJ Pancras

A Journey Of Thoughts....

I leave my body retire awhile on a day,
And I let my mind traverse through ages:
Far from the present the mind travels,
And hath reached the Garden of Eden,
In joy and peace were my first parents walking with God,
Everywhere across the garden fragrance of flowers spread,
There was sun and light, but neither heat nor sweat,
There was night, but no darkness, to sleep in peace,
I see Adam couched on the lap of Eve,
And Eve with her love and tenderness singing,
Song birds twittering, darling birds in love making with their pairs.
Alas! A serpent sneaks into the garden onto the tree of knowledge,
Look at its fangs! Aren't they glamorous beauty?
Be still! Watch how the intruder sneaks and sits on the tree,
The fruit doth look glittering; my mind is shaken a bit:
Ah! It's indeed looking splendid.
Eve is offered the fruit glittering, and she eats it,
Adam sheds tears of Eve's fall,
And out of love for her he too eats,
A silent thunderbolt strikes the garden,
And in no time the intruder walks away triumphantly,
The sun begins emitting heat and there is sweat everywhere.
My mind tremors and quits the garden in micro seconds.

Isaac is led onto the mount of sacrifice like a lamb,
The father of faith leads his only son to the altar,
My mind stands in awe of his obedience unto God
That he shalt offer his son for his God.
My mind stoops with conflict within:
Can I obey God like Abraham?

My mind watches Moses with his rod to strike the rock,
He strikes the rock and water flows for his people.
The Ten Commandments carved on blocks of rock seen there,
Irony plays its role with a comical strain:
Idols of beasts made of gold and silver sprout,
And wail of foreign notes heard amidst people.
The black notes trouble my mind, so quits instantly.

My mind halts nowhere on its pathway, but with glimpses of ages,
Untold acts of mischief; deliberate disobedience 'gainst God,
The people of god seen amongst their mute deities.
Have no tolerance with their acts of mischief, my mind escapes the way.

Grief-stricken souls are seen between the horizons,
Groans and lamentations echo the bleak sky,
Agony transforming with broken notes ripped off,
Uncomely acts of people publicized free of cost,
Powers of rulers command the innocent souls,
Unseemly sacrileges become sporadic within congregations,
Bills and currencies play the demon role,
Cocktail tragedies enacted amongst shadows,
Dogmas and doctrines turn magical chanting.
Passing the way of dangers in survival, my minds fleets away.

Lo, my body feels jolted, and my mind returns to me,
And I am bent down thinking of life around me,
Looking above, seeking God in Christ,
I raise my voice unto Him:
"Save the world; save Thy people."

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A Lady In Cosmetics

highway mockery,
milkyway meteorite,
the stone on display. (A Haiku)

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A Lady In Swim Wear

fish trap legendary,
alcoholic water girl,
pinch of salt to taste. (A Haiku)

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A Limerick!

Once a man went into a forest to sell his cows
There was no one to buy except a pair of doves,
The doves asked the man: ' How much? '
Their question gave him an emotional touch.
He said that he would not sell the cows' hoofs.

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A Melancholic Melody!

Listen to this melody, ye, all!
Don't you feel like crying?
It's the song he sang for her, but in holiday mood.
How she sent forth her kisses unto him!
How he hugged her kisses within him!
He drenched her in the pool of love,
And they were cherished in the warmth of love.
Each of their love moments had thrilling delights.
He kept her within, both her body and soul,
He promised her of a peaceful dwelling.
He did as he had promised.
Yea, she lay in his bosom and he sang a song of love:
"My little angel! Thou art in me! I am in thee,
Let's be together always,
Let's not have farewell.
My song of love shall be thy song of love."
Don't you feel like crying?
It's the song they sang together,
And it was in holiday mood.
Alas!She left him alone,
And he's the sky without stars.
He now wanders looking for the stars
Singing the melancholic song of love.
He spends sleepless nights thinking of her;
But how is she, thinking of him or not?
She bid farewell unto him
And laid a cloudy veil betwixt them.
Will the cloud of veil be taken away?
Will they sing together the song of love?
Don't you feel like crying?
Listen to the melody of melancholy.

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A Melon's Quixotism

A melon is in the chair like a buffoon,
Pompous minions throng about the melon,
Red soil tarnished on the curtains all around,
Sacred laws turned secret code words,
Flying with the poor's wages,
Eating stylish fruits and drinking colourful 'tea',
He speaks grammarless language,
Dumping down the villages, raising walls around them,
It was all for a visit of an inimical friend to the land,
He has drunk the spirit of Hitler,
And his outlandish and fanatic 'soldiers' behind him,
Having pocketed the beggars' alms, he trims his beard.
He followed his inimical friend along the synthetic roads,
For he had buried the fertile soil to show jewel-like nation.
He's a melon and makes everyone melons,
Blowing the trumpet of lies and shamelessly,
All because he's a comedian in a circu

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A Mystical Astonishment

To My Loving Daughter Suzanna Christy

I opened the book:

she sails before my eyes,
I swim back of her,
She leads me unto a place
Where none hath reached yet.
We step in and are led deep in.
Neither gold nor silver was in;
Yet the world within shines.
I'm at amazement at this mystical sheen.
I look at her smile decked with grace.
Her smile unravels the mystery of the brilliance.
It's the Gift of God delivered unto me,
I run at once to call my other half to witness it.
So I try to close the book;
Yet the book is never to be closed.
I'm brought to senses that my other half is beside me.
We witness together the mystical brilliance,
And the innocent smile dances before our inward eye.
We forget our world and she hath made a new world for us.
Now we three dwell in the new world,
And God in Three is always at our side.
It 's a mystical astonishment unto those
 who keep their inward eye wide open.

MBJ Pancras

A Mystical Statement

"My brother would not have died if You'd been with us!
I ne'er thought You would not be here,
You knew him he was sick to death,
And we kept our belief on Thee,
Thou wert elsewhere with Thy disciples,
And we sent Thee a word of supplication.
We knew not our supplication touched Thee or not,
Yet we believed in The, the Man of God.
You knew we're all in distress and so we cried unto Thee.
The Scriptures revealed of Thy Power of God,
And so we longed for Thy Presence.
But why did You leave us in distress?
Thou hast taught us that Thou wilt be 'midst two or three in Thy Name.
Now our brother is dead. Where's our faith?
Have we sold our faith to our doubt in Thee
Or Thou art testing our faith in Thee?
The world is in pain and sorrow, engulfed by sicknesses,
Can we doubt whether Thou art with us or not?
The Scriptures say: " this world is held by the Tempter,
So pray unceasing to escape this evil world."
The Scriptures have foretold: "the Son of Man would be crucified,
Buried, but would be raised on the third day."
Is our inward eye hidden from Heaven's mystery?

The Son of Man's mind speaketh:
"My brethren, My Father hath a Divine Plan for thee all,
And I AM the Mediator 'twixt thee and My Father,
And I can't tell thee of My Father's Plan,
For He hath His own time to reveal unto thee all,
And the time is in Me to call thee all unto Me,
So I must lay my fleshy body into corruption for thy sins once for all.
Ye all knew how sin entered this world - -by Disobedience!
Sin is My Father's deadly foe and doubt is a sin.
The first parents doubted God's Command and so died,
Yet My Father opened a New Way in Me.
A few found the Way, but many lost by their selfish gods.
Ye, folks of the world! I hear you all say:
"If You'd been with us, we would not have been left astray."
The Scriptures say: "My Father is Omniscient, Omnipotent and

Omnipresent."
I never leave thee, I never forsake thee,
For I AM yesterday, today and forever.
Thou doubted My Father's Presence with thee,
And I say: 'doubt is a sin.'
And a sin has its consequences, and the sinner has to bear them awhile.
Have no doubt in Me, and I Will be with thee all."

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A Nostalgic Cry!

Thou wert with me in days by gone, enchanted,
And we were together with the melodies of life,
Those moments of joy have no limits to be ineffable,
For each moment hath wedded to the string of love,
Colourful butterflies chanted lullaby, filled everywhere,
The sun had showered his rain of beams, and his warmth,
We lay in the couch of sunbeams and the moon beside us too,
Stars twinkled above our couch, offering blossoms of blessings.

Thou fed me and I too, and there was love and life in radiance,
Keatsian kisses imbibed in us wedded in Wordsworthian pastoral songs,
Thou smiled for me and I for thee, breaking the silence of seas,
Countless verses from above chimed, and they're still nostalgic reverberations,
Thou lay on my bosom and I on thine, and this affinity is immeasurable,
We tasted our saliva, and let ourselves roll in meadows of tenderness,
Thou fondled my cheeks and I was drowned in thy heart of warmth.

Fountains of delight bathed us, and lovely thoughts clothed us,
Silver falls broke the silence of ravines; still the reverberations have life,
I let me adorn the tresses of thy hair with fragrant blossoms,
And I let my heart stroll into the chamber of thy hair,
Our souls lay amidst the showers of idyllic notes of melody,
Thou wert festooned with a precious stone, bejeweled with gold,
I let my heart imbibe thy smiles and thou let thy heart drench in my smiles.

What hath made thee carry the clouds of hate betwixt us?
Is it thy unthinking mind that hath kicked my love of sincerity?
I've lost my sleep and I long for the answer of thy questionable hate,
I seek the answer from every creature passing my way,
Each of our nostalgic reminiscences caresses my heart of distress,
My eyes will ne'er close in respite until thou come unto me with the answer.

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A Photograph And A Portrait

I had stood at my dad's camera in my three years of age:
This my dad said unto me.
My eyes had looked small,
I had had little locks of hair.
My mom said I was pretty.
I touched my chubby cheeks in the photo,
And looked at the mirror then,
Yea, I had the chubby cheeks with a change -
Not the change of beauty, but of adulthood.
My mom and dad watched me close,
And my two little kids smiled at me

I painted my child-like face on a panel,
I depicted my small eyes with my inward eye,
I sketched my small round cheeks with a new line.
My kids watched my portrait on the panel,
And my mom and dad smiled at the sketch.

Now I leave my portrait to my children,
I know they will follow my footsteps.

So, let's be always children in our living way,
That we sow the seed of innocence in everyone's heart.

MBJ Pancras

A Ray Of Light

A ray of hope sent,
No more darkness in one's life,
Full of smiles and joy.

(Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

A Star In The Expanse Of My Inward Eye

Elsewhere thou wert born with thy dispositions born of HIM,
Might be with the galaxy of blossoms flocked with song birds,
Might be among chiming streams brimmed with fishes.
Might be drenched in tuneful showers of grace.
My heart hath perceived thy childhood painted in thoughts
Right now painted in my words of magic incredibly.

Butterflies hover above thee sprinkling colours upon thee,
I hear gallops in thy quick steps as stallions trot,
So sweet as of the Nightingales with their melodies,
Serene, I believe, are thy words adorned with innocence,
Young as the tender shoot looking ahead of blossoming,
Thy words, I believe, knit with philosophy still to gain,
Amiably caressed thou art with the West Wind,
And I read Shelly's mind in his 'Ode to the West Wind'
So swift and amicable traversing 'cross the horizons,
Child-like etiquettes, I believe, crown thee to stride ahead.

Thou art a star seen in the expanse of my inward eye,
May be a way of life to perceive thee 'cross the sky,
Thou art a child still unto me and I am thy friend.

We're all awake of HIS Way of Creation, a mystery to say,
Everyone learns the truth that the world is round,
And we all meet where we begin our journey.
And let our journey shall be led by the ONE WHO created us.

MBJ Pancras

A Tribute To The 'Wings Of Fire' Dr Apj Abdul Kalam

Thro' indispensable moments of time he dreamt and not in sleep,
And he never slept to dream; yet his dreams have awakened countless youth,
His 'Wings of Fire' ignited slack spirit to recreate itself,
And flames of agility spread across the sky of the boundless velocity.

Born in a remote corner of the Indian soil the infant inhaled the air of science,
Wrapped with the clothes torn and patched breathing poverty all the way.
A child prodigy was he born in a hut built of poverty,
And grown thro' the reality of hunger, yet with gravity of determination
With the dream as a man of science flying rockets in dreams

He wore clothes of simplicity; walked through the garden of gentleness,
Engrossed in dreams awakening, embraced with ideals strategic
His words of power, hidden in silence, stirred the minds of the young and the old.
Time and again he lived in dreams of new visions of his motherland,
A global Indian crowned with humility and decked with honesty was he,
Each of the moments he spent was a lasting dream to soar high,
A mentor was he with his mission to the youth! An incredible Missile Man! '
Whose inspiration redefines every soul of the world with his magic philosophy.

He took each of us to the land of fancy where life would be ethically scientific,
His flight to the world of science did wonders beyond the limited sky
When his rockets penetrated the limited atmosphere,
And the whole of the world stood in awe in praise of his magic speed.
Man of versatility was he, yet shared his genii with all.

A soul that loved Green Revolution scoring countless trees for plantation,
Ever raised cry for forestation in each sapling planted around one's life.
Each soul across the world speaks of his adoption for a life to live,
And he hath become everyone's son true to one's heart.
He soared high; yet he never looked high,
He never looked down; and never made any soul look down.

Selflessly he raised a kingdom for all in the universe;
Yet he made all subjects to rule the kingdom together.
He lived a youth and ignited the latent seeds of the youth.
His voyage thro' ebbs and tides built swimmers for the nation.
He made all of us his family, and we are his family.

Whose ideals and footprints deeply rooted in the young and the old,
He's the book of treasure ethically transformed and perfected within
And every youth who reads him can dream 'Kalam's dreams'.
The fully-blossomed Youth Icon hath he been with his 'Wings of Fire'
Whose fragrance traverses through the living souls.

Beacon of the youth, he's the guiding star ever shining,
His teachings of diligence and conscientiousness deny falsity,
Whose logic shall transform every soul to dream beyond barriers -
Barriers of superstition, of fear, of sluggishness, of ego, of pride.

MBJ Pancras

A Woman Of Beauty

Thou art a woman of beauty,
Adorned with silence and modesty,
Brimmed with smiles and sweetness,
Revered for thy graceful looks,
Honoured for thy pleasant utterance,
Respected for thy meekness, Inspired by thy patience,
And thou art painted in my verses.

MBJ Pancras

Aching Love

My heart aches day by day in thy thoughts,
My world of dreams is full of thee,
Thy image travels with me where ever I go,
Tears roll into my heart with thy image engraved.
I long for thy smile for my heart,
Smile to me that I rejoice in thy thought,
Let pain in heart be disappeared.
My heart longs for thy presence.
If thou hast love for me in thy heart,
My heart shall fly into thy heart,
And sing songs of love to make thee rejoice.
Do not draw veil betwixt our hearts,
For my heart full of thee shall become weary.
Is thy heart longing for my heart?
Breathe thy word of love into mine,
And my heart shall fly high with thy thoughts.
Smile unto me, into my heart,
My heart shall dwell in yhy thoughts.

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Adam And Eve

Made of soul and clay,
Breath'd to multiply Eden,
Victimised by Fruit.

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Adoration

My heart adores thy modesty,
Thy silence is the art of mystery,
Thy smile, begotten of Mona Lisa's smile,
'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'with
And the beauty in thee is a joy for ever,
Thou art a silent storm hidden in the sea of love,
My heart perceives thy heart brimmed with tears of love

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All Are Made Prisoners! ?

It's self-isolation; lock down; quarantine; social distancing,
It's self-isolation; lock down; quarantine; social distancing.
A pandemic of COVID 19 hath intruded the human survival.
The intrusion of the virus targets human relationships,
Among individuals the wall of selfishness is built,
With their 'gold' coins the rich are hanging,
With their 'limbless' legs the poor are crawling,
The 'rulers' struggle to catch the stolen economy;
But seeks stealthy revenues out of taxes collected,
And raise their arms for the citizens' alms.
Many a person kills the time with funny videos;
Hordes of migrant drudges walk away with their 'gold' rags,
For the doors of their jobs are closed down.
mania holds the necks of learning,
And every learner turns an 'on liner'.
The tyrant of the pandemic - -COVID 19 - -
Is the unseen dictator of the world.
All are now prisoners; might be convicts 'cause of our mischief.

Will there be Freedom to the world?
Yea, there will be Freedom to the world.

Let's get away from our mischief,
And seek the life of decency
Coupled with the heart of selflessness.

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All The World's Stage

in and out, backdrop,
characters built - in and out,
audience built on. (A Haiku)

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Alms In Arms

blessings to survive,
dignity-disguised labour,
penny of a day.

(A Haiku)

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An Answer From Above....

It hath been a hidden blessing long before we were born,
Mysteriously unknown unto us what would be thro' miracles.
Born in stable-like huts we were in different provinces,
Travelled thro' roses and thorns amidst hopes and future.

It was a dusk when twilight closed its eyes with the order of the daylight,
We set out looking for a world of life for a sojourn,
Nothing in our hands except a Hope on THEE,
The whole world of falsity stayed behind us.

Our Hope on THEE showered THY blessings on us,
And we became three to be in THEE, engraved in THY Palm.
The helm in our ship worked well by THY Grace.
And each of our steps took us to the land of fortitude.

Amidst insults and curses of the world Thou gavest an Answer,
A home to live built on THY Divine Mercy,
And not simply on bricks and sand,
It hath been THY windfall unto us to stand apart.

Thou madest our heads rise and soar,
And we sought to reach a little bit higher
To prove 'those curses' a fallen substance,
And Thou hast made us live above on Thy blessings.

Thou hast sent us a Good Samaritan to taken the challenge,
And he is the one, who might be thy messenger in living person,
Thou wert with him and built our home of Thy blessings,
And Thou hast paved way for us to rise 'cross the horizon.

A day hath been preset to make a new entry into Thy blessed home,
And that day would be the dawn of joy and happiness,
And we are three would ever walk beside Thee,
And proclaim unto the world that the Lord is every with us.

MBJ Pancras

An Elegy Written Prior To My Dad's Last Breath....

O Commander-in-chief!

Thy fortitude and forbearance will ring into our hearts,
All thy words and deeds unto us never forgotten,
Thy long-time silence had countless meanings,
And we failed to keep it in our hearts.

Thou mayst think we forgot thee,
Never had we forgotten thee in our life,
Thy love, thy kisses, and thy care for us.
Thy present state may be inevitable
That our presence with thee impossible.

We send thee our love through words,
Accept them now in this state,
Think we with thee and we are with thee.
We salute unto thy fortitude and forbearance.
Thou art our Commander-in-chief!

MBJ Pancras

Anger

Negative feeling,
Displeasure against one's will,
A stress in the blood. (A Haiku)

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Anxiety

When one cannot solve
the question of unsolv'd world,
The mind turns troubled. (A Haiku)

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Artistic

She's an angel of my heart,
All her ways are simple and silent,
Nature's gift of God is she
Dawn of serenity with patience is she,
Hellenic art of wonder she 's made as,
Young and charming is her countenance,
Artistically she's made by HIS Hand.

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Atom

Three in one infus'd,
Proton, electron, neturon,
Massive force hidden. (A Haiku)

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Atrocities

Venomous creatures drink the innocent's blood,
Barbarous worms stroll in shiny attires,
Filthy beetles spit on the holy writ,
Savage dancers trample the fertility of the soil,
Drunken lawbreakers smear the sacred justice,
Brainless monkeys fall at the feet of stray dogs,
Bloody mongrels eat the veins of the innocent dove.
Bullet trains trap the wheels of the bullock carts,
Ostentatious jackets roll into the air making gimmicks of survival,
Rusty steel rods try to build baseless monuments,
Lawless dead cobras penetrated in dirty hearts of drunken monks,
The living is dying and the dead is shrouded with the attires of 'gold'.
The drama of life hath been turned unto the limerick of survival
Flames of fire and waves of oceans turned 'gainst the code of life,
Nowhere breeze, nowhere peace, and nowhere life,
For Nature is disobeyed and the sun fails to rise, and moon discoloured,
For the survivors on earth have killed their conscience.
And atrocities have taken the rusty scepter against peace.

MBJ Pancras

Back To The Throne By His Blessings....

Risen back from the defeat of sudden warfare in the timeworn age:
Panic-stricken actions and reactions shrouded the air of silence,
Trumpets blown; arrows flashed across; a war `twixt emotions;
Discordant tidings rolled on messages; red flags beings raised;
Immunized oxygen passed into the bowels of the energy machine;
Pill to lie in quietness all through the conflicting moments,
Above all, the Blessings from Above descended upon the king of the family,
Mercifully drenched in the Fountain of Grace,
The inert engine of his body quickened to break the ice,
Here is risen back from the defeat of sudden warfare in the timeworn age,
The master of the family is lifted upon his throne,
And his indomitable courage is likely demonstrated on stage.
Our showers of thanks may be at the Feet of the Lord.

MBJ Pancras

Backbiting

Toothless cowardice,
An uncomely act of shame,
A way of the fool.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Backdrop

Who knows what 's happening.?
Blue birds may fleet across!
Dancers may weep,
Models turn jugglers,
Lamentations glitter,
Song birds render croaking,
Judges creep with bills,
Mountains turn oceans,
Each game is a mystery.
Who knows what's happening?
Let's read ourselves at the backdrop.
On stage drama is just a drama,
And drama is a make-believe story.

MBJ Pancras

Balcony Floaters (Haiku/Senryu)

Vibrating with bills,
Breathing hi-tech oxygen,
But buried with stench.

MBJ Pancras

Barbie Boy

funny paradox,
decline of ethical code,
open mockery. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Barbie Doll

dream girl of Romance,
darling of beauty-lovers,
madonna of kids. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Barbie Girl

beauty in stillness
designed for little children,
a doll that quickens. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Bargain And Confrontation

'One among the twelve, here I am before thee,
My friend, Lucifer, the brightest of the bright,
Once shining in the firmament 'midst the Holy One.
Thou wert offered a place for thee, and thou the ruler
Of pleasures of invisible pangs and mythical travail.
Offer me Thirty pieces, and I will pledge my soul.
I am with Him, and my kiss on His cheek 'cherishes' thee,
For thou hast offered me a seat in thy domain.
Thy words enticed my soul and I am at thy feet,
For pleasures on earth excel the unknown glory,
Who bothers the unknown while the known at my eyes.
Here's my bond with my blood unto thee,
And let me be clothed with thy cloak of desires.
Thou knowest, I walk with Him, He 'believeth' me,
(The Anointed is omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent.)
Proclaim thy freedom into mine, I will be thy slave.
Teach me thy statutes, and I will build thee statues.
I believe thee, for you listen unto me;
But He never listens to me, and I have no belief on Him.
Bless me with thy magical wand, and I will be rich,
I will make castle of treasures with the Thirty pieces.
My soul is at thy feet and thou canst reign me.

One among the twelve, was I with Him in peace,
My enemy, the black serpent, the deceiver of Eve!
Thy offer of Thirty pieces have turned rusty,
For my kiss on His cheek turned betrayal,
Thou gavest pleasures, and now they're in my bowels burning,
Thou hast enticed my soul, and I am in thy snare,
Now pangs of pleasures rend my soul to bleed,
My heart fails to repent for my soul already rent,
I bother the known full of pangs, and there's no unknown.
I will throw the Thirty pieces at thee! Sell my bond back!
Let me be clothed with the Mercy of the Anointed!
HE knoweth, I walked with Him, I would fall.
Now I fell; my freedom is stolen; I am thy slave.
Let me learn HIS statutes, and I will worship Him.
I failed to believe HIM; Yet HE listened to me.

Now my cry is at thee that thou canst listen to me,
Hate me that I may be out of thy power,
Take my riches, and let me be poor,
And let me be cleansed with HIS Blood.
Take my castle of treasures and throw me into the manger.' (Judas)

'Thy bond is everlasting with me, and I can't break it.
Come with me unto the Fire and we will burn together.' (Satan)

MBJ Pancras

Beatitudes

Blessed Words of Christ
Sermonized on the High Mount
For the hungry souls.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Beautiful Inspiration

I am having my morning stroll 'twixt the horizons:
I see clouds dancing with their charming perspective,
The morning rays of the sun bathe me and my heart,
Song birds chant sweetly and my heart's drenched in,
Little children scramble through my way in innocence,
Little buds of blossoms peep out with new hopes.
I am walking beside Nature with its serenity.

You've have touched my heart from elsewhere,
And my heart is overwhelmed in joy ineffable,
I know not why; what hath happened in me?
Are you an angel sent from the kingdom of Love?
You've caressed my soul with Mona Lisa's smile.
I know not why; but my heart is touched by your love.
You are the gentle zephyr that has awakened my heart of poetry.
I imbibe your smiles; each of your ways teach me a poem,
Your eyes, cute and adorable, penetrate my heart of love,
Your words are lullaby unto my child-like heart.

I know not why I'm touched by your love,
And the love you've painted in my heart is of modesty.
In your graceful countenance I'm drenched to dream.
My dreams are wonderful and magic painted with verses,
I've made you a poem in my garden of poetry,
I let it grow with green leaves and beautiful flowers.

I've travelled many more miles, and my grey hair shining;
Yet, the heart in me has its infancy to dwell in love,
I believe in love of purity, and I've found it in you.
My love has life ever to shine in my verses for you.

I believe you'll be a poem and song of love for me,
And you are my muse of love appeared in my world.
I adore you with my thoughts of innocence and love.
Years may roll on; but the love for is silent and lasting.
IMBIBE MY LOVE FOR YOU IN THE AIR OF NATURE!

MBJ Pancras

Beauty

Eternal virtue,
Of joy and peace unending,
Smiles that dwell in soul. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Beauty Created!

Awesomeness incorporated in thee: beauty created,
Creations agape look at thee splendidly designed!
Stars of the sky shower their grandeur in awe,
Mountain ranges tilted a little by thy beauty dazed,
Greenery with its children paint fecundity 'cross the horizon,
Humanity astounded at thy countenance, bowed to adorn thee.

Thy eyes, small and quick, determine truth at large,
Drenched with loving tears rolling within,
Child-like streaks of light of brilliance gently shine,
Twain blackish pearls of dwelled within agile shells.

Thy nose of little knoll flawlessly designed to draw beauty nigh,
Little song birds shelter on the little knoll and chirp
Whose songs lead every soul of love unto the world of fancy
And dreams of tenderness and warmth flow like a stream.

Thy lips are the plumes of fantasy saturated in honey and sugar,
Flaps of melody rhythmically dance to the tune of Nature,
White marbles of the castle in the sky decked 'twixt the plumes,
And show their splendor in smiles of love and tenderness.

Thy ears are the stately scrolls of manuscript of eternal gorgeousness
Simply designed for the study of history of beauty at all times,
Golden charms create verses of sweetness and gentleness,
And all creations of God respite in the wings of the scrolls.

Thy forehead, vast and splendid, stretched dwelling of love,
Lovers and their beloveds learn the art of sharing,
Romeo and Juliet dreamt of their lasting love right here,
And all souls bowed in tender and emotion dwell in thine.

Thy cheeks, plum and sweet, have dreams of wonder,
Juliet wept here longing for her sweet heart,
And her tears of love sprinkled across to remind
That love is ineffable and overwhelming with mystery.

Thy eyebrows, like tiny fish dancing and romping in the pond,
Splashes of melody chime within in every bound of thy eyebrows,

Signs of emotions, waves of feelings rippled in the heart of love
Expressed and woven with the art of poetry and music.

Thy eyelashes, the sprinkling of the water shower from above,
Tenderly caress the hearts of whose love is unfathomable,
They sing lullaby unto every couple of love for a wonder sleep,
And songs of love and passion wedded with romance sung.

Thy neck is the hillock, the slope meant for lambs to slide,
Children play with the lambs moving on meadows,
Lovers glide and climb up to propagate the truth of love,
Here Nature sets its wings open with its recurrent seasons.

Thy shoulders are the rendezvous of horizon painted with rainbow,
Across them shine the sun, the moon and the stars with their thoughts,
The sky of magic, with its infinite roof shelters each of creations,
And love is recited with strings of melody and rhythm.

Thy arms, so tender and caressing, teach the art of feeding,
Like the petals of blossoms warmth and joy offered,
Made of lyrics and odes, thy arms sing songs of love,
And every couple of love falls into thy arms of love.

Twain mounds of beauty are the towers of wonder charming,
Cupids and cherubs play on in joy and dream of love,
They're the fountain of charm of delight and fantasy,
Sweet is sugar; sweeter is honey; sweetest are thy mounds of beauty.

Thy dreamy waist is the couch of fairies and angels which dwell in joy,
A part of the sculpture designed for the beauty incorporated:
The logic of beauty in its essence truly latent with charm,
Sturdy in elegance wedded with classiness impeccably.

Dancing 'fesses' add charm unto thy sculpture flawlessly,
Awesomely designed for charming gestures while floating,
Bards created; poetry born; music composed; lyrics sung,
And thine are the art of wonder and magic woven together.

Two sturdy stems built of charm and beauty are the pillars of citadel
Thy legs well-designed with each facet meticulously done,
Brunette art thou appreciably with beautiful stems of exquisiteness,
And art thou the figurine living in thy inimitable beauty.

Thy heart, so deep and fathomless, is full of grace and tender,
Marvelously adorned with patience and serenity,
Unspoken silence is thy utterance affirmed in career,
Geniality and warmth expressed in thy words.

Thy love, veiled unto the world, is destined but for me - -
The love that hath no blemish but of purity and poetry.
Thou hast made me a bard of verses by thy silent love,
And I know not why and how thou hast entered my realm of poetry.

I adorn thee with my poetry wedded with love and joy blended,
Thou art an inspiration born for my poetry predestined,
Ever art thou my child of art painted flawlessly,
And thou art the adornment of my world of fancy.

Thou art Beauty created by Him, modestly and astutely,
My poetry bows unto thy modesty and chastity in sincerity,
My eyes are shrouded with tears of marvel looking at thee,
And my heart romps in love and joy like blossoms in breeze.

Thy quiet agility and adroitness speak volumes of experience,
And thy aptitude hath no stain, but of magnanimity,
Thy silence hath meaning and the meaning hath nobility,
Distinct is thy way of life and hath loving-kindness.

Thou hast the smile of Lisa whose is ever mystifying,
And I may intend thou art mystifying unto me;
Yet my poetry may unravel the mystery of thy love for me.
And I believe I love thee deep in my heart with no stain.

Thou art living in my poetry and hath and poetry is immortality,
I've made thee fly in the magical realm of fancy and imagination,
Thou art my lyric, ode, sonnet, epic, couplet and haiku,
And my poetry born of my heart is full of thee.

MBJ Pancras

Beauty Crowned

silent modesty
is thy beauty of greatness
that crowns my verses.

MBJ Pancras

Begging For Alms

nothing in my hand,
looking for a new pleasure,
no way but to beg.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Behind The Monuments

Tower of Paris was built in Eiffel's mind,
And was laid in black and white,
People's money ran into the design,
Steel, drillers, bolts and nuts played with the artisans,
Lives of countless artisans sacrificed here,
Years of labour made for the significant mastery,
The monument was brought to the public feast,
Men of money and power took the roll call,
Not one artisan permitted entry to it,
Bread and butter rolled down from the table,
Never a penniless dared to touch the crumbs,
A mundane drama ended with pomp and glory.
Still the design speaks of the man Eiffel
As one amongst the Seven wonders.
SO AS, EACH MONUMENT ON EARTH TELLS A TALE.

MBJ Pancras

Being Likely....

The road is broad, yet with ups and downs to walk on.
Life hath its own privileges, yet with windows in and out,
The fish rules the waters, but aware of their predators,
Meadows look for heavenly showers to sustain,
And permit the sheep play on pastures.
The day was created with the sun,
And the night was made with the moon,
And she shares the night with the stars.
Apples grown in orchards, and mangoes in groves,
And each of the species hath its features uniquely,
For life on earth is predestined with the hope of being likely....
The truth of life on earth is distinctively hidden,
Yet one hath to know the truth for being likely....
The road seems narrow, and one shouldn't shut oneself.
Storms, tears, plagues, betrayals, failures may carry us,
Yet, amidst, let's carry the torch of being likely....
Words and advice can be told, but deeds and observance might not be easy.
You may have music, may have vents to spread your talents,
But more than these there is ONE WHO quickens thy spirit and soul,
And He alone can make thee all being likely....
....And being likely....excels the state of death.
So being likely....toward Eternity is the Truth for all.

MBJ Pancras

Betrayal

Fatal destiny,
Pitiless killing of hearts,
Deliberate hate. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Betrayal 2

Insincerely entered the way of life,
And dishonestly sought the soul of emotions,
Being an opportunist, thou hast kicked my love,
And thy weapon to seek my heart was the dagger,
Double-edged, dreadfully pierced my tender heart.
Thou hast no belief on identity of the inner man,
All thou wanted was my treasures, not my hear.
Sweet was thy sight, sweeter were thy smiles, and sweetest was thy hug,
But, all in one thought thou hast demolished the strength of bond of love.
My heart believed thy heart and I poured all my showers of sympathy,
I tried to seek a new way of life for thee,
But, thou hast spit on my soul which hath been a saving grace.
O, my betrayer! I thank thee for thy dishonesty.
Yet, my sincere prayer unto thee: "never betray a true soul any more,
Let me say 'good bye' unto thee,
And never forget my imprints inscribed in thee,
And my imprints in thee have no death.
Thou canst kick me out, but thou can never erase my footprints in thee.
Feel! Feel! Feel! The days can never be out of oblivion.
Good bye! Good bye! Good bye!

MBJ Pancras

Beyond My Way....

(Read from top to bottom.... And from bottom to top....)

The day I was born cannot be a good day,
And if I think that it was,
It could be my mind
To hate God,
All for my selfish nature,
And I wish to have
The Power of God in my hand
To rule the Creator with
Arrogance and haughtiness
There begins my thought of
Fall and disgrace against God,
There are ways to think
That good and evil conflict each other,
How to overcome evil with good
It is a mystery,
What we live on earth is amidst good and bad,
When we think what we are,
It is beyond our imagination.

MBJ Pancras

Beyond The Storm

The world was in the caress of peace and harmony,
Transactions among nations were in uninterrupted channels,
The sun was in his chore the moon in her duty and too the stars,
And the story of life had its enactment perfectly on stage.
Alas! There formed a depression in the face of human life,
Men and women watched the sky turn black,
But they counted it a regular feature to get drenched,
For there would fall a shower as usual to clean the earth.
The wind in the air convulsed; a mild storm rose,
Men and women unfolded their umbrellas but as usual,
Countless umbrellas walked and fulfilled their transactions.
Behold! There struck a lightning upon a life,
And he met his death for his time had come.
Everyone knows the truth of exit out of life.
Behold! There struck a lightning upon another life,
And the mishap ignited a doubt in the medical world.
The storm turned violent and lightning turned uncontrolled.
Men and women fell as corpses on roads and corridors.
The storm had its origin sneaked out from the East.
People's dreams shattered; a topsy-turvy society.
The storm wasted the West with massive catastrophe,
The medical rooms and medical doctors were in panic,
For there was no room to fight the storm in the weather room,
The storm had no definite direction, but blasted betwixt the horizons.
Men and women lost their kith and kin; and heard sirens.
An enigmatic puzzle flashed into specialists' minds,
With microscopes there began a series of researches,
It was a fickle-minded organism mutating.
Questions over questions were built upon its origin,
But it is still hidden beneath the couch of terrific silence.
The storm of the pandemic devastated the structure of life;
Fall of human life; decline or world economy;
A challenge unto medical technology; a threat to survival.
Devoid of empathy the vicious microscopic virus eats human lives.
Supremacy among nations became the dice to ruin peace.
Separation in isolation was the logic behind Lock Down.
It was a stormy downpour keeping the umbrellas indoors.
The life of the world scrambled through dark tunnels,
It's everyone's question if doomsday at the threshold.

The story of life changed its enactment as tragedy.
Will the tragedy come to an end or to go beyond the storm?
Will it be the end of the virus or the end of humanity?
Everyone shall know that we are all tenants awhile,
So, it's wise to think beyond the storm what we would be.

MBJ Pancras

Birth

Entry into earth,
To read the Word of Heaven,
Mark of departure.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Blue Mountain

beautiful landscape,
meant for jolly ride and game,
fantasy culture. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Broken Wings Of Love (Arrow And Bruise) Sad Anecdote!

Thou hast uttered a word unto me, known or unknown,
Why hast thou uttered the word unto me, known or unknown?
The moments became bleak and forlorn.
Yea! Thou hast broken the wings of love in me,
My heart bled! I ran after the flowing trickles of blood!
My heart searched for the reason in the flowing trickles,
Tears rolled within my eyes and sleep hath left the eyes.
I reasoned why there's melting on the snow mountains - -
Have they lost their affinity with Nature?
Why is there's drought on earth sans water - -
Hath kinship betwixt rain and soil broken?
The fish hath fallen out of water!
Hast thou made thy heart to watch the wrinkling fish?
I've turned to be a human to drown in melancholic melodies.
Dost thou like me to forget thee and walk sans love?
If thou wilt, seal thy vow with thy last kiss,
And ne'er I seek thee in my way life.
Yet, thou wilt in my lasting memory,
And nothing or none can erase thee.
Shall we say 'Goodbye' to each other
And walk on the way of life,
For all is the way of life?

MBJ Pancras

Cellular Phone

Voices encoded
into chip radiating waves,
Decoded to ears. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Charlie Chaplin

comically born,
orpiting planet of wit,
unfailing laughter. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Charming Smile

thy smile brimmed with charm,
mystified with Lisa's smile
raise questions in me.

MBJ Pancras

Cheap Popularity

flanked by sychopants,
bounced by the mint of money,
peeping thro' side way. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Childhood

State of innocence,
Full of grace and loveliness,
Sweetest nostalgia. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Christ Jesus

God in human flesh,
justified in the Spirit,
the Way unto Him.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Churchill's Cigar

statesmanship at stake,
power suffered betwixt lips,
panoramic style. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Citation (Poetically)

An embodiment of grace like the face of the moon
Thou art, being decked with virtues of patience and love,
Thy smile, like the of Mona Lisa, is a boon,
Thy words filled with gold and silver make us all bow.
In thee a person dwells amidst the glow of hope,
Fancy of learning on its wings is thy ignition,
To the blooming buds, so tenderly reaching the top,
Thou hast nurtured the tender shoots with a great mission.
Thy words amicably built to be amiable,
Thou hast risen to the occasion and made all rise,
Like the tree holding emotions and be lovable
Thou art a human being marked with respect and praise,
Thou wilt be an indelible mark in each of us,
And thy smile shalt be glowing each moment when we think.
Let's all bless thee on the day thou leave us in tears.

