

Poetry Series

**samyak jain**  
**- poems -**

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# samyak jain()

weekend poet on daily themes of life

## ..Of Faith And Fools.

doctor prescribes  
but  
He heals.

doctors with fake  
certificates abound, ,  
and  
now our  
Govt asking  
Him  
to produce  
Birth Certificate  
to do His job.

samyak jain

## ..The Monsoon Song..

your naughty mood  
impels the naughty strands  
of hair on your fore head  
to play with my face  
raised upwards to your lips.

silently i watch the  
breath getting quicker  
until  
the thousand monsoons  
decide to bathe the earth,  
and  
the silent banyans  
of the land scape  
acquire  
not to raise a storm without,  
for  
the storm within is becoming  
unmanageable.

..atp..  
09.04.2008.

samyak jain

## ..The Tsunami And The Shame..

morning time  
peak morning hours  
in the port city.

heart rending sight  
of a lunatic  
sauntering around,  
sex, don't ask,  
age, does not matter.

age, youth, society  
possibly god,  
all have deserted  
the hapless creature.

a ghastly sight.

a stark naked human being  
a walking shame to  
all those who were there,  
police, volunteers, ngos.

nobody does any thing.

everybody pretends  
as though the problem  
just is not there,

afternoon.

ocean's underbelly  
is  
riven by earth-shaking  
earthquakes.

no tsunami takes place.

the tumultuous sea

holds control,  
refuses to come onshore  
and  
clean the shameless  
from the face of the earth.

..atp.14.09.2007.

samyak jain

## ..Whose Life Was Lost Anyway..

eternal vigilance is  
the price of liberty  
and of life  
in democracy...

few hours of rains  
a flyover collapses  
crushing to death  
few innocent lives,  
ending  
many more  
hopes and aspirations.

the dead are gone,

the left behind  
have a life time  
to bleed to death.

an FIR will be filed,  
meagre  
compensation  
shall be announced,  
less for the sympathy  
more to avoid  
losing scoring points  
to opposition.

pressures will mount.

like the dead bodies  
under the crushing weight,  
the case file will be  
forgotten  
under  
crushing weights  
of inaction, more inaction  
and  
amnesia of public.

media will lie low,  
till  
another flyover collapses  
crushing few more lives,  
another FIR will happen,  
few more rounds of ministers  
will take place  
and  
few more such files will die.

till all that happens,

it is celebration time,  
for the great indian  
democracy.

sab kuchh thik thak hai.

..atp..  
10.09.2007.

samyak jain

## ..Written In Blood..

(He fell in love, married a girl of a different religion and the paid the ultimate price with his life.)

at the age of  
thirty one,  
it was most likely  
not the rush of blood  
that made him  
choose the path  
between  
the devil  
and  
the deep sea.

she says,  
he was a child  
of  
pure emotion  
for his lady love,  
a love  
where nothing else,  
least of all  
faith and religion  
mattered.

he chose  
the path,  
he knew,  
could be  
short and bloody,

money, influence,  
muscle, politics,  
society,  
brook  
no role for hearts,

it is a cruel, cruel world.

..atp..

samyak jain

## 7/11 Mumbai

in the deep recess  
far away from the light  
lives a neanderthal.

a giant in size,  
mind firmly lent  
to the nether of ideas  
and morals,  
the neanderthal  
was  
but human in shape.

the neanderthal  
got envious of a tiny  
tree,  
'lop it i must',  
he said to himself.  
tree and i cannot  
stay together.

so decided  
he took an oversized  
sword,  
aimed at the tree  
and cut it into two.

but  
of  
the smart tree,  
the felled part raised itself  
and  
the same tree stood again.

surprised,  
but  
angrier  
the neanderthal  
second time  
dealt a mightier swipe.

again  
cut but again  
re-joined,  
the giant was confused,  
dismayed.

twice  
repeated the murder,  
up  
again rose the tree,  
livelier, more vibrant  
and  
challenging the ogre  
for another swoop.

disheartened,  
but  
nevertheless  
wising  
upto the situation  
the giant  
conceding defeat  
named the tree  
Mumbai.

the city that refuses  
to call it quits.

samyak jain

# A Prayer

a prayer  
that emanates  
not  
from your heart,  
is  
just  
a  
lip service.

samyak jain

# A Small Poem

a precaucous child  
babbling  
on life's philosophy,  
or  
a sapling  
uprooted  
before its bloom,  
or  
just that  
a small poem  
small in content  
smaller in meaning.

(..a t p /12.07.2007)

samyak jain

# A Small Step

take out one,  
the match stick,  
head down  
and  
little above the other end  
grip it between thumb  
and the right index  
finger,  
and  
jerk a swipe  
on the narrow ignition side  
of the box.

once,

twice

and third time  
you are sure to be through,  
even if you are a hard nut  
non-smoker,

the match stick thus  
lit,  
show above the porous face  
of the gas burner,  
having clock-wise  
moved the knob.

your gas is lit.  
and  
thus,  
lesson no 1  
over  
for all those  
grieving husbands  
who depend  
even  
for a cuppa

on the wife  
and  
are  
mortgaged  
life time  
to her biddings.

..atp..  
21.09.2007.

samyak jain

# All Of You Who..

all of you who tonight  
resolve to blink the lights  
for two hours  
and  
all of you who do not,

know for sure,

that your mother lies dying.

the mother that fed you,  
drank you, nourished you  
since  
you left her teats,  
the same mother  
cries for life.

forlorn, forsaken,  
she lies dying  
breathless,  
you have choked  
her nostrils with carbon fumes,  
you have left her naked  
shorn of her foliage,  
you have dug into her veins,  
mangling her body and soul,  
you have denuded her,  
and  
helpless,  
blank-eyed,

she lies dying.

all of you who have resolved  
to blink tonight for two hours  
and  
all of you who do not,  
remember that,  
relentless ticks the clock,

and  
little time is left  
before  
she breathes her last.

the hand that can help  
is  
yours and mine.

may  
this two hour darkness  
tonight  
shriek the message  
to the high heavens,

that,  
we care for our mother,

that,  
we will not  
let her die,

because  
the umbilical chord  
yet unbroken,

spells

if  
she dies  
who lives?

and

if she lives,  
who dies?

..atp..  
29.03.2008.

..atp..29.03.2008.

samyak jain

# Desire To Write

desire to write  
is over-whelming,  
but  
subjects fleeting,  
will it be on sainthood,  
on Mother Teresa,  
will it be on rain, rain  
and romance in rains,  
or will it be on friendship,  
on daily life,  
on love, on beloved's  
fickleness or remembering  
her cherry-red lips,  
subjects catching,  
but words bobbing up  
are not upto mark,  
one says enough  
simply hang up,  
the other saystarry on,  
inspiration is on the way,  
it will just hit you  
like a hurricane  
and you will write  
mother of all poems,  
i wait, iwait, i wait;  
mother or father,  
nobody from the family  
is knocking now.

..a t p

04.07.2007.

samyak jain

# Dialogue

man says:

'where are you God? '

you surely are a fevered  
mind's invention,  
you were invented  
to give  
the chance  
a name and a cause,  
to attribute  
the unexplainable  
to a convenient  
you,  
you are  
for some a sleeping pill,  
and  
for others  
a bone of feud.  
for few  
still others  
to write volumes  
on your origin  
and  
keep the game  
of guessing and naming  
rolling.

'where are you god? '

we have scoured  
the sky,  
if at all  
a Heaven is there  
and  
you are seated there,  
then  
Sunita must have seen you.'

where are you then?

' i am within you, my boy,  
seated within you,  
you call me Conscience.

i am neither to be seen  
nor to be searched after,

i am just to be heard,  
i am just to be heard.'

samyak jain

# Donot Loosen The Grip

do not loosen the grip,  
for tomorrow i may need you most.

as strangers we met,  
while negotiating an unseasonal downpour  
near the club house,  
underneath a caesalpine tree,

what magic the clouds wove,  
what fragrance the flowers released,  
what madness the thirsty earth spread,  
what silent words our hearts exchanged,  
we have stayed friends ever since.

donot please loosen the clasp now,  
i have found a soul mate in you,  
different climes, different languages,  
so what, we say,  
we speak the language of love,  
of togetherness, of poetry,

dont you ever say  
you may leave me one day.  
as long as life is there,  
grip and clasp are bound to get loose,  
but  
if life departs,  
then  
cannot our poetry  
hold the clasp  
as strong as  
you and i would like it to be.

.....a t p  
dedicated to i.

samyak jain

# Duty's Burden

from today  
a mother  
would lull the kids  
to sleep  
without telling them  
to wait for the father  
to return from office.

today onwards,  
two young kids  
will not run away  
from the TV seats,  
on hearing the  
footsteps of father.

a young widow  
would learn to  
going out for  
rations and medicine  
all alone.

she would  
not have to hector  
an office phone  
to send her husband  
home this moment  
as  
the tea is getting cold.

from  
today  
onwards,  
she has to plough  
the lone furrows  
yoked  
single to life

for

yesterday  
two gangsters  
posing as  
customers  
have  
killed  
her  
banker husband  
for doing his duty.

samyak jain

## E- If Ever

if ever some day  
i  
dare to drink the whole  
of  
the ocean's water,  
it will be  
because  
the ripples of the ocean  
i will see in the  
innocent longings  
in your eyes.

samyak jain

## E-1 The Prisoner Of War

for once  
i am defeated,  
in a war  
that you never fought,  
but  
here  
Princess Charming  
take  
me as your  
Prisoner of War.  
put me  
prisoner  
in your  
four-chambered gaol.  
i will lie sequestered  
there  
may be in the darkest dungeon,  
but secure  
in the knowledge  
that  
i am close by you.  
feed me nothing  
but with  
your loving glances,  
i can survive  
not one, two  
but  
seven lives  
with the  
sustenance.  
if need be,  
let no wind  
blow there  
the fragrance of your  
silky bodice  
will enchant me to life  
till time's end.

cribbed, cabined, confined

a life it will be  
but  
that life will be beautiful, .  
because  
you will be close by me.  
in such prison  
i will roam free,  
my beloved by my side,  
my food will be her glances,  
my breath will be her breaths,  
my life will be  
her charity.

..atp..

samyak jain

## E-12..The Masked Lover.

got stymied perhaps  
by the revelation  
that  
i am not what  
you thought i was

that  
i wear a mask  
which actually  
is a mask  
of pretension,  
of facetiousness,  
of steel fist  
in a velvet glove.

no, sweetheart, no  
if at all there is  
a blessings in disguise,  
that is what  
this mask provides.

beneath the mask  
i have buried thousands  
of pains,  
stifled uncountable  
sighs,  
many more  
little streams of tears  
lost their ways  
in the quicksands of this mask,

all these pains and  
pleasures  
had i shown you,  
you would have lauded  
my unpretentiousness,  
but i would have been  
shown a shallow man.

shallower would have been  
damned my deep love  
for you.

...atp  
30.08.2007.

samyak jain

## E-13...Vacationing Goddess

today  
you are on vacation  
with your god,  
leaving  
countless number  
of your own devotees  
stranded  
holding  
garlands that have wilted,  
coping with  
hearts that are tired of  
waiting,  
readers  
no fault of theirs,  
tired of  
waiting for your  
offerings.

samyak jain

## E-19..The Chalice Of Love..

just when  
it is brimming full,  
the chalice of love  
frothes and spills over  
and  
is emptied half.

samyak jain

## E-20..Read Me Well...

others' poems  
i donot read.  
it is not that  
they are not good,  
they are probably so,  
but  
those poems  
donot contain you.

and i look for you  
in your poems.

your words  
weave a magic  
on me as nobody  
else's does.

every word of yours  
as though  
is charged,  
some with your smile,  
some with your sighs,  
many with your  
sweet nothings  
and  
each whispers  
to me something  
of you and yours.

sweetheart!  
yes or no  
from you  
hardly matters,  
i am too absorbed in you  
to accept any no,  
and  
i am too comatosed  
to savour the elixir  
of your yes.

yours only i.

.

samyak jain

## E-23...The Beloved That Once Was..

when the muse fails me  
and i want to write,  
just  
remind me that  
once i loved you,

that  
once your heart  
had some little space  
for me too,

that  
once  
you assured me  
that  
if not lovers,  
we can sure be  
best of friends,  
and  
be the buddies  
in our  
weal and woe.

where as i  
remain as yours,  
till kingdom come,  
where are you  
my love? .

you and  
memories of you,  
are life time  
testimonies  
of a  
beloved  
who once swayed  
by  
whims,  
much like a lotus

on a placid water  
sans the roots  
below.

bewitching now,

gone with the  
waves  
next moment.

samyak jain

## E-26..This Hundreth Offering..

this hundreth poem  
who do i dedicate to,  
to my love  
who has brought me  
immense happiness  
or  
to the man on the street  
who bounces back  
to his life and living  
every time  
the terror mongers  
threaten his life and limbs.

who do i remember  
most today,  
my beloved  
who has done  
the impossible  
task  
of keeping me glued  
to the PH and poems  
despite my professionsl callings  
or  
to the common indians  
who have banded together  
despite the outlaws'  
repeated attempts at  
separating them.

to you common man  
i salute,  
you realise  
unity in hunger  
overcomes  
separation  
in all other callings.

more than you,  
no one understands

the dignity in unity.

then,  
to you my beloved  
from the silences of my  
heart and mind  
goes my soulful  
greetings,

you are the gift  
of this generation  
to me,

without your love  
and poems,  
where would i be,  
where would be my love.

this hundreth offering  
is dedicated to you.

samyak jain

# E-Alone

sitting

a l o n e

on the sea front,

the night is turning,

mind is vaccumed

clean of desires for you,

a surfiet of denials

saps you,

vaccums you

of any base desires,

the sea beckons,

the darkness

surrounding entices,

am i getting ascetic?