MBJ Pancras

Clock

Seconds and minutes,
Depicts the sojourn of Iman,
Ceaselessly working. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Clouds

Obstacles to Light,
Short-lived dictators on earth;
Yet agents of rain. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Clouds 2

a substance born free,
liberty personified,
brief stay in moisture. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Computer

A magical boon,
Intelligence incarnate,
Ruling man with chip.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Concatenation Verse

Silence is the best answer,
Answer to man's life is patience,
Patience is the weapon for success,
Success lives in labour with perseverance.

Courage dwells in patience,
Patience in trials brings forth fruit,
Fruit of joy can be shared with all,
All ought to fight against evils.

Where there's a will, there's a way,
Way is one unto the victory of joy,
Joy is everyone's right blessed by God,
God is the Author of mankind.

MBJ Pancras

Concatenation Verses

What you do is not duty,
Duty is what you ought to do,
Do that you can bear fruit,
Fruit is borne that everyone tries.

'Thanks' may float on lips,
Lips never utter gratitude,
Gratitude comes deep from the heart,
Heart is the seat of all feelings.

Marriage is the unity of twain hearts,
Hearts to live beyond flesh and blood,
Blood maketh material relationships,
Relationships dwell in the bond of love.

Death is the passing shadow or reality,
Reality makes man grievous over hardships,
Hardships alone do bear patience,
Patience till death offers victory.

s craved for lust for power,
Power of rule fails sans wisdom,
Wisdom from Above bringeth peace,
Peace of mind is the Heaven on earth.

Those who strive not cannot be leaders,
Leaders should never be of selfishness,
Selfishness is dead when selflessness is born,
Born for service are the leaders.

In life tolerance is a virtue,
Virtue that disciplines one's inconvenience -
Inconvenience against unrighteousness,
Unrighteousness is God's enemy.

Chaucer wrote 'The Canterbury Tales'
'Tales of Two Cities' is penned by Charles Dickens,

Dickens' Oliver Twist is an orphan,
An orphan is one who has no God.

Smile is a gift from Above,
Above is God's throne so holy,
Holy ones pave way to Heaven,
Heaven is the eternity for the good.

Think well not to fall,
Fall precedes winter to death,
Death shouldn't be one's fate,
Fate can be conquered by faith in God.

MBJ Pancras

Concatenation Verses (2)

If the world is meant for competition,
Competition will lead to jealousy,
Jealousy will lead unto war,
War destroys life and peace.

The world says: orphans and parentless,
Parentless parents may be called orphans,
Orphans are the ones, who have no God,
God is the Parent of mankind.

Kingship doth not lie in the scepter,
Sceptre ought to speak righteousness,
Righteousness of mankind is God's verdict,
Verdict of holiness shows way to Heaven.

Cleanliness is next to godliness,
Godliness is being pure in heart -
Heart that thinks of good and noble, □
Noble is the one who does good.

All live with music,
Music ought to be soothing,
Soothing one's heart is a virtue,
Virtue adds beauty to one's thought.

Those who share not cannot be leaders,
Leaders should ne'er be of selfishness,
Selfishness is dead when selflessness is born,
Born for service are the real leaders.

In life tolerance is a virtue,
Virtue disciplines one's inconvenience,
Inconvenience is against unrighteousness,
Unrighteousness is God's enemy.

Life is a gift rendered unto man,
Man ought to live with godly fear,
Fear of God alone giveth joy,

Joy dwells in Christ ever and ever.

MBJ Pancras

Concatenation Verses II

If the world is meant for competition,
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MBJ Pancras

Concatenation Verses Iii

Poetry is the gateway of feelings,
Feelings once suffered go worse,
Worse is not to feel in life,
Life is a chord with knots of feelings.

Life's turned to be mimicry,
Mimicry is nothing but imitation,
Imitation loses one's genuineness,
Genuineness alone builds one's personality.

Pleasures can never be treasures,
Treasures are found in deep heart,
Heart's life a furnace to glows,
Glows of trials forge one's life.

MBJ Pancras

Corona And Social Distancing

There sneaked a micro organism into the lives of human kind from elsewhere,
Who made it intruded is still a mystery, yet it's fate of the world
That life on earth is engulfed with thorns and bruises?
They say: It's from bats, some say: it's a shoot of 'Bio-war',
No doubt it's a sinister game and human lives are the ball, hit and shot,
Thousands of goals have been dropped and there was no cry of joy,
But 'cross the world there hath been flow of tears and fears.

The human lives, tainted with creepy killer organism, seek shields of defense,
And there around the Round Table Conference clicked a thought of 'Social
distancing'.
Provinces and states raised the alarm of crisis to avert throngs and mobs,
It hath been a portent for the imminent disaster on the face of earth,
A 'day of shut' hath been imposed on the lives as precaution -
No politics, no religion, no caste, no race and ego shall be the law,
For the blood is the same red with tissues and organs for all.

The day began with the legal menace 'cross the country,
And the wheels and bags were restricted screech and rustle,
The rich and the poor entered their 'house bags',
And there seen empty roads and streets except faint travelers.
Round the clock people's saviours were seen sweeping and spraying sterile
medicine,
Life-saving doctors and nurses were seen in spring-up action,
And those infected folks were brought under the treatment of the life-savers.

Behind the legitimate bars of seclusion from the pandemic infection,
There was seen a life of silence for a noble cause,
It was not a total inactivity, but a self introspection of social distancing -
A pledge to chase the epidemic killer virus away from human kind!
Media of service ran thro' hazards and perils brought into rooms the day's tasks.
It was a joint fight against COVID -19 beyond human restrictions,
And each of us shall be a victor 'gainst the epidemic violence.

MBJ Pancras

Corona....And India

I (Corona) was born elsewhere and they say:
I took my origin from an oriental province,
Some say: I am made to kick the shoot of 'super power'.
The West and the East make allegations 'gainst each other,
And I am the scapegoat betwixt the two poles.
I am made responsible of the dark days shadowed on the innocents,

They say: I am the carrier of the Devil's poison 'cross the horizon,
The news is spread: I consume the breath of the world,
They stuff the logic of mortality into the minds of the innocents,
And it is said: Keep away affinity betwixt each other.

They say: I sneaked into the soil of secularism,
But in reality, the orange soil of dictatorship.
Unawares I am how I am transported into this soil of diversity,
Might be the travelers among nations transported me.
Here in this soil a threatening menace is trumpeted,
And the citizens buried under the debris of dilapidated finance,
The 'power' of the chair hath dropped the curtain 'gainst the truth -
The curtain of falsity to squeeze the innocents to retain the 'power'
The smooth flow of the poor's livelihood hath been blocked,
And they've made the currency in Eastman colour,
The 'power' hath taken its refuge under the denims of the 'corporates'
And hath travelled in the 'roller coaster' and enjoyed pleasure ride.
Camouflaged beneath expensive bushes consuming the subjects' blood.
Silence is the 'power's slogan of eerie impression puffed up elsewhere,
With the hold of scepter of fanaticism, drifting from Greenery to Orange.
It's a boom in the house of economy dilapidated,
And the subjects' bowels are stuffed with rubble.
Walls are built to hide the slums and drenches,
And there's only empty cry of cleanliness,
And in reality the drama hath shown a clean sweep of economy.
I (Corona) watched this foolish drama months together in secrecy.
Their 'eagle's eye' wedged and caged me in the bottle of their philosophy,
And I am injected into the veins of their fallen economy.
The 'power' is bruised with countless arrows from the world market,
And they have taken me as the weapon of foolery 'gainst the citizens.
The 'power' says: live in quarantine and fight against Covid-19.
I may be evil in the eyes of the world, but of its deteriorated culture.

They know I am evil and I will breed in their rotten lifestyle,
But they have taken me as their gunfire and threat the breath of the world.

I don't know why I exist and what for I am made,
Can they contain me or take me to the laboratory for novel breeds?
I am not the creator, but I know I exist in their filthy bags,
Can you blame me or will you blame your uncomely walk of life?
I am sure I leave thee all if you leave your filthy bags from you all.
The decision is yours! The departure is mine!

MBJ Pancras

Covid 19

A
Virus,
Corona,
Covid 19 (Nineteen)
Sneak'd out from the East
Killing lakhs of people
Across the East and the West.
'Lock down' and 'Quarantine' practiced.
Self-isolation breaks relations.
Economy hath been ruled out,
Frontline Health workers on toes,
Researches on vaccine,
Terror rules the world.
How to contain
The disease
Is a
Test.

MBJ Pancras

Covid 19 Commercialized(Short Story)

It was a heavy downpour. Monsoonal rains started. God's own country has its regular rainfall every year. Mostly houses are seen embraced with greenery and dew drops bathing Nature and her inmates.

Amidst the pandemic, people were seen on roads and streets with their hectic scheduled activities. Uncaring the changing seasons of life, people were seen running helter-skelter with their jobs and tasks to run their livelihood.

It was around quarter to eight at night. Colourful parasols were seen floating across the air. They looked shimmering with blinking dew drop light rays reflected through night lamps. Lamp posts were seen spreading their electric lights; head lights of the moving vehicles were seen scattering their eye-blinding splashes of light.

Suddenly everyone walking on roads felt a powerful tremor on the surface of the earth around. It was followed by a thrashing lightning blaze across the dew drops in the air. No sooner did each of the passers-by discover the reason of the tremor and lightning blaze than a piece of the wreckage of a passenger aircraft was thrown out on the road.

"Hey, what's it? Look there, an air-plane is on fire. Listen to the wail from inside. What happened there? A passer-by howled at large.

"What a tragic accident has happened? "

"It's a plane crash."

Cries from distant parts of the vicinity of the accident spot created a panic amidst the local folks.

"Help me. Help us. I am half-burnt. Where is my child? Where is my spouse? "

These were the May-Day calls from the wrecked passenger aircraft.

"How did it happen? What could be the reason of this mishap?Is it sabotage preplanned? "

Countless apprehensive doubts and questions arose in the minds of the spectators.

Media persons arrived at the spot of the tragedy like swarms of bees buzzing with their electronic gadgets to shoot and collect news for their channels.

Police personnel and fire fighters with their machines flew to the spot and fought against the mishap to contain the blazing fire on the aircraft.

Medical experts and sanitary servicemen 'air-dashed' at the spot with ambulances and stretchers.

It was a pandemonium.

"It was heavily raining. Still it is pouring. It was around 10 minutes to eight. It was said that the pilot of the aircraft had tried to control the speed of the aircraft, but in had been trying to divert the plane to avoid landing on the

slippery airstrip. He failed. He had taken up plane again to change the direction, but in vain. But when he had attempted the third time, unfortunately, the pilot had lost his control over the aircraft. The aircraft dragged itself out of the airstrip and fell into a deep gorge. The nose of the aircraft had hit the crater and the passengers sitting in the front, including the pilots were killed in the accident. The passengers sitting at the back of the plane were severely wounded. The injured passengers are being taken to hospitals. Medical experts, police personnel and other media persons have arrived. Now you can see the accident spot." One of the media news reporters, holding a mike, standing in front of a camera narrated his version of the story of the mishap. The camera went around the spot and videoed the happenings of the night.

In no time, after a lapse of 15 minutes, all television channels ran the race of telecasting 'Breaking News - A passenger aircraft met with an accident - survivors not estimated.'

In the running news, it was read: 'one of the victims of the aircraft tragedy has been affected by Covid 19; two wounded survivors are tested corona positive.' field switched off the television and worked on thinking.

"Darling, what are you thinking? What a tragic accident has happened? 'Mrs. Foolsfield kindled Mr. Foolsfield's thinking.

"Yes, honey, corona has become commercialized. Earlier it was announced that one lakh rupees would be granted to the authority concerned by the central authority if a corona patient was shown. Now, don't you see the numbers are increasing? Now they have raised the grant to four lakhs each.

"Now, what makes you bring out that news now? I don't understand it." Mrs. Foolsfield was curious to his thinking.

"Yes, Darling, they found a dead person affected with corona. And two badly wounded survivors are affected with corona too."

"Oh."

"Yes, honey, detection is being carried on even into the interior of the wreckage to make money."

"Oh."

"Yes, Darling, money is the ruler; humanity is dead." Mr. Foolsfield ended his thinking with a philosophical but factual note on the aircraft accident."

"Honey, it is everywhere in different corners, through different loop holes." Mrs. Foolsfield supported Mr. Foolsfield.

"Yes. This is money-ruling society; death knell to humanity. We can't help are also surviving in this society. More things are happening around us."

Mr. Foolsfield rose from his chair to begin his daily chores.

MBJ Pancras

Covid 19: Warriors

Thou art the warriors, selfless to work,
All thy moments with the lives in danger,
Beyond the thought of selfish time of break,
Thy sacrifice's the sign of savior,
Sanitary officials around
On toes to draw the panels of hygiene,
Untiring forces of stick to the ground
With the caution `gainst the evil engine.
The pandemic spy from elsewhere stole in,
And the pastures now turned into barren,
Numberless lives stuffed into the coffin,
And all around heard the eerie siren.
Thou art the warriors, born for service,
And thou art all next to God for the praise.

MBJ Pancras

Covid-19: A Doctor's Last Visit To His Family

"Don't panic, but we're all in panic due to this pandemic,
I've been `midst our fellow-beings gripped with Covid-19,
I treated my fellow-citizens with the Divine courage -
The courage of selfless sacrifice for everyone is God's children.
You found me elsewhere and I sought thee elsewhere,
And we begot our offspring elsewhere,
And it's all the plan of the Creator just for a while.
I know you are carrying our third life,
And our life has a meaning in the Book of God.
Here I'm at the gateway threshold just outside,
I can't step in to steal the show and hug thee,
I can watch thy eyes shrouded with enigmatic tears:
Tears of pride of my service or tears of my departure,
I look into thy womb carrying our love within,
My heart perceives the movements of our tiny babe,
I wish I can touch its slender fingers and proclaim my selfless service,
Yet I hope you can teach our babe in my absence.
Look at our two kids standing at thy side,
They look for my entry inside with a smile of hope,
I don't like to kill their hope, so teach them too of my lasting service,
I leave with thee all our nostalgic bygone moments with thee all,
This is my last visit on earth and we shall visit again in the next world.
Be brave on earth fighting the evil and win the battle of pain.
Catch my hug and take it into thy heart and pass it into our kids.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
Final Call is ringing into my ears.

MBJ Pancras

Cross

the way unto life,
the only symbol of life,
divine sacrifice. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Crying Love

know you not my heart
weeps of thy silence to me?
love maketh me cry.

MBJ Pancras

Daisy (Flower)

Beautiful blossom,
So fragrant and inspiring,
Nature's noble art.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Dancing Clouds

Nature's lullaby
sung into the ears of clouds
dancing in fancy

(Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Dawn

Freshness born with hope,
A moment full of dreams,
The advent of day.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Death

A fine departure,
A way to eternity,
The will of Heaven.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Death.... Through My Life.

Death did enter thro' the gateway of Disobedience in the Garden,
A separation from the Presence of God existed 'twixt Heaven and earth,
And it was the spiritual separation 'twixt the One and the ones,
First pronounced with the knowledge of Good and Evil,
The dethroned first parents chased away with the stigma of sin committed,
Where the greenery of Eden then turned barren and pale.

Pain and sorrows, the forerunners of Death, scattered pandemic,
Sweats and travails thrashed 'cross human survival,
There had been entries and exits enacted on the world's stage,
The rich and the poor, the king and the citizens turned into dust,
And it's the established Law indelibly carved in mystery,
And shall end with the End of the world in HIS Coming.

I was formed in a woman's womb 'gainst my wish,
My foetus grew within with the bond of umbilical cord,
And it fed my 'life' within the wall of cells,
Unawares I learnt the truth of death anytime,
Yet the aim of death was not fixed then,
For I must see the world awhile as destined by HIM.

I entered the world as a babe crawling in the arms of my mother,
She smiled at me and I smiled at her,
I cried at her and she fed me her milk,
I was a babe of joy to everyone around me,
The meaning of death was veiled unto me,
For as predestined I had to enter the world of childhood.

Unawares I learnt crawling and walking with a few utterances,
Quick flashes of Truth traversed within unawares,
Death must have aimed at me, but it missed its mark
For my time of exit had not been written in HIS Book,
My mind had been still hid with unripe knowledge,
So I dwelled in the clothes of childhood till I grew to a boy,

The spirit in my boyhood was delighted with the sprightly dance of the daffodils,
I was taken to the chamber of letters and diagrams, mixed with pranks,
I flew kites and balloons and learnt juvenile skills to scramble through,
Thorns must have pricked me with blood oozing out,
Tiny vestiges of death must have encountered me,
But unawares a shield of protection always travelled with me.

As an adolescent I grew with the knowledge of existence of soul within,
My life tainted with dirt and filth, consciously and unwittingly,
Unawares I must have bitter experiences of mocking dangers,
The tenets of life on earth had always veiled the truth of death to me,
I must have travelled with the unseen breath of death,
Yet the hand of death had not targeted me before time.

I entered into the clothes of manhood, pale and gloomy,
Amidst fire I strolled holding a two-edged Sword,
I fell into dungeons smeared with mud and sludge,
With the perception of vestiges of death scurried thro' corridors,
At times I broke the Law deliberately,
Yet the aim of death lost its mark upon me.

Now I run my life thro' fragrant thorns with pleasant bruises,
Enigmatic vestiges of terror of death lashes my spirit,
Persistent lingering of fatal epidemic demonstrates its cruel act,
And it's a massacre staged by the cowardly Evil,
Which has its black scepter flaunting 'gainst the GOOD,
And the breath of death passes nearby, but HE is with us.

But the day will come as the day was fixed to me,
And as the Law of the Divine Master the aim will hit the target,
And I shall be one amongst in the line of the grave,
The nature of my exit hath been veiled with the time unknown unto me,
Yet the Word hath already marked the sojourners' exit distinctly,
And it's my concern to let my soul pass gently beside HIM.

MBJ Pancras

Deep Heart

thy heart is a sea
of love for me silently
utters love through waves.

MBJ Pancras

Deep Love

Love in depth shining
Sweetly through smiles and keen eyes
Writ in sweet poems.

MBJ Pancras

Demise Of Mother

irreparable,
the great law of universe,
all to surrender. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Demonetization

(Senryu)

death of power
by demonetization
poverty on roads.
P

MBJ Pancras

Departing Spring!

Spring moveth in paces away from me,
What hath been wrong with thee
Or what hath been wrong with me?
My words of love detest unto thee?
If thou thinkest my kinship with thee is black moon,
Let me walk away from thee once for all.
I perceive thou kickestmy airy messages with thy disgust on me,
Thou mayest think I'm a stupid babbler with my crazy longing for thee.
I fear my strides of love unto thee turn the way down.
Dost thou like to say 'Good Bye' unto me?
If thou wouldest say so, lend me thy smile
And I would keep it deep in my heart.
Let me not smile unto thee openly,
And I would walk away from thy presence.
Thou wilt be thee, and I shall be me.
Shall we? !

MBJ Pancras

Deterioration

weakly survival,
lack of refreshing support,
denial of growth.

(a Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Discount

mockery of sale,
manifesto of fake deal,
lucrative looting. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Divinity

subject mystery,
unfathomable concept,
faith-based mystic theme. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Doll

Man' own replica,
Submissive to Heaven's Rod,
Thinking to himself.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Doomsday

In a speck of time the heaven opens
A Flash of Light across the horizons,
With the Thunderbolt striking the souls,
The heavens dismantling, the earth burning,
Not the global warming, but the soul warming,
Not a second to repent, Not a minute for redressal,
The opening of the graves stands with the living
At the Judgement Seat, all in horror,
The Judgement reserved for His rejection,
And the Blessings for His choice,
Ever in His Glory shouting praise to Him.

MBJ Pancras

Downfall

proud heroism,
ambition beyond the sky,
Caesar of Brutus. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Drawing Room Philosophy ide Reality

“Oh, they have no brain; what they do is against the law,
The law says: stick to yourselves; never try out anymore,
Look at us how we are here! What makes thee free now?
We follow the word of the law. Everyone knows time plays a lot now.
Think of the past how you were; how much you've earned;
We think of our past how much we worked; we have our banks,
Crucial is the hour of the present; peep not your heads out,
For unseen war lingers all around; Victory may not be ours.
Learn endurance awhile. If not, you are all responsible for the defeat.
Learn lessons from us. We follow the reason for confinement;
Be content with what you have. Look at us; we are within walls.
Cleaning soaps are not costly and you can use frequently.
Never breathe out strongly, and your profile shall be veiled,
Have health drink; Consume fruits and be veggies.
Learn the art being creative within your confinement,
Learn lessons from us; we are confined for the better of all.”

Alas! We are left orphans; nothing is left with us,
The law is helpless to us; the law of confinement!
Our children are starving; our necessity is robbed;
We look ourselves and search for our life
Our starvation overlooks the law,
Our past too was not better, but of no complaint,
Our families are registered with the birth of misfortune.
We have never seen banks, for our stomachs are always half-filled.
Crucial is the hour of our starvation; so we seek life.
Wars, seen or unseen, have existed;
Even the victors have died one day.
We learn how to starve; so we learnt endurance,
Any reason of confinement can never question starvation.
We have nothing to be content; we have walls of shelter.
The appetite in us looks for food; not soap,
We have no breath; we have no profile,
The price of a bottle of water is a dream to us.
Our pathos is our skills of creativity,
And we the comedians of the show;
The comedians are never respected, but laughed at.

Dream

vague apparitions,
delight or melancholic,
temporal mirage.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Dual Role

(HAIKU) OR (SENRYU)

do or die, we're one
to play one and two to show
that life is double.

MBJ Pancras

Dutifulness

not a routine work,
not bound for dedication,
done in conscience. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

E=mc²

magic of Einstein
with his gimmicks of Physics
Relative product.

MBJ Pancras

Each Moment Is An Anecdote...

The warmth of morning breeze hugs my heart of love,
And there traverses a song of a song bird tenderly,
Dreams of Nature flash across the firmament of beauty,
My heart is thrilled by the melody of the notes of the song bird.
It's the song of sequence of wonders knit with thy ideals:
Thy thoughts uprightness, thy words of gentleness, thy acts of benevolence,
Thy gestures speak candidness, and my heart is touched by them.
And I open my book of poetry to fill thee in the pages,
For thou art an inspiration drawn unto my world of poetry.
Thou wilt be in the leaves of my book of verses,
And it's a way of life sharing and caring,
For life is beautiful if shared one's joys and sorrows.
Each moment is an anecdote to be in memory,
And sweet memories bring joy and hilarity.

MBJ Pancras

Ecclesiastes In Haiku

Ecclesiastes in Haiku/Senryu

(Begun on 14th September 2020 at 17.59 hrs.)

Chapter 1

What profit man hath
All labored under the sun?
For, it's vanity.

Cohorts pass away,
The sun rises and goes down,
The winds takes its way.

All rivers to sea;
Yet, the sea is incomplete,
None is satisfied.

The thing that was seen,
And it shall be the same thing,
Nothing new to life.

No old memory,
Reminiscences shall be vain,
It's oblivion.

I let my heart strive
For worldly wisdom to soar,
My wings are cut off.

The works done en earth,
They have proved vanity,
Full of vexation!

Crooked is crooked,
Wanting cannot be numbered,

Lost is ever lost.

I spoke to my heart:
'Great estate and wit with me,
And none can hit me.'

I let my heart fide
On the worldly wit in vain,
All is vexation!

Much wit is much grief;
I the preacher who longs for,
Much knowledge, much grief.

Chapter 2

I said in my heart:
'Go now; enjoy life in mirth,
Behold, all is vain.

My heart strolls in wine,
And to lay hold on folly
In which the world drowned.

Great works and houses
And vineyards I planted,
With silver and gold.

Orchards and gardens,
Trees bearing fruits all over,
Around living pools.

Servants and maidens
I have housed great possessions.
Having great cattle.

Great many singers
'midst the delights in music,

I was great of all.

I let my eyes drown
In the sea of sweet pleasures,
This was my portion.

I looked down my works,
And the labour I believed,
All is vanity.

I turned to knowledge,
What can men know what happens?
Nothing new to life.

The eyes of the wise
Are above to walk with God,
But fools stroll in dark.

What happens to fools
The same happens unto me,
So, am I wiser?

Not in memory,
The wise or the fool does die,
All days forgotten.

So, I hated life,
The labour under the sun
Is full of sorrow.

My toil shall pass,
He that follows me covets
The fruits of my hand.

Who knows wise or fool?
My labour under the sun,
Uncertain of life.

One's days are sorrows,
His travail is full of grief,
Drained in sleepless nights.

Eat, drink; be merry,
One's life, eating and drinking,
Life is from the Lord.

God giveth wisdom,
But fools do die in pleasures,
Life sans God is vain.

Chapter 3

Each thing, a season,
A time to every purpose,
Under the heavens.

A time to be born,
A time to die and to plant,
A time to pluck up.

A time to slaughter,
A time to heal and break down,
A time to build up.

A time to cry out,
A time to laugh and lament,
And a time to dance.

A time to throw stones,
A time to gather those stones,
Each thing hath a time.

A time to embrace,
A time to hate embracing,
Each time for each work.

A time to beget,
A time to lose all we got,
Each work hath a time.

A time to rend things,
A time to sew the worn out,
Each way hath a time.

A time to keep still
A time to speak and proclaim,
A time to listen.

There's a time to love,
A time to hate and betray,
A time of war and peace.

What profit hath he
That worketh under the sun,
And in his labour?

I've seen the travail,
Which God hath given to men,
That they live on it.

In His time God made
Each thing beautiful on earth,
And in their heart deep.

No good in my work,
My heart knows men to rejoice,
And men to do good.

Each one eats and drinks,
And enjoys good in his work,
It's the gift of God.

Whatever God does,
It shall be till God wishes,
All men shall fear God.

I saw wickedness
Beneath the sun there's evil,
Unrighteousness strolls.

There's time for judgment,

The good and the evil,
It's God's Justice.

The estate of men,
That God shall manifest all,
And men turned to beasts.

Men and beasts befall,
If one dies, the other dies,
All is vanity.

All go to one place,
For each one is of the dust,
And all turn to dust.

Does man's spirit soar,
And the beasts' spirit goes down?
All is a mystery.

I know nothing good,
That man strolls in his own works,
Who knows what's after?

Chapter 4

All under the sun,
They're the tears of the oppressed,
There's no comforter.

The dead are the better,
The livings are no better,
For, life is of grief.

Jealousy lingers,
And each work rips of envy,
All is vanity.

The fool folds his hands,
Hands together in belief,

But eats his own flesh.

Silence is better,
But travail eateth one's soul,
All is vexation.

Deceitful are eyes,
For, riches shall give sorrow,
For whom should I work?

Better are the two,
For, they have a good reward,
All seeming vision.

If one falleth down,
The other is his shoulder,
Help to each other.

One prevails 'gainst him,
But two shall withstand him strong,
The threefold is strong.

A wise child is great,
But not the foolish ruler,
And kingdom falls.

He comes out of jail,
All his decrees shall prove vain,
His domain turns poor.

There's endless of end,
Temporal mirth turns lasting fire,
Vexation of soul.

Chapter 5

Let thy foot be clean
In the Presence of the Lord,
Stay away from fools.

Swear not unto God,
Let thy words be small and few,
God is in Heaven.

Dreams come through business,
A fool speaks numberless words,
He's known by his words.

Vow to God truly,
Hesitate not to pay it,
God hates the foolish.

Better not to vow,
Defer not to pay thy vow,
For, God is awesome.

Shut thy mouth; sin not,
Thy sins shall anger the Lord,
Thou shalt be punished.

Oppression at stake,
Marvel not at unjust law,
The Lord is greater.

The earth is for all,
Profit and loss are for all,
Kings or folks, the same.

Silver gives no peace,
Love for possessions shall rot,
All is vanity.

Goods on earth increase,
They that eat them shall increase,
What good is in work?

The sleep of hard work
Is sweet and joyful boundless,
The rich will not sleep.

I found an evil,

The rich hurt themselves in pain
Buried in sorrow.

By evil travail
The rich shall perish ever,
Nothing for his son.

Entry with nothing,
Stroll in pleasures and riches,
Exit with nothing.

Buried in pleasures,
Countless designs man shall make,
The end is nothing.

Man eats in darkness
With liquid of sorrow,
, Tarnished with sickness.

Eating and drinking,
With labour under the sun,
All is man's portion.

Possessions and wealth,
With the power to rule them,
It's the gift of God.

The days of man's life
Shall never be remembered,
For God answers him.

Chapter 6

Rendered with riches,
But the soul hath not been pleased,
All is vanity.

More children more pain,

More age, much sorrow, no good,
None follows others.

The rich comes through dark,
Shrouded with darkness and pain,
One's name shall vanish.

No sun for the rich,
Ignorant of things around,
Vexation of soul.

Might be thousand years,
All through ages with no good,
All reach the same dust.

The labour for mouth,
Bruised by profitless travail,
The end is empty.

Is the wise so great?
What hath the poor to walk?
Life on is vain.

Better to have sight,
The eyes long for desire,
Vexation of soul.

What was named exists,
It is known that it is man
No one is mighty.

Many things increase,
But, all this increase is vain,
What's man the better?

None knows good for man,
Men's days are of vanity,
It's a shadow life.

Chapter 7

Better a good name,
Than precious ointment to earn,
Exit than entry.

Better mourning house,
Than feasting home to learn life,
That's the end of life.

Better is sorrow,
Than mirth to build expression
Better in the heart.

The heart of the wise
In mourning house; in laughter
Is the heart of fools.

Rebuke of the wise,
Better to hear; Songs of fools,
Unlikely to hear.

Laughter of the fool,
As crackling of thorns 'neath ot,
The fool's mirth is vain.

The wise turneth mad
In oppression; and a gift
Destroyeth the heart.

Better the ending,
Than the start; better patience
Than pride unto death.

Thou, be not angry,
For anger rests in fool's heart,
It's the end of life.

Were old days better?
Why dost thou brood over them?

Be wise in thy life.

Wisdom is graceful,
Thou shalt have inheritance,
Gain to see the sun.

Wisdom, a defence,
Money too is a defence,
Yet, wisdom gives life.

Consider God's work,
For, none makes straight which God made,
And man is crooked.

Be joyful in wealth,
Think of thy adversity,
Who knows after life?

The just perishes
In his righteousness on earth,
But the wicked lives.

Be not righteous much,
Neither be not over wise,
Why thou kill thyself?

Be not much wicked,
Neither be thou so foolish,
Don't die before time.

It's good to hold faith,
For, those fear God shall flourish,
Withdraw not from faith.

Wisdom builds the wise
More than ten mighty warfare
Which is in city.

There's no a just man
Upon the earth that does good,
And that sinneth noth.

Heed not all words said,
Lest thou hear curses from all,
Be mindful of words.

Oftentimes thou know
That thy heart hath cursed others,
Curse not thy people.

Wisdom taught me life,
I said myself: 'I'll be wise',
But far from my heart.

Who finds the far-off?
Who find the exceeding dee; p?
Who finds the unknown?

I let my heart search,
Where wisdom dwells I long for,
Evil is madness.

Women are bitter
Than death; whose heart snares and nets,
Leave her and please God.

Behold! I found it,
Counting one by one to learn
What life is on earth.

My soul seeks in vain -
One man among a thousand,
But a woman not.

I learnt in my heart:
Lord God hath made man upright;
But men sought evil.

Chapter 8

Who's as the wise man?
Wisdom maketh man to shine,
Whose countenance shines.

I teach thee to keep
The king's commandment and live
And regard His Oath.

Haste not to fly far
From God; Stroll not in evil,
Please God in thy deeds.

Where the king's word is,
There is power and he lives,
None can displease him.

Whoso keeps the law
In him there is no evil,
He knows time and law.

For, to each purpose
There shall be time and judgment,
So big is sorrow.

Which shall be in life,
He knows not and how to live,
Who says when shall be?

No power for man
To control his life and death,
No evil saves him.

I let my heart see
Every work under the sun,
A time to rule all!

I saw the wicked
Buried, who came from heaven,
And so forgotten.

Late verdict to bad,
So, their hearts stroll in evil,

All in vanity.

Sinners live long time,
Yet, I know that those fear God
Too shall live long time.

Shadow is their life,
Who seem to live many days,
And they fear not God.

The just may be rebuk'd,
The wicked may have law,
A seeming justice!

So, I praised pleasure
To eat, drink and be merry,
I decide to choose.

I longed for wisdom,
And the work under the sun,
No sleep in my eyes!

I saw all God's work,
Unreachable to mankind,
Vain satisfaction!

Chapter 9

The deeds of the wise,
The righteous are in God's Hand,
None knoweth of them.

All things come alike,
The wicked and the righteous,
Fear thy oath in God.

Of evil their hearts,

While holding their breath on earth,
And they go to grave.

Hope in unity,
A living dog is better
Than a dead lion.

The wise know they die,
The dead shall have no reward,
The memories lost.

No more emotions,
All have perished in the grave,
Ne'er shall be carried.

Go thy way and stroll
In pleasures with bread and wine,
God accepts thy works.

Let thy clothes be white,
Let thy head lack no ointment,
And stroll in pleasures.

Pleasure with thy wife,
That's thy portion in this life,
And thy works on earth.

Do thy work with might,
Nothing shalt thou find in grave,
All is vanity.

I learnt life is vain:
Race, battle, bread and riches
All happen by chance.

In fish in their trap,
Man knows not his time, but caught
In snares of evil.

This wisdom in me
Greater unto me to know life
All under the sun.

A few citizens,
Caught in the cage of a king,
With bulwarks by him.

The wise hath no regard,
His wisdom shall not be heard
In an evil town.

Wisdom is better,
Although the wise is despised,
I said in my heart.

The words of the wise
They shall be heard by the good,
But not by the fools.

Wisdom is better
Than weapons of war to gain,
But sinners hate good.

Chapter 10

Dead flies are evil,
foul-smelling to medicine,
So in fame for wit.

The wise at his right,
A battle between faces!
The fool at his left.

The fool in his way;
His wisdom fails; His trumpet
Blows that he's a fool.

Leave not thy status
If the ruler breaks thy pace,
Yielding gives softness.

An evil on earth -
An error from the ruler
Proceeds from his mind.

In great dignity
Folly is set high. The rich
Is set in low place.

Servants on horses;
Justice fails upon the earth,
Princes as servants.

One's own pit eats him,
The evil emits poison
On the law-breaker.

Whoso removes stones
Shall be hurt therewith. He who
Cleaves be in danger.

If the edge not whet,
More strength be added for pow'r,
Wisdom is greater.

Without enchantment
The serpent will bite to death,
No good a babbler.

Wise words are graceful,
Wisdom greater than fools' talk,
Foolish words eat up.

The start and the end
Of those who speak witless words
Are foolish and mad.

A fool, full of words,
What shall be and after death?
No one can predict.

The foolish labour

Wearies every one. For, he
Knows not how to go.

When thy king, a fool,
O, Land! Woe to thee! In morn
Thy princes eat up.

When thy king, noble,
Thou art blessed! Thy princes
Eat in due season.

Slothfulness decays
A building. In idleness
The house falleth down.

A feast for laughter,
Wine for merriment. Money
Answereth all things.

Curse not the king and rich,
For, birds shall carry the voice
And tell the matter.

Chapter 11

Cast thy bread to find
Upon the waters. Thou shalt
Find it days later.

A portion to eight,
And to seven. For, none knows
What evil on earth.

Water clouds fall down,
The trees that fall south or north,
They shall fall down.

He watches the wind

Shall not sow seeds. He sees clouds
Shall not reap the gain.
How the spirit goes;
How bones grow in the fetus,
You know not God's works.

Sow thy seed in morn,
Hold not it even. You know
Not its gain or loss.

The light, sweet and nice,
Pleasant it is for the eyes
To behold the sun,

Let men live long days
In mirth. Yet they forget not
The days of darkness.

Rejoice in thy youth,
Walk in the ways of thy sight,
But there is judgment.

So, remove the pain
And sin from thy heart and flesh,
For, young days are vain.

Chapter 12

Think of thy Maker
In thy youth. Say not: Pleasure,
Let not evil rise.

Sun, moon and the stars
Be not darkened, nor the clouds
Return after rain.
House-keepers tremble.
Strength ceases. Few grinders cease.
The day be darkened.

The doors shut in streets.
Low grinding sound. Like bird's voice,
Low daughter's music.

People's way scary,
Almond grows; weightless burden,
Wants fall; mourners grow.

Silver cord shall break,
Golden bowl breaks; Pitcher breaks;
Wheel breaks at cistern.

Dust returns to earth,
Spirit returns unto God
As it was by Word.

All is vanity,
The preacher proclaims to all,
Vain is life on earth.

The preacher was wise.
He taught knowledge; gave good heed,
He spoke in proverbs.

Wise words he sought out,
All those written was upright,
Even words of truth.

The wise words are goads,
Like nails fastened in great groups,
Words of the shepherd.

My son: be cautious.
No end of making more books,
More learning, much grief.

Let's hear the ending:
Fear God; keep His Commandments;
That's duty of man.

Completed on 09th November 2020 at 04.55 a.m. MBJ Pancras

MBJ Pancras

Eight And Fifty Strides!

Thou crossed eight and fifty strides through thorns and roses,
Great arrows perhaps hit thee; yet blown off with thy breath.
In an unknown planet thou might be yonder our keen eye.
Like an albatross there flew `cross our world of life,
And we browsed thy breath in the flight of the bird.

Thou hast become a Good Samaritan with us three,
Each of the step we've lain there's an imprint of thine.
We've been cherished by thy pleasant shower,
Each of the bruises we received is treated with care.
Thou art a Good Samaritan appeared in our life.

This is the day thou wert born, and here is our song for thee,
Be cherished in the flowery garden of verses painted here.
And thou art the rainbow ever to shine in the sky of our life.

MBJ Pancras

Eighth Wonder

Thy Smile

To Our Loving Daughter

It's the Eighth Wonder on earth
And the First Wonder elsewhere.
Like a ray of a distant star
Thy smile flashes across our world.
Like a dropp of heavenly shower
It gently touches our souls.
Neither the enigmatic smile of Lisa
Nor the smile of Vinci's model
Compared unto thy heavenly smile
For thou art God's Gift with divine features.
Thy eyes do smile too
For they're the lights of the Heavenly Star.
Thy smile is the handiwork of God,
Thy smile is the medicine to every grieving soul,
Thy smile is the utterance of God
Who dwells in the innocence of babes,
Thy smiling eyes do express Heavenly Light.
Let's imbibe thy smile and dwell in innocence,
For innocence is beauty born of virtues.