..atp

..13.03.2008.

samyak jain

# E-Man And His Woman

you still burn me  
in silent desires for you..  
dont try that ancient  
trick shooing us  
lovers away  
saying  
you are no beauty  
under four folds of tens,  
of lustreless skin  
and drooping breasts  
having scoured clean  
of any remnants of charms  
from your body,

waste not beloved  
any precious thoughts  
on matters of love and lust,

true, you have not tasted  
my measure of love,  
so  
where is the question of  
having found wanting.

there is magic in your name,  
in your poems and the fame.  
sure,  
i wouldnot go near you,  
i am sex less,  
more enamoured with  
the lilting sounds of your  
name, your fecund pen,

i am a prisoner  
of  
the throwing charms  
from your eyes,  
but  
i am less likely to be

ever lured  
by the scent of your flesh.

...atp..  
15.03.2008.

samyak jain

# Entering Into A Relationship

entering into a relationship  
is verily like  
entering into a pond to take bath.

you slowly enter into the pond  
then test the water,  
use your toes to feel the mud below  
try to make sure no thorns to prick,  
then splash some water  
on your head  
to make sure you dont catch cold, ,  
then,  
take some in the mouth  
to know its sweetness,

then you take the plunge.

alas! now where are the ponds, ?  
where are your naked feet,  
where is the time to stand and stare?

many a time,  
you dive headfirst,  
and  
come to grief.

..a t p  
28.06.2007.

samyak jain

# E-Sarcasm Of Life

you,  
me and poetry  
were three friends,  
cute, cuddly,  
handsome, three some.  
no rancour, no green eyes,  
nourishing one another  
beautifully.

left me

so has the poetry,

ultimate loser  
is self,  
the pen, the sheaf of papers,  
the sofa you so listlessly  
used to sit  
and  
the dogeared  
Omar Khayyam  
carelessly still  
page marked at 92  
sing  
glorious of your absence.

..atp

15.02.2008.

samyak jain

## E-Still Part Of Me...

you still haunt me,  
dear one.  
in the darkness  
i still try catch  
a glimpse  
of the elusive  
i,

boycut,  
girlie dress  
sarees donot  
drape you,  
dare not  
rather  
in the  
fond belief  
that  
fleeting if you go  
from my dream,

equally  
lightingly  
you will come back  
to your rightful place,  
to  
adorn my  
wishful reviery.

you still are  
in my system,  
fulfillingly,  
wishtfully,  
disturbingly,  
and  
yet  
mine  
all the same.

..atp

14.01.2008.

samyak jain

## E-The Tapestry That You..

wove over our heads,  
under that margosa tree,  
in that june afternoon  
outside  
your Jyoti vihar hostel,  
all the while drawing webs  
on the fresh rain swept  
earth  
with your left  
index finger,

still holds my love!

years have gone by,  
seasons have  
weather beaten  
my madness for you  
to mellowed sweetness,

still the tapestry holds,  
sweet heart.

underneath though  
you no longer share my space,  
still the madness  
for the silent  
unspoken nah-nahs  
unsettles me,

that mad afternoon,  
our last meeting  
under the magosa foliage,  
is  
a voting dot  
on my finger tip,

the  
Empress of my heart,

it is futile  
to seek another  
one.

..atp..27.03.2008.

samyak jain

# Every Summer It Happens

every time you would say  
this is the last time  
you are leaving me alone  
to go to your mama's place  
soon after children pack up  
the books after the final exam;  
every summer you will still say,  
you cannot tolerate me  
waking up to the noiseless,  
desolate house, all alone;  
both the brats invariably follow  
you like lambs to the ewe,  
to your mama's,

every next summer  
you would again find a reason  
strong enough to leave  
this once last time,

when, you thus leave me  
alone to myself in the house,  
first two hours bring relief  
as though the vampire is off the  
Emperor's back,  
next hour is making of all the  
promises from learning cooking  
to starting yoga yet once again,

the riverie lasts half a day.

then the counting starts  
how many days, nay,  
how many hours  
remain  
for you to return.

then the phone bill mounts  
you remonstrate,  
children have grown-up,

feel ashamed before  
phoning third time  
for the day,  
i say who wants to talk to you,  
it is the children,  
who invariably leave the phone  
when daddy's second ring comes,

you admonish, you plea, you scold  
and i plea, i request, i scold  
' home is no home,  
since you have gone, '

samyak jain

# Failure And Success

success is a damsel  
that intoxicates;  
failure is your mistress  
that teases.

success is a drink  
that leads to stupor;  
failure is the beverage  
that shakes you up.

success is a temporary  
shed in life's journey;  
failure is the pathway  
to ultimate destination.

dont let thus  
success beguile  
into  
momentary comfort;  
learn to befriend failure  
to last the journey's end.

success is the mistress  
of easy charms;  
failure is your wife,  
of considerable virtues;

failure enriches you,  
success may shower  
riches on you;  
failure is the sweet little  
drummer to roses ahead  
on the path ways,  
success a sweet companion  
not to be seen  
when winter comes  
your ways, as it must  
in one's life,

leaving the summer  
far, far behind.

samyak jain

# Farewell To The Loveless Lady....

tonight is the  
only night when  
i shall remember you  
and shed a tear or two

for the last time.

this is the night  
for the last time  
i shall look back  
and  
see where we went  
wrong.

expectations were few,  
promises  
there were none  
to fulfill,  
no heavens to conquer,  
no hell to be afraid of,  
then  
where did we go wrong?

it was a simple love,  
body held no thrall,  
spirit soared to no  
dizzying height,  
neither was heart  
seeking a mate,  
nor mind a drooling  
sight,  
what went wrong then?

you only knew.

i  
only know that  
the tornado of love  
that soaked me to the bone,

ultimately swallowed me up,  
gobbled up  
my present and future.

the past with all its colour  
i had  
laid at your feet  
long ago.

samyak jain

## Four Seasons Of Love...

i am best served  
if you only read my poems,  
if you only cast a glance  
on the inanimate words,  
and  
tell me after a while  
there is no need to  
write whom  
it is dedicated to  
because  
you again will say  
it is i, and i only  
you write your poems on.

truly, beloved  
my whole being  
is being swallowed by  
you and you only,  
the single star in my sky is i only,  
the draught of life  
fisted into my palm  
one day i  
will drink to your name  
and embrace immortality.

the monsoon, the winter,  
the spring and autumn  
all slither over me  
depending upon your moods,

i am helpless  
if you are away from me,  
equally swamped  
am i  
if you drown  
me with your love.

samyak jain

# Friends On Transfer

leave many vacant places

on your sunday cane chairs  
that creak under passionate arguments;

on the front chair  
across the dining table  
that rocks under his guffaows,

on the gap in the book shelf  
that your friend has borrowed  
and  
chuckles even after the tenth  
reminder to return,

his wife's mischief comments  
on the night's bedsheet  
still left undone,

his children making funny faces  
even after the fifth retake  
of the group photo;

friends on transfer  
leave you looking for him  
for few days,

then  
teaches you the maxim  
some friendships are for ever.