MBJ Pancras

Electricity

ghost of mystery
dancing on brainless wires,
the god of science. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Elegy Written On The Death Of A Compassionate Guardian

Thou, O, a Compassionate Soul!
Where art thou? Thou hast left us sans bidding unto us,
What hath happened unto thee, our true guardian?
Why hast thou left us? Tell us why.
Thy far-reaching love and compassion unto many can ne'er fade away,
Thou wert a father unto us behind our footsteps,
Thy voice no more we can hear,
And it went deep into the earth,
Like an ancient knight thou wert our protector,
Thou wert a warrior holding the sword of compassion,
Thou wert a Good Samaritan mending bruises of hearts,
Countless souls are bereaved now sans thee with them,
Thou had proved values of life by thy living,
Thy heart is the repository of human values,
Thou hast never built a house of bricks,
But thou hast become a home of the needy,
Thou hast proved beauty dwells in compassion and concern.
Thy sudden departure far away from us left us in tears,
Thy life hath become the rainbow of numerous homes,
Material possessions were nothing in front of thee
For thou hast lived the life of nobility and mercy.
The moments thou wert with us still revolving around us,
Thou wert like the sun with nine planets
Holding them with thy heart of pity and concern.
O patron! Yea, the patron of love and compassion!
Thy laughter and smiles circled around us,
And thou art now lying breathless.
Wilt thou come back to laugh and smile?
But send thy laughter and smile from wherever thou art,
Thy humility held our heart in awe,
Now death has held thee tight and hugged.
Can't thou now hear the voices deep into thy heart?
Yea, they are the voices of those thou had pitied.

A soul like thine is no more to meet in our life,
Thou art still our angelic guardian watching over us
From wherever thou art, and it's our belief and hope.

Sans good bye from our heart, we bid farewell unto thee.
Thou shalt rest in peace ever and ever.

MBJ Pancras

Elegy Written On The Death Of My Dad

O Dad! My Dad! Thy journey on earth is over;
Thou now reached the Heavenly Abode,
Thou had travelled through thistles and thorns,
Debris and rubbles scattered on thy way,
Thou had kept quiet within thee, and ne'er complained,
Thou had carried Achilles' heel in thy wedding bond with thy silence,
Stubborn, but not adamant, and with steadfast sobriety,
Thou had traversed crises, but kept within hidden love and concern,
The love and concern thou had failed to express unto thy folks.

Now thou hast left us for the Heavenly Abode,
The grief thou had hid in thee wriggled thy body and mind,
Thy mind had invited thy children far away from thee,
But the inimical pandemic had built a barrier 'twixt us,
We looked at thy breathless face on virtual screen,
Even thy lifeless eyes emit thy deep rooted agony.

Thou had imprinted in us the lasting bond between us,
Yea, thy unforgettable kisses engraved in our hearts,
Alas! Rootless storms and tempests struck the passage of life,
Thou had wished to keep crown on us, but in vain.

We, thy children, had wished to be near thee,
And thou had longed for our presence and concern.
Now we looked at thy breathless countenance,
Thou were carried unto the grave, and that is thy last journey,
Unfortunate and unhappy children are we,
For we were not a part in thy last journey.

Thou shalt be in our hearts till we leave our breath,
The days with thee are unforgettable.
Thou art not fallen, but thou art victorious,
For thou had lived the life of determination.

Here I leave unto thy feet my simplest elegy,
Read this elegy while thou art in Heaven,
And thou wilt know how much we owe thee
For thy love and affection shown unto us on earth.

Let me leave my tears unto thy grave,
And I hope my tears shall speak unto thee.

Farewell unto thee forever, Dad, o, my Dad!

MBJ Pancras

Emptiness / Haiku

my body on earth
sans Jesus Christ and His Word
forgetting my soul.

MBJ Pancras

Enmity

Passion for disgrace,
'twixt those who break the love bond,
Strolls till repentance.

MBJ Pancras

Entering The World...

Wriggling with travail thy mother squeezes herself,
The clinic doors paced up and down,
The gynecologist, ready with her mind and tools,
Nurses were seen holding medical utensils,
Monitors were kept on to watch the baby's entry into the world,
Thy father, over the wheels of the train, pacing up and down,
Yea, his mind revolved around the moments of thy entry,
Thy mother gave a push from behind thee,
Thou kicked her back with thy pranks inside,
Thy utterance we could not hear out,
Yet, thy utterance resounded across the horizons,
Thy debut on the worldly stage yet to begin,
Thy mother was in the battlefield of victory,
And thou were the victory in our life,
Seconds flew; but minutes crawled with thy mother's travail,
Prayers were lifted and reaching the Lord's Feet,
Thy feet reached out first; thou wert pulled with care,
The rattling of the wheels of the train reached thy ears,
The couch of thy mother vibrated with pain,
With gentle vigor thou were being drawn out,
The clock struck four minutes to four,
Thou entered the world as a victor,
Showers of blessings from Above rained on thee,
All our prayers were answered,
And thou hast opened a new leaf of the book of life.
Thy mother held thee in her arms of love,
Thy father held thee in his vision on the moving wheels,
The Good Samaritan, the one who hath taken care, cried in joy,
Yea, Thy entry into the world hath given a meaning of life of ours.
Thank You, Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

MBJ Pancras

Entering The World....

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MBJ Pancras

Epic

Poem in grand style,
Sublime theme in large volumes,
Similies plenty. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Exodus

it was Israelites,
now the world of grave tensions,
where is the target? (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Extremes Of Proximity

I wish to be the mid-point of a circle,
The circle may not meet the mid-point,
The mid-point cannot reach the circle.
Lines may pass through the mid-point,
And it may be mandatory if longed for affection,
And may be optional if ego lingers within,
Obligations and options are for all.

Goodness is cherished in proximity in goodness,
Affinity grows and flourishes to grow fragrant flowers,
Fruits grow and nourish the hearts,
If an arm suffers, two legs share the pain,
Agony turns joy in proximity in goodness,
Selflessness dwells in at home,
Sharing and caring add beauty to home,
No disguise shows; no gimmicks on roads,
Almost a paradise on earth with happy moments.

Badness is ripped in proximity in badness,
Hatred drains and consumes the root,
Fruits turn rot; leaves turn pale,
If an eye turns blind, the other celebrates the blindness,
Joy turns agony in proximity in badness,
Selfishness rolls in pleasure,
Coveting and preying rip the home,
Parading with disguise shows; repulsive storms at all corners,
It is a hellish chasm on earth with saddest moments.

MBJ Pancras

Fame

genius adored,
nobility realised,
purpose understood. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Family

Love in unity
Father, mother and the child,
A bond by Heaven.

MBJ Pancras

Far From Me?

Wilt thou go far away from me?
What maketh thee to make me cry?
Where wilt thou go sans me?
Why is it so that we met each other?
Do you think thou in me go yonder my world?
Why is it so thou hast showered thy love on me?
How hast thou entered my heart?
Why hast thou made me cry in silence?
Know ye not my heart weeps in laughter?
Can you feel thy love in me smiles within?
Know ye my love in thee rejoices in thy smiling looks?
What else can I paint in verses of my longing for thy love?
Can you chant thy reply unto me?
And wilt thou stay with me that joy shall dance in us?

MBJ Pancras

Fashion Model

slimstyle mockery.
a trickery for dollars,
exotic passion. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Fear Of Death

From the beloved
The pain of separation
Sans hopeless future. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Fire

Wrath of the Great Judge,
Tormenting separation
From Heaven's Glory. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

First Step To Success

Thy child, Father in Heaven, is Thy Gift,
Born unto us with lots of our prayers,
Thou hast walked with her, drenched with Thy Wit,
Yea, Suzanna, Thy child, shines in mirrors,
The words that she hath uttered are Thy Words,
The steps that she hath made are Thy Designs,
The songs that she singeth are of Thy Bards,
The prayers that she says are of Thy Guidelines,
Thou hast shown her the First Step to Success,
In her life it's her First Land mark set high,
The moments she spent are of her progress,
The efforts she made took her to the sky.
Thy Mercy, our prayers crowned Thy Sweet Child,
By Thy smile of Grace, Thy child shall be hailed.

MBJ Pancras

Flowers

symbol of beauty,
dreams of sprightly green nature,
an art of Heaven. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Fog

illusive device,
an obstacle determined,
a fall betwixt journey. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Fragrance

pleasant to senses,
panacea for dreams,
artistic drama.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Fragrant Thorns

Dramatic Monologue

Dramatic Monologue

Fragrant Thorns

(Solitary Chamber. Heart breaking melodious music is flowing silently. Young Ren is looking pale, soliloquizing.)

Young Ren: Sweet Flance!

Can you hear me?

I do know you can never see me now;

But hear me - my words at least!

Feel my heart that hangs on nothing;
Yet resting itself on my unrequited love.

Hear me! Do hear me!

Send thy spirit unto me awhile,
And hearken my silent words.

Dear Flance!

Thou must be now with thy partner
Breaking thy footprints with me once;
Yet ne'er am I angry with thee.
From him I should not take thee away;
Yet listen unto me awhile.

Dear Flance!

I loved thee not at the very first sight
Like Orlando and Rosalind -
Orlando was a wrestler,
Rosalind was a fair lady.

Their love began at an arena in a contest -
Rosalind in the guise of Ganymede,
Their love passed thro' rustic lands
Symbolizing the art of Nature,
Their love stirred the young hearts
With wonder and fancy.

Sweet Flance!

Romeo died of Juliet and Juliet of Romeo -
Breaking endurance to chaos.
There was poison in their love.

Dear Flance!

Jealousy lingered in the fatal love
Betwixt Othello and Desdemona,
At night their love was born,
At night their love was dead
When blackened by the candle light.

Dear Flance!

Lysander loved Hermia
And sought fanciful beings
For their fanciful union.

Dear Flance!

Know you, Keats died of consumption?
His love for Fanny Brown was limitless,
And so burst into tears.
Oh! No!
MY love for thee can never have comparisons.

Sweet Flance!

Blossomed my love for thee
When thou wert young,
When thou wert beautiful;
Yet it's not of Romeo's,
Of Othello's,
Of Lysander's,
Of Dante's,
Of Keats',
For they died of their love.

My love for thee be unrequited; yet ineffable.
You felt not my love; yet I cannot be Romeo.
Know you?

Romeo loved Juliet,
Juliet loved Romeo,
And so they died without love.

Loved I thy heart, not thee?

Love I thy heart, not thee?

And so,

We live in remembrance of each other.

Dear Flance!

Thou must be now living with thy partner
Rejoicing in his presence.
Can you think of me living myself.
Rejoicing in my thoughts of you?
Here am I in the air with wings waxed;
Yet I'll not fall down to fragments.

Know you?
I am to lead my life myself,
But with thoughts of you!

For
Loved I thee, still I love thee,
Ever I'll love thee.

(Young Ren sheds tears)

Sweet Flance!

My tears are not of my loneliness sans thee;
But born of bliss within me with thoughts of you.

(Curtain Falls)

MBJ Pancras

Fraudulent Union (I-Viii)

Fraudulent Union (i)

A sudden invite
To the seven for a talk
Over property.

Fraudulent Union (ii)

A hidden drama
Staged over a common 'good'
With one actor out.

Fraudulent Union (iii)

One out of seven
Stays apart with arrogance,
And the rest in swing.

Fraudulent Union (iv)

Five with the command,
And one is left as joker
To play on card game.

Fraudulent Union (v)

Heating arguments
Will ruin the bond of actors,
Safeguarding their shares.

Fraudulent Union (vi)

The joker is still
Watching the acrobats dance,
His silence has pow'r.

Fraudulent Union (vii)

The drama would end

With conflicting dialogues
With money in hand.

Fraudulent Union (viii)

There would be whatsapp,
And their chats would be 'hello',
Their hearts never speak.

MBJ Pancras

French Kiss

The kiss ne'er have I tasted elsewhere, but with thee,
My lips and thy lips wedded together, and there's paradise,
The moments were golden and love expressed in silence,
I sent my love into thy heart sealed in French Kiss,
And there we let the little fairies play betwixt our hearts.
Joy in my heart leapt and sang melodies for thee,
I felt thy innocent love stroking my soul,
Ne'er had I ever before such an experience, full of tenderness,
Soothing melodies born of the kiss, solemn and pensive,
And we entered the chamber of love adorned with wonder.
My lips tasted thy love laden deep in silence,
And I know thou hast a dwelling for me within.
Garden flowers emitted fragrance and perfume `midst us,
Heavenly showers drench our loving hearts,
And there were dreams couched on filled with elegance,
I drank honey from thy sweet lips,
And I learnt how sweet honey in thine is.
I wish I were a child in thy arms of tenderness,
And we would sing lullaby unto each of us.
There's neither day nor night in our kiss sealed in love,
For the love betwixt us is a shining star.
I wish the bond made in the kiss be like breath and life.

MBJ Pancras

Friend

Hath no time to part,
Living to die in distress,
Hath no second gain. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Friend Part II

Who's not for himself,
All for the one he believes,
Born for sacrifice. (Another Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

From Undivided....To Divided....

It was an enclosure blessed with unity and concern,
There was common share; each having equal meal,
The sun was shone on all the children; the same light,
Selflessness coupled with fun and frolic existed,
Simply the thought of oneness dwelled in each of them,
A beauty of unity shared among the inhabitants,
The landlords of the enclosure showered rain on all,
It was the rain on all, common for all,
And none coveted even a single droplet on their own,
There was no shadow work behind each other,
It was an undivided enclosure which sheltered all,
Mathematics was taught, but not numbers,
Physics was trained, but not units,
Chemistry was instructed, but not elements,
Biology was educated, but not organs,
Literature was guided, but not divisions,
Each had unique skills and talents, but shared by all,
It was a life of unity built with solidarity,
Like a well-structured novel it had sequential plots,
And the plots woven in a single thread of family,
It was like a one seed sown in the soil,
It was a bond of affinity established by the single umbilical cord.
BUT it was all until the seed began to shoot out with branches,
Branches out of branches feeding THEIR leaves.
One bowl multiplied to many; unequal meal,
Each one divided the sun's light and bathed in divided rays,
Selfishness fettered with mockery and scorn lingered within,
Largely the thought of divisions ruled each of them,
Repulsiveness amongst kith and kin pulled out each other,
Each one coveted a droplet of the rain out of egoism,
Shadows sneaked onto the stage of contrived plots,
The enclosure became divided with limited space of shelter,
Mathematics was forgotten, but numbers were taught,
Physics became obsolete, but units were counted,
Chemistry was denied, but elements played the major role,
Biology was neglected, but organs were listed out,
Literature had lost its authenticity, but divisions took their root.
All learnt one skill - -the skill of dividing, and shared by all,
It was an episode of divisions degenerated out of self-centeredness,

Like a dilapidated building it is encompassed with debris and wreckage,
With single stories truncated from the thread of unity,
It is like a worn-out tree with pale leaves emitting poisonous steam,
Here are the pieces broken and scattered, meaningless to life.
Puppet shows are shown; mimicry shows are on stage;
Masquerades and masks are sold at every corner,
Games of covetousness are being played; Business calls are transacted,
Busy with the schedule of virtual sharing of messages,
Obsessed with 'Hi-Fi' screenplays; cramped in stingy holes,
Floating on money on wheels, shrouded with rags of currencies,
Flickering with the lamps of colonial expansion,
Taking part in over-riding competitions, playing gimmicks of survival,
Carrying tiny oil lamps in the daring sunlight,
Entangled in thorny bushes fighting against the enclosure,
Having raised barricades amongst folks of one umbilical cord,
The drama is being enacted in an eerie silence on stage,
And what can be the climax of the plot is awaited?
It is a soundless noise traversing through the vacuum of life,
And it's in the midst of the devastating pandemic in swing.
Broken pieces can never be made full; even if mended, may fall short,
For all relationships have been bought with the lust of money.
Who are victors; who are losers?
And here is the answer:
Victors are those who are united for one cause;
Losers are those who are divided for various causes.
A day is fixed for each to leave for eternity - -
Might be eternity of chaos; might be of peace,
And all must know Peace in the Lord Jesus Christ;
Chaos in Satan, the fallen Lucifer.
So, let's discern the good and the evil,
And choose the Way of the Lord.

MBJ Pancras

Gift

smile is gift of God,
blot out your sorrows with smiles,
and smile is thy way.

MBJ Pancras

Giggle

'twixt guffaw and laugh,
wide teeth out of sarcasm,
denial of tale. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

God's Gift

(On my Loving Daughter Suzanna Christy's 6th Birthday)
(Five Years Old)

GOD'S GIFT
(Suzanna Christy Maria Patricia)

We were at the garden -
the garden of life,
lonely and longing for
a blossom to bloom for us.

We watered the garden with our tears.
The soil turned fertile;
but not a trace of seed found.

Supplications were made unto HIM.
Silence from HIM prevailed
betwixt HIM and us.

Days rolled on and our hairs grey;
yet our faith on HIM stood steadfast.

We were almost in a fruitless stay,
drenched in our tears shed,
drowning in the pond of tears.

A Clarion Call unto us!

Songsters broke the silence of the dawn,
Butterflies opened their wings across us.
The garden of life in us quickened
by a mysterious breeze.
We were made awake.

What a wonder!

A seed sprouted to a blossom and bloomed.

Fragrance of mystery embraced us
and our tears of sorrow turned tears of joy.
It was the day of wonder,
the day of HIS Gift offered unto us.
We named the blossom God's Gift,
and offered THANKS unto HIM.

Across five years of voyaging
we look back.
Still the moments are fresh and sweet,
She hath been in the Lord's fold,
And it's our prayer we with her dwell in the Lord.
We've our faith and hope on HIM.

MBJ Pancras

God's Time And Way...

God's time was not at hand.
His business was to shape them
Who were chased out of their family knot,
With less possessions set out to tread on thorns,
Yet the thorns pricked theirs with less pain,
For He handled them delicately.
They were just in two and longed for the third,
But His time was not yet bloomed.
Rather He built; them not to be ashamed.
Mundane curses hit them, but not fatally, '
For He had kept them under His wings.
They longed for the third with tears rolling down;
But His time had not yet revealed.
God walked with them and they never fell.
Like a sudden lightning in the cloudy sky.
He answered their longing for the third,
The third was sent to them meaningfully.
They rejoiced with the meaningful Gift-
The Gift of God Whose time was finally revealed.
Drenched in the showers of joy they uttered,
Whose utterances that no one figured out,
For each utterance has had the divine touch.

MBJ Pancras

Golden Love

I know not thy love,
but I know blooms will blossom,
Thy silence is gold.

MBJ Pancras

Government

A system to rule,
No way to rich and poor,
Peace and joy to reign. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Graceful Love

Silent heart thou hast in thee,
Art of patience thou art an,
Nurtured with benevolence thou art,
Drenched with showers of beauty,
Heavenly touch thou hast in thee,
Youthful spirit dwells deep in thee,
Angelic grace adds beauty to thee.

MBJ Pancras

Gratitude

Hath no lip service,
Seated beneath the deep heart,
Believes in progress. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Haiku

concise and precise,
cosmic thoughts built in nut shell,
underneath lies truth. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Haiku Ii

precise and concise,
witty thoughts to inspire all,
origin from East. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Haikus

1. Girl In Rags

She's a girl modern,
Her jeans, of ravages of
Beggary riches.

2. Pencil Boy

A vogue in havoc,
His trousers run through pencil,
He has shrunken limbs.

3. Modern Art

Artless art crazy,
Corrupt imagination,
Awkward destruction.

4. Sn

Sweetly bitter bread,
Tasted with butter mixture,
The world's liking food.

5. Desdemona's Last Sleep

Reward of beauty,
Othello's tool of murder,
Ended in darkness.

6. Dr. Faustus

An ambitious soul
Caught at stake in Satan's hands
With blood for world trade.

7. God's Word

Truth and Living Source,

Eternal Life through Jesus,
Full of Peace and Joy.

8. Mona Lisa's smile

Enigmatic beam
Of expression of feelings:
Joy or agony.

9. Corrupt Politics

Lucifer's domain,
Lawless pandemonium,
Outlandish gestures.

MBJ Pancras

Haikus (12)

1. Honey

sweetest of nature,
sweetest of relationship,
dream disguised in taste.

2. Symphony

orchestral delight,
musical notes dramatized,
musical mission.

3. Sky

unreachable reach,
a mysterious mirage,
unmeasured domain.

4. Loneliness

death awake in life,
fruitless sojourn gripped with cares,
mind and heart idle.

5. Calendar

count down visible,
a record of memories,
profile of present.

6. Relationship

an artistic bond,
made for give and take on earth,
a bond of mirage.

7. Monalisa

is her smile mystic?
enigmatic master piece,
sarcasm disguised.

8. 'Second Childhood'

innocence eaten,
experience a fool proof,
drama justified.

9. Othello

a dark ghost of doubt,
denial of loyalty,
endangered to fall.

10. Wordsworth's Solitary Reaper

mellifluous pain
hath been a panacea
to idle walkers.

11. unfortunate champion

drowned in endeavours,
genius back of limelight,
nailed on misfortunes.

12. A Penny

life to the needy,
trash to billion dollars,
treasure of heaven.

MBJ Pancras

Haikus (Assorted)

Tussle Over Property Documents

No more is the host,
The six guests are broken,
Who will win the source?

Drama With A Strange Twist

Strange intimacy
Intrudes with a weird purpose
Over property.

The Soul That Cared.... (Mr. Sundaramoorthy)

He lived for others,
All his life he gave for all,
Our tears unto him.

Soft Music

Voice of all angels
Creates serene atmosphere,
Lullaby to souls.

Noisy 'music'

Satanic death toll,
Mayhem killing peace of world,
Agony of hell.

Black Legs

Politicians
Who ruin the good for their self
And live in gimmicks.

God

The Almighty Soul
Who's revealed in Jesus Christ
For man to be saved.

Satan

The fallen being
Out of arrogant mischief
'Against God of Power.

Hitler's Revolver

Self-rotating foe,
Aimed at peace and innocence,
But ate the owner.

MBJ Pancras

Haikus II

1. Judas' Kiss

defeat to virtue,
yet a way to salvation,
predestined downfall.

2. Cucumber

coolness thro' Nature,
mind undisturbed and steady,
ever-flowing Thames.

3. Pandemonium

puritanic hell,
dirty politics lurking,
quagmire of conflicts.

4. Waste Land

mind of idleness,
graveyard of profanity,
mindless cocktail hall.

5. signature

spontaneous mark,
the sceptre that rules one's life,
the fate in disguise.

6. movie hall

escape from blackness,
pleasure packed in passing thrill,

a chamber of dreams.

7. Sycophants

toothless harbingers,
merciless killers of truth,
lawless magistrates.

8. Smokers

walking towards grave,
leading the co-existents
with vapour of death.

9. Adolf Hitler

the darkest hero,
drowned in the blood of the Jews,
whose culture doubtful.

10. Titanic

a fall to pleasure,
a monumnet for ages,
an art to artists.

11. Wright Brothers

born to fly sky-high,
whose diction of science is speed
with friction-free craft.

12. 'Big Bang'

conception deprived,
towards the world of voidness,
code of ethics fooled.

13. Ridiculous

oscars for the dog,
the man of soul neglected,
unforgiving crime.

MBJ Pancras

Haikus Of Love

thou art the white cloud
dancing in my inward eye
that paints thy beauty.

I search for my heart
and it dwells in thy sweet love,
let me live in peace.

thy looks of sweetness
pierce my heart of tenderness
and engrave thy love.

why do you love me?
and I believe you love me,
and I dwell in dreams.

don't you speak to me?
and I have volumes to speak,
and my heart will weep.

MBJ Pancras

Haikus On The Bible

Haikus

1. Idolatry

service to lucre,
denial of Creator,
a passage to fall.

2. The Spiritual War

pulling down strongholds,
casting the knowledge of God,
breaking bond with Christ the Son.

3. Gethsemane

garden of sorrow,
where Cosmic Prayer uttered,
place of betrayal.

4. Beatitudes

sayings of comfort,
utterance of Future Hope,
the Eternal Truth.

5. Garden in Eden

restricted freedom,
the thorny couch 'midst fragrance,
the place of great fall.

Haikus/Senryus

Ladies' Bra

Twin cups to twin mounds,
Fountain of milky showers,
Dreamy apparel.

Ladies' Panties

Women's insurance
To silky productive kit
With multi-colours.

MBJ Pancras

Hallucinations

I planted the seed of enmity at night,
And waited for my neighbour's death,
I had a sleepless night for horrors haunted me,
I woke up in the morning before the sunrise,
And found myself shrouded with weeds,
My neighbour laughed at me dying,
For the seed I planted turned against me.
Tears flowed all thro' my cheeks;
Yet my death was certain.

MBJ Pancras

He Is My Teacher

It was a class

like a busy street

packed with shouts.

Little citizens laden with thoughts;

but some dressed with prankish robes criss-cross

inside the furnace of back-breaking learning.

I pushed myself into the furnace,

And I knew I would be tried hot;

Yet it had been destined in my career.

I hid myself behind the factual text

Which had no answer to my knowledge.

I posed a question unto the little citizens

Who ne'er thought of back-breaking business.

I shouted unto them of a mental sum,

For I had no way known to subdue their shouts,

And it was the question I'd posed:

'How much is if six in mind and five in hand? '

The prankish citizens poured water o'er my question,

And I knew I'd been in the furnace.

I cracked the puzzle across the pandemonium 'gain;

Yet there was no way out for the answer.

With the childish anger I picked up a boy

Who smiled at me bluntly;

Yet his smile pronounced a meaning.

I flung the puzzle across his face:

'How much is it six in mind and five in hand? '

He smiled at me.

It was a slap on my cheek.

My tongue slipped in my questioning:

'What is in your head, my boy, little? '

Though little, he found it was a 'slip-up',

So he flung across correction with his answer:

'It's brain! '

I took pain to correct my question,

But his question unto me was challenging

hidden in, a mind-boggling answer:

'Where's my mind seated in? '

I had no answer for his.

I heard the boy say:

'He's my teacher! '

MBJ Pancras

Heart

Fleshy to common,
Seat of love to romantic,
Sublime to great ones. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Heart II

seat of emotions,
cave of silence with feelings,
house of mystery. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Heaven

The Place of Comfort,
Dwelling of the Holy One,
Place for blessed souls. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Hell

Tormenting fire,
Eternal loss of Glory,
Chasm of sorrow. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Hitler's Moustache

merciless profile,
brutality commissioned,
fish out of water. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Home

Where love has no greed,
And peace dwelling boundlessly,
It's the spring of ljoy.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Honour

I honour thee for
thy tolerance and patience
in silence in life.

MBJ Pancras

Human Beings

Whose strings held to dance,
Whose liberty limited,
Life, a mystery. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Hunger

Instinctively rais'd
into the mind thro' bowels,
If not fed, anger.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

I Am

The Almighty God,
Neither beginning nor end,
The Great Name He bears. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

I Adorn Thee...

Thou art a dazzling star plunged into my heart with thy smiles,
And my heart is burnt within; yet not distraught to walk unwise,
But I perceive beauty in thy modesty, and I adorn thee,
Thou hast struck my thought with thy fragrant smiles.
I revere thy smile for its majesty and elegance,
I see child-likeness in thy countenance and thou dwell in my dreams.
I'm drenched in the showers of presence and weave the wreath of joy.
Each of thy looks reminds me of the love Juliet whose love is still at the
threshold.
I've opened my book of poetry and added a space for thee,
And thy portrait is ever an added beauty unto my book of poetry.
Time and again I will travel through the pages and read thee,
And thou art celebrated with unique touch of my wit and adoration.

MBJ Pancras

I Am A Mystery

I was nailed to the cross,
They offered me the cross
Of glory disguised in shame.

I Am the Word
From everlasting to everlasting.
Heaven is My Throne,
Earth is My Footstool.
Everything is Mine,
My Father and I are One
By the Bond of the Spirit.

My clothes had been stripped off,
With crown of thorns my body bled,
I had been dragged with the cross to Calvary.

Was it My fate? Was their will?
Was it My Father's Plan?
Can I call them My enemies?
Did they offer me the cross?
Still I Am a Mystery to them,
But not a Mystery to Myself.

Let them know Me Who I AM
In their soul regained after death.

MBJ Pancras

I Love Music...

An inspiration unto me is the melody of music,
And I love music which is the breath unto me,
Penetrating deep into my heart brimmed with love.
Music guides my heart toward the galaxy of solitude,
Full of thoughts and dreams flooded in my book of poetry,
Embraced with quietness and tranquillity dwells my soul
Upon the carpet of sweetness begetting joy within.
Symphonies like the gust of the West Wind adorn my soul,
Concertos like the flurry of the South Wind caress my inward eye,
Sonatas like the bustle of zephyr hug my heart of love.
My heart reposes on the flowery thoughts born of love.
My heart loves music; music begets joy unto my soul.
Thou hast been imbibed into music dwelling within.
My heart searches for thee, and thou art in the music of melody.
Do you know I love music? It's true!
Thou art in symphonies, in sonatas and in concertos.
Do you my heart traverses thro' winds of music?
Listen unto the music of melody and thou wilt feel my love.

MBJ Pancras

I Prefer To Die....

I prefer to die.... (As a worldly human being)

Surrounded by me there exists a disk of sickness,
I search for physicians; craving for medicine,
I let my body experimented for a complete cure,
I run for druggists' stores far and near,
Appointments of multiple physicians;
Frequent visits to various labs,
If at all with my investments of money I have,
Burning with tensions and grudging with my fellow-beings,
I believe in the make-outs of medics,
In the state of penury my death is almost certain,
But when sunken in the depth of ailments,
I prefer to die and leave this world of disorders.

Caught in the cobweb of insolvency,
In total drain of energy; fallen into bleak bowl of life,
Slogging on the path of thorns and stones,
Bruised by the spikes scattered across my way,
All for want of dosh to earn my livelihood,
I drag my craggy body toward the destined grave,
A try for an escape from this grief-stricken world,
I seek the way out of this bolted life,
So, I prefer to die and leave this world of maladies.

Festooned by currencies and bills, I roll on cushions,
Drenched in heavy pours of luxuries; sunken in pools of jingling coins,
I let my money boxes bankrupt; fallen into the pit of shame,
Shrouded by disgrace and tomfoolery my days are pulled along,
Stress and pressures choke my mind and body,
Thrown into the ditch of mental instability,
Browsing various ways of intoxication,
Then I plod toward the pit of my last breath,
So, I prefer to die and leave this world of agonizing luxuries.

I prefer to die....(As a true Christian)

Filled with the Grace of the Lord, 'midst thorns and rags,
Built with divine mortar of blessings; sheltered under the wings of Heaven;
Blessed with the Word of God engraved in the deep of the heart,
I praise the Christ of God in multiple times a day,
Sharing my meal in common with all; having no self-seeking soul,
Pleased with pleasant words and deeds with my fellow-beings,
I have no craving for worldly possessions,
All my focus is on the Eternal Treasures in Christ,
With submissiveness I fall at His Feet,
Might be lacking in worldly riches, but rich in Christ's Blessings,
I long for the Eternal Home while on earthly sojourn,
I prefer to die to reach the Home of Eternity.

Rejoicing in the completeness of joy in my fellow-beings' life,
Greatly overjoyed at looking smiles on brethren's faces,
Breaking traditions and superstitions, dressed with holiness and truth,
I dwell in the land of peace and joy far from this world of grimace,
Despite my imperfections and trivialities I seek Christ's Blood,
And I pour my liquid heart of repentance into His Feet,
I let my Christ dwell in my sleep; in my dreams;
The Power of God leads me in my walking;
In my reading; in my eating; in my working.
With all contentment in the Lord,
I await the day of my exit out of this stage,
And so, I prefer to die to dwell in the Presence of God.

MBJ Pancras

I Search For The Answer...

I don't know,
My heart likes you.
I search for the answer.
So I set out.
I run to the shore,
 and watch the sea of waves;
I hear but the sound of the waves.
I travel on the plains,
 and meet the mountains;
But they speak nothing.
I then traverse across the horizon.,
 and meet the stars;
But they emit light waves.
Laden with anxiety,
 I speak unto the rain;
It just drenches me.
I speak unto the snow;
 It just freezes me.
I speak unto the wind;
 It just embraces me.
I speak unto the sun;
 It just scorches me.
YET, I continue my expedition
 with perseverance to seek the answer,
 why heart likes; you.
I dwell in solitude
 to seek the answer.
I hear a voice:
 'Ask you inspiration.'
I ask my poetry;
 But it says, it dwells on inspiration.
I ask myself:
 'Who's my inspiration? '

Yes, YOU'RE the wings of my Poetry.
I let my poetry speak unto you.
My heart longs for the answer,
And the answer is with you.

I Thought...

Never I thought what I thought...
Yet the thought that I thought is not a thought,
For every thought is a thought which can not be a thought,
So I thought that nothing can be thought
Without the thought being a thought
No one can have a thought which can not be a thought.
So every thought which is thought by me
Makes me a man of thoughts
Though the thoughts flashed across mine
Seemed to be thoughts as everyone has a thought.

MBJ Pancras

I Will Follow Jesus Christ Only....

"I Am the Way, the Truth, and the Life:
No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."
The Lord's Words have Life; and Truth is His Words.
When there is the Lord, why ye seek the other impossible way?
Never will I seek the other way, for He is the Way-
The Way to the Eternity, ever with Him, timeless.

Satan in the garden of Eden thrust his philosophy into humankind,
And there conjured up countless theologies and dogmas,
The seed of lies and stories cooked up in the vessels of religions,
Shadows of darkness dragged teachers and preachers,
Weeds of politics sneaked into words proclaimed,
Corrupt interpretations revolved around the Word,
But the Word hath stood firm uncorrupt.
Friends of Satan gulped the followers of the Lord,
And robbed the treasures of followers of the Lord,
The Church fell prey into the hands of the papal governance,
In the name of celibacy, nunneries and monasteries framed,
Heavenly Command hath been neglected and negated,
It was a chaotic domain of political regime,
Worship of idolatry crept into the Lord's Assembly,
Valleys and dungeons were erupted,
Lasciviousness strolled in the political domain,
And graves were dug to bury the innocents,
Theological liturgies and unbiblical doctrines slinked into the Church,
Religious dogmas replaced the Biblical Teachings,
Doctrine of woman worship intruded place of the Lord's Worship,
Chanting of mantras with beads taught a new practice,
Doctrine of men tiptoed into the Lord's Church,
Theology of vulnerability to humankind's belief strolled into,
Philosophy of tributaries and distributaries of rivers dashed into Teachings,
Self-styled visions and tongues veiled the Truth,
Divisions and cults slithered into the Church,
Lust for Power; lust for money; lust for lewdness lifted their staff,
Doctrine of purgatory; revolting catechism enacted on the stage,
Seductive interludes mollify gluttonous hearts,
Concept of justification of human acts took its root,
Festivity rather than true worship took its toll,

Breaking the Law of God; hugging the human law,
The Pharisees and Sadducees - the handiwork of Satan
With their darkening spirit darkened the growth of the Church.

"Do not go beyond what is written; "
For God's Word is sufficient for salvation.
If any man shall add unto God's Word,
God shall add unto him plagues for destruction.
The Lord says: "I Am Alpha and Omega;
The Beginning and the End."
"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."
And 'what is Truth? ' was the statement of jesting Pilate,
But he failed to discover Truth in the Lord,
For "I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

Let me look unto Jesus the Lord -
Author and the Finisher of Faith,
And seek the Kingdom of God,
And all things shall be added unto me.
For we brought nothing into this world;
Nothing shall we take with us Home.
The earth and its contents shall burn into nothing,
But the Lord's Word alone shall stand firm ever.

So, my fellow-beings, seek not the things temporal,
But seek the Eternal Kingdom of God;
And His Word shall guide thee all,
And We shall all live good to the Lord,
And seek not the praises of the humans.

I will follow Jesus Christ only,
Wilt thou all?
Shall we all?

MBJ Pancras

Idol

black shadow of death,
made of beggarly substance,
groundless faith of fools. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

If I Sleep....

I lay down on my couch:

An air of silence hath begun flowing,
Lullaby for an infant sails along,
Thundering engines break the passage,
People walk on their chosen paths,
Sicknesses invade the life of mankind,
Wealth is amassed by greedy hands,
Broken bowls are carried by deprived hands,
Reel shows fascinate real eyes,
Music and noise hit the depressed hearts,
Schools are open for teaching and learning,
New discoveries and inventions brought to the world,
Arms and ammunitions eat people's pie,
The rich grow richer; the poor detained poor,
Fanaticism raises its cry; patriotism mumbles its logic,
Tsunamis threatens the lands with their perilous splendor,
Earthquakes wake up the sleeping plates of the soil,
Volcanoes explodes their hidden talents,
Cake walks and moon walks float on red carpet society,
Meditation and transcendental exercises spread their vogue,
There are showers, storms and tempests,
Preaching and missions proceed with their messages,
Sellers and buyers can never change their life-style,
Yea, many an episode will enact on the stage of life.
I wake up from my sleep,
And see no change in mankind's life,
Histories are repeated in new dimensions.
I will go to eternal sleep one day,
And same histories shall be repeated.

MBJ Pancras

If I Sleep....What Will Happen?

I lay down on my couch:

An air of silence hath begun flowing,
Lullaby for an infant sails along,
Thundering engines break the passage,
People walk on their chosen paths,
Sicknesses invade the life of mankind,
Wealth is amassed by greedy hands,
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MBJ Pancras

If Winter Shall Go, Spring Shall Come....

This verse is dedicated to all who have been involved in the In Service Course for
PGT English
First Spell and Second Spell
2017-2018

Seasons were born; prospects of Nature blossomed,
Varied flocks of birds set off their journey,
Clarion calls ran across the sky of words,
There were chirpings beside trees of green,
Brimmed with vibrant philosophies Nature speaks
'Twixt the horizon, a cluster of stars appeared.
It was a shady orchard hugged by transparent waters,
All around decked with thoughtful ferns and flowers,
Waters of words, blossoms of rhymes, leaves of rhythm:
A Thames-like sojourn literally built with liquid grace.
Birds under the sky perched on the watery garden:
Chirrup and chirp, twitters and chatters, cheeps and peeps,
The whole of the garden drenched in showers of pleasantness,
Cuckoos, Nightingales, sparrows, Parrots, Sylviidae, Finch,
Starling, Lark, Swallow, Dipper, Kinglet, White-eye and Junco,
And it was a home of mellifluous warbles marked utopian.
A bird's eye view, a tableau of verbal landscape, a stage of art!
Synchronised expositions, harmonised deliberations, solicitous discussions,
A zenith of literary mounts, picturesquely designed for enchantment.
Little droplets of knowledge strewn amidst the galaxy of literary stars.
Unforgettably a monument established ever in reminiscence
Buzzing into the ears of the heart painting nostalgic moments.