..atp..  
dedicated to pkmishra  
and his lovely family.

samyak jain

# Greatest Love

is one kiss  
stolen in the face of death,  
in that case  
a smooch weighs  
heavier than life,  
a moment's pleasure  
assumes sanctity  
and the life's flicker  
is mercilessly extinguished.

whoever talks of love  
where lust is so celebrated.

..a t p.  
29.06.2007

samyak jain

# Hello New Year 2008.

two steps into my living room,  
what promises have you  
come with?

i didnt welcome you,  
you are an intruder,  
any way,  
since you have butted in,  
you are welcome  
into my house.

but do tell me,  
what have you brought  
to show me?

will you be an  
improvement upon  
all your brother years gone by,

will you promise  
less  
horror of rain waters  
this monsoons,

will you be less chill  
to the unclothed millions  
in Asia and Africa,

will you promise  
democracy, rule of law  
and justice  
in many blighted lands,

will you ensure  
the path to democracy  
runs smooth in many  
small and desperate lands,

will you

promise me that  
the world's rich  
and famous  
will not hide behind  
tokenisms  
while wiping a tear  
from the cheeks of a  
skeletal child  
of the African  
continent,

New Year 2008,  
you all have been  
no different  
to one another,

you have always  
flattered in the  
beginnings  
to deceice at the end.

..atp.  
04.01.2008.

samyak jain

# How Does One Say

sorry to one's love.

by  
touching one's ears  
and standing  
beatifically,  
all the while  
watching her face,

that is school boyish,  
you would say,  
still admonishing,  
and still  
fuming.

or,  
just  
holding your palms  
in mine,  
peering  
straight down  
and  
then cupping the chin  
all the while  
straining to rummage  
through  
any hurt stains  
on your boycott face;

or

just collapsing  
all that is  
mine that is in me  
and  
offering  
just this once,  
at your altar,  
the place  
where once

i had surrendered  
every thing that was  
mine.  
and  
then  
shall i whisper  
'i am sorry'  
to you.

..atp..  
29.04.2008.

samyak jain

# I Am An Indian

the grand Himalayas  
to the north,  
mother shaped,  
feet at  
Kanyakumari  
washed  
incessantly  
by the seas,  
a long hoary past,  
zero as a gift  
to the Humanity  
for all times to  
come,  
a wild and throbbing  
democracy to boot,  
an IT capital  
of  
the world,  
a rip-roaring  
economy  
raring to burst  
upon others,  
a family values  
unpolluted and  
unparalleled  
any where else in the  
world,  
123 nuclear agreement  
on our terms,  
india is the country  
for the happenings,

spiritually  
we were never  
weak,  
economically  
this is the country  
of the future,

young indian!  
why brood,  
head down,  
when your country rises  
in the horizon,  
wake up, rise up, get ahead.

the World's Open arms  
are for  
you and you  
only.  
..atp..

samyak jain

# Listen, Darling This Game Of Hide And Seek

listen darling,  
this game of hide and seek  
has to go on for ever,

to the onlooker,  
it is simply childish,  
two grown-ups  
playing hide and seek  
inside ones own house

summer, spring and winter  
whatever be the season of the year,  
you and i  
have grown older  
playing this childish game.

often,  
children get  
drawn into this battle,  
tempers fly,  
shouts are heard,  
sobs follow,  
a short interval ensues,  
the game is declared over,  
often self the loser.

furniture are rearranged,  
broken cups and saucers cleared,  
only sounds heard are the whirr of  
the fans,  
children chastised  
go back to books and table,  
gas stove is lit  
preparatory to cooking dinner,

long back darling,  
unknown to each other,  
we made an unwritten,  
unspoken agreement,

that  
we,  
wife and husband,  
if ever  
we fight,  
that has to be this game of  
hide and seek,

worldwide  
in every clime and continent,  
all children play this game,  
it is so simple,  
no egos here,  
no victory and defeats,  
godlike,  
innocence written into  
the body of this game,  
parents  
play this game  
not  
to settle some thing  
but  
to discover love's  
renewal.

samyak jain

# Love

love  
is  
a kite  
searching shelter  
flying entire sky  
and  
at day's end  
ultimately returning  
to the wife's bosom.

..a t p.

samyak jain

# Love As Life's Theme Song

when i hear any man,  
young or old or the  
middle aged,  
when i hear the word love  
from their lips,  
i reach for the gun.

i pity the man.  
if he is young  
and lispng love,  
he is taking a wrong path  
so early in life.

if he is a middle aged,  
i pity the family  
he has managed so far,  
because  
now in love in his lustful eyes,  
the family has to learn to  
manage him.

ih he is an old man,  
love in mind more than  
the body can support,  
i pity him  
he has  
learnt nothing in life.

nine and more out  
of ten,  
mistake sex for love,  
or at least  
they give the veneer,  
less to fool others  
more to fool himself,

love has nothing to do  
with the groin,  
where as sex

has nothing to do with  
the mind.

..atp..  
23.02.2008.

samyak jain

## Mahatma Gandhi-2

wake up, Bapu!  
it is time  
you are given  
the second bath  
of the year  
and the last one too.  
spin doctors  
of modern India  
prescribe  
two baths a year  
for you,  
equal number  
of Ramdhuns  
in a year,  
resting place  
at Rajghat  
will get floral decor,  
thousands other statues  
will be cleared  
of few months deposit  
of birds' refuse on them,  
hardly you will be fed  
any thing,  
our netas sitting before  
your statues  
will be  
watching the watches  
impatient  
to get away from this all,

with all this  
that the ignoramus  
do to you,  
still  
you keep smiling  
indulgently,  
Father of this nation!

few realise that

without you  
at that juncture,  
still  
we would be yoked  
to the soil,

what reason for  
the benevolent smile,  
Father,  
do tell us.

it is increasingly  
difficult  
to distinguish  
looters from the leaders,  
lawless from the lawkeepers,

what future ahead of us,  
what character for our children,

you will still  
remain  
Father to the nation,  
Father!  
60 years down the road  
of democracy,  
we have not got a worthy son,  
a worthy heir to  
your legacy.

you will still remain  
Father to the Nation.

..atp..  
14.08.2007.

samyak jain

# Mirror

a true witness  
without memory.

a friend in need  
but  
not in deed.

it smiles with you,  
it laughs with you,  
but cannot  
console  
when things go awry.  
...a t p.

samyak jain

# Missing All Of You

taking a sabbatical  
from you all  
is  
like  
trying to forget a bad dream  
that refuses to go.

buried head first into the files  
and  
trying to forget you  
i  
is bad adventure.

you simply  
cover me  
from corner to corner,  
styming the memory  
is fruitless,

indulgence is the  
preferred penance,  
perhaps.

where are you, dear i  
can you read me?

..22.08.2008.

samyak jain

# Misunderstandings

are like chillies.  
seen in isolation  
it makes you cry.  
but  
they add the zing  
when mixed to a meal.  
same way  
lovers tiff  
stood alone  
is poison to relationship,  
but  
as a part  
of  
love's pot pourrie,  
it cannot but add the  
zing  
and  
bring zest to life.

..atp  
.6.09.2007.

samyak jain

# Monday Morning

monday morning to office,  
fresh laundered dress,  
crisp and ironed well,  
but  
can you please  
carry a  
well laundered mind.

mind, poor mind  
dumping ground for  
anger, frustration, revenge  
and all other garbage  
but never cleaned.

how will this week  
mean different to you  
then,

the exterior well-cared for  
scented,  
the interior  
the spring board of  
all your actions  
stinks.

(...a t p /16.07.2007)

samyak jain

# Morning Mists

dew drops  
on the grass  
ups life through  
tips of the toes

samyak jain

# Mother Teresa

a true child of God,  
a tiny figure  
bent low  
with the burden of love,  
it is a wonder  
she sought  
to cover the  
whole world  
with her six yard saree.

..a t p  
13.07.2007.

samyak jain

## Mother Teresa-2

like the invisible thread  
running through the garland  
of flowers  
divinity runs through us all.

the sick and suffering,  
the destitute and the doddering,  
the just born left at garbage corner,  
the street beggars hungering  
after left-overs,  
all of them she gathered  
covering her frail arms,  
our dross eyes see a leper,  
her compassionate eyes saw  
a playful God in distress,

her tiny steps of help  
the five rupees she started with  
still reverberate  
that  
mercy, not miseries,  
is the fate of mankind.

whereas you and i  
see a suffering leper,  
she could see a suffering Christ,

the world is poorer without her,

we all miss you Mother.

...a t p  
14.07.2007.

samyak jain

# My Childhood ' Ramayan'

my village  
of  
modest appearance,  
lush greenery girdle,  
people in hundreds  
cattle in thosands  
came alive  
every March  
the season of the Ramayana,  
the simple story of brotherly love,  
paternal duality,  
of sacrifice, of forest,  
evils, deceit, greed  
and demons,  
monkeys and monkey god  
Hanuman,  
fights,  
good over evil  
and  
ultimate message  
truth prevails.

huddled  
we sat, listened, drowsed  
nudged, woken up again.

year after year  
it was staged,  
on the death of Ravana,  
the catharsis was complete  
year after year.

then the television came,  
there was demand for female Seeta,  
handsome Ram  
and rugged looking  
persons as demons,

many candidates for Ram

none for Ravana,

after few years

village

divided into

groups sat before the tvs

none to go to the village square,

the drum beaters forlorn beats

say it all.

samyak jain

# My Love And Desire

i am caught in  
the whirlpool of  
desire for you  
and wish to remain so...

if this desire  
be madness,  
let it be so  
and allow me be mad with desire,

if this love is a  
the frenzy of a poet  
let it be so  
and consider me a poet in frenzy,

if this be the expression  
of my love for you  
let it be so  
and call me a lover in love with you

..a t p  
2i

samyak jain

# Never Say Never Again

never say never again,  
for tomorrow we may meet.

however big the road may be,  
and  
you might try to get past me,  
still  
i will take you by the arms,  
look deep into your eyes,  
and  
listen to the breath quicken,  
and sure they will,  
i will know,  
i will come to know,  
you have understood  
me right this time,  
the cobweb has been removed,  
and your heart has grown fonder,

however big the road is,  
for the heart-in-love,  
it is the narrowest alley  
and  
you cannot avoid running  
into me, my arms, my heart.

(a t p/dedicated to i.)

samyak jain

# Nostalgia

nostalgia  
is  
something like  
a  
missed disaster,  
a  
uttarakhand  
tragedy  
you missed being buried under  
the debris of mud and slush  
of the cloud burst

may be i would have vanished into  
the labyrinth of the swirling waters  
of the holy rivers' raging furies.

may be i would not be striking the  
letters here  
trying to evoking to the heart beats  
i  
hoped my words trigger in you

long i seem to have forgotten  
you  
long i seem to have forgotten  
you

samyak jain

# Of Bonds And Bondages

these are halcyon days,  
of democracy  
of freedom  
of computers  
but  
woe betide man,  
he prefers to be in chains.  
chains and bondages  
that are invisible to you and me,  
but  
excruciatingly painful  
and corrugates the soul.

family bonds  
turn to  
bondages  
in unsuspecting circumstances,  
filial bonds  
turn to  
noose  
if not controlled well,

if still you have managed well,  
good luck brother,  
but beware of the  
computer  
the curse of freedom,

some sites, some tubes, luring boobs  
will snap you up  
in some unguarded moments,  
you stay  
life time bondages  
for ever.

samyak jain

# Of Man And Animals

all animals are actually bipeds  
evolving for better use of forelimbs,

some men are like quadripeds  
waiting for using the same for walking.

samyak jain

# Patriotism

is the paeon  
to one mother  
in exclusion of all  
others  
as though  
the others are  
children of a lesser mother.

patriotism the  
monthly dose  
comes with the pay  
packet to the soldiers,

packaged well  
in fiery speeches  
by the politicians,

in lilting songs  
by the melodious  
crooners,

patriotism  
is best celebrated  
in mob mentality,

more often than not

patriotism is the  
jingoist vehicle  
to fame and fortune.

patriotism  
 prospers in isolation.

the world now being  
wired tops to toes,  
it is one trick  
less  
for the tricksters.

..atp..

13.11.2007.

samyak jain

# Post Offices

where are they now,  
the good honourable  
post offices  
with red, waist high  
rocket shaped  
post boxes;  
Oh! where are they now.

youngsters  
who have loved  
have loved not too well,  
if  
the red little  
post box  
was not wooed  
with equal seriousness.

if  
you were young  
and  
into your first love  
you always  
pushed your letter  
deep into the box  
wishing that  
letter sorter  
stamp but tenderly  
the love letter that  
you have so carefully  
written and secured inside  
the cover.

every single time,  
you pushed the letter  
opening the unwilling flap  
much like your first kiss,  
the lady willing  
and still not opening  
the throbbing lips.