The season hath ended; birds of varied colours hath raised their wings,
Embraced with charming zeal of sharing of flowery knowledge and wit,
Imbued by waking dreams, enthralled by lasting moments of delight
Shared amongst the talking trees stretching their umbrellas of knowledge.

Will these moments ring back into us? Could these real dreams be dreamt again?

As Summer hath gone, Winter hath come; If Winter shall go, Spring shall come.

If we raise our hearts above, there shall be ringing of real dreams in us,
And shall we all look above time and again to be cherished in these lasting
moments?

Yea, We Shall....

By

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Ilayaraja

music genius
born in Indian soil
living in ragas.

MBJ Pancras

I'M Searching My Heart.....

I sing a song in tears,
And the song to reach hers,
And get back my heart.

I'm searching my heart
That I lost when I was with her:
She came unto me;
Still I remember her steps.

I sing a song in tears,
And the song to reach hers,
And get back my heart.

She sat beside me;
Still I feel her presence,
She spoke with me;
Still I remember her words.

I sing a song in tears,
And the song to reach hers,
And get back my heart.

She wept for me;
Still I don't know why,
She lulled me to sleep,
Still I am in her lullaby.

I sing a song in tears,
And the song to reach hers,
And get back my heart.

I hear the notes of songsters,
And the babble of streams;
But not the pulse of my heart,
I weep unto the clouds,
I cry unto the zephyr;
But they all left me at sea.
I swim into the sea fast
Hoping to find my heart.

I sing a song in tears,
And the song to reach hers,
And get back my heart.

MBJ Pancras

Imitation

Original kill'd,
Fake representation done;
Reality died.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

In Dreams

My heart of love bleeds in thy silence,
I know thou hast volumes of words;
Yet a fear of reality strikes thee.
Let me teach thee love is silent in deeds;
Yet the heart of love glows in storms.
Thou hast the love that hath dug my heart.
Can you reach my heart that longs for thy heart?
Break the silence of thy love
And let me fly with wings of joy.
Thy silence hath the meaning of love,
And disclose thy meaningful silence.
Let us perceive the angels of love dance
And watch them proclaim us in dreams.

MBJ Pancras

Infancy

Full of innocence,
Fragrance couch'd in the budding,
Awaiting blossom. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Infant Babblings

Dedicated to our loving daughter Suzanna Christy Maria Patricia

'Baa baa black sheep,
Avi avi ool...
mus musma masa...
mus musma wu...

Roses are red,
Valisa wu...
Sugar on the...'

Infant rhymes ring into my ears.
She hath learnt what touched her ears.
She utters them with little steps.
We smile.

Our joy knows no bounds.
She scribbles to learn writing
And is perfected to penning.
She now creates reality out of her ideas.
She expresses herself -
Emotions and feelings out of her heart.
She prepares to be a player on stage -
'All the world's a stage.' -
She picks up syllables from song birds
And weaves them together as mellifluous notes,
Refrains she makes with rhetorical questions:
'Who am I unto you both?
What am I unto you both?
How am I unto you both?
Why am I unto you both? '

Can we answer these little questions?
We believe in
'Child is the Father of man.'

We know she's blessed with His blessings,

Yea, She grows, grows to reach the pinnacle of glory.
Our supplication is ever for her unto HIM.

MBJ Pancras

Infanta

royal Spanish babe,
designed with pretty profile,
princess in cradle. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Infante

prince 'midst lullaby,
kingly little Portuguese,
lord of the prince. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Inspiration

my fair lady's smile
is like ripples of Thames
that cradled Spenser. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Inspirational Haikus

thy heart is clothed with
the virtue of modesty,
silence is the breath.

thy smiles of silence,
thou art my inspiration
ever in heart.

thy heart of patience,
volumes of books largely writ,
Thoughtfully inspir'd.

is thy heart a rose?
my heart is pricked by the thorns,
it bleeds but of love.

thy silence mystic
so as Mona Lisa's smile,
no answer to find.

I love melodies.
thou art a note of music,
my soul dwells in notes.
thy smiles are the light
of the star transformed to love
of silence in depth.

much loving thy eyes,
my heart is drenched in the rain
of thy looks tender.

sweetest are thy words,
yet in less volumes to read,
yet my heart can learn.

thy smiles and thy looks
art the signature of love
engraved in my heart.

thy silence, so sweet
is a storm in quietness
that trembles my heart.

thy heart I can see
with my inward eye of love
and shower blossoms.

my heart longs for thee,
thy presence bringeth me dreams,
and I paint poems.

can you feel my love?
it's full of tearful thoughts
knit with mystery.

thou art the white cloud
dancing in my inward eye
that paints thy beauty.

I love melodies.
thou art a note of music,
my soul dwells in notes.

thy smiles are the light
of the star transformed to love
of silence in depth.

much loving thy eyes,
my heart is drenched in the rain
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my heart longs for thee,
thy presence bringeth me dreams,
and I paint poems.

can you feel my love?
it's full of tearful thoughts
knit with mystery.

will you forget me?
I pray you will remember
me till time doth cease.

MBJ Pancras

'Jallikattu' - Students' Elation

Inborn trait traditionally born of courage excitedly demonstrated,
Uniqueness in One Voice against the ban of 'Jallikattu'
Across the soils of Dravidian kinfolk stirred the law of vanity,
Oceans of folks, young and old, drained of appetite; yet stable in purpose.
Silence is thy way unto the verdict of victory to pronounce unity.
Across the world the voice is the same stirring each heart to melt,
'Alanganallur' is thy land of courage displayed in 'Jallikattu',
'Merina' is thy soil of support voiced together 'gainst the ban of 'Jallikattu'.
'Thamukkam' is thy arena, raising voice 'gainst ban on 'Jallikattu',
Sans politics, sans politicians, sans governmental gimmicks,
Thy elation stands firm, fighting exploitation against innocent folks.
Tainted with corruption the land of people shed tears of blood,
For every soul yearns for the world sans blemishes and whims.

Who hath cared for clean soil? Who careth for social welfare?
Begging for votes; smeared with currencies; shrouded with luxuries;
Drained of sycophancy goggling for novel tactics of cajolery.

Raise thy voice till thy elation soars the world of stars,
High above rootless garments of laws and ordinances,
For 'Jallikattu' is thy inborn trait of courage rooted for ages.

Be firm with thy voice till the flag of victory hoisted,
Prove thy strength till the hoisted flag keeps wagging,
Be rooted in thy unity till the air of human rights sends their aromas.

A Humble and Honest Verse Dedicated To Thy Students' Elation!

MBJ Pancras

Jealousy

Devilish nature,
Step down to satanic fall,
Sad of other's joy. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Jesu Wept

Full of compassion,
Heavenly Love in fountain,
Tears of God for man.

MBJ Pancras

Jesus And Me!

Whilst I'm in the midst of diamonds,
There runs in me a spirit of dividends,
Lurking in the worldly cosmos.

Whilst I break the Law of God,
I blame Adam and Eve,
I curse Cain and pity Abel.

Whilst I lose the dividends of diamonds,
There enters in me a spirit of depression,
I seek the One Who has formed me.

Whilst I'm deep in the quagmire,
There flashes the cry of the Prodigal son
I run unto the Father glorifying the Blood of Jesus.

Whilst I reunion with my Father in Christ,
There dwells the joy of Heaven,
I ought to be close unto Him Who loves me.

MBJ Pancras

Jesus Christ

God in human form,
Salvation but in His Name,
Whom none can neglect. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

John Keats

Hellenic infant,
Sensuous in English odes,
Inspiring lover.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

John Milton

Miltonic grandeur
Living in 'Paradise Lost',
The blind Puritan.

MBJ Pancras

Killing Love

Thou hast killed my heart with thy love,
But my heart hath not met with death,
For my heart hath been imbibed by thy soul,
And my soul rests in thee in silence,
I am on thy graceful lap, drowned in thy lullaby,
Thy charming smile hugs my soul,
And I stroll deep in thy eyes of grace,
Sweet are thy looks, sweeter is thy smile,
Sweetest is thy love of silence.

MBJ Pancras

Kiss

A fine print of love,
An emotional language
Sweetly translated. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Kiss I

A fine print of love,
An emotional language
Sweetly translated. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Laden Heart

The moments have begun, and seconds shed tears,
Why, I know not, what hath pierced my heart?
Deep into my heart I reached to seek out the reason>
I waited for the answer: there hath seemed a soul
Yea, it's a soul of love that pierced my soul,
Why is it so? Is it thy way of love?
Yea, thou art the soul that lanced mine deep;
Yet it hath not bled,
But I perceive blossoms flashing in bruised soul.
My heart is heavy seeking thy love.
Wilt thou leave me alone crying sans(without)thee?
Oh, no. Leave me not alone, and kill me not by thy absence.
Who art thou who hath come from elsewhere?
Why didst thou appear before me?
What is it of thee that touched my heart?
I search for it but I seek no answer.
Wilt thou leave me drowning in the deep sea of pain?
Canst thou hearken(hear)my cry of pain?
Yea, if thou lovest me, thou canst hearken it.
Is my heart strong in love, but weak to carry its feelings?
Teach me to bear the pain of farewell unto thee,
For thou hast a way of life to lead, and I too!
Yet My heart loveth thee and there's a room for thee within.
Hath thy heart a room for me within?
Thou mayest leave me, but leave thy love in me,
Let not my heart think of thy good-bye unto me,
Take my heart of love with thee,
And that's I wish from thee ever and ever
Till the world of love disappears.
My heart hath always been young and tender,
And same is my love and charm for thee.
Feel the pulse of my heart uttering thy name,
And thou wilt know my love abounds in painful joy.
My heart hath no strength to forget thee,
But the way of life in us hath its own way.
I shrink in age, but grow in love for thee.
Wilt thou forget me if thou live elsewhere with thy kinfolk?
Forget me not, for love for thee is adorned in lasting Nature.
Fall deep in my laden heart and discover thee singing lullaby.

MBJ Pancras

Laptop

cosmos in a chip
playing magical software
lying on my couch.

MBJ Pancras

Last Days

Leaving all foot prints,
Longing for eternity,
Full of wise sayings. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Lasting Touch

my thoughts of thee live
ever in my sweet poems
that have lasting touch.

MBJ Pancras

Laughter

a shout of pleasure,
short-lived merriment express'd,
mistaken for joy. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Leaping Up And Down

I leap up to hug the cross of Christ,
And look at the pierced side of His,
I watch Blood and water flow in strain.
He shed His Blood once for all for man's redemption,
The Heavenly Scapegoat of mortal sins whipped and torn,
The Father's Only Son begotten with His Name glorified.

I leap down to touch the pride of Satan,
And look at the coated venom of serpent,
I watch the flood of pleasures sway the precious soul.
Lucifer broke the Heaven's Holy Law,
The outrageous arch enemy of God raised on the coveted throne,
The eternal fire's only dictator with his name cursed.

I leap up...I leap down...
For still I'm on the earthly wing,
And my every pace hath pricks and kisses.
When I leap up it's Christ Who strengthens my soul;
When I leap down it's Satan who weakens my soul.

Often my soul rises Heavenward;
But there lingers a devouring lion, who hacks me to die,
My soul shouts to the Lord:
'My Lord, I fall in the quagmire of pleasures,
Lift me unto Thy Presence in Christ,
My sins are before Thee, before me.
Seek me out of the flames of fire
That I shall escape the furnace of the Fire.'

The Lord lifts me unto Him, and I know He is my Saviour
For He lay down His life beneath thorns and thistles
That I shall receive the Crown of Glory.

I leap up...I leap down...
But my Saviour is beside me with His Providence.

MBJ Pancras

Let Me Be Prepared To Leave This World....

My days have gone through thistles and thorns,
With a few roses alongside to pass the way,
And nothing hath been of my will,
But everything is of the Creator's Will.
Countless tragedies happened around me;
Unthinkable episodes travelled across me;
Baseless arguments practiced between me and others;
Rootless qualms transacted 'twixt me and others;
Voiceless disputes heated in discussions;
Roofless justification laid over helpless deeds;
Unforgiving apologies flashed 'cross my fellow-beings;
At times welcoming Judas' Kiss for want of love;
Willfully involved in unethical activities;
Wantonly omitted commissioned practices;
Thought of my diminutive knife 'gainst The Creator's brandishing Sword;
Passed thro' sensual tunnel many a time;
Climbed up the topless hill standing on my ego.
All these days travelled with the pretentious philosophy - -
The philosophy of existence on earth forever.
Self-satisfied with the sacrifice done for others,
Entertaining my physical mind devoid of spiritual attributes,
The moments of my life on earth have reached the threshold of departure.
Yea!
Pandemics on earth; hunger of the poor;
The exploitation of the rich; Corruption of rulers;
Having seen entrenched selfishness in people;
Watching butchering machines around me;
Hearing incessant news of death rates;
Sensing the intensity of the spread of Covid 19,
I begin to count the moments of my life,
For when is my day to depart from this existence,
I fail to perceive the time and nature.
So, let me be prepared to leave this world,
And let me hold the Arms of the Lord Jesus Christ.
For life on earth is merely a survival,
And our Home is Heaven in Eternity.

MBJ Pancras

Let Me Be Prepared To Leave This World....1

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For life on earth is merely a survival,
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MBJ Pancras

Lie

Unseemly logic,
Cunning device of satan,
Well-built black coffin. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Life

A sojourn on earth,
Not our will to dance 'midst thorns,
Way to other world.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Life On Earth

1. Clock time

Untiring labour
Till the break of space and time,
But not found in God's Way.

2. Hallucinations

Pleasures of mortals
Dancing on the stage of sins
Unrecorded facts

3. Eyeliner

A glamorous touch
Yielding unto temptation;
A black smile on eyes.

4. Deception

Real falsity
Sneaking into honesty
With no density.

5. Women's love

A mystery language
Spoken with bubbles and froths,
An illusive tongue!

6. Creativity

God's Knowledge quickened
In the minds of His people,
Making life novel.

7. Bruce Lee's 'Nunchaku'

Space less gravity,
Disastrous speed of wonder
Awesomely built-in!

8. Death of Bruce Lee

A mystery truth,
Tainted with tales and stories
Incredibly killed.

9. A Wine bottle

Intoxicating!
A stupor of illusion!
Real death of grace!

10. A woman with a wine bottle

Beauty turns disgrace,
Devotion to filthiness,
Worship of toxins.

11. Abraham's Bosom

The place of comfort
For the righteous dead who wait
For Christ's Judgment Day.

12. Knowledge of the world

Mickey Mouse rolling;
Dancing on the lion's back
And drowned in the well.

13. The battle between the Lord and the Devil

Unseen battleground
Full of mortals in action
'Twixt good and evil.

14. True lie

Baseless principle
Writ as law with power
To murder the truth.

15. False truth

Parody twisted!
Tarnished with glittering light
Sneaking into dark.

16. Chivalric defeat

Quixotic battle!
Soldiers of tomfoolery
Crowning the 'melon'.

17. The chair and the ground

Enjoying power!
Taxing the downtrodden folks,
Humanity killed.

18. Wine and bread crumbs

Tragic successes!
A drama on the stage of life
With rich and poor!

19. Advertisements

Rash atrocities
Playing the roles of corpses,
And no source for rags.

20. Gimmicks in politics

Horses turn to pigs,
Pigs scream like the nightingale,
The nightingale purrs.

21. Rulers of the world

Imposing traders
Stampeding the fertile lands
Slaying the poor.

22. Philanthropy disguised

Comic robbery
Smearred with glittering deceit,
Drama of gimmicks!

23. Monuments

People's money drained
For want of futile glory
By kings and rulers.

24. Women's bra

A twin- cupped temple;
A monument of wonder
To women's beauty.

25. Women's breasts

Beautiful temples
Worshipping living beauty;
Built for innate bliss.

MBJ Pancras

Life With Numbers!

The world began with ONE number!
Yea, ONE GOD created it for man.
Mankind flourished with TWO numbers!
Yea, man and woman were created.
EVER in THREE Personalities GOD hath been,
Yea, number THREE is always significant.

Men revolve around numbers in matrix,
Incorporated in various dimensions,
Multiple shapes of life are the scepters of kingdom,
Sets of stress trigonometrically measured with mensuration,
Arithmetic speeches equated with squares and cubes,
Songs of calculus transformed through differences of opinions,
Contests held among Natural, Whole and Integers,
Theorems prance in Geometrical angles,
And Pythagoras' way of life is one among them,
Fractional attitudes of life bear Numerator and Denominator- -
The twins of fractional life.
Ideas of mind are drawn in graphs,
Powered by X and Y axis,
Dreams of life patterned by Number Theory.

Numbers command and rule over us,
Numbers dictate our conversations
With electronic speech gadgets,
Transactions of money controlled with numbers.
Science and Math are parents of life survival.
And let's revere them in obedience,
And that's the complexity of theories with conjectures,
And it's Nature's existence of mystery,
So, let's walk in silence to reach the destiny of silence,
So, be in cheer amidst tension and stress.
Bye!

MBJ Pancras

Lightning

The blink of the clouds,
Mark of the future fire
of the Judgement Day.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Liquid Love

free flowing feelings,
unquenchable emotions,
dare not obstacles. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Logical Nonsense In English Alphabet

As all are against auspicious atrocities, agitating aspirants arbitrate astounding audience,
Blow by blow breaking brown bricks brings barbarous battle because blue birds break bad bottles,
Clicking clocks cover cocktail coffee converging corners calling cakewalk cobwebs commercially,
Dancing dolls drink diluted droplets drowning deep digging diversifying didactic doctorates,
Enriching eulogy edifies every evaluator easily energetically emitting extra efforts efficiently,
Fleeting floppies fully fascinated flop frolic fantasy for forgetting farewell fashion falsely,
Girls going gliding gymnastics goggling goals gripped glittering gestures gaining gracelessly,
High heels horrify hectic horses hurrying heedlessly hitting hot hotels harshly,
Intuitive ideology intensified in ink ideas illustratively immersed in illusive ice,
Jack judges jugglers juggling judiciously jumping jelly just jotting juicy jam,
Kaleidoscopic kettle kicking knight killing kite knocking Kentucky's knot,
Lollipop ladies looking like lovely locusts lingering loose lips largely,
Mocking monkey munches marigold molecules marching marvelously,
Nightly naughty nymphs narrate nautical notes nine notches necking necklaces,
Obviously obscure obesity obtains oriental origami organizing Orlando's oration,
Pinky pig punches paper pot pulling plaits powerfully putting pretty pens,
Queens queuing quickly quarterly quantum queer quagmire,
Ripples revolting rides revolving right rigorously raising rings round,
Silver stallion struggles striding straight showing somersaults shaking shells,
Tadpole tornadoes torture tinkering tumbler tickling tiny thistles,
Umbrella utopia ushers utility utensils unimaginably under usurping unity,
Vanishing vanity velocity vulnerably vindicates valuable vessel,
Warbling wobbles worry waves wantonly whitewashing walls wastefully,
Xylophone X-mas 'xpresses' xiphoid xebec xeroxing xylan xylite,
Youthful yearning yields yearlong yellow yachts yelping yolks,
Zealous zephyr zoologically zigzagging zinc zippering zillion.

MBJ Pancras

Lolly Pop

Children's round candy,
Mouth-watering, taste in fun,
Tempting to attack. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Longing

Why did you enter my life, my darling?
Look, I weep when thou art not with me,
You came from else where and I've met thee,
Thou art no more a stranger unto me,
For my heart hath touched thy heart,
And I've learnt love from thee,
And love hath life that lasts ever.
Thou art in my world of love dwelling,
Thou might hide thy material presence,
But thou can never take thy heart from my heart,
And thou art dwelling in the breath of my verses.
Thou art a poem in my world of poetry,
And I adore beautiful poems,
And thou art a poem of beauty.

MBJ Pancras

Love

An inborn emotion,
Unstoppable Tsunami,
Life-giver? Killer?

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Love And Dreams

I
See thee
In my heart
Till the clock stops.,
The clock never stops,
For time hath no ending,
And so is my love for thee.
Am I seen in thy heart like mine?
If so, send forth thy kisses to me.
That my heart rejoiceth in thee,
I can feel thy pain of love,
If I'm true, thou art true.
Thou cannot forget
The days we spent
Together.
It is
Love.

MBJ Pancras

Love Battle

My heart starts bleeding with sorrows,
Will you leave me to forget ever?
What will you give me a lasting memory?
Is it thy smile ever to flash across my world of love?
Will it be thy silent looks translated to thoughts of love?
My heart longs for the kiss from thy heart,
Let the angel of love in me teach me to paint thee,
And my world of love shall proclaim thee till my last breath

MBJ Pancras

Love Crowned

my verses crown thee
as blossoms crown a garden
with sweet metaphors.

MBJ Pancras

Love In Haikus

I love melodies.
thou art a note of music,
my soul dwells in notes.

thy smiles are the light
of the star transformed to love
of silence in depth.

much loving thy eyes,
my heart is drenched in the rain
of thy looks tender.

sweetest are thy words,
yet in less volumes to read,
yet my heart can learn.

MBJ Pancras

Love In Silence

Why did you meet me, and why I?
Know ye not I've lost my breath?
I breathe thy love in silence,
Thy silence hath taught me thy love,
And my heart knows nothing but thy love
Thy charming smile is lullaby unto my heart,
Thy loving looks are the cradle for my soul,
Thy utterance is the silent message of love for me,
Will ye forget me that may be lost?
Feel the pulse of my heart in silence,
And you can never blot me out of thee,

MBJ Pancras

Love Knot

My heart rejoices in thy presence and rolls over seas,
Each moment thy looks derives joy in me,
Thy smiles are the colours of the rainbow,
And my heart is adorned by the rainbow colours,
Thou wert in my presence and thou hated to leave me,
And my heart knows thou can ne'er forget me,
Thy answer unto my utterance is thy love for me,
For my each utterance is my love told unto thee,
And thy word unto my utterance is thy silent love for me.
My heart is a way for thee and thy heart is a way for me.
Let's dwell beneath the shade of silent tree and imbibe love together

MBJ Pancras

Love Shedding Tears

my heart weeps within
for thou hast not seen my eyes
in which my love dwells.

MBJ Pancras

Lovely Doll

sweet little pleasure,
chubby cheeks and twinkling eyes,
a way out of woes. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Loving-Kindness

Living for others,
Denial of self-living,
Life of charity. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Lucifer

the morning star curs'd,
father of lies thro' pleasures,
flickers 'midst glory.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Market Mall

money rolling den,
entry restricted to rags,
a time-pass kennel. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Marriage

A bond of virtue
'twixt a man and a woman,
A heavenly tie. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Mask

It hides me from reality;
All my goings and comings, full of falsity,
It seems the air is false; folks' breath, untrue,
The educators teach me 'guise' philosophy,
The 'government' enforces 'smokescreen' laws,
Kith and kin express 'masquerade' kinship,
Traders on the verge of their sale with 'camouflage' discounts.
Life on earth wears masks of multi-coloured deigns,
I survive with the mask of pretension;
Yea, the mask of pretension preaches 'immortality' on earth,
But I know I will leave this court,
Yet, I am forced to wear the mask of affectation,
And till I wear off the mask of affectedness,
I shall be a citizen of this mortal world.
But can I seek the way of Truth,
And wear of this mask of artifice?
Yea, there's a the Way - -
The Way to Eternity - -
The Lord Jesus Christ.

MBJ Pancras

Matinee Idol

Shrouded with colours,
Mimicked to aggressive shows,
Ruling unreal stage. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Melancholy

Mellifluous pain,
Mixture of joy and sorrow,
Born in solitude. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Mended Wings Of Love Tears And Panacea Happy Anecdote

I knew thou wilt search for me, it's true,
Thou hast made frequent calls from elsewhere,
Thou too knew I can't forget thee,
But time was sought to mend my broken heart.
Thy ultimate call pierced my heart laden in silence,
My silent heart woke up instantly and sought thee,
Thy words mended my wrecked heart,
I laid my heart in thy words of tenderness - -
So sweet that I took my heart unto thine.
Around us there flourished a garden of joy,
My soul perceived angels of love amidst.
I looked thee in my tears flowing along.
I knew the reason why snow melted:
True hearts never stay stony and cold,
Thy silent tears filled the earth with brilliance,
Thou hast let the fallen fish swim into thy palm,
And the fish hath a peaceful sleep in the cushion of thy love,
Thy utterances have turned soothing melodies for me.
Let's take a vow with love sealed in caress
Ne'er in the way of life there shall be bruises.
Let's stop saying 'Good bye' to each other,
But let's be in the bond of welcome song
Ever in the gentle zephyr sailing to stop wailing,
For life is an art wedded in love and sharing,
And thou wilt be in the leaves of my poetry.

MBJ Pancras

Merlyn Monroe

low profile limelight,
shooting star of the cosmos,
toxic sin of world. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Michael Jackson

a drastic ladder
with wobbly beams and torches
prone to disaster. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Micky Mouse

small caricature
drench'd in the hearts of the world
thro' hands of Disney. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Mirage

illusion prescribed,
the symbol of day-dreamers,
the way to nothing. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Mismanagement

The drama begins with the straightening of dog's tail,
The driver drives on the road of air,
The cucumber begins to grow on the apple tree,
The citizens are forced to lose their lives.
And there's nothing but corpses strewn across.

MBJ Pancras

Modern-Day Apparel

a death shroud of shame,
exotic to desires,
uncomely banners. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Moments Sweet

the moments with thee
are treasures my heart begets
like blossoms in spring.

MBJ Pancras

Money

seeming acceptance,
cascade of identity,
ruler of mankind. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Money II

seeming acceptance,
cascade of identity,
ruler of mankind. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Mother

She hath been a cradle to me since her conception,
I imbibed her blood as my
food
Through the umbilical cord to grow within in my growth,
She brought me out in travail to see the world,
So here am I to thank her ffor her love for me.

MBJ Pancras

Moustache

manly attire
with its choreography
of self dignity. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Mozart

The king of Salzburg,
Still reigns in great symphonies,
Music incarnate. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Musical Chair

no music on chair
which makes man dance to music
of power for lust. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Musical Life

life's a melody
if rhythm of love blended
to comfort a heart. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

My Dad's Last Moments....

There's my dad stick to the bed of the old age,
Looking as if he's in his second childhood,
I perceive him with my inward eye how he moans all alone,
How stately was he in his youth!
An episode vitalized, splendidly fragrant made.
Wilt thou awhile envisage him in my feelings
Engraved in the eternal art of life?
His beginning was a glory in its radiance,
The depth of his countenance enchanted the millions on the whole.
He made a dramatic entry on the stage of life.
Did you know how expectantly he looked for future rainbows?
Behold! He's become a child lying on Nature's bosom.
Look at his movements on his bed, so bleak and black to watch;
Like a knight with his brandishing sword, those days were halcyon moments,
Attendants and aides thronged around him for his call;
Now, here you can see the knight holding the pain of lonesomeness,
He dreamt of his family love and ran to the verge of life;
But a cloud of obscurity always hung betwixt him and his dream,
You don't know how he led the moments of his life;
Now he's a lonesome infant turned towards Nature's womb.
He breathes; how he breathed and nurtured his children,
I long for his smile; he had no smiles in his life,
I know his inward eye hangs upon Heaven's Glory.
I see a gardener- - looking like,
Planting apple trees with sheltering branches,
The gardener must be a messenger of God,
He prunes the lawn installs shady boughs.
He longs for lullaby; he longs for his dead mother,
There's none around him, his own possessions;
Tears from his heart flow down his cheeks,
Fate would say: "lonesomeness is terrible than death."
Countless stars throng about the lovely Moon,
Thousands of flowers beautify the garden;
But here's seen the knight with his sword
Enfolded by the air of aloneness.
Tired of his living, he now takes rest,
But his rest now seeks solace and comfort.
Crossing the borderlands I let my inward eye travel unto him,
He tries to rise and seeks the third support, but in vain.

I curse myself for my absence beside him as his foster father.
Treat him with thy loving presence,
And my tears shall be the price to his love for me.
Here I leave the court of lonesomeness
With the lesson of loneliness for every one on earth in the last stage.

MBJ Pancras

My Daughter Celebrates Her 12th Birthday

Dedicated To My Loving Daughter SUZANNA CHRISTY On her 12th Birthday
(08/09/2015) (MBJ Pancras & P Christina Martin)

Days rolled on; moments of time trotted; Waters changed shapes;
She walked with His Grace; smiled with His Mercy; grown with His Love.
Eleven nautical miles she hath crossed; might be twisted with ebbs and tides;
Yet His provident Arms have carried her in tender and glorious ways.

I see her seated on the banks of the stately throne with scepter of innocence,
My heart is thrilled with her mother's heart of her child-like majesty
Envisaged across the firmament with the rainbow colours within.
Each of the rainbow shade dappled with Heaven's Glory to glow.

I have drawn her in the sky of my fancy with figures of speech in colours,
She hath become a poem in my kingdom of poetry in pageantry.
We've been dreaming of her splendor glowing in His Presence
And pray unto Him no blemish shall taint her soul till the day.

My heart perceived sweet smiles on her lips translated from her within:
Every smile is His Blessing showered on her heart - gratitude to HIM.
We planted a garden and 've grown the seed of godliness to grow like His Son,
Our hearts rejoice in the growth of the seed beside the sweet flow of His Love.

She hath grown through lightning, storms, showers and withstood with His
Grace,
She's been God's Gift' conferred on us late but in His time mystifying to mankind.
It hath been His Eternal episode that she ought to be in our arms crawl.
And God's Gift is in His Image to grow in His Shade and fly under His Wings.

We are instruments to lead her in the way of Eternity, and her soul is precious to
Him.
All have souls and all have Eternity, and have to choose His Son hung on the
Cross;
Yet earthly affinity hath no role to play in His Kingdom, for He is Spirit,
And all His children ought to have His Image ever to reign in His Glory.

We perceive Truth of Eternity on her child-like countenance each day.
She hath stepped on the twelfth way of life and hath years to walk through.
Our prayer unto Him is His Providence be showered on her soul till the time.

She hath awakened us to share the Truth of Eternity in my simple verse.

MBJ Pancras

My Daughter Goes To School

To My Daughter Suzanna Christy

My dear, you're going to school,
From indoors to outdoors,
A way unto the world.
You sing rhymes with your babblings,
Tongue-twisters play hide and seek with yours.
You say: A B C D E F.....,
It's not mere the alphabet,
But it's my darling's, your soul song.
You say: ONE TWO THREE.....,
It's not just numbers,
But it's my beloved, your breath.
You dance in tunes,
And it's the expression of joy within.
You've brought me joy of wonder,
And I with your mother sit in prayer'
'Our Father, we thank You.'
My dear, you're going to school.
We beget joy thro' you, our darling.

MBJ Pancras

My Heart Bleeds

To Our Daughter Suzanna Christy Maria Patricia

My heart bleeds
When she's down in sickness,
Tears from my inward eye
 billow the flowers of our garden,
Each petal turns black,
And the garden lacketh not greenery,
The sun shineth, but there seems dark.
Each moment, every shot at me,
Cold waves slap my cheeks,
Foggy mist sleeps in my eyes,
Blues toll strikes my ears,
Everything smells bitter.
My heart raises supplications unto HIM,
And His Answer is ever fruitful.
May be His Blessings in disguise,
And we'll be in His Fold.

MBJ Pancras

My Heart Illumines; Does Thy Heart Illumine?

My heart illumines, do you know why? Of thy sweet eyes,
Sweet flow of dreams brimmed with thy smiling looks,
My heart paces thro' poetic music softly caressing me.
Thou makest me long for thy sweeter kisses,
And I can imbibe thy kisses with my poetry.
Thy physical presence may be out of reach;
Yet my heart dwells in the presence of thy love,
And my poetry is the lullaby sung for thee ever.

Do you listen unto love song, sweetest into thy heart?
And let my heart sing love song till my breath leaves.
Each of the notes woven into the song bears my tears,
That hath the power to wake up the laden seed,
And there would be showers of our smiles together.

My heart longs for thy presence and it's true; yet not known why?
Is it thy love for me or my love for thee? Not known why?
Thy looks run deep into my heart that invents love of poetry.
I let my poetry dream upon thy heart of modesty and tranquility,
And I believe thy heart perceives my heart that illumines.

Does thy heart illumine? Of my heart of love,
Let my heart wait till the horizons meet together,
I carved thy image in my poetry and thou shall dwell in it,
And my heart shall perceive thee in it ever.
Does thy heart illumine? Of my heart of love,
Speak unto my poetry and my heart shall dwell in joy.

MBJ Pancras

My Little Darling Sings

To My Little Suzanna Christy

My little darling sings nursery rhymes,
And they're the melodious notes unto my heart.
Her little voice fills my heart with joy,
Every syllable of her utterances consoles my soul,
My inward eye romps in joy at her child-like song,
All my glooms disappeared in seconds,
She teaches me how to be happy.
I heart music from instruments,
But it hath had a little effect on me.
My darling's songs have taken me to utopia.
She teaches me how to write verses.
My little darling is the world unto us,
And we're for her, and she's for us,
And we three are for Him.

MBJ Pancras

My Lord

Psalm 23 in Nonet with simple modifications)

The
Lord is
My Shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to
Lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the
Still waters and restores my soul.
He leads me in the paths of justice.
Though I walk through the Death Valley,
I have no fear of evil;
For Thou art with me e'er;
Thy Rod and Thy Staff
Do comfort me.
I will be
Ever
Thine.

MBJ Pancras

My Love For Thee....

A
Pity
Over thee
Drenched me deeply,
And my love showers
Onto thee like a rain
With each drop holding thy face,
And a smile from thy lips hugs me,
That I can never leave thee alone.
So I like to carry thee with me,
In each pace of life I kiss thee,
For I believe in thy love;
I wish I be with thee,
And live like a bee;
Honey is sweet;
Good to taste
For us
Both.

MBJ Pancras

My Loving Heart....

(penned in memory of Christina Martin's (Gulnaz) dead Grandma on 11 September 1987)

(Dramatic Monologue)

"She is gone....
Where is she now?
Can anyone tell me?
How she nurtured me from my infancy!
Does anyone know it?
The one who gave birth unto me left me alone,
My dad took me with him when I babbled,
I never knew how I could call the word 'Ammi'
For, she had left me motherless.
I grew in my grandma's bosom,
I sucked the nipples of her breasts,
And drank not milk, but love with my childish heart,
She bathed me; she dressed me,
All she did what she had wished to her daughter,
Can you envisage my grandma in my utterance?
She recited prayers and scriptures for me,
She sheltered me with her watchful eyes,
And she never let my eyes shed tears.
Now, look into my eyes shrouded with tears,
For, she is gone....
And where is she?
Can anyone bring back unto me?
Nay, nothing is possible with thee,
But everything is possible with HIM.
Will anyone pray unto Him to give back my grandma?
The Word says: 'Life on earth is only once.'
I was a happy child unto my grandma,
She combed my hair, and kept the locks smooth and fair,
She never let me in hunger and in thirst,
She was in my puberty; she taught me to grow in teens,
She would sing lullaby even in my teens.
We were poor, but rich in honesty.
Some of you may have grandmas like mine.
Yea, my grandma lived in my smiles,

She rejoiced in my laughter,
She never taught me glooms, but joy.
The radiance from her eyes preserved me,
The love of her arms caressed me always
Did you know my grandma cooked food over twigs?
Yea, we were poor, but rich in honesty,
I never felt for a mother,
For she became my mother,
And I became her daughter.

Alas! That day turned bleak veiled with glooms,
The dawn of that day turned dark,
It was an eerie dawn sans the sun.
The clock struck five, but kept still,
And there was no chime at six.
I watch all thy eyes shrouded with tears now,
Look into my eyes!
Can you perceive my grandma into them?
She left me ever on that day,
And I was left motherless again,
I had house, but I lost my Home.
Who could bathe me, wilt my dead grandma?
Who could comb my hair, wilt my dead grandma?
Who could feed me, wilt my dead grandma?
Who could be my life, wilt my dead grandma?
She had been my walking soul,
But that day I looked at her still body.
Her blood splashed upon my purple churidhar,
Yea, she had left me breaking her heart,
Then I learnt her heart had been alive just for me,
And it had turned weak of exertion.

I ran into streets all alone that day,
And the passers-by pitied on me and left,
I had none to fall upon my knees.
I cried aloud into the air and called my grandma.
Can you tell me if she had heard my cry?

The door of my life had been shut,
And I had no way out, but fettered by my fate.

Did you know `midst of glooms, a ray of light shined on me?

I was too young to catch the ray of light,
Yet, later the ray of light turned to be the sun.

The old door was shut; the new way gave me life.
It is all in the Book of the Lord.
He is the Good Samaritan in the journey of my life.

Yea, Jesus Christ the Lord hath taken me into His Bosom,
And hath blessed me with a child to proclaim His Name unto all.

MBJ Pancras

My Pleasure With Satan's Trap

What I choose I plan to do and with Satan's trap,
What I think I hesitate to choose but troubled by Satan's trap,
When I forget the Word of God I derive pleasure by Satan's trap,
When I feel God's Grace below my soul I bargain my soul with Satan,
How I play with God's patience that with the tool of Satan,
How I use Satan's tool that with my love of the world,
Why I love the world of filthiness that I fail to pray,
Why I fail to pray is that laziness has sneaked into my soul,
Where I look for the place to pray that I find nowhere to do so,
Wherefore time and place are no where found but in one's soul.

Let me dropp myself into the Arms of God in Christ,
And look upon Him on the Cross where His Blood still flow afresh,
And each dropp of His Blood is for my sins to be cleansed.

'O, Lord! Give me strength to resist temptation and sin!
In Christ Jesus

MBJ Pancras

My Verse For Thee - - A Lasting Touch!

TO THE ONE WHO INSPIRES MY HEART!

MBJ Pancras
Thou art the rainbow decked with colours of dreams, Reigning the sky
with moisture wedded with haze.

Thy beauty embedded in the rainbow - the crown of the sky.

When you smile unto me with thy fragrant love,

My heart grows blossoms of rainbow beauty,

I know not why thy heart inspires mine;

Yet I know it's the magic of muse on its pinions

Speaking unto my silent heart and wakes my poetry.

Thy smile unto me adds wings to my poetry,

And my way of life is all of poetry.

Thy eyes sing lullaby unto my heart,

And my heart is drenched in the rain of thy love.

I adorn thee with my magic odes

When I address thee as a muse unto me,

Thou art a song bird chanting in silence into my heart,

I deck thee with my sonnets clothed with metaphors

For thou hast changed me Spenser with his sonnets,

I epitomize thee with my epic of anecdote

As the muse of Homer reigns my poetic child.