..atp..

26.03.2008.

samyak jain

# Rain Song

the first rains  
the parched earth  
satiated first night  
yearnings more  
at evening breaks.

..a t p.

samyak jain

# Rhymes

it is a two-lane street,  
free-verse the fast  
and rhymes the slow

some traveller cosy  
on the fast,  
some on the other.

for me the fast lane  
of free-verse is the  
gate way to slow  
nirvana;

the rhymes way  
i would  
tumble and trundle  
as  
though  
i am  
in a three-legged race.

free verse  
is but  
soothing..  
emotions,  
better  
spiced with love  
and some lust,  
croons and careens  
its sloshy way,  
only  
through  
the  
free verse way.

..atp..  
25.04.2008.

samyak jain

# Sachin Tendulkar

and then there was  
Sachin Tendulkar,  
so ordered the Lord.

for the uninitiated,  
let me inform  
with all the pride  
and vanity  
that i can muster and command,  
that  
Sachin  
is to Indian cricket,  
what  
Shri Laloo  
is to Indian railways.  
a messiah,  
a sine qua non,  
strongest pillar  
of the firmament,  
a  
money spinner.  
before Laloo jee came,  
indian railways  
was starving with the charas  
before  
Sachin came,  
nobody knew  
money  
grew on  
cricket trees.  
but  
touts and doudters abound,  
talks of retiring him  
come  
whenever his heavy bat  
stops scoring,  
natural yaar!  
bat is heavy,  
if it has scored in the past

let it rightfully take rest, yaar!  
doudting Thomasses cling on,  
a stumbling block  
to indian cricket,  
has not won a world cup for us,  
let him retire  
or better give him the push.

i am really pained.

for the interest of indian cricket  
and the tamasha viewers,  
let us all pray  
to the law makers,  
to make a law  
in parliament that

Sachin will retire  
at 60,  
normal retirement age,  
if he cannot,  
let him not  
bat, bowl or field,

selectors,  
select him you must,  
hundreds of crores of rupees  
ride on him,

he is cricket's showpiece,  
let him, in the middle, stand and dazzle,  
(veeru's bald pate next on him)  
for  
they also serve  
who  
stand and get zeroes.

..a t p  
21.07.2007

samyak jain

# Sai Baba Of Shirdi

He  
seeks the devotee first,  
before  
the urge to seek Him arises.  
complete surrender to His  
wishes and deliverance,  
and utmost patience  
not to part ways  
from Him,  
are the twin  
means  
to get Him  
work out your welfare,  
as sincerely and  
as fruitfully as  
does  
the breath for your body.

may You be always with me,  
Baba,  
this Thursday,  
Koti Koti Pranams.

(..a t p /12.07.2007)

samyak jain

## Sai Baba Of Shirdi-2

unseen

He will be your Friend  
through life's thick  
and thin.

unheard

He will listen to you,  
all your pleas.

unknown to you

He will be behind you  
during your toughest trials  
that life throws at you.

into His Blessings

to qualify you require  
faith in Him  
and  
patience,  
unwavering,  
of the  
direst type.

(..atp..13.09.2007)

samyak jain

## Sai Baba Of Shirdi-3

like the sun in the sky  
You are always there  
to the believers.

the enveloping darkness  
only  
announces Your  
Effulgent Presence  
more fulfillingly  
to others.

..atp.  
20.09.2007.

samyak jain

## Sai Baba Of Shirdi-4

in whatever that happens  
to us,  
may your unseen presence  
guide us.

in the pains that occur to us,  
may we learn the patience to endure.

in the adversity that may befall us,  
may we know the strength within  
us to survive.

in the happiness that is sent to us,  
may we learn to keep the feet  
to the ground.

in all pains and pleasures  
that come to us,  
Baba!  
may we always  
feel your unseen presence,  
but  
much felt benediction  
upon us.

..atp..  
27.03.2008.

samyak jain

# Solitude

solitude  
is  
the space  
you give  
to  
you and God.

communication  
happens,  
you ask,  
He answers,  
you are not satisfied,  
you move to the next.

you dont fret,  
peace and calmness  
prevail.  
solitude  
is fulfilling,  
it is not  
loneliness,  
where you have  
all the questions of the world,  
and  
nobody to talk to,  
nobody to answer,

you have banished  
everybody,  
even God  
from the scene.

...a t p  
05.07.2007.

samyak jain

# Stone Gods

all our gods  
are stone gods,  
they donot melt  
that easily to prayers.

..atp..

samyak jain

# Taj Mahal

Taj Mahal.

an obsessed husband's

eternal cry

for his wife

or

a tear dropp on the

cheek of Time,

or

wastrel of a megalomaniac's

gift of a Seven Wonder

to mankind.

only time will tell.

samyak jain

## Taj Mahal-2

here lie  
two lovers  
in eternal sleep,  
let  
nobody  
disturb them.

first and last,  
they were lovers,  
wife and husband  
that  
they were  
is immaterial,  
that  
they were of  
royal lineage  
was accidental,

in the cloistered  
royal environ,  
love  
transformed  
itself into  
celestial sublimity,  
and  
consumed the lovers.

let them sleep  
the eternal sleep.  
let nobody disturb them

the marble structure  
that cradles the eternal lovers  
is rewarded.  
the world has  
recognised  
it  
as  
World's greatest

Monument to Love.

..a t p.

28.07.2007.

samyak jain

# The Average Indian Farmer

on his and millions of his  
ilk's groaning shoulders  
rest the great edifice  
of the indian democracy.

long live democracy!

showpiece of ceremony  
every where,  
in the school he enrolls fast  
and drops out as faster,  
in the many govt developmental  
data sheet, his name  
adds weight to the number game,  
in the meetings of different  
flag beares of democracy  
he is herded to add to the crowd,

from birth till his often  
premature death,  
in a road accident,  
in police firing on  
demonstrators  
or crushed under the  
debt burden,  
from the branches of a  
nearby tree,  
he remains just a data sheet  
name and number,

as long a he lives  
on his and his ilk's  
groaning shoulders rest the edifice  
of the great indian democracy.

long live democracy.

samyak jain

# The Body And The Mind

the body and the mind,  
which is the horse, which the cart;  
verily  
untempered mind rushes in,  
where angels fear to tread,  
and brings grief to body.

accept Conscience  
as the charioteer,  
and  
enjoy the journey  
called Life.

samyak jain

# The Boon

suppose you desert me  
and  
remove every trace of me  
from your heart and mind,  
i will, for sure, retreat into the jungle,  
retreat into the impregnable interior  
where time has stood still for eons and eons,  
then i will do penance of the severest kind,  
of the cruellest torture to the body and  
flogging the mind till it is purged of you  
completely,  
then  
if lord Shiva appears and grants me the boon,  
i will like the whole earth  
to be crumpled in to a fistful of mud and sand,  
for  
the mind that is without you,  
is  
no better than the earth  
without its creation.