When I beautify thee with my blossom-like verses,

I've been Keats whose truth is:

'A thing of beauty is a joy forever'

And I believe my verse for thee bears a lasting touch.

(02 September

2015) 21.18 hrs.

MBJ Pancras

Mystery Of Birth

1. Where had I been before I was born?

I had been nowhere
Before I was born on earth.
Now God made me 'I'.

2. Where had you been before you were born?

You had been nowhere
Before you were born on earth.
Now God made you 'you'.

had he been before he was born?

He had been nowhere
Before he was born on earth.
Now God made him 'he'.

4. Where had she been before she was born?

She had been nowhere
Before she was born on earth.
Now God made her 'she'.

5. Where had they been before they were born?

They had been nowhere
Before they were born on earth.
Now God made them they'.

MBJ Pancras

Mystery Of Mysteries

From Everlasting to Everlasting He exists,
From Eternity to Eternity He dwells.
Where is the Eternity?
When did the Eternity begin?
If no beginning, then no end.
Is it not a mystery?

Why are the universe and its worlds crated?
Why does the sun rise in the east?
Why does the moon show her face from the west?
Why is coolness by rain?
Why is warmth by the sun?

Why am I born within time?
Why am I born as an infant?
And why do I grow old?
And why am I to die in no time?
Why are on earth disparities among my fellow-beings?
Why do pangs and miseries cripple humankind?

Why is the mind of humankind limited?
Why does humankind think of theories?
Why are religions made with theologies?
Why are philosophers created?

Humankind invented meditation to find answers,
Truth is still being sought but in vain with no answers.

Where do I go after death?
Do I have spirit and soul?
What is spirit and what is soul?
Where does my soul go when my flesh decays?
Do beasts have soul to think like humankind?

Countless questions and apprehensions have fettered me,
Why are these mysteries in this temporal world?
These mysteries can be answered if the greatest mystery is revealed:
From Everlasting to Everlasting He exists,
From Eternity to Eternity He dwells.

Where is the Eternity?
When did the Eternity begin?

MBJ Pancras

Mystic Silence

thy silence mystic
so as Mona Lisa's smile,
no answer to find.

MBJ Pancras

Nature

Heaven's beauty drawn,
A source to all earthly art,
Unique in fullness.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Necromancy

handled by Faustus,
fatal stroll in wordliness,
short cut to power. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Neither Moon Nor Beauty

O What maketh thee sad, man of dreams,
Lonely and sadly lingering?
Blossoms beside the stream are withered,
And no birds sing.

O What maketh thee sad, man of dreams,
So pale and so miserable?
The fields are all full,
And full is the labourer's table.

I see rose on thy face
With anguish dew and colourless look;
And on thy cheeks a withering lily
Silently doth feel sick.

I met a girl in the pastures,
Greatly beautiful - the Moon's child;
Her hair was like waves, her steps rhythmic,
And her eyes were gold.

I made a wreath on her hair,
And a garland for her with fragrant blossoms;
She looked at me as the Moon did,
And whispered love-psalms.

I took her on my magical couch,
And everything looked beautiful,
For the moments we were together were golden
With songs delightful.

She fed me fruits delicious taste
And honey from heaven above;
And in sweetest tongue she uttered,
'With thee great is love.'

She carried me unto a fairy cave,
And there she shed tears in gloom,
And the heart I had decked her
With thoughts lay in bosom.

And there she sang lullaby for me,
And there I dreamed - Alas! woe struck!
The dream I had with a hope
Was in delight but turned illuck.

I saw paleness on the sky all the way,
Neither Moon nor Beauty was there;
A cry from an unheard land said:
'Neither Moon nor Beauty would be thy dear.'

I perceived my cold heart at dusk
With a garland of sorrows around,
And I awoke, and found me here,
And nothing beside me I found.

And so am I sojourning here
Lonely and sadly lingering,
And blossoms beside the stream are withered,
And no birds sing.

MBJ Pancras

Never Shall Meet Again!

Where art thou far from us?
Thou can't be seen in our eyes,
Neither at our ears heard;
Nor in our sense; and ne'er in touch,
Thou art far from us; never can be seen.

Thou crossed five and sixty oceans,
And thou travelled tides and currents,
Sea birds and sea creatures were thy friends,
Song birds of the sky watched thy journey,
Species on earth learnt the feelings of thy heart.

Thou began to cross the sixty and sixth ocean,
Tiny fishes pinched thy feet and palms,
Yet, thou swam with strength and power,
Whales encountered thee,
And sharks with their teeth wide open,
Thy inner power and will thrashed them away.

Alas! Thou wert caught in a whirlpool,
And it was like the Bermuda mystery,
Thou wert consumed deep into it,
Thou disappeared out of the world's eyes,
And thou are no more on earth.

Thou hast not crossed six and sixty oceans,
For thou drowned in the sixty and sixth ocean,
And thou wilt never cross sixty six oceans.

This is the day thou wert born,
And we had been unknown unto thee
When thou wert born ages back.
Now we are here when thou art no more with us.
Yet, we know the truth none liveth on earth ever.

Here are my verses painted for thee on thy day,
Yet, I know thou can't read them;
Thou can't listen to them;
For thou art nowhere near us.

Yet, we can live in thy deeds of care and concern,
Thou live in our memories,
Till we live on earth thou shalt live in our memories.

We will never meet again;
And the days spent with thee never shall come again,
For this is life and all shall pass with no identity.
Let's close my verses, for there's end for everything.
Goodbye!

MBJ Pancras

New Year

Hopes and joy expressed,
A New Beginning to run;
But lasting awhile.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Newton's Third Law

apple above him
mystical focus on life
gravity destined.

MBJ Pancras

Night Fall

slumber after game,
moments of complaints of game,
bleak apprehension. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Nonet On Covid 19(Part Ii)

A

Virus

From the east

Sneaked into lives;

Human survival

At stake with more lives lost,

Hunger kills more than the foe,

Economy has a decline.

Vaccines are not yet identified,

Front Line Health Workers sacrifice

Their lives that others may live,

Human instincts erode

The inborn virtues,

Self takes the rule,

Empathy

Has no

Room.

MBJ Pancras

Nothing But Wind

Nothing But Wind

Music the world filled with,
And is God-breathed the melody in it.
Music moves the world around on its way,
And it's wind in music dwells.
Muse of Music! Let me imbibe thy notes
For sans thee my voice lies half-dead
When my heart is to sing
That
NOTHING BUT WIND is music.

My soul enters the sylvan woodlands-
 The abode of musical birds,
And in quest of music haunts every nest.
It's music that birds chirp,
And I lay my soul on a pasture,
And the chirping of birds does caress my soul:
The cuckoo sings with twain quick notes,
The nightingale babbles with nectarous notes,
The sparrow squeaks with mumbling thoughts,
The throttle bubbles with drizzling thoughts,
All sail into, my soul cherished
When wind turned to music through birds.
Crickets join the orchestra with their wings rubbed the air,
And music flows when their wings flap.
My soul journeys along the bank of musical stream,
Where bamboos rustle when wind penetrates them:
It's "Bamboo" music breathed thro' flute,
I learnt the love for music born thro' bamboo
Perfected with beautiful melodies.
Dwelling on pastures music grows personified:
Harps reverberate at the hands of the shepherds,
Green music born of pastoral spirit join the bleating of lambs:
The lambs bleat and music is breathed,
And the whole of the pastures flutter with joy.
Into deep woods my soul moves,
And lions roar I hear, elephants trumpet,

And ravens voice hoarse notes
When "bamboo" music is tried by machines:
Harp turned to Guitar, bamboo turned to piano,
And music now flows thro' science -
Science that survives with computers.
When engine whistles I hear music
And train follows it with "friction" music,
Rhythmic beats perfected on rails.
"Friction" music turned to "roar" music
When air-plane has been invented.
My soul speeds up - speeding up
And hears jet engines launch musical roar
Yet perfected by computer technology -
An impeccable rhythm thro' jets.
My soul runs atop the mountain peak
Where rockets zoom into the sky with "rocket" notes
 Blasting off for the stars,
Measured with "light year wavelength".
Stars roll down with noise and roar,
The universe being filled with "lightning" sound.
Seeks solace the world shrouded with machines...
.....seeking solace thro' divinity
 With mantras chanted;
Yet "disco vogue" lingers on earthly pleasures,
And man is belittled by his social excusable sins,
And his society turns to animalism.
Down from the mountain peak my soul rolls down...
The peak that showed me fleeting moments of life.
An inevitable holocaust shrouds the earth,
And a victim with wounds and bruises am I.
Back into the sylvan woodlands my soul runs now-
 Into the sylvan woodlands, the abode of musical birds,
And haunts every nest in quest of music.
To breathe "bamboo" music I run,
For I learnt the love for music born thro' bamboo.
Forlorn! Bamboos are found nowhere.
My soul longs for "bamboo" music,
Yet learns a truth that music is NOTHING BUT WIND.
And my soul is convinced that Wind is Music, and Music is Wind.
Longing for silent music at the threshold of woodlands
 My soul now lies.

Muse of Music! My heart sang a truth
That
NOTHING BUT WIND is MUSIC.
And it's my garland of thoughts presented unto thee.

This verse is penned as the versifier (I) has been inspired by the musical album of Ilayaraja, the first Asian who composed symphony at Royal Philharmonic Orchestra England, whose real genius has not been understood by many. The musical album is NOTHING BUT WIND. He is an Indian.

MBJ Pancras

Nothing Else

my heart loves thy heart,
and nothing else to speak out,
I need but thy heart.

MBJ Pancras

Oblivion

leads to sedation,
cares and worries forgotten,
a short-lived numbness. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Ocean Of Joy

Why hast thou shown thy face from me?
What hath made thee do so?
Breathe unto my heart thy smiles
That my heart dances with rainbow colours,
Thou art sweet unto me with thy smiles,
Thy heart is sweeter unto my heart,
Thy love for me is sweetest of all,
Let us be drenched in the ocean of joy.

MBJ Pancras

Ode On A Literary Star

Thou, a star of the galaxy of Literature fabulous with images and colours,
Not a diminishing spark, but a shining gem, ever with thy literary similes,
Across the skies of innovation, thou art seen floating with wings of harmony.
Thou, a pearl studded with the virtue of meekness,
An amazing limelight glistening 'cross the world of learners,
Thou speakest words of gentleness for thou art an art of humility.
Thou art a canopy to care and share joys and sorrows of thy folks,
A sea, silent in its essence, but with waves hushed, yet with power.
Beauty is thy crown, so well bejeweled with smiles of joy,
For to Keats, 'A Thing of Beauty is a Joy forever.'
Thou, behold, a song bird whose melodies are magic verses,
Lovely to the ears of thy little geniuses always 'midst thee.
Thou wakest up the sleeping doll with thy words of lullaby.
'Sarala' is an art of beauty embedded in the virtue of quietness
Living amidst the garden of solitude with blossoms of dreams.
A sojourn, thou art for infants and babes, cherishing with beautiful hopes,
Thou wilt be perceived thro' the eyes of the budding geniuses,
And thou art a guiding star with the beacon glowing 'cross the horizon.
Yea, Thou art a star of the galaxy of Literature fabulous with images and colours.

MBJ Pancras

Ode On The In Service Course

(for PGTs First Spell)May 2017)

Dedicated to DC KVS RO Chennai, Course Director, Associate Course Director, Venue Director, Guest Speakers, Resource Persons, Technical Assistants and Participants

Thou, a bower, fragrantly decked with words,
Meant for utopian culture, free from prejudices,
Embroidered with unseen melodies sung by countless birds:
Cuckoos visited thy chamber, perfected with their syllables,
Song birds hovered o'er thee, drenching with tuneful numbers,
Nightingales floated `cross thy bosom, painting with droplets of fantasy.

Behold! Thou wert the oasis with springs around thee - -
A sojourn, unthinkable, Cinderella's realm of joy,
A real paradise with cool waters made,
All the way away from dreary culture of routines,
Thou had offered us ambrosia and honey.

Thou wert a stage, a way shown with enactments,
A canopy thou wert, sheltered each of logos rendered,
Timeless utterances, dramatic gestures engraved on thee,
Embroidery of nature thou wert with shining stars.

West Wind wert thou with sweeps of wit,
And thy witty hits and hugs struck all the minds.
Thou wert the engine of Nature, transforming seeds to plants.
Thou worked well with leaves and blossoms.
Behold! Thou the orchestral arena of its dream of music,
Each of thy syllables sang a lullaby to dream,
And the dream thou offered transformed the listeners.

Thou art like Keats' Grecian Urn exquisitely adorned,
And each of thy engravings tells the story of anecdotes:
Clouds dancing, sprinkling stars and the rising sun.
Thou sprinkle joy, sharing amongst Nature's gifts,
Ineffably unforgettable lasting till the day meets `gain.

MBJ PANCRAS PGT KV No 1 Vijayawada

MBJ Pancras

Ode On Thee...

(A Citation poetically designed for a compassionate person)

Thou, the shower of generosity, with the rain of compassion,
'midst the soil of new generation drench the land with richness,
Thou hast the heart of nobility and hast learnt the ebb and flow of life,
A wounded dove would take its shelter in thy palm,
A bruised deer hath been tended gracefully by thee,
Thou art always a lyric to the young and the old,
Thy merciful deeds have a Homeric epic, yet unending,
Embedded with stories within stories, all have their unique plots,
Thy demeanor hath the traits of Shakespearean plays,
Each of thy gestures depicts classic poetic dogma.

Thou, a kind of relic carved out Grecian sculpture,
A master piece of thy own and distinctive work of art,
Thou art embedded in the stems of plants grown 'across elsewhere,
The sprightly dance of branches and plants display thy footprints,
The rustling of leaves, the lullaby of the morning birds proclaim thy words,
Thou hast been the West Wind relishing the seeds laden and yet to be born,
Thou art zephyr, which hath a friend of rain and spring,
And thou canst transform bleakness unto gracefulness,
Even a child of tears can be transformed into a child of joy
When thou lookest at the child with thy compassionate eyes.

Thou art exemplified on the murals elsewhere thou hast worked,
Thou hast been a living sculpture carved in everyone's heart,
Thy mellifluous words of comfort are the lasting panacea unto broken souls,
Thy Inscriptions and charity, delved in the lives of fellow-beings.
Thou art always a 'wake-up' call to the gloomy hearts,
Exceptionally traversed thro' tunnels of smog and fog,
Thou hast been lifted speaking the glory of success,
Thou hast walked on thorns and spikes, and learnt the art of life.
Thou art a lesson meant in the book of life,
And we shall study each of the syllable transcribed 'cross the leaves of the book.

MBJ Pancras

Ode On Those Who Make Future Citizens

A Tribute To All Teachers Across The World

On The Occasion Of Teachers' Day (05/09/2015)

MBJ Pancras
Thou the sculptor magnificently made by the Creator,

Thou foster-parent of wit and emotion sensitively designed,
Scholarly carved in and out with magical dimensions of life,
A beautiful story incorporated woven with similes and metaphors,
More than what thou art depicted with the garb of competence,
Thou the artist meticulously carved out with fancy and perception
Of life and art simply wedded poignantly with philosophy.
Thou make Einsteins from the orb of mysterious children
And each of us knows 'Child is the father of man'.
True and ever is thy genius gracefully transferred unto the little minds,
Thou the muse with thy power of 'telling and inspiring' live.

Time can consume physical attire, but scared of thy existence
And thou hast never bowed down before ignorance and callousness,
Never in dreams too have thou thought of children as weed.
Thy songs, thy words, thy utterance, all laden in wisdom,
And thou make all these immortal sowed in the hearts of the buds.
And thou art seen in the memory of thy creations fully-grown later.
Sketches thou have drawn and they're turned magnum opus.
Each of thy actions is an inspiration unto thy blooming geniuses
Who derive thy countenance with their child-like strategy.
Thou the reader of young books whose freshness builds thy thinking,
And thou art a learner in the world of buds and blooms still.

O Amazing Urn! Gorgeously-designed Ewer!
Knowledge brimming, wisdom crowning thy vocation,
Thy experiences amidst trials and errors speak volumes
Of history whose pages filled none but the joy of thy creations
From rudiments to perfection with allegiance and genuineness.
Thou art decked with wit knit and woven with fragrant blossom
Whose aroma fills the land and quickens each of the laden seeds.
Thy geniality and amicability with the wreath of majesty,
Thou the sculpture of the sculptures immortally preserved,
Each of thy portrayal leaves an anecdote, a perfect example!
Thou art ever worshipped for thy unique mission with honesty.

Ode To Living Water

A child of Nature thou art! Born of Living Water!
So translucent in thy deeds art thou! Watery art thy words,
Prosperity dwells in thy innocence, sweet is thy smile,
Fragrant is thy presence, Nature's gift is thy birth.
Thou walk beside the shores of the eternal ocean,
And the children of the sea dance in thy moving gestures.
Fish of the waters frolic 'bove the current at thy sight,
Each of the species living around share their dreams with thine,
Thy course of life is pleasant and flowery shared with all.

Behold! Thou art drenched with nectar so honeyed,
Thou art dwelling in the core of blossoms, full of dreams.
Thy simplicity is a star of miracle; Thou art raised, admirable!
Princely is thy act of benevolence, compassionate to the needy!
Thou art 'Amrita' of bliss raised of the soil of sweat,
Smile born of thy heart is the answer to the souls who walk with thee.
Time can't measure thy smile; but thy smile can measure Time,
Thou mayest seem a crownless queen; yet thou art a soul of potentials.
Thou makest species under firmament quickened and relished.

Thou hast borne the name of the Ganges - - perennial and refreshing!
Blissfully art thou made ringing into everyone's heart, lively!
Thy name is tender; thou art caring; thy words are pleasant!
Sweet is thy name when pronounced; sweeter art thou when spoken;
Sweetest art thou when befriended with thee! A delightful soul!
Shower art thou drenching the crying souls with thy empathy!
Thou art the living water; all barren lands turn fertile, when flowing,
Thy lullaby sootheth the disheartened hearts laden with bleak reality.
Behold! Thou knowest 'Water is the elixir of life' and thou art it.

Thou hast charm or sting; yet thou mayest turn sting to charm,
Spell-bound is every one if thou flashest the rays from thy magical eyes,
Thou art the fount of ideas that kindle the sluggish intellect,
Thou bringest shades to weary travellers and leadest them unto oasis,
Tireless are thy sweats; unstinting are thy promises; diligent is thy labour,
Behold! All the stars turn unto thee, and thou become a guiding star.
Thy disposition reacheth my heart, and my poetry paints thee as an ode,
And thou shall know poetry is an art inscribed in immortal plinth,
Thou shalt be read by generations till art walketh on its way.

MBJ Pancras

Ode To S...

Thou art a blossom of love brimmed with fragrance,
Thy visage, so graceful and tender, touched my heart,
Each of thy smiles caresses my heart of love gently
Like that of zephyr sailing across the horizons.
My heart caressed of thy invisible breath of love
Hath fallen into the chasm of longing and pining.
Thou, the angel of tender, make me cry within,
Yea, my heart sobs by thy laden love upon me.
Thou hast reminded me of Keats' La Belle Dame Sans Merci',
The mercy of Nature enveloped in emotions and feelings.

Thou hast the love veiled in reality, I believe so deep,
Thou make my heart weep and I know thou art in my tears.
My love hath been saturated in thy smiles of love,
Know ye not my heart pines for thy presence timelessly?
What hath made me love thee in my grey hairs?
Thou hast plucked my thoughts to crown around thee.
Do you know my heart traverses thro' thy heart in depth?
My heart doth brim with hails of thoughts struck to utter.
O, The Nightingale of Keats' world thou art! Sing into my heart,
And I would let my heart repose in tranquillity of thy reminiscence.

Thou the Seventh Wonder that struck my inward eye in depth,
I would paint the Seventh Wonder with my magic poetry,
Let me caress thee with my odes and lyrical melodies,
And my sonnets would adorn thee with Hellenic beauty,
I would inscribe an epic on thee for thou hast stolen my heart.
Thou art ever reminisced in me with my magic poetry,
Each of the phrases in my poetry hath life to breathe,
And it's but the breath of thy heart sounding in silent thunder.
Thou art the floral beauty transcending the ritual attributes
And thou wilt be in the summit of wonder ever in my poetry.

MBJ Pancras

Oh! My Soul! (Ode)

Oh, My Soul! Where art thou when my body lies in rest
That cares and worries have shrouded it day and night?
Wilt thou guard my corpse close sitting with a rod
That the messenger of death shall take it away?
Or wilt thou sleep close to my corpse and escape cares?
For when my body is at rest I know not what happens unto me
Whether my presence on earth is real or a mystery,
Dreams flash across the horizons and they're strange and eerie,
Is that thou, my soul, art working in my dreams?
Oh, my soul, tell me, is this rest a rehearsal of death imminent
That I should prepare the way of death to Way of Life?
Ominous dreams lash threats at me, and art thou aware
And pleasant dreams caress me, and art thou aware?
Unravel this mystery unto me, O, my soul!
Every wink of my eye carries each of the day's cares,
Tell me, O, my soul! Where art thou when my body is at rest?
Art thou not shrouded with attires of fatigue and distress?
I know my eyes shed tears if thou art agonized,
And thou art one in me, yet where art thou when my body is at rest?
I know thou art distressed with my worldly cares and needs,
And I know my body reacts when thou art distressed.
But tell me, O, my soul! Where art thou when my body is at rest
That I shall know how mystery of life works in me.

MBJ Pancras

On Line Classes (Haiku/Senryu)

Quixotic warfare,
Exploitation of learning,
Pompous adventure.

MBJ Pancras

On Thy Seventeenth....

(On the Occasion of Suzanna Christy's Seventeenth Birthday on 08th September 2020)

Thou, a Gift of God, grew in the womb of thy mother,
Thou wert fed by the Father's Mercy and Grace,
Heavenly Blessings began to flow into thee,
Thou hast been hugged close to the Father's Bosom,
The melody of the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ ringing into thine,
The Spirit of the Lord hath carried thee in His Way,
Thou art a Pearl of the Heavenly Garden,
Good News of Peace and Innocence is in thee,
Thou art blossomed with the smile of Heaven,
Full of grace and tenderness are thy words,
Thy face, of radiance and charm, is a Gift of God.
Sixteen miles together The Lord hath been with thee,
What thou hast now with thee is the Lord's Possession,
The smile which thou render is the Lord's Gift,
The words which thou utter are the Lord's melody,
The beauty thou are embodied with is the Lord's boon,
The eyes thou hast are the Lord's Light,
The breath thou breathe is the Lord's Breath,
The image thou hold is the Lord's Image,
So, thou shalt be the Lord's Possession,
And so, thou wilt be in His Command and Way.
Thou art on the milestone of Seventeenth,
Thou hast many miles to go further,
And so, hold the Lord close to thy bosom,
And He shall carry thee in His Arms,
And thou shalt be safe back to His Bosom in Heaven.

MBJ Pancras

On Thy Sixth Milestone....

Thou hast chosen the greatest choice in thy life,
It's the way unto the Lord with His Word in thy tongue,
A predestined vocation from the Lord's Mouth.
Thou hast crossed five milestones and entered the sixth,
The Lord hath always been with thee through fragrant thorns,
Scorpions paraded against thee; snakes scrambled betwixt thee;
Wolves raised their howls `gainst thee; coated sarcasm scoffed at thee,
Yet, this battle of evil forces hath strengthened thy will for the Lord.
Simple by nature; daring in the ministry; compassionate in heart,
Thy ways for the Lord preach the ignorant folks the Way of the Lord.
A friend to the poor, thou hast fed the hungry and the needy,
Thou art a guardian of the downtrodden; a timely soul to everyone.
Thou art a worldly son of thy father; yet, thou art a blessed son of the Father.
Thou hast sought the vision of Heaven and now carry the mission of the Holy
One.
Thou art now remembered on thy sixth entry into the era of the Heavenly Call,
The Lord shall cover thee with His Grace and thou shalt walk with Him till the
end.

MBJ Pancras

Oscar Award

glittering amber,
award of mendicancy,
genii denied. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Our Darling

To Our Daughter

Oh! Our Darling,
How much we love you!
None can fathom.
You are the messenger of God -
A Gift of God unto us.
Nothing on earth can match thee,
For you are from the Mind of God.
In our tears you are,
In our smiles you are,
The day one you were born
Was the beginning of our joy,
And the days that have followed
Are the journey towards the path of God.
For we began with God,
And we'll end with Him,
And since your conception you are in our fold -
The fold predestined by Him.

MBJ Pancras

Our Darling Ii (Continuation)

Oh! Our Darling,
We forget our eyes,
And you are our eyes,
We lent our ears,
And we hear thro' yours,
We pledged our nose,
And we breathe thro' yours,
And we sold our mouth,
And speak thro' yours.
We ha've nobody on earth
Except you thro' the Lord.
You are the song of ours
To sing the Glory of God,
For God hath sent you unto us
And we'll be faithful unto Him.

MBJ Pancras

Our Dearest Daughter Suzanna Christy Celebrates Her Fourteenth Birthday

Thou art on the Fourteenth Step of the Ladder of life:
How thou hast been climbed up is by His Grace,
His love for thee; His mercy for thee; His grace for thee,
Thou art in His Arms of Love and Providence. So Marvellous!

Thou wert in thy mother's womb since thy conception by His Grace,
I believe thou wert in prayer unto Him in silence,
Every movement of thy body within thrilled us to see thee.

Thou wert born on this day thirteen measures past,
Thou wert on thy mother's lap, close to her bosom,
I watched thee drinking milk from her bosom.
Our joy leaped with tears.
Thou wert like a tender shoot with the malleable body
Lying on the cushion of His Mercy and Grace.

Thou uttered insignificant syllables and we watched thee,
Thy sing-song lullaby rang into our hearts and we lived in dreams,
Thou winked at us and we blinked at thee in wonder,
And the moments were golden praise-worthy.

Thou wert on the step three, and thy utterance clear,
Thou wert taught alphabet and numbers,
And we were delighted in thy language.

Thou hast stepped on the Fourth line by His grace,
Thy mom took thee unto kids' schooling,
And thou learnt kids' tongue, musical unto our hearts.

Thou fetched thy satchel, with water- flask dangling around thee,
We lived in dreams of joy, watching thy smiling dance,
Thy innocent strategies of infancy on the fifth pace left with us lasting
impressions.

Thou reached the sixth chapter and thy novel was in progress,
Thy traits and thoughts we painted and draw in our hearts,
Thou learnt writing and reading amidst thy social friends.

The year clock struck seven times and chimed there thy child-like voice,
The Lord's number is seven, and thy growth was whole and unique,
Each of thy ways taught us how to live in prayers with HIM.

Thou climbed up the eighth stride of the ladder with new thoughts,
Thou earned friends of tranquillity and piety, growing in Him,
And innocence hath been thy child in thee.

Three times three and we counted it thy ninth phase to grow,
Thou learnt to run and skip and play musical chair,
And thou built thy home on Him and on us.

We saw with thee a ten-string lyre making melody across our world,
Thou madest sit at thee, drenched in thy sweetest harmony,
Thy composition hath been full of symphonies.

Thy touch of the eleventh milestone revealed thy new session,
Thou begot new knowledge and wisdom to believe and live,
Thy thoughts and words with unique shapes traversed ubiquitously.

At the threshold of youthful garden of fragrant flowers
Thou watched paths and ways of life to enter in,
We have been with thee ever and near in twelve corners.

Thou jumped on the thirteenth square looking at the river of life,
New thoughts, new leaves, new blossoms, new world,
Thou took us too into thy new world of seasons.

This day thou art on the fourteenth step of the ladder of life,
We look back a while of thy journey thro' woods of His mercy,
Let's three of us travel in the ship of His Grace and Mercy.

MBJ Pancras

Our Little Babe

To My Loving Daughter Suzanna Christy

Thou art our little babe,
Who hath opened our inward eye.
We walked in blindness sans thee,
We lifted our prayers unto Him,
Day and night tears we shed,
For we longed for thee long years.
The world chided us; yet we were not down,
For He hath been with us ever,
He hath promised my Sarah
Whose life hath been filled with thee.
The day dawned and thou art born,
Our inward eye did open to see the light,
Now we're not blind and have no darkness,
For thou hast lit our life,
For He hath answered our prayers.
Thou art our little babe,
Who hath opened our inward eye.

MBJ Pancras

Pain Of Love

Where did you go, I am longing for thee?
There are no blossoms in my garden,
There is no soft breeze in my life,
How long wilt thou be sans me?
Come back unto me that I live with thee.
There will be blossoms, filled with breese,
And my world shall be filled with joy.

MBJ Pancras

Pain Of Love?

Planted I the seed of love in thy heart
And believe I, you do grow it with smiles,
Yet wish I to enter thy heart to know it,
For love is the sweetest pain with trials.
Thy heart bleeds: Yet thou bear it in silence,
Tempestous is it: Yet thou sail gently,
Ceaseless tidal waves strike within in tense,
The ocean of love is stretch'd immensely,
Thy heart seems the sky sans the moon longing
And like the desert with ripples of sand,
In the furnace of love thou art burning
Within: Yet thy heart sustains in strong stand.
Begin I love for thee and give me love
If thy heart hath had pain of love above.

MBJ Pancras

Passing Through Turmoil Of Microbe....

From elsewhere there sneaked a microbe into the tunnel of human life,
It was a soundless and creepy intrusion into the spine of life,
There felt a slight tremor in the breath of mankind,
But it was the tremor of the tremors of the early days,
So it was thought to keep it away from sense.
Tremors after tremors shook the plates of human existence,
A grip of fear struck the face of life on earth,
Like volcanic eruptions the microbe plagued the human life,
Terror on mirrors reflected on all corners,
It is microcosmic pandemic strangling the human oxygen.
The world shook to its core in the intensity of malicious virus.
Barriers and Blockades lifted betwixt people,
Intimacy and affinity turned distance and aloofness,
Neighbours turned third parties; folks beyond one's reach,
Likes and dislikes cannot be counted,
For survival on earth hath taken the priority,
Societies walk with masks and hand gloves,
Citizens' dreams buried deep with a shake in hope.
Lock downs and curfews threatened human survival,
The terror of bankruptcy erupted 'cross the horizons,
The spiteful microbe drained countless lives.
Piles of coffins seemed to groom the bed of earth.
Yet, life is to lead till the last breath goes,
And so measures propelled into every corner,
There exist new dimensions of subsistence in mankind's life,
New passages, novel pathways and innovative roads are made,
A new-fangled scenario lets the story go with new episodes,
Existence in individual thinking turned a new leaf,
Workable units established in homes and chambers,
Rest to physical activity, and test to mental task,
Novel plots with technical genres enacted and reacted,
Time wasted once is regretted and a new feel aroused,
Countless pages in creativity added beauty to the world of learning,
Learning through internet hath taken new challenges in life,
Hectic schedule in daily chores rules individuals' life,
Restriction to outdoor jogging, Permission to indoor chess,
New thoughts with new dictionary pipelined,
New sprouts, tender stems, novel leaves nourished,
Scholastic sculptures take the root of pioneering art,

Awakening of mind with colourful contemplations,
Exit of monotonous enactments, entry of manifold expressions,
Handcuffed hands learnt life skill hobbies,
Mickey Mouse turned Master learner,
The engine of the mind triggered to create novelties,
Trivialities moulded scientific experiments,
Amidst petty skirmishes life turns thriving culture,
And becoming a student of Nature,
Watching the raining rain, soaked in sunny radiation,
Behind the doors, within the walls,
Travelling across the virtual world,
Texting time pass messages, watching vibrant movies,
Living with delicious snacks and dishes,
Hide and seek with pets and siblings,
Moments of time groomed with brushes and panels,
Learning the life of defence `gainst threats of pandemic,
Frolic fun with gymnastic tumbles,
Papa's rebukes and mama's hugs cherish my bond with them,
Chats with my pals as my pastime logic,
I learnt logarithms and algorithms of life.
With a new design set a novel infrastructure of life,
With all these a new beginning for new phase of life,
The sun rises in the east as always does,
But the sun with new radiance will rise in the same east,
And shares the same radiance with the nightly moon to shine,
Amidst those numberless twinkling stars of creativity.
The world has to walk through thistles and thorns,
And this is the logic of life on earth.

MBJ Pancras

Pathos Of The World

They are my fellow-beings, and I am of God, and they too,
God breathed into us and we are made alive,
His purpose of mystery does exist since His creation,
It is written there was a garden in Eden,
And God's butterflies filled the air of beauty,
And there was fragrance in the kingdom of Eden.
Alas! Evil from the black world sneaked into the garden,
With the glittering impostor stole God's Word from me,
And from my fellow-beings and left us in disgrace,
And we all fell into the chasm of bleak reality.

Pain fell on me and on my fellow-beings,
Hunger stole into our bowels, and we're starving,
Hatred clung to my heart and their hearts,
Fangs of lust ran into the veins of hearts,
The black scorpion stung us with its sting of ego,
A bundle of lies was thrust into us by the venomous snake.

My fellow-beings run into graves, and their souls where?
At all corners there are echoes of lamentations,
Souls hate one another; moving corpses with their brandishing swords,
The rich is murdered with their riches; the poor with their alms,
The glutton is choked with his gluttony,
Blood is wasted over fights for the mud,
Nightmares take us to the world of stupor,
Fear of fears breaks our hearts into pieces,
And this drama continues till the last breath,
And shall never end till the negation of the last species.

We are visible and our Creator is invisible,
Sins are visible to us; holiness invisible to us,

My fellow-beings fall into pits and on fire,
All my brethren are fettered by shackles of money,
The young and the old eaten by the monster of corruption,
Countless lives lurking in the pool of toxin,
Lives on earth pounded into pieces.

Where shall my struggles end and when?

Is it at the grave? Do they continue after my breath?

A mystical mystery loaded on us!

Let's seek God in Christ and discover Truth in Him.

MBJ Pancras

Patience

Endurance in peace,
Faith longing for victory,
Silence in trials.

MBJ Pancras

Peace

Harmless attitude,
Willing to share compassion,
Worthy to adore.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Pen

A tool to draw thoughts,
Living sword of an artist,
Miniatur'd world.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

People On 'power'

We are of the people, by the people and for the people,
Yes, we eat people's money, making them beg,
We're sheltered under the restroom's roof of the corporate:
Our mustache is groomed; beard trimmed
Locks of our hair varnished, eye-brows raised,
We walk on red carpets stained with the ignorant blood,
We run down the wheels, we fly over air.
We throw manifestos to buy people:
That we raise Pacific Ocean in the air,
That we replace the sun with silicon bulbs,
That we turn stones to apples,
That we fill the pockets of the people with money.
We buy doctors and their treatments free of cost,
We wear golden attires and make people wear rags,
We live in golden closet chambers,
And we watch the fools stroll in quagmire,
We build 'monuments' with nickel and royal plaster,
But we let the fools go as stray dogs,
We kill people, who discover our secrets,
We never visit the poor,
But we saunter with the covetous capitalists,
We drink honey, but we let poor starve,
We shout slogans for people, but squeeze them till their death,
We mesmerize the people with superstitious dogmas.
All shall know we are the gateway to prosperity,
But we never permit the poor into the gateway,
For we are of the people, by the people and for the people.

MBJ Pancras

Perceptible Excitement

I saw her dancing thro' the peep hole of my heart,
My person was marooned beyond her person,
She called me thro' the autumnal breeze,
And I was caught in the stormy wind within.
It was the day that she'd been called for a dance,
And the stage had been breathing fragrance and excitement;
Yet here I was caged not to fly out to witness her dance.
I let my soul float on its wings reaching her dancing arena.
My soul watched her dance 'midst of tiny blooms,
And she looked the dazzling star of the cosmic garden.
Her jingling steps thrilled my soul and I shouted in joy,
The fluttering of her eye lashes pinched my excitement,
The melody born of heart travelled thro' her tongue
Reminded of my joy born when she'd uttered 'Dad'.
Her mom too was in the cradle of joy, yet far from her presence
And she'd been writing words of joy in her heart
For the little fragrant dance had traversed into her soul.
We'd imbibed joy ineffable when we watched her dance with our souls.
For she's always God's Gift unto us to live in joy.

MBJ Pancras

Physics

right from gravity
it passes thro' caliphers;
decides momentum.

MBJ Pancras

Piercing Love

Thy thoughts in me pierces my heart,
And my heart bleeds that in each drop
Thou art seen and my heart dwells in joy.
Each of thy looks imbibes my soul,
The breath of thy smiles strokes my heart.
Know I not how is thy heart of silence.
Can you breathe into me the breath of thy silence?
Teach me thy smiles of silence,
For they carry meanings of love,
And let my heart dwell in thy smiles.
Forget me not that my heart lives in thy smiles,
And thou art an angel of love of silence.

MBJ Pancras

Pocket Full Of Roses

A hi-fi joker
Dressed with pocket of roses,
A filmic gimmick.

MBJ Pancras

Poem Hunter

creative forest,
cultivated for artists,
cosmic flourishing. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Poison

A drug that takes life
Full of worries and burdens
From the face of earth. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Politics

Gambling with power
Wealth and 'status' drained thro' veins,
Died to flattery.

(A Haiku)

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Poverty

Butter of the rich,
Money buried in the rich,
Comforts of the rich. (A Haiku)

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Prayer

Souls talking with God,
Heavenly communion,
The way to His Glory. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Preaching The Lord Jesus Christ In Deeds....

"Verily I say unto you,
Inasmuch as ye have done it
Unto the one of the least of these my brethren,
Ye have done it unto Me."
The Words of the Lord still ringing into my heart.
The pandemic did erupt from elsewhere,
And it's an evil act of Satan who disgraces God's Grace.
The balcony floaters shrouded with paper currency,
But the poor in rags drag themselves with their empty bowls,
And their empty bowels cry but unto the air,
Where none is there to hear their cry,
Yet there arose a Good Samaritan to soothe thy crying heart,
And thou art a Good Samaritan, who feed the needy and the poor.
Thou hast the heart which melts,
Thy care and concern for the modern Lazaruses hath reached the Heaven,
And thou art blessed and strengthened to serve the needy.
Thou shalt preach the Word of God in deeds more than words,
And it's time the modern Lazaruses heard the Word in thy deeds.
Thy act of benevolence unto the poor is true preaching of the Lord Jesus Christ.
The poor is fed and the Lord is happy,
And thou shalt be happy,
And thy family shalt be happy.
Heaven is seen in thy deeds done to the needy and for the Lord.
The Lord is with thee and the Lord shalt be glorified in thy deeds.

MBJ Pancras

Psalms In Couplets (Rhyme Less)

Psalms in Couplets (rhyme less) begun On 09/09/2020 at 21.25 hrs.)