...a t p.

samyak jain

# The Boy Born Blind

how do you  
explain to him  
what he is missing,

how do you explain  
God  
to one who has no crave  
for Him.

to a born blind boy,  
eyes  
are in the tips of the fingers,

love and sympathy  
are  
in the ear drums,

every thing else  
is  
in the mother's clasp.

still then  
no amount of  
tracing in the fingers,  
no amount of explanations,  
no amount of claspings  
to the closest beat  
of mother's bosom,

would explain to him  
the concept and workings  
of somebody called  
God.

samyak jain

# The Bullock Cart

this cart

at this age

we all wish  
the owner  
yoked  
and the  
bull  
with  
a  
whip behind

won't be  
a  
more  
grotesque  
sight.

.atp

samyak jain

# The California Fire

was started by a  
boy  
who reportedly  
was  
careless with a  
simple match stick.  
result:  
thousands of acres  
precious forest destroyed,  
thousands of people  
uprooted,  
god only knows  
how many millions worth  
of property destroyed.

where are we heading?

in the name of progress  
and civilization,  
have we set about  
piling  
one wood above the other,  
preparing  
our collective  
burning pyre.

and

waiting for a  
single match stick  
to  
finish us all..

have  
we ever thought  
about thousands  
of nuclear buttons,  
few in unsafe regimes,  
ever threatening

mankind  
to  
push themselves  
any  
time.

..atp..  
01.11.2007.

samyak jain

# The Cigarette Stick

it glows the reddest,  
when you inhale the  
deepest  
and  
smoke-fill your lungs.  
not without a warning  
of the direst kind.

the cancer stick  
unlike you  
is mindful of its duty,  
glowing the reddest,  
it warns you,  
before  
striking one more  
nail to your coffin.

samyak jain

# The Cricket Circus,2008.

100 days to Olympics,  
many more years  
to an Olympic medal,  
who cares?  
who loses?  
who minds?

the biggest  
Jamboree is on,  
the high priced auction is passe,  
the players herded to one corner  
to the other corner,  
the great Circus is on,

not even a bronze  
for the billion plus  
indians,

shhh! ! !  
the Jamboree is on...

who cares?  
who loses?  
who bothers?

..atp..30.04.2008.

samyak jain

# The Evening Sets In

to occupy spaces  
left behind on the sea beach  
by the feet dragging  
children of home-work minded  
parents,

the evening comes  
fluttering with the sea candle  
to the sea beach  
comfortably carried over the head  
by  
the paani-puri wallah,

the evening,  
comes too to the sea shore,  
as the invisible chaperon,  
with young lovers  
walking in hand-in-hand,  
to a place behind a small rock,

silently thanksgiving  
for  
driving the naughty day light  
out of the space  
meant for crabs, sands, snails  
and  
the escaping lovers.

..atp..

12.04.2008

samyak jain

# The Garden

if all the  
flowers in the garden  
are of same colour and size,  
give out same fragrance

the earth would have been  
unlivable long ago.

variety,  
good or bad,  
high or low,  
big or small  
is nature's way  
of saying  
we have to live together,

we made the earth possible.

samyak jain

# The Ides Of March (15th March Every Year)

beware of the Ides of March,  
you gullibles,  
what was true of Caesar  
is true of you too.

the same jealousy,  
the same greed,  
the same dagger  
held behind,

Antonys abound  
to make an amphitheatre  
out of your tiny world  
and  
a Caesar  
out of you.

beware  
of the Ides of March  
you gullibles,  
Antonys abound.

..atp..  
14.03.2008.

samyak jain

# The Morning Beach

some body  
from inside the stage,  
pries open the screen a bit,

looks at the hall and the empty chairs,

to report back  
whether  
to start  
the scene 1  
this early.

..atp..01.05.2008.

samyak jain

# The Morning Time

i sit with my  
silent cup of tea,  
poring over a paper  
no news is good news,  
political loot of the nation,  
society tottering on last legs, ,  
nations different, peoples different,  
same loot, same rape of earth,  
eight more years for the earth,  
depressing, very alarming,  
no body does anything for the weather,  
neither for stopping the loots,  
meetings, seminars, white papers,  
babus junkets, netas on the thrones  
and wise man on the streets,  
depressings,

school fees last date gone,  
wife's blastings register timidly,

dropped thuddingly from the revierie,

Bush to take care of the world,  
laloo to take care of the nation,  
yours truly to take care of daughter's fees.

i am to get ready for the office.

samyak jain

# The Morning Walker

silhoetted against  
the day breaking sky,  
two sticks and two halves  
buried into a shirt  
and a short,

walk.

zest for life  
could not have a  
better bill board message.

..atp..

samyak jain

# The Mountain Sage

it was sitting  
straight, upright and back to us,  
a few miles out of the village.

i grew up seeing the mountain  
sitting  
straight, upright and back to us.

often we took a detour  
and went to see its face,  
the face, as though, turned away,  
the mountain sage still sat  
straight, upright and back to us.

grand pa told us  
as long as anybody  
remembered  
a sage had  
turned into a mountain  
doing penance  
for all the mankind  
and  
nobody knew  
how long it will go on  
sitting there.

i knew the sage  
was not happy,  
the people have  
removed the hair,  
cut his arms,  
burned his body parts,  
dried the water to him.  
and still  
he harboured  
no rancour,  
unmoved as though,  
doing penance for whom  
nobode knew,

the mountain sage  
sits  
straight, upright and straight back to us.

now grown up  
i understand  
why  
he is sitting straight back,  
to an ungrateful  
mass of people.

..atp..

samyak jain

# The Playful Krishna

you never cease to smile,  
playful Krishna,

blue-coloured god,  
a simple cherubic  
child Krishna,  
you are the darling  
today  
of the billions  
of your devotees,

happy birthday  
my Lord and Saviour.

(..atp/03.09.2007)

samyak jain

# The Poet And The Lover

wired loose,  
generally seen  
not much  
of a man  
of money and commerce,  
a poet  
is a beggar  
in essence,

if not asking  
for love and kiss  
on the way side,  
the poet  
an ascetic  
in temperament,  
hates the rich  
for the filth  
they sit on,

he  
like the lover,  
equally wired loose  
congenetically,

confuses  
between the  
wife and the beloved,  
the beloved and the wife,  
the desirable and the available,  
between  
the legal and the loyal  
and  
fails to decide  
who to go home with.