Psalm 1

Blessed is the man that walks in the Lord,
The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous.

Psalm 2

Why do the heathen rage in vain fancy?
Kiss the Son, and thou shalt be blessed in Him.

Psalm 3

The Lord is the Shield for me and Glory,
Salvation belongeth unto the Lord.

Psalm 4

Hear me, O God, when I am in distress,
The Lord only makes me dwell in safety.

Psalm 5

The foolish shall not stand in Thy Great Sight,
But, Thou, O, my Lord, wilt bless the righteous.

Psalm 6

Be merciful unto me, for I'm weak,
The Lord God hath heard my supplication.

Psalm 7

Lord, save me from those that persecute me,
I will sing praise to the Name of the Lord.

Psalm 8

O, my Lord, how excellent is Thy Name!
All Thy creations proclaim Thy Glory.

Psalm 9

The Lord is the Refuge to the oppressed,
The Lord shall be known by His fair judgment.

Psalm 10

The wicked in his pride slays the poor,
But the Lord God perisheth the wicked.

Psalm 11

The Lord God loveth His righteous people,
His countenance doth behold the upright.

Psalm 12

The ungodly men do speak vanity,
The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips.

Psalm 13

Lord, how long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me?
Yet, Lord, I have trusted in Thy Mercy.

Psalm 14

The fool says: 'there's no God.' They are corrupt,
But God is the Refuge to His people.

Psalm 15

He that walks upright shall dwell in Thy Hill,
And those who do no wrong to the poor.

Psalm 16

The Lord is the Portion of my birthright,
Therefore, my heart rejoices in the Lord.

Psalm 17

Lord, keep me as the apple of the eye,
I will behold Thy face in righteousness.

Psalm 18

The Lord is my Rock, my Fortress, my Strength,
The Lord liveth; and blessed by my Rock.

Psalm 19

The heavens declare the Glory of God,
Perfect is Thy Law, converting the soul.

Psalm 20

Some trust in chariots; some in horses,
But we trust in the Name of the Lord God.

Psalm 21

The king trusts in the Lord, and he is firm,
Lord, we shall sing and praise Thy Power.

Psalm 22

My God, my God, why did Thou forsake me?
Deliver my soul, my Lord, from the sword.

Psalm 23

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want,
I will live in the House of the Lord e'er.

Psalm 24

The earth is the Lord's; and its fullness be.
The Lord of hosts is the King of Glory.

Psalm 25

I trust in Thee; let me not be ashamed,
For Thy Name's sake, pardon my sins, O God.

Psalm 26

Examine me; try my reins and my heart,
I love the habitation of Thy House.

Psalm 27

The Lord is my Light and my Salvation,
Wait on the Lord; and be of good courage.

Psalm 28

Unto Thee will I cry, my Lord, my Rock,
Blessed be the Lord, for He heard my voice.

Psalm 29

The Voice of the Lord is full of Power,
Full of majesty is Thy Voice, my Lord

Psalm 30

Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave,
Lord, I will give thanks unto Thee ever.

Psalm 31

My times are in Thy Hand; save me from traps.
How great is Thy Goodness and Thy Glory!

Psalm 32

Blessed is he whose sins are forgiven,
Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice in Him.

Psalm 33

By the Word of the Lord the worlds were made,
The Lord's eye is upon those who fear Him.

Psalm 34

Ye, people; depart from evil; seek peace,
The Lord redeems the soul of his servants

Psalm 35

Lord, fight against them that fight against me,
And my tongue shall speak of Thy righteousness.

Psalm 36

There's no fear of God in the wicked heart,
With Thee is the fountain of Life and Light.

Psalm 37

Ye, children, fret not of evildoers,
Commit thy way unto the Lord; do good.

Psalm 38

My heart panteth; my soul faileth me, Lord,
Forsake me not, Lord, be not far from me.

Psalm 39

Lord, make me to know my end, for I'm weak,
Hold not Thy Peace at my tears, Lord, save me.

Psalm 40

I waited patiently for my Lord God,
Let all those that seek Thee rejoice ever.

Psalm 41

Blessed is he that thinks of the poor,
The Lord preserves him and keeps him alive.

Psalm 42

As the hart pants after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.

Psalm 43

Judge me; plead my cause 'gainst the ungodly,
Send forth Thy Light and Truth unto me, Lord.

Psalm 44

Lord, I will not trust in my bow and sword,
In Thee we praise Thy Name all the day long.

Psalm 45

Thy Throne, God, is for ever and ever,
Thou art righteous God Who hates the evil.

Psalm 46

God is our Refuge, and we do not fear,
Come, ye, all, behold the works of the Lord.

Psalm 47

Thou art the Great King; Thy Throne is Holy,
Let's all praise Him with the voice of triumph.

Psalm 48

Thou, O God, Thy Throne is of Holiness,
Let mount Zion and of Judah rejoice.

Psalm 49

All ye, the rich and the poor, praise Him,
For, ye, thou shalt carry nothing with thee.

Psalm 50

The heavens shall declare Thy righteousness,
Whoso offers praise gives glory to Thee.

Psalm 51

Have mercy on me, for I sinned 'gainst Thee,
Thou art pleased with the broken heart, my Lord.

Psalm 52

Man, why thou boastest thyself in mischief?
God shall destroy thee e'er for thy evil.

Psalm 53

The fool says: there's no God; know God sees thee,
O God, thou search those who truly seek Thee.

Psalm 54

Lord, strangers are risen up against me,
But Thou art my Helper, and save my soul.

Psalm 55

My heart is pained, for they seek to kill me,
But, thou, Lord, shalt save me from the wicked.

Psalm 56

When I cry to Thee, Lord, they shall turn back,
For Thy Vows are upon me; I fear Thee.

Psalm 57

My soul is with lions, whose teeth are sharp,
But my heart is fixed, Lord; Thou shalt save me.

Psalm 58

The wicked men are estranged from the womb,
O God, break their teeth; let them melt away.

Psalm 59

Deliver me from the workers of sins,
Unto Thee, O my Strength, Lord, I will sing.

Psalm 60

Thou hast made the earth to tremble, my God,
Give us help; for vain is the help of man.

Psalm 61

When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me high,
For, Thou hast given me Thy Heritage.

Psalm 62

Truly my soul waiteth upon Thee, God,
For Thou art my Rock and my Salvation.

Psalm 63

Thy loving kindness is better than life,
I meditate on Thee upon my bed.

Psalm 64

Hide me from the counsel of the wicked,
The righteous shall be glad in Thee, O Lord.

Psalm 65

Blessed is the one, whom Thou hast chosen,
Thou crownest the year with Thy Goodness, Lord.

Psalm 66

Make a joyful noise to God, all ye lands,
For, He holds our soul in life and saves us.

Psalm 67

Let all the people praise Thee, O my Lord,
And Thou shalt bless us who fear Thee, my Lord.

Psalm 68

Thou art a Father of the fatherless, ,
Thou send forth Showers of Blessings on us.

Psalm 69

I'm become a stranger to my brethren,
Deliver me out of the mire, my God.

Psalm 70

Let them be ashamed that try my soul, Lord,
Thou art my Help and my Deliverer.

Psalm 71

Cast me not off in the time of old age,
O my Lord God, I will go in Thy Strength

Psalm 72

Give the king Thy Law; all kings shall fear Thee,
Blessed be God, Who only does great things.

Psalm 73

The end of the wicked is terrible,
But, Lord, Thou shalt guide me with Thy Counsel.

Psalm 74

How long shall the adversary reproach?
Arise, O my Lord God, plead Thy own cause.

Psalm 75

Unto Thee, O my God, do we give Thanks,
And I will give praises to Thee ever.

Psalm 76

Thou art to be feared; who stands in Thy sight?
Let us vow and pay unto the Lord God.

Psalm 77

In the day of trouble I sought God,
Thou, Lord, leddest Thy people like a flock.

Psalm 78

I will proclaim the Truth in parables,
That people might set their hope in Thee, God.

Psalm 79

The heathen defiled Thy Holy Temple,
Help us, Lord, and deliver us from them.

Psalm 80

How long wilt Thou be angry 'gainst prayers?
We seek Thee, God; visit Thy vineyard.

Psalm 81

Ye, people, there is no strange god in thee,
Seek the Lord, Who brought thee out of Egypt.

Psalm 82

God, deliver the poor and needy,
Arise; do justice to the afflicted.

Psalm 83

The hearts of the wicked be filled with shame,

That they shall know Thee, the Most High of all.

Psalm 84

How amiable are Thy statutes, Lord!
Blessed are they that dwell in Thy Temple.

Psalm 85

Thou hast forgiven the sins of people,
I will hear what Thou wilt speak unto me.

Psalm 86

Teach me Thy Way, Lord; I will walk in Thee,
Thou art full of compassion and mercy.

Psalm 87

Thy Foundation is in the Holy Mount,
The Lord God loveth the gates of Zion.

Psalm 88

Lord, my life draweth nigh unto the grave,
I am afflicted to die from my youth.

Psalm 89

Lord God, Thou hast found David Thy servant,
Thy seed shall be established forever.

Psalm 90

A thousand years are in Thy sight a year,
Let Thy works be seen unto Thy servants.

Psalm 91

Thou shalt preserve Thy people from dangers,
My Lord, Thou art my Refuge and Fortress.

Psalm 92

It is a good thing to give thanks to Thee,
Lord, Thou art upright; my Rock; and my Strength.

Psalm 93

Thy Throne, O Lord is established ever,
Thy Testimonies are pure and holy.

Psalm 94

The thoughts of men are vanity and false,
But, my Lord, Thou art my Defense; my Rock.

Psalm 95

Ye, people, let us worship the Lord God,
For He is our God; and we are His sheep.

Psalm 96

Let heaven rejoice; and the earth be glad,
For He comes to judge the world in justice.

Psalm 97

Confounded be all who serve images,
For, Thou, Lord, art high above worldly thoughts.

Psalm 98

Sing unto the Lord with the harp, ye, all,
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord God.

Psalm 99

The Lord sitteth betwixt the Cherubims,
Exalt the Lord God, for He is Holy.

Psalm 100

Serve the Lord with gladness; come with singing,
For the Lord's Mercy is everlasting.

Psalm 101

O God, I will walk with a perfect heart,
I will sing of Thy Mercy and Justice.

Psalm 102

My days are like a shadow that declines,
But, Thou art the same; Lord, Thou wilt change.

Psalm 103

The Lord God pitieth them that fear Him,
For, Lord, thou knowest that we are of dust.

Psalm 104

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty,

O Lord God, how manifold art Thy works.

Psalm 105

Ye, people, seek the Lord and His Power,
Keep the Law of the Lord and His statutes.

Psalm 106

Thou rebuked the Red Sea saved Thy people,
But they forgot Thy works; they were punished.

Psalm 107

Thy people wandered in the wilderness,
Whoso wise shall know Thy Loving kindness!

Psalm 108

Lord, my heart is fixed; I will praise Thee,
By Thee, Lord, we shall do valiant things.

Psalm 109

The deceitful wicked are against me,
But, O Lord, Thou shalt stand with the poor.

110

The Lord said to my Lord: 'Sit at My Right.'
He shall judge the heathen with His Justice.

Psalm 111

Lord, Thou hast shown Thy people Thy Power,
The fear of the Lord is the true wisdom.

Psalm 112

Unto the upright there ariseth Light,
The wicked shall see it and melt away.

Psalm 113

Who is like unto the Lord, Who dwells High,
He raises the poor and needy up.

Psalm 114

Thou, earth, tremble at the presence of God,
He turned the rock to standing water.

Psalm 115

The heathen like their idols go astray,
But our God, Who's in Heaven working on.

Psalm 116

The Lord preserves the simple and humble,
Gracious is the Lord; He is righteous God.

Psalm 117

Praise, all ye, nations, the Lord, for, He is Good,
For His merciful kindness and the Truth.

Psalm 118

Ye, give thanks to the Lord for His Mercy,
It's better to trust in Him than on men.

Psalm 119

Blessed are the undefiled in the way,
Therefore, I love Thy Commandments, my Lord.

Psalm 120

In my distress, I cried unto the Lord,
I'm for peace: but when I speak, they're for war.

Psalm 121

My help comes from the Lord, the Creator,
The Lord preserves thy going and coming.

Psalm 122

Our feet stand in thy gates, Jerusalem,
Peace be within thy walls and palaces.

Psalm 123

Unto Thee I lift up my eyes, O Lord,
For, we're exceedingly filled with contempt.

Psalm 124

Had it not been God, who was on our side?
Our help is in the Name of the Lord God.

Psalm 125

They that trust in God is as mount Zion,

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good.

Psalm 126

The Lord God hath done great marvels for us,
The Lord turned again the captivity.

Psalm 127

Except God build the house, they work in vain,
Children are an heritage of the Lord.

Psalm 128

Blessed is the one that feareth the Lord,
Yea, ye, thou shalt see thy children's children.

Psalm,129

Many a time have they afflicted me,
God is righteous; He cuts the wicked cords.

Psalm 130

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee,
I wait for the Lord; in His Word there's hope.

Psalm 131

My heart is not haughty; for, I am weak,
Let Israel hope in the Lord forever.

Psalm 132

Lord, remember David and his trouble,
The Lord hath chosen Zion, His Dwelling.

Psalm 133

How good it is dwell in unity,
It's like the precious ointment on the head.

Psalm 134

Bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of God,
All ye, lift up thy hands and bless the Lord.

Psalm 135

Thy Name, O Lord, endureth for ever,
Praise the Lord; sing praises unto His Name.

Psalm 136

Give thanks unto the Lord; for, He is good,
He overthrew Pharaoh and all evils.

Psalm 137

By the rivers of Babylon we sang,
How shall we sing God's song in a strange land?

Psalm 138

All the kings of the earth shall praise Thee, Lord,
The Lord will perfect that which concerns me.

Psalm 139

Thou knowest my sitting and uprising,
Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me.

Psalm 140

Lord, save me from the hands of the wicked,
Surely the righteous shall give thanks to Thee.

Psalm 141

Lord, keep the door of my lips, and watch them,
Keep me from the snares which they've laid for me.

Psalm 142

I poured out my complaint before Thee, Lord, ,
Thou art my Refuge and Portion of life.

Psalm 143

Lord God, I remember the days of old,
Teach me to do Thy Will; Thou art my God.

Psalm 144

Lord, what is man? He is like vanity,
Lord God, Thou art Goodness and Fortress.

Psalm 145

My Lord, Thy Kingdom is everlasting,
Thou art nigh to all them that call on Thee.

Psalm 147

The Lord heals the broken heart and their wounds,

Great is our Lord and of His great Power.

Psalm 148

Praise ye Him, all His angels; praise ye Him,
Let kings, people, princes, judges praise Him.

Psalm 149

Let's all sing unto the Lord a new song,
For, He blesses the meek with salvation.

Psalm 150

Let's all praise the Lord for His mighty acts,
Let everything that hath praise the Lord.

MBJ Pancras

(Created and completed on 13th September 2020 at 23.23 hrs.)

MBJ Pancras

Rain

Vapourised water
hitting the dust of clouds
turns to sweet blessings. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Rainbow Love

My heart hath become a dancing cloud,
But with no moisture in it sans thee,
The west wind tosses my heart up and down,
The storm from the south lashes my inward eye,
Lashed by the mercury boy,
My heart rolls beneath the soil.
My heart longs for thee, and let it live,
Blow thy breath unto me that my heart shall quicken,
Show thy face unto me that melodies shall touch my heart,
Each moment in thy absence
My heart breaks down in tears.
Know I thy smiles from a distance
Shall translate thy silent love for me;
Yet my heart longs for thy heart.
Then my heart shall a cloud of rain
And there is moisture in it
With rainbow in my world of love.

MBJ Pancras

Reality

duty, gain or loss,
limping with cares and burdens,
destiny unknown. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Relationship

eccentric rapport,
detachable attachment,
mundane bond of chance. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Revenge

An unkind bullet
triggered out to hit one's craze
and drowns in the pit. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Romance

Emotions in dance,
Liberty in thoughts and deeds,
Joy in wonderland. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Rose

The crown of flowers,
The seat of passionate heart,
Propels dreams of love. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Rose And Thorn

is thy heart a rose?
my heart is pricked by the thorns,
it bleeds but of love

MBJ Pancras

Sans Pain Of Love?

Planted I the seed of love in thy heart
And believe I, you do grow it with smiles:
Yet wish I to enter thy heart to know it,
For love is the sweetest pain with trials:
Cold is thy heart and hath no love feelings
As immovable as rock sans pity
Like a barren land nothing to yieldings
Shrouded is thy heart with weeds sans beauty.
Thine is day sans dawn and night without moon,
As pale as leaves in Fall hung on branches,
Ne'er a shelter to song-birds but stands vain,
And is like the soil keeps no riches.
Cease I love for thee and give me no love
If thy heart hath no pain of love above.

MBJ Pancras

Sans Thee

Each day is a day of pain in heart sans thee,
All through the days past in our way
Thou hast watered the sapling of love,
And it's a plant with tender shoot,
And it will grow to a tree with blossoms,
And fruits shall be borne that show ripeness.
Might not be showers, I fear,
Might be separation, I agonise;
I fear a veil might be dropped 'twixt us.
Oh, no, my heart can ne'er forget thee,
Will you breathe thy living image into heart?
I shall fill my world of poetry with thy image,
And I can perceive thee with my inward eye.
And there's joy brimming in our hearts.

MBJ Pancras

Sans Thee...

What hath made thee veil thy presence?
My heart paces and breaks apart.
I see clouds veil the light of the day,
The flower of love seems sob sans fragrance.
What hath made me weep in thy absence?
My heart perceives thy face of grace.
Thou hast stolen my heart of love,
And I fear thou hast denied my melodies.
Can you hear my song of gloom sans thee?
Yet I know thou hast thy own way of life;
Yet my heart searcheth for thee in tears
Laden with pain struck deep in my inward eye.
I seek thee across my pathways but thou art nowhere,
So my heart doth speak unto thee with my poetry
Can you hear my song of longing for thee?
Speak unto me a word and my heart shall rest in solitude.

MBJ Pancras

Satan

The stuff of evil,
Eternally cursed creature,
The arch enemy.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

School

discipline of mind,
faculty designed for growth,
a gate-way of life. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

School (1)

river of learning,
fishes of different colours,
marking learners' wit. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Science

An immense knowledge,
Explored to man's existence,
Leading to shrinkage.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Sea Of Tears

sea of tears shrouded
in thy absence unto me
for thou art in me.

MBJ Pancras

Seed Of Love

my heart longs for thee,
do you know why it longs for?
thou hast sown love seed.

MBJ Pancras

Seeking Thee

Where did you go? I searched for thee.
My heart sobs looking for thee,
What made thee hide thy face from me?
Hasn't thy heart longed for my heart?
My heart paces with tears from within,
When thou art not beside me
I become breathless with my heart laden with pain of love,
I need thee that my heart regains life,
Swiftly like the white dove with its purity
Reach my eyes that my inward eye rejoices,
And there shall be showers of joy in us

MBJ Pancras

Selfishness

Nothing to others,
Everything unto the self,
Compassion denied.

MBJ Pancras

Seven To None? Or Seven To One?

Two ones became one with a bond,
Predestined by the Law of Heaven on earth,
With seven branches the stem had grown,
Manure the same; water the same; soil the same,
There was a common good with the seven,
Even then, the soil turned adulterated,
A mystery weed tangled within the stem,
The bond remained one, but there were two shoots,
The seven played fun and frolic with no conceit,
Pranks and tomfoolery were the game show,
And there were flowers and fruits all around.

The seven branches turned seven trees,
Each hath its own branch and branches,
Manure the different; water the different; soil the different,
There is an eccentric identity with the seven,
There have been weeds all around the seven,
The roots of some trees eaten by worms,
Yet the branches of the seven have their identities,
The seven trees have forgotten the one soil,
They grin at each other with their egoistic hearts,
War in eerie stillness waged 'gainst each other,
And there exists always a chaotic mystery.

Will the seven remain the same till the trees weeded out?
Will the branches of the seven be united?
Or will the seven remain indifferent till the trees rooted out?
Will the branches of the seven not be united?

A ray of hope shall be discovered if the seven looks at the Lord,
And there would be no breaches if the Lord is with them,
And if the seven discovers the bond in the Lord
There would be a common good beyond the material possession.
And if the seven does realize relationship is within this life,
It would be better it is the first stage to Eternity.

MBJ Pancras

Seven Wonders

Sweat of labourers,
Taxes of the commoners,
Well-built monuments. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Shadow

a ghost without soul,
a faithful actor of truth,
mindless disciple.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Shakespeare

The Magnum Opus
of English dramatic world,
The poem that reigns.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

She Loves Me...

I see her!
She smiles at me with her
looks!
I watch her!
She gazes me with her smiles!
I read her!
She writes in me with her thoughts!
I study her!
She paints in me with her lovely innocence!
I perceive her!
She draws in me with her perceptions!
I dream of her!
She floats in me with wings of love!
I poetize her!
She becomes the muse of poetry!
I adore her!
She hugs my heart with her beauty!
I love her!
Because she love me!
I made her my poem!
And she's a poem in my world of fancy!
She flies in my world!
And I fly in her world!
And both fly in our world!
And our world is the world of love!

MBJ Pancras

Signature

Indelible mark,
One's identity unique,
Heaven's mark on man.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Silent Brook

the silent brook runs,
the modest blossom glowing,
art thou well and good?

MBJ Pancras

Sim (Haiku/Senryu)

World in miniature
Vibrated by unseen waves,
Encodes and decodes.

MBJ Pancras

Simply Classic!

glory immortal
imprinted deep in one's soul,
ever-lasting joy.

MBJ Pancras

Sin

The killer instinct
That reins the mind with the flesh,
The law made rusted. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Sin 1

outrageous act
friendly with the antichrists
gripped by satan's hand. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Sleep

Rehearsal to death,
A dive into deep waters,
A jerk of fatigue.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

'Slum Dog Millionaire'

Ridiculous

oscars for dollars,
the man of soul neglected,
unforgiving crime. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Smallness

unreachable alms,
selfless attributes denied,
charity buried. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Smile

Your heart rejoicing,
Inward eye on its wings,
Inner man dwelling in utopia,
Soul breathes joy and bliss,
While peace has you in its arms,
Purity living within,
And when He dwelling within,
The Spirit of God personified on your face.

MBJ Pancras

Smile 1

Your heart rejoicing,
Inward eye on its wings,
Inner man dwelling in utopia,
Soul breathes joy and bliss,
While peace has you in its arms,
Purity living within,
And when He dwelling within,
The Spirit of God personified on your face.

MBJ Pancras

Solemnly Modesty

Solemnly thou art blessed by God,
Angelic is thy way of life,
Nobility is thy silence,
Dazzling is thy charming smile,
Humble is thy heart of gold,
Youthful is thy age of admiration,
Amazing is thy silent modesty.

MBJ Pancras

Solitude

Silently thoughtful,
A utopian culture,
A peaceful quietness. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Sonnet

A fourteen-lined verse,
Couplets, octave or sestet,
An end with great theme.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Soul

Thinking conscience,
Image of Supreme Being,
Immortal concept.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Souvenir

lasting memento,
a token of love engraved
deep for recounting. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Special Day Once A While!

Usual days come and go,
But Special day comes once a while,
And that's thy day of birth;
Significantly designed with Nature and her gifts.
Thou hast reached the summit of success,
And thou hast uniqueness in thy indelible identity.
Thou holdest once the position in TNBA - -
The position had taken thee to reign in justice.
Thou tookest the titles both in State and National levels,
And thy services been indelibly inscribed on the pedestal
That being the guiding spirit to the generations to come.
Thou hast set milestones in Basket Ball - -
The game thou hast coveted with thy lasting efforts.
Titles and positions ran in the way of thy life - -
Thou wert Secretary and Treasurer of TNBA.
Countless budding players thou hast made in thy period.
Thy mentor - - K N Ramajayam - - Former President, TNBA
Hath been beside thee e'er to take thee high,
And coveted the title of Championship (ABC) ,
And the game - - Basket Ball was taken high in glory.
All thy past glory is a mark indelibly recorded.
The day thou wert born is revisited on this day,
And today thou art a child in thy adulthood.
Let showers from above drench thee on this day,
The garden of roses sings songs of joy for thee.
Be drenched in rain of joy,
And thy years shall increase in numbers,
And thy life shall be an archetypal icon for all.

Let my versified melody caress thee on this day.
Feel the pulse of joy in my melody painted by me.

Happy Birthday unto thee!

MBJ Pancras

Spectacles

False eyes to sick eyes,
Transparent clouds to vision,
Make-believe mirage.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Spring In Pinions

sweet breeze of verses
born of Spring in pinions
crown thee in silence.

MBJ Pancras

Star Wars

cold wars among folks,
endless bombings of green lust,
eating each one's life. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Stress

A work with no rest,
Of anxiety to despair,
For a fruitless gain.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Summer, Autumn (Fall) , Winter, Spring

Summer

Blossom fully-grown.
The way of life, hot and dry,
The season to fly.

Fall

Towards yellow days,
Life with sayings as wisdom,
The season for thoughts.

Winter

Season with white snow
Walking towards the graveyard,
New hope of new birth.

Spring

Fresh and new glory,
Advent of joy and delight,
The season to dream.

MBJ Pancras

Sun Flower

an image of sun
fragrantly designed to shine,
a mark of beauty.

MBJ Pancras

Susanna Christy Martia Patricia God's Gift

Sign of God's plan you were,
Unfailing utterance of God you were pronounced,
Serene is the atmosphere you are born,
Arcadian is the land you are cherished,
Nobility you are His Gift
Nestling were you in His Bosom,
An architecture of God you are.

Crown of the Maker you are
Handsome reward of God unto us you are
Rich in grace fit to heart and soul
Infallible is your personality impeccably built,
Sublime are you the work of the Great Master.
Thankful are we unto Him Who hath given thee.
You are the one whom we've longed for

Miracle are you by the Hands of the Maker,
Artistically are you made to stupefy the world,
Renaissance of our life are you by Him,
Icon are you of the heavenly prophecy,
Angelic is your heart, the manifestation of His glory.

Prayerfully are you wrought specially for us,
'Ave Maria' we proclaimed, now you are in our arms,
True-born babe are you unto us His Gift,
Rich in beauty excelling that of the existing blossoms,
Ingeniously conceived in the Mind of God you are,
Cherub brilliantly made by Him you are
Immensely designed by the One Who is Almighty,
Amiable are you even unto the angels around.

Graceful are you, the symbol of His utterance,
Oyster are you, specially designed for us by Him,
Delightful child are you born onto our loving arms,
Signature of God you are, His indelible master piece.

Gentle is your nature born to teach gentleness,

Ideal is your birth, a fine example to the living,
Fountain of grace are you, with flowers of joy,
Thankfully we lift our hearts unto Him for you.

MBJ Pancras

Suzanna Christy Maria Patricia

The Gift from Heaven
Long-awaited in tears,
SEVENTEEN YEARS.

MBJ Pancras

Suzanna Is Five

(On my Loving Daughter Suzanna Christy's 6th Birthday)

(Five Years Old)

thro' moments of Grace
across five years of life
stepping into six. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Sweet Blues

sorrows of great depth
felt for the good cause of life
have the greatest joy. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Sweet Sixteen Sonnet

(Dedicated to our Loving Daughter Suzanna Christy on the occasion of her seventeenth birthday on 08th September 2020)

Thou art a flower fragrant in Heaven's Garden,
And thou hast grown with sixteen petals,
And each petal hath its anecdote of laurels:
Thy first petal displayed God's Eden,
Thy second petal did preach Heaven's Brilliance,
Thy third petal did preach God's Glory,
Thy fourth and fifth petals did sing Heaven's Victory,
Thy sixth and seventh of confidence,
Grown with eighth and ninth to spread the Gospel of Christ,
Thy tenth and eleventh of His Grace,
Born of innocence thy twelfth and thirteenth so prized,
Thy fourteenth and fifteenth of Great Source.
Now thou hast grown with the sixteenth petal sweetly,
Thou shine now with sweet sixteen brightly.

MBJ Pancras

Sweet Thoughts

thy thoughts make me cry,
do you carry my sweet thoughts?
let's dwell in one thought.

MBJ Pancras

Switch Off

eliminate bad,
eschew all unrighteousness,
pull out all the weeds.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Switch On

imbibe all goodness,
breathe in righteous thoughts and deeds,
bathe in fresh water. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Temptation

Instinct provoking
A pleasure-dive! Fall or leap?
Spirit in unrest.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Tension

pitfall to defeat,
mind squeezed to peaceless platform,
race after nothing. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Terrorism

merciless slaughter,
betrayal of peaceful life,
way to cruelty (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Thankful Unto Thee For My Eleventh....

(On the occasion of Christina Martin's Successful Completion of 10 years in Tamil Nadu Government's teaching job)

O, Thou, my Lord, How these years passed, I know not,
But all with Thy Merciful Providence unto me,
Snares of the evil; traps of the foes tried for their prey,
Fangs of venomous creatures peeked out at me,
The sting of the scorpion played diabolical dance.
But, Thou hast sheltered my with the wings of the dove,
Thou hast let the breeze caress me,
Thou, O Lord, hast made the land of my life fertile,
Thou hast set me in the land of thy choice,
Thou, Lord, let me breathe the air of peace,
Thou hast, Lord, blessed my child and me,
Thou hast, Lord, blessed me with the man of godliness,
Lord, I thank Thee for Thy manifold blessings upon us.
Ten long years passed through tunnels of trials,
Yet, Thou hast been, Lord, with us,
Thou hast me Good Samaritans in our life,
For, Thou hast been, Lord, always with us.
I landed on the eleventh milestone by Thy Grace,
My prayers unto Thee shall be for Thy Providence for us ever,
Lord, My thoughts, my deeds and my words shall be only for thee.
And I am thankful unto Thee for my eleventh....

(Created on 15th September 2020 at 09.28 hrs)

MBJ Pancras

The Bible In Haiku/Senryu

1. Adam

The unborn human
Made of soil by the Lord
For to rule the world.

2. Eve

Made of Adam's rib
To live and serve with her mate
But fallen to sin.

3. Disobedience

The act against God
Inclined to the devil's word
Unbelief in God.

4. Nakedness of Adam and Eve

Disgraced by their sin
Saturated in the fruit
Stripped of holiness.

5. The Garden of Eden

The place of God's land
Of freedom and temptation
Of good and evil.

6. Satan in Serpent

The one arch rival
Of God, fallen of his pride,
Intruded to rob.

7. The Fruit of knowledge of Good and Evil

A mystery image

Made of God to try His man;
The logic of God.

8. The first parents' punishment

Drifted from God's Peace;
Fallen into Satan's trap;
Of sorrows and death.

9. Abel

A righteous God's son,
And born to be slain by Cain;
Innocence perceived.

10. Cain

A tool of evil
Shrouded with disgrace and shame;
The root of evil.

11. Noah and the Ark

God's righteous man
Saved by his obedience
By the Grace of God.

12. The Flood

The Judgment of God
Fallen upon sins;
A great symbol of new life

13. Babel Tower

The evil image,
A symbol of human pride,
Conquered by Wisdom.

14. Abraham

God's chosen human;

A father of great nations;
The faith understood.

15. Sarah

A blessed mother;
Blessed with Isaac in late age;
Abraham's true heart.

16. Ishmael

A son of Abram
Born of Hagar by force;
Displeasure of God.

17. Sodom and Gomorrah

The twins of evil,
Cradled by Satan with filth;
Burnt into ashes

18. Lot's wife

An image of greed;
Ruled by the worldly desire;
A pillar of salt!

19. Isaac

The bond of Lord God
With Abraham for the race;
Faith tested in him.

20. Rebekah

Born to Bethuel
Full of generosity,
Mother of Jacob.

21. Jacob

Power and grace of God

Meant for cunning and deceit;
Yet blessed with Israel.

22. Rachel

A wife of Jacob;
Favourite and pleasing; mother
Of new progeny.

23. Aaron

A high-priest of God;
Elder brother of Moses,
A prophet of God.

24. Andrew

Yea, an apostle of Christ,
Brother of Simon Peter,
Living with the fish.

25. Barabbas

A condemned robber,
A convict praised by the Jews,
Thoughtless of the good.

26. Daniel

A man of visions;
Hero in the Lion's den,
Unharmd by God's Hand.

27. David

The psalmist of God,
The second king of Israel,
Guided by the Lord.

28. Samson and Delilah

A fool with muscle
Deprived by an evil force,
Fallen to blind death.

Scheming pretty sex,
Tainted with treachery,
Realm of sedition.

29. Elijah

A Hebrew prophet,
Persecuted for slurring
Ahab and Jez'bel.

30. Elisha

A great successor
Of Elijah, a prophet,
A stern disciple.

31. Enoch

The son of Jared,
Prior to Noah's Great Flood,
Taken by the Lord.

32. Joseph

Sold to slavery
By his own jealous brothers,
The great vizier.

33. Esau

The twin of Jacob,
Sold his birthright to Jacob,
A son of Isaac.

34. Esther

Beauty embodied,
Then turned a queen of Persia,
Saviour of people.

35. Ezekiel
His book of visions
Predicts the fall of Judah
And Jerusalem.

36. Ezra

Ancient Jewish priest,
Law-maker at the altar,
Sent from Babylon.

37. Gideon

A wise Hebrew judge;
led the Israel to victory
'Gainst Midianites.

38. Goliath

Philistine giant
Killed by David with a stone,
Terror to Hebrews.

39. Jesus Christ

He's the Word of God,
The Way to Eternity,
God in human flesh.

40. John the Baptist

Forerunner of Christ,
Beheaded by King Herod,
Baptizer of Christ.

41. Judas Iscariot

Betrayer of Christ,
Fallen on thirty pieces
Silver to death.

42. Lazarus

Restored from death
By Jesus; for whom Christ wept,
Mary and Martha's.

43. Lot

Abraham's nephew;
Escaped Sodom's destruction,
His wife, salt pillar.

44. Luke

An Evangelist,
A physician, who wrote Acts
And Jesus' Gospel.

45. Mary Magdalene

A sinful woman,
Redeemed of evil spirits,
Devoted to Christ.

46. Matthew

A tax collector,
An apostle of Jesus,
A Gospel writer.

46. Matthias

A Christ's Apostle,
Chosen by lot to replace
The Christ's betrayer.

47. Melchizedek

The priest of Salem,
A prototype of Jesus
Christ's priesthood of God.

48. Moses

A Hebrew prophet,
Who had led the Israelites
To the Promised Land.

49. Nebuchadnezzar

King of Babylon,
Who destroyed Jerusalem;
Exiled the Jews.

A Christ's Apostle,
Died as a martyr in Rome;
Wrote great Epistles.

51 Peter

One who left fishing
For Christ as an Apostle,
Denied Christ three times.

52. Pontius Pilate

"What is Truth?" He asked.
The Roman procurator,
His hand in Christ's death.

53. Solomon

The king of Israel,
Credited with great wisdom,
Son of David.

54. Susanna

The wife of Joachim,
Falsely accused but saved by
Daniel's wisdom.

55. Tetragrammaton

Hebrew Name for God;
Revealed to Moses on Mount
Sinai. Named 'Yahweh'.

56. Mary

The worldly mother
Of Jesus who fostered Him
Till His death of Cross.

57. Ten Commandments

The law for the Jews
Carved on the stone, and rendered
Through Moses for them.

58. David's sling

God's Power hidden,
"Gainst the evil Goliath,
A sign of victory.

59. The Great Flood

The Lord's Great wrath 'gainst sins, ,
The fair judgment of the Lord
For a new era.

60. Noah's Ark

God's Shelter on earth,
A prototype of Jesus
Christ for salvation.

61. Pillar of Salt

Symbol of man's greed,
Lot's wife, the victim of greed,
Wrath of human sin.

62. Plagues of Egypt

Curses of the Lord
Upon the sins of Israel,
Lesson to the world.

63. Solomon's Wisdom

Incomparable
Gift of God to Solomon,
And none on earth has.

64. Psalms

Heartfelt songs to God,
Joy and distressed flow from heart,
Musical prayers.

65. Ecclesiastes

Truth of Vanities,
Preaching the short span of life,
And to fear the Lord.

66. Proverbs

Wise sayings of God,
Hidden truth of life in short,
All quotable quotes

67. Genesis

In the beginning,
Record of God's creation
And of great nations.

68. Exodus

Israelites' freedom
From slavery in Egypt;
The book of journey.

69. Leviticus

Book on rituals,
Traditions and practices
Led to the altar.

70. Numbers

The culmination
Of the life of Israelites'
Flight from the bondage.

71. Deuteronomy

Drifting of Israel
In wilderness forty years,
And of Moses' death.

72. Joshua

Conquest of Canaan,
Campaigns of the Israelites,
Forming of twelve tribes.

73. Judges

Unfaithful Israel
Fallen into punishment,
Cycle of sins ran.

74. Ruth

Ruth accepting God,
Israelites as her own folks,

Liturgical book.

75. I & II Samuel

Forming theology,
God's Law given through prophets,
Based on Jewish life.

76. I & II Kings

History of Israel
From the death of King David
To Jehoiachin's aid.

77. I & II Chronicles

Genealogy
From Adam. A narrative
Till Cyrus the Great.

78. Ezra

The first arrival
Of exiles during Cyrus,
About unique Jews.

79. Nehemiah

Firmness to restore
Jerusalem. Appointed
Judah's Governor.

80. Esther

The queen of Persia;
Upset of the genocide
Of her own people.

81. Job

The vindication
Of God's justice for man's woes,
A theology.

82. Song of Solomon

Celebrating
Sexual love and enjoyment;
Erotic passion.

83. Isaiah

Jerusalem be
The centre of worldwide rule
By the Messiah.

84. Jeremiah

Message to the Jews
In exile in Babylon,
For their idol gods.

85. Lamentations

Grief o'er the city's
Desertion; return to God,
A funeral dirge.

86. Ezekiel

Visions on three themes:
Judgment on Israel; nations,
Blessings for Israel.

87. Daniel

End time portrayal,
Visions and message of God
That He is just God.

88. Hosea

Slur at idol gods,
A metaphorical note:
Israel's faithlessness.

89. Joel

Great Lamentations
Over locust plague and drought,
Call for repentance.

90. Amos

A short oracle
Announcing God's great judgment,
Disgrace of great crimes.

91. Sin

The passage to death,
The arch enemy of God,
In various forms.

92. Judas' Betrayal

It is Judas' Kiss,
God's plan destined for Christ's death,
Closeness defeated.