..a t p  
18.07.2007.

samyak jain

# The Purpose Of Your Coming

nobody is sent anywhere  
without any purpose.

what is your purpose of  
coming to the earth,  
in human  
body and mind  
and  
a Conscience  
as  
His presence in you,

why have you come  
have you ever  
asked yourself?  
is your life meant  
only  
to learn few things,  
to earn money for yourself,  
to fornicate,  
to breed,  
to grow old  
and  
then leave  
as quietly  
as you had come.

in this business of  
eating, living and sleeping,  
few have time  
to read the message,

nobody is sent anywhere  
without any purpose.

you have chosen  
neither  
to be  
the message,

nor  
the messenger.

samyak jain

# The Same Morning

the same morning,  
the same news paper,  
the same violence  
inflicted upon  
body, mind and soul,  
only names of people  
and place differ,

the same office,  
drab faces, files  
loans and non-payments,  
the same boss,  
his selfishness,  
tortured mind  
and soul  
if there is one in me,

the same  
trudge back to home,  
wife and children,  
tv, drab serials,  
my channel and your news,  
bloody news,  
tug of war, swollen face,  
hurt ego,

lying sleepless on the  
undone bed,  
ceiling fan whirs,  
artificial sky, stars, saturn  
swim back into the horizon,

unsaid, undeclared  
i go back to you  
and  
find charms,  
recalling and revisiting  
the poetry narrated to you,

i  
the defeated warrior Prince  
in a war never fought,  
hoist the flag  
of surrender,  
and  
slowly, but surely,  
your name in my lips,  
into the world of poesy, you and me  
and  
in drowning consciousness,  
i slowly  
lose myself....

..atp..  
30.04.2008.

samyak jain

# The Sea

there should be a sea  
in every body's life;  
an agent  
to invade  
unmasked  
deep into your  
labyrinthine  
collect the muck  
and  
sweep back  
as quickly  
recoiling to itself.

the sea  
as yet the  
unassailed purity  
of nature  
is  
still with you  
to  
soothe and release  
from life's coil,

standing  
against  
the darkening horizon,  
the sea  
touches your feet  
but  
sends vibrations  
to the whole being  
that  
it is there to collect  
all the mind's muck  
and  
sweep back them all  
to  
where it came from.

there should be a sea  
in every body's life,

an agent  
to  
assure and re-assure,  
Nature is not yet tired  
of  
man.

..atp..  
11.04.2008.

samyak jain

# The White Sheet

not many seasons ago

if i happen to scrawl  
a circle on a white sheet  
of paper

and  
oblong the south side a bit

and  
put two dots on the east and the west

without any further ado  
eye lashes cover the dots-the eyes,

in no time  
the lips sprout at the centre  
and become crimson red

the scrawled sheet  
assumes life

and the lips lisp my name  
and whisper sweet nothings

ah! that was seasons ago

and the white sheet now  
groans under paper weight

in the dark, silent room.

where have you gone now

samyak jain

# Weird Equation

familiarity breeds contempt.

human beings lying dead,  
anywhere, due to any cause,  
contorts your face.  
nose covered with the hanky,  
eyes darting away from the sight,  
you fervently wished you had  
not crossed the way.

poor man!  
no bier waits for him.  
except the municipal van.

for  
dogs dying on the street  
the animal activists preponderate,  
for  
tigers dying in the forests,  
half a million signatures  
to the govt,

for  
an indian  
awaiting sure death  
from the noose in a foreign land,  
no signature,  
no activist,  
no breast beating  
from politicians,  
and  
pseudo patriots.

..atp.  
19.03.2008.

samyak jain

# What Is Darkness..

what are thorns,  
but  
few inches to the rose.

what is darkness,  
but  
few hours to light.

what are your anger,  
your vanity, your no-nos  
but  
few patient hours  
to  
your  
indulgent love.

..atp..

samyak jain

# Who Are You

if , iF , IF  
problems of life and living,  
slowly start swallowing  
you up,  
and  
all your resouces  
failing to stop  
the tide of emptiness  
overpowering you,  
for God's sake  
come out, come out  
of  
whereever  
you are there.

embrace the openess,  
the space upto the horizon and beyond,  
the deep blue sky  
high upto eternity,  
gaze beyond them all,  
soon you will be moving  
among the stars, the planets  
and the thousand suns,  
out there  
in the open, open sky  
of the blue beyond,  
a ray of light  
from one of them  
would have started  
million of years ago  
and  
still it has not reached you,  
still travelling, still coming  
to meet you all,  
how big, big this universe is,  
and  
how small, small,  
miniscule you are,  
billion times smaller

than the tiniest dust  
under your feet,

you are nothing,  
simply nothing  
in the cosmic scheme of things,

and  
which are these problems  
that bother you,  
they are self-inflicted,  
created by you  
to add to your own  
torments.

close your eyes  
and  
try to be part of  
the surrounding universe.

slowly

the walls around you  
will collapse.

(a t p/07.07.2007)

samyak jain

# Wisdom Of The Detachment

you always had a way  
with naming things....  
abstract emotions found  
a quiet shelter with you only...  
where as i struggled through the  
days and nights  
writhing and shuffling in dark  
corridors  
trying to give them  
a name and a place....  
remember you told me  
once  
it is bloody  
and not bloody, fool..

how tricky relationships are  
we miss the sight of the closest  
the intemperate quick breaths  
never  
allowed the wisdom of the detachment..  
i  
where are you..  
the heart longs for you once more.

-atp  
22.03.2009.

samyak jain

# You Lie Secure...

on the sea beach,  
on the wet sand,  
i wrote your name  
and  
prayed  
the waves  
would let it stay.

the waves came  
and  
washed your name away.

undeterred  
i summoned all  
the skill to the fingers  
and  
wrote once again  
your lovely  
six-letter name,  
and  
prayed  
ever more sincerely,  
let the sea go  
where ever it wants  
but  
let it not pour  
over you.

but heartless sea,  
it did come  
with all the roar,  
and washed you away,  
but  
this time  
not before whispering  
into my dotting ear: -

'let me wash her away,  
dear,

it should matter little  
to you,  
your beloved  
lies  
secure,  
emblazoned  
in your heart,  
from  
where,  
all the waters  
of the seven seas  
cannot wash her  
away.'

(..atp..08.08)

samyak jain

# You The Stranger

now that  
you have come  
some thing astir  
inside me.

who do i congratulate,  
you ajnabi  
from the faraway land  
or  
the ink in the pen  
that is filling up  
on its own.

..atp..

samyak jain

# Your Memory...

now that  
you no longer are with me,  
winters are chillier than usual.

but your memories  
are the loyal ones.

as i turn back the pages,  
they are more than willing  
to coalesce together  
as compactly as possible  
to present you to me,  
they try their best  
to present the beauty of your  
face up front to me,  
making sure to push  
the warts behind,

i begin to listen to the  
jingles of your footsteps  
from the distance,  
the chills of the winter  
begin to make way,

i begin to feel pleasantly  
overcome with your presence,  
soon enough,  
it does not stay longer,

you are too fidgety  
to live within the confines  
of my dream,  
and love.

samyak jain