93. Peter's Denial

Human fear of man,
Mortal bond 'gainst Jesus' Way,
Winning cowardice.

94. I AM

The Name of Lord God,
The Everlasting Father,
Holiness in Christ.

95. Grace

The unmerited
Divine aid to human life
For their saintly life.

96. Mercy

The compassionate
Forbearance shown to the crooks
For their repentance.

97. Gratitude

Of being thankful;
Readiness to love others,
A virtuous act.

98. Repentance

Sorry for one's crimes,
The divine change from one's sins,
Pow'r of salvation.

99. Patience

The power of courage,
Tolerance of incitement
With no annoyance.

100. Truth

The Lord Jesus Christ,
The Way to Eternity,
Christ's Second Coming.

101. Obadiah

An oracle of
Edom's divine judgment note,
Restore of Israel.

102. Jonah

Swallowed by a fish,
Drifted from God's commandment,
And then repented.

103. Micah

Jerusalem's ruin
Predicted; Judah rebuked
For its idol gods.

104. Nahum

Assyrian's end
Predicted, and Nineveh,
Poetical style.

105. Habakkuk

Five oracles of
Chaldeans rise to power,
Might be a Levi.

106. Zephaniah

Warnings of the Day
Of the Lord with His Judgment
Upon the sinful.

107. Haggai

Rebuilding temple
Greatly to strike poverty
In Jerusalem.

108. Malachi

Of second return
Of prophet Nehemiah

from Persia long time.

109. Mark

Of Jesus' mission,
Sketch of Christ as a Hero,
A Gospel writer.

110. Luke

An Evangelist;
Doctor who wrote the Gospel,
Might have written Acts.

111. John

Disciple Christ loved,
Revealed Christ, the Word of God,
And Jesus' mystery.

112. Acts

Birth of Christian Church,
Christ for the Gentiles also,
Luke might be author.

113. Romans

Pauline Epistle
Of salvation through Gospel,
The Church growth in Rome.

114. I & II Corinthians

Rebuking Corinth
Of their infamous life-style,
Paul, a firm preacher.

115. Galatians

The controversy

With the gentiles o'er Moses'
Law for salvation.

116. Ephesians

Keeping Christ's Body
Pure and holy -that's the theme,
Paul's fervent preaching.

117. Philippians

'Thank You' note from Paul,
Epaphroditus' fortunes,
Canonical note.

118. Colossians

Christ's supremacy
Over the whole universe,
Godly life to lead.

119. I & II Thessalonians

Firm preaching of Christ,
Salvation only in Christ,
All must be redeemed.

120. I & II Timothy

Leadership in Church,
Warnings against false doctrines,
The roles of women.

121. Titus

Unruly false teachers,
Who led people towards death,
A scathing attack.

122. Philemon

Self-designation
As a prisoner of Jesus,
Prayerful request.

123. Hebrews

Christ, the Radiance of God's
Glory; the Express Image,
Upholding all things.

124. James

Patience in trials,
Christians to overcome sins,
Consistent in Christ.

125. I & II Peter

Steadfastness in faith,
Christian virtues exalted,
False teachers condemned.

126. I, II & III John

Fellowship with God,
Not to lose learnt of Jesus,
Hospitality.

127. Jude

Quotes from the ancient,
Admonishes all to live
In Christ forever.

128. Revelation

Obscure images,
Spiritual images,
Symbolic fable.

129. The star from the East

Christ for the Gentiles,
Salvation for everyone,
The world needs a guide.

130. The Magi

Christ, the King of kings,
All shall bow before the Christ,
The Greatest Ruler.

131. The shepherds

God shall not forget
Even the common people,
Pastoral image.

132. The Manger

Christ's humility,
A virtue of a leader,
Proven example.

133. Mary and Joseph

The Lord's chosen womb,
And the chosen guardian
Of the Divine Babe.

134. Scourges upon Christ

Sins of the mankind,
The obedience of man
To satanic law.

135. Crown of Thorns

Pleasures of the world
At the cost of Divine Love,
Unholy worship.

136. Crucifixion

The old law been sealed,
The Law of Love to open,
The sin on the Cross.

137. "Why hast Thee forsaken Me? "

Sin separated
Man from God. Great agony
Without holy God.

138. The Garden of Gethsemane

A communion
Betwixt Christ and the Father,
Blood of agony.

139. Miracles of Jesus Christ

The Power of God
Manifested upon Christ
That the world knows HIM;

140. The Early Days of Jesus

A preparation
For the Divine Ministry
That man follows HIM.

141. Jesus' First Coming

The Way born for man
Unto God the Eternal,
Of Mercy and Love.

142. Christ's Second Coming

End of human life,
Christ the Judge to curse sinners,
Steadfast in HIS Plan.

143. Jesus' Resurrection

Death has lost its sting,
The arch foe of God defeated,
Mankind begets Hope.

144. The Pentecost

The Spirit of God
Descended upon people
To proclaim the Word.

145. Atheist

The terrible phase
Of mankind which rejects God,
Shrouded with darkness.

146. Disbelief in Christ

Shrouded with glamour,
Lover of Death forever,
Sipping sweet poison.

147. Idol Worship

Brutal devotion,
Acrobatic somersaults,
Towards the Chasm.

148. Temptation

Sugar-coated trap,
Poison in enticing fruit,
A sweet hug to fall.

149. A soul between good and evil

Between Life and Death,
Walking on a strip of thread,
A sword on one's throat.

150. Satan

Fallen Lucifer
With unseemly countenance
Wolfing human souls.

151. Heaven

God's Abode ever,
Ineffable Glory reigns,
Joyous Light dwelleth.

152. Hell

The pit of Satan,
Agonizing gnashing teeth,
The endless darkness.

153. Judas' Kiss

Outright betrayal,
Unrepentant self-collapse,
Thirty silver bits.

154. Sermon on the Mount

Beatitudes of life,
Truth preached with figures of speech,
The Voice of the Lord.

155. Eternity

The timeless journey,
No halts; no breaks; no fatigue,
Existence ever.

MBJ Pancras

The Breath Comes From God....

I can play music....
The music I play is mine....
My music soothes everyone's heart,
Especially the heart which is down.
My music comes from within,
And it's my creation.

I can write poetry....
The poetry I write is mine....
My poetry holds everyone's heart,
Especially the heart which is depressed.
My poetry is born of my heart,
And it's my creation.

I can dance well....
The dance I perform is mine....
My dance grasps everyone's attention,
Especially the audience who are in forefront.
My dance is born of my steps,
And it's my creation.

I can act well....
The action I do is mine....
My performing drives everyone's sense,
Especially the sense of emotions.
My performance is of my birth,
And it's my creation.

I can sing well....
The songs I sing are mine....
My voice soothes everyone's mood,
Especially the mood of depression.
My voice is of my birth,
And it's my creation.

I can play....
The sports I play are mine....
My sports thrill everyone's mind,
Especially the mind of adventures.

My sports are of my efforts,
And it's my creation.

I can soar high....
When I soar I send rockets....
The rockets I launch keep everyone in awe,
Especially the one who competes with me.
My rockets are of my knowledge,
And it's my diligence.

I can teach well....
What I teach my students inspires them,
Especially those who hang on my lips.
My teaching is of my experience,
And it's my devotion.

I can learn well....
When I learn I surpass my competitors,
Especially those challenge me often.
My learning is my hard work,
And it's my meticulousness.

I can paint well....
What I paint brings rainbow to everyone's eyes,
Especially those eyes of creativity.
My paintings are of my creativity,
And it's my inborn trait.

I can drive well....
When I drive I thrill everyone,
Especially who looks at my skill in awe.
My skill in driving is of my speciality,
And it's my regular practice.

I look beautiful....
My beauty charms the beauty admirers,
Especially who search beauty in the world.
My beauty is of great admiration,
And I am proud I'm beautiful.

I am glamorous....
My glamour catches the hungry eyes,
Especially whose eyes are craving.
My glamour is my specialty,
And I am proud I am glamorous.

I am a millionaire....
My money can buy anything I like,
I can rule the world.
My money is no one's money,
For I have the money in my name.

They are special, they say....
But why they are special, No one knows,
And they all forget the truth,
That what they all possess
Is of God's Breath sent forth into man.

If everything is common, there won't be disparity,
But man's 'special' thought hath brought differences,
And so there existed 'rich' and 'poor';
Balcony and 'thatched' sheds;
Power and powerless; garbs and rags;
Gluttony and starvation; heartfelt and heartless;
Good and bad; fertility and barrenness;
And humane and inhumane.

Mankind's stay is temporal and uncertain,
So let's all know the God's Breath sustains mankind on earth.

MBJ Pancras

The Clock Ticks....

The clock begins to tick....
Thou art in the last moments of life.
Thou led thy life in loneliness,
Far from home, longing for thy family's love,
The days thou spent were the moments of melancholy,
Thou hast the sturdy mind to discern the rules of life,
Thy heart is tenderly steadfast to bear ups and downs.
Thou began thy life with expectant marvels,
But later turned into intertwined scrubs.
Thou stretched thy heart unto thy own kinsfolk,
But little was reciprocated,
With heaviness in heart thou walked in silence,
The Cross engraved in thy heart hath led thee till this day.
The last moments of thy life are in the hands of the Good Samaritan,
Thy kinsfolk are far from thy physical presence,
Yet their love is still reachable unto thee,
Eerie silence surrounds all corners on this occasion,
For the game of death is played in the court of Covid 19.
We send our prayerful love unto thee by the vehicle of thoughts
Translated into words of comfort and solace.
Thou art not alone now, for the Lord is with thee,
The Peace of Heaven shall caress thy soul.
The day will come when we all meet together in spirit.
The clock begins to tick....
Thou art in the last moments of life.

MBJ Pancras

The Game Of Death

Flawless violence,
Nature's dictating power,
Harmless cruelty. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

The Game Of Love

pranky emotions,
unquenchable sweet feelings,
a war of romance. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

The Hunter Of Heaven

Ruby and gold teach me rainbow pleasures,
Sapphire and Emerald glittering catch my Keatsian eyes,
And the rainbow colours are my treasures,
Diamonds on the summit of the world hold my Grecian heart:
"How bright and brilliant is the rainbow!
Is it for me? Let me dissolve in it."
The arrow of the bow aims at my trough,
I ought to be the Hunter's possession.
The nightingale strokes me with lullaby,
The note of the cuckoo fills my sweet soul,
The woodpecker's sound gives me a great sigh:
"Let my soul be fondled by the flaps of their wings,
And my world shall be a realm of music,
For music is the life of the oppressed."

I let my feet climb up the great towers,
There I would sit and watch the dancing clouds,
The moisture in the clouds shall be rivers,
Which make my soul cool and pleasant:
"How great am I, and they are small to me,
Let me fiddle the strings of my wit,
For they are the source of humour and glee."
The Hunter's aim is fixed and firm on me,
For He never likes to lose my soul,
But He has not laid any net for me.
I hide myself behind trunks of a tree,
And I count the leaves of the branches:
"My count of the leaves shall say of my moments on earth
Yet, I let myself read the books of the world."

"I created thee in My Image, so thou art Mine,
What I did for thee that thou forget My Love?
Thou set thy disbelief on the traitor,
I AM not the beast which devours thee in the forest.
Thou laid a crown of sins on My Son's Head,
Thy sins scourged My Son that He shed His Blood,
Thy sins raised Him on the Cross
And He cried unto Me: "Why hast Thou forsaken Me? "
I forsook Him for thee that thou shalt reach Me."

I hear the Voice of the Hunter thundering softy into my soul,
I shake the dirt on me and walked towards the hunter,
Still the bow and the arrow held tight in his hand,
The arrow's aim is still at me,
I learn the hunter's aim is not a trap, but a loving cage.

Neither ruby nor gold is seen around me then,
No sapphire, no emerald scattered with their radiance,
Not the rainbow of pleasures but of Divine Love.
"Peace is within with no worldly ornaments,
There is an unseen Arm of Comfort around my soul."
I hear a Voice within: "Come unto Me,
Mortal is thy life on earth; a tenant for a while.
The earth offers charm and delight with its business,
But all that they have the provoking outcomes.
The Intruder who lost the Heavenly Glory
And the Heavenly Abode is the ruler of the age."
I take His Word and walk with the two-edged sword,
I count my moments against the world of time
And my way is through thorns and thistles.

MBJ Pancras

The Laburnum Tree

I look yellow and shining with my wings;
And all are deciduous;
I look pale in Fall,
For my colour is gone.
Every part of me is poisonous;
I can never be a food to anyone,
But to the larvae of some Lepidoptera species.

I look at other trees in envy,
For they are shelters to the wearied travellers.
I grow like my fellow-beings,
But am forsaken of my eccentricity.

I called my Creator one day.
He said unto me:
"Everything is unique,
And you are unique."
So I learnt to live as such.

MBJ Pancras

The Last Moments Of Life....

The clock begins to tick....
Thou art in the last moments of life.
Thou led thy life in loneliness,
Far from home, longing for thy family's love,
The days thou spent were the moments of melancholy,
Thou hast the sturdy mind to discern the rules of life,
Thy heart is tenderly steadfast to bear ups and downs.
Thou began thy life with expectant marvels,
But later turned into intertwined scrubs.
Thou stretched thy heart unto thy own kinsfolk,
But little was reciprocated,
With heaviness in heart thou walked in silence,
The Cross engraved in thy heart hath led thee till this day.
The last moments of thy life are in the hands of the Good Samaritan,
Thy kinsfolk are far from thy physical presence,
Yet their love is still reachable unto thee,
Eerie silence surrounds all corners on this occasion,
For the game of death is played in the court of Covid 19.
We send our prayerful love unto thee by the vehicle of thoughts
Translated into words of comfort and solace.
Thou art not alone now, for the Lord is with thee,
The Peace of Heaven shall caress thy soul.
The day will come when we all meet together in spirit.
The clock begins to tick....
Thou art in the last moments of life.

MBJ Pancras

The Lord's Hand

Ineffable Grace,
Compassion, Love and Kindness,
Fountain of Mercy.

MBJ Pancras

The Lost Sheep

Tempted to the world
Extravagant in pleasures,
Strolling in fodder.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

The Most Eventful Day Of Us!

A great touch it was! How beautiful was thy kiss!
Ne'er in my life so much intimacy did I feel!
Thou hast love for me as high as sky,
Thou hast drawn thy feelings on my lips,
Ne'er did I presume thy way of mien unto me!
Thou hast turned my world utopian with thy French kiss,
It hath been the most eventful day for both of us,
For thou hast reached me and dropped thy lips into mine,
Thou hast taken me deep of the deepest,
I reached thee so close and my hugging thee begot ecstasy.
I dropped my lips into thine many a time,
But thou hast dropped thy lips into mine on that day,
And that's the day of intimacy betwixt us,
And there flourished the seed of love betwixt us.
I heard songs birds chiming songs of love for us,
Blossoms of beauty dangled stretching out their little frocks,
Keats rose from his sleep and looked at us in wonder!
He saw his Fanny Brown in our dancing joy,
Cynthia peeped out of her chamber to witness the game of love,
Mountains began to melt and there was a path of silkiness,
Each woodland tree shed their leaves for velvet carpeting,
That lovers of the world learn the art of love!
I knew thou hast kept me deep into thy heart,
And in all my life thou wilt be reigning in the world of my poetry.

MBJ Pancras

The Passion Of Christ

The Passion of Christ

MBJ Pancras

It's not My will, but Thy will,

Let Me die on the cross for their sins,

And My blood pave way to eternity;

Yet My Soul is sorrowful unto death.

Abba, take away this cup from Me;

Yet if it's Thy will, and not My will.

Father, Thy promise Thou made with the serpent

That Thou would put enmity 'twixt him and a woman,

And I should bruise his head;

Nevertheless he should bruise My heel.

For this is Thy eternal promise for man

Who been formed in Thy image;

But been smashed himself with the deceiver.

Flesh is weak and tempting;

Yet the spirit is willing and godly,

For Me too passed thro' the way of the tempter;

Yet cursed him with Thy Eternal Word.

Unfelt agony runs into My soul,
When I bear the sins of the world,
And who on earth knows it,
Except Thou and Me, Who are ONE?
Do men know Me, Who is in Thee,
And Thou in Me, hath stripped off Glory
And hath become a servant to them,
And made in their likeness with all humbleness
Carrying the cross of shame and abuse?
My sweat is as it were great drops of blood
And Gethesmene I pray turns red.
Who knows but Thou ought ought to reveal
That My blood be shed on the cross
Which is the symbol of the new covenant?
Father, in the beginning I AM,
And all things made by Me and for Me
Who hath come unto earth as the Light,
And I AM Thy Glory, full of grace and Truth.
My Father, here come My betrayer,
For his time hath come to strike Me
As he has to bruise My heel,

And I should then bruise his head,
For it's Thy Eternal plan of mystery.
Here comes he with the spirit of darkness
Carrying lanterns and torches and weapons
Of unrighteousness and ungodliness.
Father, let Me finish Thy work,
But strengthen Me with Thy Spirit.
Now the betrayer hath sneaked unto me.
Look, he kisses Me amidst the mob.
Am I his beloved for his kiss?
Yet he is My beloved.
He hath dipped himself in My cup of blood.
It's Judas kiss bought for thirty silver.
He hath sold his soul to the roaring lion
Which devours the sons of Adam.
I made Judas My apostle;
But he made himself the liar's instrument.
The night I am put in chains in the realm of darkness
And I am left alone with none to share mine.
Where are My apostles, My disciples?
I remember Peter's words

That he said he would go with Me,
And I know the rooster should crow
After his denial of Me thrice to go.
He is a mere man who knows not
That things written be accomplished in Me.
They drag Me, kick Me with their boots of sins,
I am chained by their unrighteousness,
And am whipped by their blasphemy of My Father,
For when I am rejected My Father is rejected
As My Father and I are ONE,
And who hath seen Me hath seen My Father.
My people spit on Me all the way
Where blood from My body sheds.
The thorny whips tear My flesh;
Yet I rejoice in My Father's will,
But their sins sadden My soul.
I am dragged unto the high priests
Who've been awaiting My trial.
Even My disciples have forsaken,
And left Me alone, but My Father in Me.
Am I held 'midst people of the law

Which was the schoolmaster awhile
Until I finish it with My blood.
Their trial with Me hath begun with bitterness.
And Peter is seen with a mob at the fire.
False witnesses spewed on Me, yet contrary,
Whose arrows stuck on My statement
That I will destroy the temple,
And in three days I will build one.
Behold, And they're spiritually blind and deaf.
They spit on Me blindfolding My eyes,
And play prophecy of hide and seek.
Each spit on Me is a sin of theirs
And their hurt is not on My body but soul.
They kick Me with their boots with spikes,
And the unrighteousness of My people bruises.
My soul bleeds not of Me but of their doom.
The father of lies mocks at My Eternal plan.
The liar can bruise but My heel,
And his head is already beneath My heel.
My people strike Me with the palms,
And they slap on My cheek with prophecy;

Yet I hold peace to defeat the liar.
No man is found to paint the pallor on My face.
I am denied thrice as of My mysterious plan.
I am tried till the sun sinks at the horizon,
And I become the laughing-stock of My people.
I thirst, but not a dropp of water I 'm offered,
Where found midst earthly meals the disciples of the liar.
To liars My Truth seems blasphemy
For professing themselves to be wise and godly,
They've turned scoffers strolling in lusts.
I'm `gainst the mighty liars,
Who've forgotten I AM Almighty
Having denied the Power of the Most High
Whose Eternal plan of salvation is for them
Whose trial against Me is vain;
Yet satan in disguise kicks My heel.
My angels were struck in pride in Heaven,
And so were drained off into hell
With their filth and lust in darkness.
They spit on Me Who is the Lamb.
The trial `ere Pilate take its roots,

And no roots of earth are of Mine,
For My Father breaks off every branch
That beareth no fruit in Me.
For they wear attires of pomp and pride
With no clothes of righteousness.
Hidden in the mask of flattery
Pilate hath no way to mark justice;
Yet it hath been the Eternal plan of salvation
In Me Who is the Lamb of sacrifice.
Who knows My kingdom is not of this world?
I've come down to speak the Truth
That hath made the governor question Me:
'What is Truth? '
And who believes I AM the Way, the Truth and the Life?
For all have eaten the forbidden fruit
Which hath set free the son of perdition
Who is the father of lies of all ages.
And Pilate sets free a convict as is the custom
Which hath a way in the Passover.
Truth sets free the blessed souls from Death;
But falsehood sets free sinners from Life.

I'm whipped in flesh to bleed;

But I am whipped in spirit by their sins.

I' crowned with thorns and twigs:

The metaphors of sins and iniquities.

They throw around Me a purple robe

And cry against Me in sarcasm

That I would live long as the King of the Jews

Whose minds are darkened by worldly wisdom,

For My kingdom is not of this world.

They slap Me on the cheek with arrogance,

I remember Judas' kiss on the same cheek

Who hath drowned in the lust of silver.

I make neither complaint nor not of repulsiveness,

For it's My Father's will to bear the cross.

Back to the porch of the palace

I'm made the season with withering leaves.

Their crown and robe on Mine are their hypocrisy

Who cried against Me riding on a colt.

Their crown and robe on Mine are their hypocrisy

Who carried against Me riding on a colt,

They threw their cloaks of praise and shouts

Across the way I trotted upon on the colt,
They laid branches cut from trees,
And I knew they were clothed with filthy attires.
Their praises and shouts now turned to curses and abuses.
I'm now thrown into the hands of disciples of the liar
Who is a like a roaring lion to devour.
Their faulty law plays in their hands
And laughs at My Father's Rock of Salvation.
But I laugh at the liar's defeated victory on Me,
For in My resurrection Death hath no victory.
Who knows death took its roots since first transgression
In Eden with the consumption of the Forbidden Fruit;
Yet in Me Life is sealed in Him to Eternity?
I've longed for Judas' godly sorrow like the prodigal son,
But he was bitten by the serpent on the Tree
Where the betrayer tasted the Fruit and died.
He took himself to the tree of death
For the taste of the Fruit turned bitter to him.
Power of this world hath blinded Pilate's conscience
Whose power hath been predicted over Me
With My self-will hidden in the Most High.

The Eternal plan of salvation hath tied Pilate.
Who washed himself in his self-righteousness
And throws Me out for want of pomp and pride.
Now I'm in the arms of thorns and bushes
Laden with the cross of the world set out;
Yet My journey thro' human darkness is for a while,
For the Reward of Eternity is awaiting Me
And the ones who are rooted in Me.
Each whip lashed on Me is the multiple sins of the world,
And the spikes of the whips tear My flesh,
And I bleed with the agony of lost souls,
Whom I've made for Glory with My Father.
Behold! A toll strikes this hour
When I hear the hellish roar at a distance,
And I know the traitor hath flung the silver
Which have no price for his destiny.
I shed tears for him but he's lost
For his death is certain in My Eternal Plan,
And who could change it but Me;
Yet it's all My plan of mystery in the Father?
They hit Me with a stick o'er the head,

And mock at Me saying 'Long live the King of Jews.'
A scepter of stick thrust into My palms,
A game of mockery is played 'gainst Me;
Yet I am as innocent as a lamb led to the slaughter,
As writ in the Scriptures with the design of My Father:
I'm oppressed, and afflicted down to death on earth;
Yet I open not My mouth to charge complaints,
I'm brought as a lamb to the slaughter,
And as a sheep before her shearer is dumb.
All the way I'm kicked to fall on the stony path.
Look! My knees bruised and torn for you,
Still are there moments of repentance from hypocrisy.
Ho! Here am I fallen on the thorny twigs.
Behold! My clothes are torn with blood flowing out.
They tilt Me with their pompous boots.
I try to lift Myself but laden with the cross.
Pity of sarcasm plays in their hearts
And in turn a man from Cyrene is laid with the cross.
I carry the sins of the world for crucifixion;
But he's made to carry the wooden cross behind Me.
Is it My Word that says unto you:

'Take up your cross everyday and follow Me? '

Nay, but to forsake the world of sins

Be My doctrine with the love of My Father.

You cannot carry the cross I bear;

Yet you can carry yours beside Me.

Shouts of abuses thunder into My heart

Amidst the cry of lamentation across the way.

They hook Me up with scornful epithets

And the liar of the world bruised My heel;

Yet I walk the path of obedience to physical death

That My death on the cross shows Way to Eternity.

I hear the cry of My people,

Why do they cry with wailing?

Do they mourn over My trial on earth

Or o'er their sinful attires.?

Who knows, but I know?

They shed tears of emotions,

And who knows their sins crucify Me?

Behold! I hear the Nightingale's song 'cross the stormy breeze.

Is it the song of melody unto My people

For they murmur Nature too mocks at My trial?

But I know My creations are under My power.
They've painted the day's sky with glooms
As their pilgrimage on earth smeared with sins.
Back on Me the cross is thrust and I'm knocked down,
And My face dashes 'gainst rocks on the way.
The spiky rocks tear My skin to bleed,
I bleed and bleed till the last drop.
Little children kiss My bleeding cheeks
And they take the mark of My sacrifice.
The sun soars higher and higher
And each phase of My journey is of My Father's plan.
I scale 'gainst the steep hillock with lashes on My back.
The fiendish serpent laughs at Me,
And strolls with the exotic steps drowned in hellish dirt.
And I know he bruises MY HEEL:
But he 'knows' not I'll bruise his head.
My disciples walk apart with arms tied,
For none can break the design of My Father.
The sun strikes the altitude and I reach the slaughter.
They drag Me unto the 'place of the skull'.
Who've thought I would sleep 'neath the grave

Which hath no future for death is once for all.
Their conscience is buried in darkness by the liar,
Like dried-up springs and clouds blown along by a storm,
Their thoughts and deeds lie in vain of glory,
All bundled in filthy rags of lusts,
Whose promise of freedom is spoken by the father of this world,
The mighty trap hidden with baits of freedom of slavery.
Who knows but My Father of My destruction of the Temple;
Yet be rebuilt in three days in glory?
Behold! They strip off My clothes to naked.
The serpent sneaks onto the Forbidden Tree
With a cynical comedy of errors;
Yet it bruises My heel with its bitten fang.
My Father drove out Adam and Eve from Eden
Who had turned unholy committed themselves to the liar.
Now the liar, he thinks, drives Me out into the grave.
But I will destroy him with My dazzling presence.
My garments they part and share `mongst themselves,
And My robe made of single piece of woven cloth
With no seam found in it, thrown at dice.
Do they know it's of the Scriptures foretold?

They lay Me on the cross down on the earth.
I recall My infancy couched on the manger:
How I was cared and nurtured by My human parents.
I was in the safe arms from bitter cold;
But now I lie sans comfort and in blood.
My arms are stretched across to be nailed,
Lost of strength My legs are pulled along.
My people watch the gory sight of crucifixion.
They nail My palms and feet ruthlessly.
How I healed My people from diseases
How I fed My people from starvation!
How I walked to listen to My people's sorrows!
But they watch Me now lying on the cross.
Do they know of My death on the cross?
The nails are pierced deep into veins and nerves,
Streams of blood flow down unto My people;
But they kick My blood splashed `cross My face.
Unfelt agony and untold miseries crushed My spirit,
For they repent not of their sins but die
Forsaking My Father's promise unto those who believe Me.
When nails are pierced Mine My Father strengthens Me.

I bear the pain for the promise of My Father.

They raise Me nailed on the cross.

Curses and abuses lashed on Me,

And they shout they've cut the root of the tree.

Alas! They do not know what they do;

Yet My Eternal Plan of these shall happen.

I look at My disciples at the Cross

Whose darkened hearts I perceive.

Full of heaviness with a doubting hope

Of what will happen to Me and them.

They're petals turned pale in the evening,

They're the garden of Fall with no fruits bearing,

Like distant stars with faded light they look

My people fling upon Me mockery:

'He saved others; let Him save Himself

Who claimed the Son of God! '

Not to save Myself is My advent to the world;

But it's My Father's Eternal Design in Me

That salvation is for mankind in My Father's likeness.

It's written above My head of the Kingship:

'This is the King of the Jews'

Who know not of My Eternal Kingship,

Not of this world, but of the Heaven.

Behold! The criminal on My left hurls at Me:

'Are You the Anointed One? Save Thyself and us!

Is he the son of Cain who turned a fugitive?

Is it not like "am I my brother's keeper?"

The convict on My right is another prodigal son

Whose sorrow of his filthy rags turns his blessed.

'Lord! Remember me in Your Kingdom! '

My promise unto him hath crowned his a hope of glory:

'This day shall you be with Me in Paradise.'

It is the prime of the day with beams of fire splashed across:

The sun is in its meridian lashing unforgiving rays.

Behold! The sun is darkened by the clouds of glooms,

It's day but turns night as a premonition

What happens to the creation in My Day in Glory.

The temple of the city trembles at My Word'

And the curtain is torn in the middle,

Yea, Moses' law turns unto rags with no price,

For I make the New and Eternal Law of love in Me.

Nightly day survives until My Last Cry'

Troubled with the heaviness of My people's sins:

'My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?

'Yet it's finished. Thy work on earth is done,

Father, here I commend My spirit unto Thee'

MBJ Pancras

The Prodigal Son

Forgiveness obtain'd,
Repentance with the fodder,
Return of glory. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

The Real Leader

Whose life is simple,
Who refuses luxury,
Man of commonness.

MBJ Pancras

The Tower Of Babel Vs. The Tower Of English

The Great Flood swallowed up the dark hosts and guests,
They had played havoc to His holy Sanctuary:
Pigs and snakes had their ransom set at stake,
Mimicry and mockery of His Plan had played rampant,
They had believed in the knowledge of wealth and pleasures,
They had stamped the wisdom from Above,
They had swallowed the poison of the forbidden fruit,
And had shrouded themselves with the attire of the serpent.
But the Great Flood buried them with their wealth and pleasures;
Yet the chosen ones were left in the Ark of Christ.

The serpent propped his head with venom on earth,
And he laid the red carpet on the way of mankind.
He crowned mankind with knowledge and philosophies,
And man multiplied his generation with multiple deformities.
He broke the Chain of Heaven and built chasm with the serpent.

'Let us build a tower of protection from a great flood,
And shake the scepter of Heaven WHO shook our wealth and pleasures,
Let us call our king of the chasm and teach a lesson to Heaven.
Let us be united with one tongue to combat the Mighty Power,
Let our tongue be the whip of unity and take revenge 'gainst HIM,
For He hath killed our ancestors who had strolled in wealth and pleasures.
Let us make the world ring into philosophies and superstition,
And found an empire on the logic of the skeptic ruler of earth,
Let us proclaim the tongue of the universe and rule the cosmos,
Let us make new creed and dogmas with the altar full of aroma.
The tower shall be the lasting umbrella beneath the flood of rains,
And we shall not be swallowed by the wrath of Heaven,
And He shall be ashamed of His act against His creatures.'

'Let English rule the cosmos and reach the unreachable,
And all nations bind together with the knot of communication.
Let the Chinese prepare war; let the Japanese trigger robots;
Let the Europeans stroll in their obsolete glory;
Let the Africans brandish the swords made of bamboos;
Let the Indians realize 'unity in diversity'.
We shall build an empire on English and bring unity,
And the cosmos shall utter the word of globalization,

And here, let us, believe in the strength on universality.
We shall reach the sky high above the clouds of rain
And rule the moisture and the breeze and save the earth from floods.'

They shoot arrows in the air in void and vain,
They shout of universality breaking the ties of individuality,
They remind the tower of Babel, and boast of their weakly strength,
They launch satellites and missiles and build the space centre.
They install the globalized lingua franca into computers,
They raise the flag of 'victory' and shout at laugh at 'defeats';
But they know not what victory and defeats are.
They land on the tower of Babel and brandish their swords,
They drown in the quagmire of sensuality and drink pleasure,
They build castles on the summit of terrorism.
The game of death hath begun, and every soul counts its days.
'Where shall I go? What shall be unto me? What is the earth's destiny? '
Questions arise from the deep of the deepest looking for answers.
The world studies mundane philosophies, but fails to understand the WORD:
'Heaven and earth pass away, but MY Words never live from Eternity to Eternity.'"

MBJ Pancras

The Wine Bottle And The Tea Cup

Sitting on the sheet of hard glass panel;
Lurking on the lips of fleshly tunnel;
Crouching `neath the broken bench
Burning the dry lips with stench,
Wine and tea are in great trouble.

MBJ Pancras

The World Made False

no more beggars here
for we have made money fly
and fall on them large. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Theory Of Evolution

spurious concept,
denial of good and bad,
self-escaping trash. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art A Blossom

Thou Art A Blossom.....Brimmed With Melodies

Thou art a blossom that pierced my heart of love,
Each of thy winged petals whisper breeze of smiles
Wedded with unfathomable love in flow everywhere:
I traverse thro' oceans, thou art there, `cross seas,
Art thou in waves of beauty in their ebbs and tides,
I wander with the dancing clouds `neath the blue sky,
Thy visage I perceive in each stride I make,
I tread thro' woodlands, I hear thy voice of sweetness,
Thou appear into eyes while my journey is along the brook,
While I'm drenched in mellifluous shower from above
My heart is caressed with thy child-like smiles and gazes,
It's dawn when Cynthia still shines in her beauty,
In Cynthia's beauty thou art seen singing my love,
My heart dreams of thy thoughts while it's sunny,
Thou art fluttering like golden daffodils in joy
Even the curtain of the day drops its veil for stars in way,
I envisage thy sweetest face in each of star beams.
Thou hast made a bard of love brimmed with melodies
And Thou shalt dwell in my heart till the Muse of poetry lives.

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art A Blossom.....Brimmed With Melodies

Thou art a blossom that pierced my heart of love,
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And Thou shalt dwell in my heart till the Muse of poetry lives.

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art A Ragged Doll!

insincerely sought
the bosom of a good soul,
but thou art a ragged doll.

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art A Star Yonder My Reach Shining Across The Sky

Thou art a star yonder my reach shining across the sky,
Thou hast thy dominance in thy domain,
Yet the light of the star hath touched my heart,
Thy looks have made my heart sob,
And thy smiles made it cry within,
And I'm drowned in the sea of tears.
I know the star is yonder my reach
Yet my heart imbibes its light of love.
Let my heart be drenched in thy love,
And I've made thee a poem in my heart.
Believe me; my heart loveth thy heart,
Sure, the bond 'twixt thee and me is lasting,
Sobs of my heart proclaim my love for thee,
Tears born within carry thy image across the world.

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art A Thorn!

pricking my pure heart
thou hast run a thorn to bleed,
but I broke the thorn

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art Going To Do Practical!

Born of God in Jesus Christ thou art a Child of innocence,
Thou crawled in the arms of thy mother
And was fed by her the love from her,
Thou cried intermittently and smiled frequently,
And he visited thee with fatherly tenderness,
And the Good Samaritan carried thee in his arms
And thou grew with whistles and cries;
Yet ever by the Care of the Father in Him.

Thou learnt alphabet and music in inches in each class,
All in thy way thou hast learnt the principles of life,
Thou hast been nurtured by thy mother,
Thou hast grown to see what life is,
Thou learnt numbers and shapes besides thy reading,
Each of thy utterance hath been tuneful,
Thou watched Nature and learnt Science,
And each of thy steps hath spoken meaning.

Thou hast seen Einstein in his Theory of Relativity,
And Galileo with his disciples travelled `cross thy life,
And thou hast learnt what Science is with its velocity,
And thou hast been taught Physics.
Thou hast handled roots and stems of plants,
And thy study with them taught thee Biology.
Thou hast touched beakers and chemicals,
And thou hast learnt what Chemistry is.

2

Thou hast become a girl of fifteen of age,
And thou hast reached the first step of goal,
Yea, Thou art at the line of Science Practical,
Thou shalt measure the weight of Physics,
And thou shalt weigh Chemistry with chemicals,
And thou shalt dissect Biology with root and heart.

Today thou shalt do thy First Practical,
And Thou shalt be blessed by HIM the Lord.

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art My Love!

A mystic fantasy flashed across my heart,
I heard thy voice, simply reached my soul,
Little knowledge of it remained within,
Yet the voice I had heard touched my heart unawares,
Thou hast travelled deep into my heart,
Sweet are the moments we created for each other,
Thou hast laid thy belief deep into my heart,
Thy love quickened my soul for more dreams,
Thou has laid crown of sweet kisses on me,
I imprinted French kisses on thy lips and heart,
Thou too hast painted my lips and heart with thy kisses,
We had wings of love made for each other and set out.
It's a journey begun for no ending ever to prosper,
Moon and stars stare at us and watch us in our love domain.
I know thou art my love and thou knowest I am thy love.

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art Our Darling

To Our Loving Daughter

Suzanna Christy

Thou art our darling -
Darling of our life,
Precious art thou blessed by Him,
Thou art the apple of our eye,
And we ne'er hurt eye.
Thou art our wonder - the Answer to our prayers,
We'll deck thee with God's blessings,
We'll sing songs of prayers for thee,
Thou art the fragrance of eternity,
Awhile brought down onto our arms,
Sweet is thy name for Christy dwells in thee.

MBJ Pancras

Thou Art...

....a Judas Iscariot with a kiss of betrayal,
....an Iago, the antagonist of loyalty in 'Othello',
....a Cassius, the stuff of envy in Julius Casesar',
....a Claudius, the killer of peace of land in 'Hamlet',
....an Edmund the cynic in' King Lear',
....a Shylock of greed in 'The Merchant of Venice',
...an Egeus, a disgraceful villain in 'A Mid Summer Night's Dream',
....a Fanny Browne in John Keats' life,
....an Agamemnon in Home's 'The Iliad'.

For

Thou hast trampled the blessed love of mine,
And hast forsaken the heart of sincerity,
Thou hast fooled me in each precious moment of life,
Thou hast been an opportunist playing the violin in my hand.

Thou art a wonderful actor with thy selfish gimmicks,
Thou hast kept thy belief in falsity,
Thou hast shot the arrows of blame on me,
Thou hast lacerated my tender heart with the sword of deceit.

Yea, Thou art Brutus whose sword the power of nobility.

Let me not forget thee, of thy 'sincere', but ungrateful heart.

BYE! BYE! BYE!

MBJ Pancras

Thought

A soul from elsewhere,
A stranger from a great land,
A ray from the sun. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Thy First Cry

To Our Daughter Suzanna Christy Marua Patricia

Thou wert in thy mother's womb,
A shelter that God gave thee,
Thy playmates were the angels of God,
Thy mother felt thy happy stroll within
And she said unto me of thy happy hours;
Yet thy mother suffered a pleasant travail,
Thou wert in thy mother's womb nine months,
And each day was a thousand years unto us.
Thy advent into the world we longed for.
Human beings we're, so for patience we prayed.
The day thou wert to see our world came.
Thy mother entered the path of travail,
Her heart beat fast, but thou had a silent sleep,
My heart panted, and I was on the railway,
Thy mother was betwixt life and death;
Yet the Lord is ever with us.
Thy First Cry, my heart heard thro' waves,
My heart romped in joy and thou art God's Gift unto us.
I met thee and thy mother,
And I thanked God for His blessings.
I looked at thy mother's face,
It glistened and there dwelt an unfelt joy.
We three together thanked Him,
For the First Cry you made,
For it is the Cry that we longed for.

MBJ Pancras

Thy Last Moments Of Life....

The clock begins to tick....
Thou art in the last moments of life.
Thou led thy life in loneliness,
Far from home, longing for thy family's love,
The days thou spent were the moments of melancholy,
Thou hast the sturdy mind to discern the rules of life,
Thy heart is tenderly steadfast to bear ups and downs.
Thou began thy life with expectant marvels,
But later turned into intertwined scrubs.
Thou stretched thy heart unto thy own kinsfolk,
But little was reciprocated,
With heaviness in heart thou walked in silence,
The Cross engraved in thy heart hath led thee till this day.
The last moments of thy life are in the hands of the Good Samaritan,
Thy kinsfolk are far from thy physical presence,
Yet their love is still reachable unto thee,
Eerie silence surrounds all corners on this occasion,
For the game of death is played in the court of Covid 19.
We send our prayerful love unto thee by the vehicle of thoughts
Translated into words of comfort and solace.
Thou art not alone now, for the Lord is with thee,
The Peace of Heaven shall caress thy soul.
The day will come when we all meet together in spirit.
The clock begins to tick....
Thou art in the last moments of life.

MBJ Pancras

Thy Last Moments Of Life....2

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MBJ Pancras

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MBJ Pancras

Thy Smile

sweetness is thy smile,
charming are thy graceful looks,
silence is thy love.

MBJ Pancras

Thy Sweet Countenance

To My Loving daughter Suzanna Christy

Sweet is thy countenance for Christ dwells in thee,
Sweetest is thy soul for Christ dwells in thee,
Thy eyes, the shining little lights from Him,
Thy nose, the divine bud planted in the earthly garden,
Thy ears, the happy bells of the heavenly Kingdom,
Thy mouth, the running stream of the heavenly abode,
Thy smiles, the songs of the heavenly angels.
Thou art a little babe made for us,
The Gift of God unto us dwelling in our arms,
Thou art our joy dancing in our hearts,
Our souls rejoice in the Lord,
For He answered our prayers,
And thou art the Answer meant for us.

MBJ Pancras

Time

commodity worth,
unreachable if delayed,
pretty good if used.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

To Our Darling Suzanna Christy

A miraculous Answer thou art from Above
Unto our rhetorical question offered to the Master,
Thou art the enigmatic Gift of God
With all His blessings bestowed on thee.
Thou art the babe who always sings melodies of heaven,
For in thy cry we hear His Words,
And in thy smile we behold His Grace.
Thy eyes proclaim the silent mercy of God,
And thy countenance does teach us His lovingkindness.
Thou hast made us so close unto Him,
And we three will be His servants ever.

MBJ Pancras

To Sing With You

To My Loving Daughter

My dear daughter, I wish to sing with you,
But distance keeps me away -
A material distance set by (fate) destiny.
I make timely regrets,
I endeavour for immediate affinity;
But to sacrifice Geographical comforts.
I transform my tears to prayers unto HIm,
And He answers me in silence:
Set sail, currents and tides might come and go,
Nothing be at your ship for it's my voyage with you.

My dear, let me stop timely regrets,
And let me wait awhile to set sail,
For my heart laden with mundane cares.

My dear, let sit in prayers,
And He shall open a way of courage,
And I shall sing with you,
And the Day is not far.

MBJ Pancras

Touch

exhilarating
to read the pulse of one's heart
and live in sweetness.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Transparent Glass

life san obstacles
dare enough to face conflicts,
face to face music. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Truth

Undisputable,
Shameless acts cannot withstand,
That reigns with terror. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Twain Blossoms

I'm on my way towards the destination:
Passing fields, plains, woods and gardens.
There on the way beauty decked in blossoms,
Peace at rest in valleys, silent music thro' zephyr,
All these my eyes behold in joy.
All of a sudden twain blossoms hit my heart.
I stopped awhile to study the blossoms.
they stood apart from others,
I watched their petals and there's life in them.
I went close to them and kept my heart on them.
Fragrance they sent into my inward eye,
And I let my wings of poetry fly unto them.
My heart rejoices in their company,
I've taken the twain blossoms with me,
But I did not pluck them.
I know not why there's a sudden hit,
But I know Cupid hath hit us with his arrow.
Let me walk with the twain blossoms,
And they be lmy indelible Monalisas
Whose smile is always engimatic.

MBJ Pancras

Twelve O' Clock At Night

The peak moment that divides yesterday and today,
The horizon of old and new,
The decision-maker of the done and the plan,
The path of the entry and the exit,
The brake of the reality and the dream,
The touch of the body and the soul,
The marriage of the past and the future,
The passage of the incident and the hope,
The gravity of the push and the pull,
The mathematical equation of numbers and alphabet,
The grammar of written of spoken,
The bridge of existence and new birth,
The dream of lost and new,
The child of the happenings and the hopes,
The bone of cells and tissues,
The smile of success and luck,
The cry of defeat and misfortune,
The tool of wonders and creativity,
The question of answers and doubts,
The logic of reality and mystery,
The rudder of the ship on the waters,
The death of flesh towards the eternity of soul.

MBJ Pancras

Twenty Leaves

Twenty Leaves

I opened the book -
The book of our life.
How many leaves it has I don't know.
The book contains many stories.

How were the stories till the nineteenth leaf?
They were about silent adventures.
We walked through valleys,
Across the deserts; on the seas;
Into the woods, thro' the wilderness.
He was with us, the ONE behind the scenes.

I turn the first leaf:
We were chased out to wander
But He sent us a shepherd.

I turned the second leaf:
We took a root of life
And He gave us wisdom to grow.

I turned the third leaf:
The seed began to sprout
He always watered us.

I turn the fourth leaf:
The stem of life took its shape
He appointed gardeners.

I turn the fifth leaf:
Somebody threw weeds around us,
But He plucked out them.

I turn the sixth leaf:
You were thrown into a pit,
But He saved you by His grace.

I turn the seventh leaf:

I rolled down the deep,
But He held me from the fall.

I turn the eighth leaf:
Little thorns pricked us,
We bled, yet the Doctor nursed us.

I turn the ninth leaf:
We blew trumpets,
And there raised some plotters.

I turn the tenth leaf:
The plotters carried us to darkness,
And we groped there a while,
Yet a Samaritan took us on his horse.

I turn the eleventh leaf:
We were on the cradle
And lullaby was sung.

I turn the twelfth leaf:
Stray storms hit us,
Yet He set us a weathercock.

I turn the thirteenth leaf:
A game was played against us –
It was about fake social ties,
But the Guardian always moved with us.

I turn the sixteenth leaf:
He opened us a new way of fragrance,
And we entered it with joy.

I turn the seventeenth leaf:
He established a vineyard,
We tilled the ground for more.

I turn the eighteenth leaf:
He offered us His miraculous Gift.
Now we've become three to walk.

I turn the nineteenth leaf:

We had to tread on twigs,
For it was a part of His plan.

I turn the twentieth leaf today (30 Nov 2006) .
We three continue to traverse towards Him.
And He shall be with us till the end.

Let the book be kept open -
 The book of our life.
I hope so many leaves are still more.
They ought to contain many stories.

Let's pray unto Him:
"Give us a some days
 to turn some more leaves."

Today is the twentieth leaf.
Let three of us walk together
And He be with us till the end
And our end is with Him.

This is my offering from my heart
 Unto you both.

Read it, feel it, enjoy it
 And praise Him.

MBJ Pancras

Twenty-First Century Women

question of beauty,
daring to free style culture,
bitter taste noodles. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Umbrella

benevolent shield,
rain or scorching heat,
silent sacrifice.

MBJ Pancras

Unborn Infant

a greatly blessed soul,
miseries and cares unfelt,
impeccable seed. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Undaunted Chivalry

Thou art a great civilization, who hath christened thousands of people,
Thy entry into this world hath paved a way of enlightenment unto many,
Each of thy punches and kicks hath the meaning of intelligence,
Thou hast made a garden of philosophy glowing with fragrant blossoms
And vibrant to enliven the silent thoughts into words
Wedded with deeds of bravery woven in a single string of life,
Each of thy lightning gestures discovered incredible paces
And thy silent thunders born of thy quick mind velocity,
No soul on earth hath the spirit of thy undaunted chivalry.

Thou wert born nine and seventy milestones away from the present,
A child prodigy reared 'midst disgraces and discredits,
Having imbibed the drink of valor till the end of the nerve,
Thou hast bridged the wall of China and the Statue of Liberty,
Thou hast become a conduit betwixt Yin and Yang,
And thou hast built a bond betwixt Oriental and Western horizon.
Thy language was thy mind in silence but noble with meanings hidden,
Each of thy emotions and expressions doth show the way unto reality,
And still thou art a glow of inspiration unto countless juvenile minds.

The cradle thou wert born hath been still a cradle of philosophy,
The glow of thy inward eye still shines in the rainbow of life,
Thy 'The Fists of Fury' hath been transformed to the 'bosom of power',
The quiescent power in thee paraded in thy 'Enter the Dragon',
And paved 'The Way of the Dragon' thro' 'The Chinese Connection',
And 'The Big Boss' in thee challenged in thy 'The Game of Death',
And thou hast let thee shine across heavens from eternity to eternity.
Thou art watching the glimpses of thy life once lived on earth beyond us,
And our hearts stroll on the couch of reminiscences of thee.

MBJ Pancras

Under His Shadow

She (Mother) goes to school,
She (child) goes to Teddy Bear.
She teaches the kids, ,
She learns schooling.
What I know is:
Both are in the learning way.
Time to Her so hectic,
And to her so little,
For She hath to struggle for her,
And she's in the world of play.
Fatigue shrouds Her,
And She's bound to duty.
Childlike joy caresses her,
And she's decked with sweetness.
She hath no sleep,
And she hath sleep restrained.
I perceived their struggle,
And shed tears that I can't share theirs.
It's His drama enacted on stage,
And all humans are under His Shadow.
Let's follow His Shadow,
And learn His Way of life.
It's the duty assigned to us.

MBJ Pancras

Unforeseen Meeting!

Where did you come from? I don't know,
All the way we were on different way,
Time had ridden on manifesting varied forms.
Who wert thou? Never was I aware!
When didst thou come on earth? Never was I said!
Seas were rolling with their tides; oceans, with their notes,
Thou heardst their voices; I too; but we couldn't hear our voices.
Flowers were blooming with nectar for honey bees;
Storms and breezes hurt and hugged the life on earth;
Yet, we witnessed and felt them away from each other.
How didst thou grow? And how didst I grow? None knew it!

Distant regions we crossed on different directions,
Sure we were not on the similar ways, yet we marched on.
Years rolled on; moments fled; experiences differed,
Yet, the life for all is the same on earth to live.

The day hath been born, and the puzzle been answered.
Thou hast begun to explore thy past unto me:
Thou art a soul of a pastoral soil, dreamt beneath shady trees,
Thou hast drunk the milk of the rural cows,
All thy life reared in the tender soil beside the garden snail.

I know now where thou hast come from, all with thy utterance,
Who art thou, thou art revealed, and I know who thou art.
When thou wert born, thy experience hath answered it.
Years after years thou art known unto me,
And I studied thee with thy words and deeds,
I refined my mind to learn of thee more and more.
Thou hast opened the way with thy humble act of reverence,
I've asked my Poetry what I can do further,
And I've been answered to embellish my domain of poetry with thee.

I've begun the act of embellishing my province of verses,
And thou hast been one among the paintings versified lasting to remember.
Leaves of thy portraits may run 'cross my domain,
And thou shalt marvel at watching thine with my sense.

Unforgettable Moments!

We were together on days so deep like the ocean,
Thou wert the sky, and I was the earth,
Each moment was a splashing joy,
When thou wert above the earth, it was a gentle shower,
The soil dreamt of fairies wallowing in the garden of pleasure,
The soil was drenched with the honeyed shower,
I watched thy each gesture and romped in joy.
I then became the sky, and thou wert the soil,
Joy doubled by each pace `cross the horizon,
Twain little hillocks, so gentle and delicious,
The sky spread its canopy around the hillocks,
Soft and tender were the hillocks on the soil,
A black berry on either hillock was a crown of beauty
With the spongy soil embroidered around them.
Little fairies began their swimming in the water of liking,
French folks shared their French kisses,
Lips sang melodies of love tenderly,
Their eyes shot arrows at one another.
Cupid, the child of love, rose to the highest,
And he let his wings beneath zephyr,
And there was joy and ecstasy betwixt the sky and the soil.
We became one, and there was oneness.
It was moments never to be forgotten ever.
A great thunder slept in silence,
And silence is golden to be precious,
And our love for each other is golden silence.

MBJ Pancras

Unlucky Genius

high-minded quotient,
looking for widespread knowledge,
thrown behind the clouds. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Utopia

the world beyon cares,
songs of peace playing with joy,
impeccable stay. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Vanity-Haiku

nothing possible,
everything at stake to prove,
whipping in the air.

MBJ Pancras

Victory Is Ours!

Three scores and two strides all thro' the way we've travelled,
Into ebbs and tides, ineffable with divine blessings,
Full of discredits we were smashed upon, yet survived,
They poured poison onto our plates of food,
And watched us dying with disgrace,
And that was their 'victory' waving red flag.
We were chased betwixt horizon, yet we had rainbow of life,
Their challenges 'gainst us are their dreams of our destruction,
They played the game of snake to spit on us,
Yet the Arm from Above has been ever around us.
Kicks and blows, curses and disgraces fell on us,
Yet there hath been a cascade of tenderness always.
Their drama of falsity enacted before us,
And we had no dialogues, and our silence proved patience.

The shows of their tomfoolery flashed 'cross our way of life,
Yet the Heavenly Guidance hath been our Guardian till now,
They removed pastures and greenery that we might tread upon wilderness,
Yet the Divine Mercy carried us in His Loving Arms,
They raised herds of black legs to trap our walking steps,
Yet Mercy from Above truncated the heads of the black legs,
They threw their tongues of fire upon us,
And HE changed the tongues into drops of grace.
We were left orphans, but Mercy from Above adopted us,
They dictated doomsday upon us,
Yet the Bosom of Heaven took us unto His Paradise,
And there we dwelled and sojourned with His little angels.
Blues and bruises threatened us with their snares,
Yet there have been ever with us the Loving Arms of Heaven.

On the summit of three and third mountain of life,
We've hoisted the Flag of life with the only angel born of us,
No more curses and discredits shall tinge us hitherto,
And their games of violence shall work no more on us.
HE hath made us glide thro' gentle zephyr and we three breathe silently.
The path we walk upon may have thorns and twigs,
Yet HE will turn thorns and twigs into flowers of fragrance,
There are pastures and meadows laid for us,
HE hath made drink the elixir of life throughout.

We've met the characters of Faith and Patience,
And too the characters beside are Hope and Mercy,
And the journey we three travel is the 'Pilgrim's Progress'.
Victory is ours and He is the Victor in us and we're His champions
Till we reach the Kingdom of Heaven by His Grace and Mercy.

MBJ Pancras

Volumes Of Books

thy heart of patience,
volumes of books largely writ,
Thoughtfully inspir'd.

MBJ Pancras

Wall Clock

It never looks for anyone,
It strikes ceaselessly,
It breaks every one's head.
What it sounds is toll to each one in burden;
What it chimes is lullaby to each one in joy.
Time and again it builds relationship;
Oftentimes it breaks bond.
We take it for granted;
But it takes it for 'our granted'.
Shall we forsake the clock?
If so, it will do so.
For when our time comes,
We ought to leave the arena ith foot prints or without them.
It is neither in our hands nor with our relationships on earth;
For it is His Will Who made us on earth oscillating without pendulum

MBJ Pancras

War

Unruly logic,
Dramatised through desires,
Betray'd by ego. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

War 1

selfishness on throne,
undefined motive of lust,
lack of love and care. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

War 2

brutal games and sports,
human blood as the play thing,
game for fake power. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

War And Peace

Unpleasantly she eats unpleasant cake;
It's a war against war;
Every piece she bites, the rhythm of peace turns 'rhythm less'.
There from an edge of the balcony he sings pathetically,
She wages war 'gainst the cake;
He makes peace with his song.
There are found some crumbs of the cake;
And there is heard a tinge of melody in his notes.
The war takes place in the drawing room;
The song of peace is heard from the edge of the battlefield.
There is seen a bard with his mighty marker,
And his scribbling is like 'frying fire';
But his caricature is 'dumb-show',
And he writes 'War and Peace'.

MBJ Pancras

Way To Eternity

Is there Eternity? The Question arises in every one's conscience.
Who are we? What are we? Where are we?
Multiple questions arise while man 'lives', yes, man survives.
Faith is the only answer to these questions.
But where does faith come from?
From the Creator Himself revealed unto His creation.
His Word reveals the mystery of man's existence on earth.
His Word teaches man no logic, but Truth.
And what is Truth?
Did Pilate not ask the ONE WHO created us?
HE came into the world in the human form.,
And nobody believes the Truth,
And HE is the Truth, the Way and the Life.
Faith says God exists and HE is Spirit and Holy.
The Word says God has the Eternal Plan for man,
But he cannot enter the Place of God,
For he has to remove the fleshly attire to wear Spiritual clothing
Of Glory and Eternity and live with Father and Son.
The Creator showed humility to reach the Eternity.
HE was laid in the manger in cold and poverty,
And HE led His sojourn on earth preaching and serving.
HE never invented a religion, not a philosophy to appease man,
HE walked thro' wilderness and barren lands,
And paved Way to Eternity thro' HIS trials 'midst faithless generations.
HE is Father in Son, and Son in Father, that is the mystery of God.
Man invents religions, but HE hath established the Way to Eternity,
And no religion takes man to Heaven, but the Way of God.
Man disguises himself in philosophical attires, and his beliefs are his own.
God hates religions, but loves HIS Way, the Only Way.
Man makes gods and goddesses out of vanity,
And his deities are in his control and authority.
Their gods and goddesses are carried with pomp and vain glory,
For man himself makes way for their gods and goddesses.
HIS teachings are double-edged sword, cleansing the souls who come to HIM.
HIS Words are inspired by the Holy Spirit, and faith is the answer.
Man rules himself with reason and superstition,
And he neglects the Words inspired for his good and better.
Man believes his existence is sustained in refuting the Holy Word,
And who knows he dies without purpose,

And where he goes he fails to know,
For he knows nothing but temporality on earth.
Does he know the earth is the kingdom of evil set for fire
When HE is seen across the sky on the Day of Judgment?
He will divide the lambs and the goats and make their way,
The lambs will go with HIM and the goats with the traitor.
Faith doesn't come to the one, who rejects HIS Words,
And man can never earn faith himself, for faith is born of HIM,
And faith is born in one's soul where there's no reason and logic.
Man builds multiple ways to reach the Eternity but in vain,
For no way except the Way of God leads to Eternity,
For HE is the Beginning and the End, the Author and the Finisher of HIS
creations.
HE is the Rock of all ages and the Emmanuel from Everlasting to Everlasting,
And HE bears the Name JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind
from death.

Is there any other way to Eternity?

No, Never.

The Way is right before us.

Choose the Way and be saved from Fire.

MBJ Pancras

Weeping Heart

My heart weeps that thou might turn away from me,
Yet a hope dwells within that thou can ne'er forget me,
Then why hast thou shown black face unto me?
Thou make my heart cry, much grieved,
I've looked at ther, but thou turned away,
Do not let my heart grieve sans thee,
For thou hast touched me in depth,
Let the sun go down, and stars cease twinkling,
But let not my heart wander sans thee,
Kill me not with thy mystic silence,
Let our world of love shine with lasting joy,

MBJ Pancras

What Would Have Jesus Written On The Ground....?

They brought an immoral woman unto Him with stones in their hands,
He knew they were the people of wickedness,
She stood `midst them with her head bent down,
She was seen smeared with dirt and glooms,
They looked ferocious and religious around her.
"Teacher, she carries dirt in her body, " one shouted.
"Man, yea, she is held in immorality with men." Another cried.

In silence Jesus held and down to the ground bent - -
On the ground He wrote but in silence,
The woman in rags did wait for His Word,
But no word uttered from His mouth.
The angry mob shouted: "we're righteous and she unrighteous,
Judge her and let us stone her to death,
For this is the law of Moses."

And uttered from His mouth no word,
But bent down again to the ground and wrote.
"What do You write? Judge her,
For Thou art the Teacher, You say, " The mob shouted.
He rose and proclaimed:
"Anyone sinless `mongst you all can stone her to death."
Less than a fraction of second the mob melted,
And she stood alone in rags and dirt.
He pronounced: " I too never judge thee,
Go, sin no more."
She confessed: "My Lord! "
And she left.

On the ground first what would have Jesus written?
Jesus' mind speaketh:
"Father in Heaven, Thou hast given me a test,
For me too bound in Moses law,
The mob around Me tempt My Authority - -
The Authority Thou hast hidden in Me - -
As the tempter tried Me in wilderness.
Teach Me what to do for Mine is to do Thy Will on earth.

Second on the ground what would have Jesus written?

Jesus' mind reveals:

"Our Father in Heaven, thank Thee Thou hast answered Me,
Thou hast made me do Thy Will on earth,
Thou hast shown Me Thou art the God of love and forgiveness,
Thou art in Me and I am in Thee.

I will not judge the woman in dirt and scold not the sinners,
Thank You, Father in Heaven,
I will do Thy Will alone."

MBJ Pancras

When Is My Day?

There are six coffin bearers carrying a box,
It was a solemn procession with priests and pastors,
Rituals performed; requiems sung; lamentations heard,
Who is in the coffin? Who are the coffin bearers?
A flash of interrogations hit my heart and mind:
Where do they carry the body in the coffin?
Who are the priests and pastors to the one who is breathless?
Why are lamentations 'sung'? Why are rituals?
Are they to please the breathless corpse?
Where is the breathless corpse taken to?
Beyond doubt, the destination of the corpse is the cemetery.

Mourners and pallbearers are hired not by the corpse,
Dance performed; refrains gusted out;
Garlands of melancholic florets thrashed out;
Beats of unpleasantness resounded.

A silent spell practiced on the last journey of the corpse;
Neither a pallbearer nor the folks raised any slogan;
But everyone's prayer in silence realized.

I am a passerby walking with a lot of reflections,
The coffin bearers shall be carried too one day,
The priests and the pastors will be taken in processions,
Rituals, requiems and lamentations will be enacted.
Coffins are ready for all with mourners and pallbearers,
Dance, refrains, garlands and beats shall be added to glooms.

I ask myself: when is my day?
Who shall make my coffin?
I cannot hear requiems in my long sleep,
I am far from rituals; dumb to lamentations,
I must reach my destination, whether I like or not,
Folks will never come with me,
For I came with nothing and leave with nothing.
Where do I go? Where does everyone go?
I cannot be a passerby to my own last journey.

I long for my day; it may not be my will;

But the day to all is predestined,
And we are to leave this shadow of life.

So, when is my day?

MBJ Pancras

Where You Are....Stop Worrying....!

I find myself standing at the cross road;
Four roads seen around my four corners,
Amidst trials and tribulations am I at the cross road,
Longing to choose one of the four roads.
I experience life on my standpoint:
Blues flashed across my face;
Tempests struck at my mind;
Volcanoes erupt at my heart;
Tsunamis hit at my eyes;
Tremors jolt my toes;
Pandemics intrude into my veins;
Fear of death freezes my emotions;
Fear of fear grips my soul.
So, I decide to escape from my standpoint.
I took the first corner road and walked awhile,
Alas! A scary crocodile with wide opening jaws!
I retrieved to my standpoint and gasped awhile.
The second corner road invited me,
I took the invitation note and walked on,
Creepy! The serpent with a glittering fruit longed for me!
I ran back with a loud scream.
I thought of the third corner and set out,
Terrifying! A ravening beast craved for spirit,
I retreated in wind speed.
It was the final choice of the fourth road,
As a snail I crawled on the pathway,
Weird! A black ghost to devour my soul,
I flew back with timeless speed.
I preferred my standpoint.
There I heard a voice from Above:
"Look Above! He's the Way,
It is the not the fifth way.
The Only Way to Eternity with Him.

MBJ Pancras

Who Is A Beggar?

Whose money buried
deep into his greediness,
Charity sold out.

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Who Is My Relative?

I was born to a woman, and she said I have father,
Yea, I was born unto them, who said they were my parents.
It was taught to me that in me a Biological gene was created;
Further, it is 'blood relationship' it was said.
They said I had siblings, and we grew together.
(Did my mother and father have 'blood relationship'?)

My father's siblings had 'blood relationship' among them,
And I was told they are my 'relatives'.
My mother's siblings had 'blood relationship' among them,
And they are my 'relatives' too I was told.
(Is there 'blood relationship' between me those 'relatives'?)

My parents had 'distant relatives' I was told.
(How did 'they' become 'distant relatives', I don't know.
Is there 'blood relationship' between me and those 'distant relatives'?)

I was told I had my parents' parents,
And they said they are my 'grand parents'.
Do I have 'blood relationship' with them?

I grew with my siblings;
Our parents fed us together;
Together we grew till we had to part.
My siblings had distinct spouses,
And they were bound with their 'new relationships'.
Our parents were in the same bond.
(Do I have 'blood relationship' with my siblings' spouses?)

Children were born to my siblings with their spouses,
And they grew distinctly in distinct colours.
I found a spouse for me and we had a child.
They say: my child has 'blood relationship' with us'.
Do I have 'blood relationship' with my spouse?

The world says: 'There's 'blood relationships'
Betwixt my child and my siblings' children'
(What relationship is termed between my child and my siblings' spouses?)
They would say: 'Cousins, nieces, nephews, uncles and aunts';

My siblings' children grew, and my child's children grew,
All in distinct corners with varied colours.

Seldom had we met for we were stuck in our personal issues,
And all the 'families' had 'breakthroughs' on their way,
For time is absent to us even for an occasional gathering.
(Who speaks of 'blood relationships?')

There are newcomers as 'friends' revolving around the broken families,
Time is never sufficient for their frequent meetings;
But time is absent for the siblings' gatherings.
Now where has gone 'blood relationships'?

We speak of siblings' 'relationships' from distant corners,
And it all happens to mention a formal note.
People prefer wealthy proposals of marriage,
And it happens outside 'blood relationships'.
But some prefer 'blood relationships' to retain their wealth;
If at all wealth rules their 'families'.

'Where are my parents, Where are my siblings,
When we all found new tracks to live on earth?
There are new meetings with the fellow-beings,
But we all conduct meetings with a formal note.
Might be a few who would speak for us,
And there would be born 'benevolence relationship'.

I am left on road with a bowl in my hands,
I saw no one around me, but hectic rollers,
Each one has a bowl in 'its' hands.
I looked for my 'blood relationships', but in vain,
Where are my 'blood relationships'?

A coin dropped into my bowl; a tingling sound;
I raised my head; it was a sibling of mine.
He had no meaning upon me,
For my rags hid his eyes of luxury.

I walked a few miles, and was awakened by a soul.
He lifted me and took me his home.
He changed my 'self' and took off rags from me.

He blessed me; sent me forth,
I took my steps and moved on.

My mind worked on: "Who is he?"
I turned back towards him, but found none.
So I walked forth with his blessings.
"Is he my 'blood relationship'?"
No, he is my RELATIVE."

All died one day, and all flesh decayed,
There is no 'blood relationship' beneath the grave.
My soul liveth, and I have found my RELATIVE.
Yea, he is my RELATIVE.

MBJ Pancras

Who's My Sweety?

my longing for one,
where is she longing for me?
is she sweet to me?

(A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Whose Child Am I?

She says: "I carried thee in my womb?
Thou wert knit to my umbilical cord,
Thou grew up within my inner domain,
Thou drank my blood as thy food,
My veins ran through thy veins,
I carried thee ten months,
I survived with pain and travail.
Thou entered the world around,
Thou slept on my lap,
And I fed thee my milk and thou grew up.
So, thou art my child, my child only."

He says: "I gave life unto thee,
And she received my gift into her,
I made her carry thee in her womb,
My blood vein built her umbilical cord,
Thou art my gift unto her,
So, I let thee grow up in her inner domain,
My blood was already in her,
And this blood thou drank in her.
Thou entered the world around,
I carried thee on my shoulders,
Thou have drenched me all over.
So, thou art my child, my child only."

I say: "They both gave life unto me.
She carried me in her womb,
I was knit to the umbilical cord,
I grew up within her inner domain,
I drank her blood as my food,
Her veins ran through my veins,
She carried me ten months,
She survived with pain and travail.
I entered the world around,
I slept on her lap,
And she fed me her milk and I grew up.
He gave life unto her,
And she received his gift into her,
He made her carry me in her womb,

His blood vein built her umbilical cord,
I am his gift unto her,
He let me grow up in her inner domain,
His blood was already in her,
And this blood I drank in her.
I entered the world around,
He carried me on his shoulders,
I have drenched him all over.

I learnt the truth that they both gave me life,
So, I am their child, their child only.

MBJ Pancras

Why Does Mona Lisa Smile?

An enigmatic smile she's dressed with to chant mystery,
Poets and bards with their magical poesy tried the mystery,
Philosophers and thinkers broke their minds to unravel the secrecy,
Scientists and law makers built hypotheses and verdicts to read hers,
Painters and sculptors fatigued with their colours and clay,
Actors and directors enacted to unknot the thread of obscurity.
Odes and epics, long-written, attempted to sing Lisa's Smile;
But reflections of their beloveds' smile read in their verses,
Philosophies and thoughts expressed in huge volumes;
But less understood even the painter's invention,
Theories and laws built around Science and Law;
But little is the outcome of their propositions sans the mystery,
Colours and clay played on mighty imaginative realms;
But Mona Lisa ne'er spoke of her mystery Smile.
Enactments on massive stages thrilled the collective audiences;
But Mona Lisa hid the mystery of her Smile.

I walked around the garden of poetry with fragrance of mystery,
I saw a poem in her distinctive beauty ruling my mind's eye.
She smiled at my heart and in turn my heart smiled at her,
Her smile taught me a mystery and it took time to read it;
Yet there was a veil betwixt us, and I took my plume to write.
She took my heart unto her, and I romped in joy.
She's been decked with melody and rhymes,
And the string of verses stretched beyond the horizon,
Where the mystery of Lisa's Smile be found.
She took me with her beyond the horizon,
And I followed her with no utterance till our destination.
She laughed at me for my silence;
Yet she smiled unto me; but her smile looked unfathomable.

She smiled and smiled at me; yet she had no utterance for me;
She looked a little bit puzzling unto me, and I had no answer;
Yet her smile dwelled in me, and I invoked the Muse of Poetry.
"Thou art to be a silent lover, and her smile is the answer unto thee,
She's the Mona Lisa; she can't speak, but smile and smile."
I lay on the soil of the kingdom of poetry, imbibing Lisa's Smile,
I adorn her smile; I worship her smile; I revere her smile,
Let me not move away from the garden of poetry

Till Lisa's Smile is translated unto me.

I waited and waited and I found the answer:
Lisa smiles and her smile is the love of silence.
My heart rests in silence that her love is felt within.
She uttered into me: "Speak not, but love with smile,
And that the mystery of my Smile and my Smile lasts."

I know why Mona Lisa smiles.
She loves me with her silent Smile.

MBJ Pancras

Why Don't I Love My Fellow-Beings Like My Own?

He is not of the knot of the umbilical cord I'm knit,
She hath not been fed from the nipples I'm fed,
The fetus grown in the womb hath not seen the other fetus,
The colour of their skins is not like mine,
Neither do they bear my initials nor grown in my parents' line,
The flow of my parents' blood do not flow in their veins,
Never do they belong to my family of five fingers,
Although those five fingers are not the same,
They do not bear the semblance of my parents' visage,
Never do they share the common meal of my family,
Might be they have the taste of mine,
Yet never do they claim the right of mine,
Might be they carry the name of mine,
Yet never can they take my initials,
I have laid walls around me with traditions,
Yea, traditions inherited from my family line.

This is a dramatic irony woven in the plot of life,
And every actor and actress looks eccentric by nature,
Cosmetics and masks play on stage at large,
Interludes fill the recesses betwixt the multiple acts.

While there is a heap of possessions,
There shall be differences of opinions
When the time comes for partitions
Even amongst the five fingers of the hand.

I can never love my fellow-beings in introversion,
Mostly folks on earth have broken the string of extroversion,
I am taught insanity; stuffed with rotten fruits,
The stigma of racism; delimited with weeds of casteism;
Tainted with the grime of untouchability;
Grooved into the broken lines of community
Which speaks nothing but malicious tongues.

I don't look into their souls deep and unseen,
Rather I watch their attires and outfits,
I may say I cannot see souls,
But I forget I live by spirit and soul,

And my physique shall turn to a corpse,
When spirit and soul leave me away.

I know the facts of life; the logic of survival,
Yet I cannot love my fellow-beings,
For I have not found the Way of the Lord - -
The Lord Jesus Christ - -The Word of God!

Let me seek the Presence of the Lord,
And He shall lead me on the Path of Eternity,
For, in Eternity there are no human relationships,
And all shall be knit by Spiritual Relationship.

MBJ Pancras

Why I Shouldn't Lament Over A Deceased One?

I see a person whose eyes are flooded with tears,
And those tears are shed for the deceased of his beloved,
The years they lived together still ring in the memory of the living,
Yet those memories can't bring back the deceased to life.
There are hundreds thronged about the shrouded body,
All have veiled their faces with wails and moans,
Sighs and groans reverberate around the breathless body,
Floral tributes are laid unto the inert frame,
All they do might be out of their closeness with the deceased,
And these weird practices have the universal code,
Wherein ceremonies and rituals are performed.
In a corner I stand with my eyes hanging down,
Two or three tear drops flow down my cheeks,
And I know why I don't know why I weep for the deceased,
May be of affinity; May be of empathy;
May be of sympathy; be of mystery bond;
May be of human knot; be of compassion,
I too weep awhile, and while I weep,
My reason traverses through my mind,
And seeks why I lament over the deceased one
When I too will leave this world on my day fixed,
For those who are born on earth shall die one day,
Yet, all we are born have learnt the worldly bond,
In likes and dislikes the journey of life struggles,
The world's lamentation is not for the deceased one,
But those wails and groans are breathed out for the knitted bond - -
The knitted bond between us and the deceased one.
I cannot lament over my own death,
And so, I lament over my fellow-being's departure.
And all I learnt is why I shouldn't lament over a deceased one.

MBJ Pancras

Why I Sought And Why I Seek Power?

The prime seat in its own colour decked with gems,
The scepter at the right and the scroll at the left,
The carpet in the front and the beauties at the back,
The whole of the seat, surrounded by minions,
Under the roof of luxury and manipulation:
Airplanes across nations; military fascination;
Self-styled profile; Cakewalk attires;
No cost hospitals; sheathed in 'Black Cats';
Floating in dream cars; pocketful currency;
Illegality against law; Cosmetic actors;
Pen in the right hand, eraser in the left hand;
Lying against truth; falsifying reality;
Kicking the ignorant citizens with empty schemes;
Fanaticism against patriotism;
Skilled in Disguise Show; Crafty-minded in bargaining;
Sellers and vendors of nations' legitimacy;
Eating the simple pie of the poor, hugging the corporates;
Terrorizing the supporters of nations;
Dwindling the economy of nations;
Building weapons and Bio tools;
Tarnishing the reality with paradoxical episodes;
Bullet trains through the veins of the ignorant citizens;
Building aristocratic bonds among infamous showcases;
Sidelining the needs of the needy; amassing wealth for families;
Of all deeds of negativity, there is one left,
And that is self-justification of all deeds,
For the seat of Power in its own colour decked with gems,
The scepter at the right and the scroll at the left,
The carpet in the front and the beauties at the back,
The whole of the seat, surrounded by minions,
Under the roof of luxury and manipulation.
So I sought and seek Power.

MBJ Pancras

Wild Earth

stuff of black evil,
the grace of God beheaded,
coffin of corpses. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Will You Go Away From Me?

Will you go away from me?
What hath made me fall in love with thee?
Thou hast touched my heart,
My heart can't think of me sans thee,
Thy love, my heart knows, drenched my love for thee,
Day and night you flash across my heart,
And my heart aches, drained in tears,
Will you leave me alone ever?
I know thou wert from else where,
Yet my heart hath fallen in love with thy heart,
My heart longs for thy presence ever,
Will you go away from me?
O, my sweet heart, leave me not,
Speak unto my heart always,
And I shall live in thy thoughts.

MBJ Pancras

William Wordsworth

Rustic genius,
The flute of the daffodils,
Friend of the reaper. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Withering

I set out at dawn to sylvan woods,
I hear beautiful cry of songsters,
And witness the fluttering of beautiful blossoms,
Day grows and into my blossoms eyes glitters,
Now I hear no cry of songsters,
And no fluttering of blossoms,
The day withers, shrouded with paleness,
I hear the mournful cry of ravens,
And watch brown blossoms falling to the earth,
I come out of the sylvan woods,
And find my hair turns grey.

MBJ Pancras

Woman

Mother of mankind;
Yielded to the way of sin;
Moth'r of Saviour. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

World

den of predators,
the cave of idolaters,
the pit of gluttons. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Worry

sickness found in mind,
thorns pricking out of sweet stress;
but bitter sweetness. (A Haiku)

MBJ Pancras

Wriggles

Twists of life raise pangs within,
Reality takes multiple entanglements,
Dreams rush beyond the boundaries,
Tender touches turn to striking thunderbolts.
One's soul squeezed to void and breaks down,
And there looks for the way to rise above,
Is there ONE to render smiles?
YES! HE is with us with HIS Mercy.

He is the Lord Jesus Christ.

MBJ Pancras

Your Eyes...

You inspire me,
Yes!

Your eyes inspire me.

The eyes...

Yes!

Your eyes...

...the magic of the Maker.

The eyes speak.

The utterances are silent music,

And each note, so mellifluous...

...that it teaches my child

seated in the bosom of my heart.

I obey my child,

For 'Child is the father of man.'

Ineffable is the language of thy eyes,

MBJ Pancras

Your Eyes... 01

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Yes!

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