

Poetry Series

Tribhawan Kaul
- poems -

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Tribhawan Kaul(01-01-1946)

I was born in J & K State of India on 01-01-1946 to a Kashmiri Hindu parents. Having been brought up and educated in Delhi with diverse cultural moorings; writing poems, both in hindi and english, has been my passion and I became a freelance published writer-poet after my superannuation from Indian Air Force/CGO(EQ) in December 2005.

I am a bilingual freelance writer-poet. My published works include three anthologies in hindi viz Nane Muno Ke Rupak (1959) , Sab-Rang (2010) , Mann Ki Tarang (2012) , Bus Ek Nirjharni Bhawnaaon Kee (2016) besides ` Children of Lost Gods' (2013) & Refreshing Writes (2015) which are anthologies of my english poems/short-stories.

How to Prevent Rape & Molestation/2010, Bhelpuri/2013, Acerbic Anthology-protest poetry/2013, Inlinks/2013, In Our Own Words/2013, Wordsmiths in Their Verse/2013. Lamhe/2014, World Healing World Peace/2014, Poems From Third World/2014, Safina/2014, Mandela Tributes/2014. Intercontinental Anthology of Poetry for Peace/2014, Kavyashala/2014, World Anthology of Poems on Global Harmony and Peace/2014, Purple Hues/2015, Just for You My Love/2015, Resonance-? ? ? ? ? /2015, The Gust of Wits/2015, ? ? ? ? ? - 2/2015, Melange/2015, Significant Anthology/2015, Women in War/2015, ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? /2015, ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? /2015, Vihag Priti Ke/2015, Umbilical Chords/2015, Clours of Refuge/2015, World Regugee Day Anthology/2015, , Pushpgandha/2016, Timeless Love/2016, Blues Under the Silver Hues/2016, Dae Akhar Prem/2016 & magazines like e-Fragrance, e-Creative Ecstasy, Kashur Samachar, Aagaman-the arrival, Business Sandesh, etc.

Number of his poems have also been translated into French by none other than Vantchev Athanase de Thracy, World President of Poetas del Mundo and one of the greatest poets of contemporary French.

He writes poems on vast range of subjects which bring his readers close to nature, love compassion and spirituality. He writes short-stories & poems on contemporary subjects about which he feels very strongly.

My poems are basically a journey to the kingdom of poetry through the inspiring feelings absorbed and observed of the happenings within my country, around me and in the world giving wings to my creative imagination. My poems are not too complex to comprehend as facts can never be too complicated. My poems have that curiosity factor which is the culmination of interweaving of thought processes into words after observance of action and reaction in nature and day to

day life. Whether my poems are subjective or objective, direct or indirect, simple or complicated do not concern me so long as my poems give my readers the desired thought provoking entertainment. I have always maintained that writing makes one a complete human being, as it brings out the true person behind the physical facade, besides having a calming effect on the writer or a poet in particular and readers in general.

As much as possible I always try to portray facts in my poems as Plato, the Greek philosopher had said, "poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.

I am an Indian and proud to be an Bhartiye.

Tribhawan Kaul

Freelance writer-poet

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I blog at: -

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A Big Question

Love
bears progeny carrying blood
colour red, only red
without any religion and caste to tow
till initiation.
A life takes shape,
living becomes mandatory
measuring up not to the reality
water starts flowing down the veins
filth fills the brain
actions contrary to religious beliefs
take center stage
inhuman behaviour with hatred
shatter the peace
bloodsuckers having a ball,
"should there be religions at all? "
A question raised by sufferings.
Oh! Why a Gandhi, King, Mandela
too take birth in this world insane
facing ups-downs and challenges
living through neither hell nor heaven
proving time and again
'live and let live'
motto, what the God ordained.
Why are they far and few between?

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Tribhawan Kaul

A Cinquain

Poser

A difficult question
to judge brain potency
brain racking experience
puzzle.

Tribhawan Kaul

A Couple On The Beach.

Two frail frames
male and female
walking hand in hand
leaving imprints
waving imaginary magic wand
giggling, teasing, running
throwing caution to wind & rolling
on ever welcoming golden sand.

Making Castles
on the sand
in the air
who cares
when these disappear
moments only to cherish.

Their feet into the calm sea
feeling the touch of cold warmth
bending to gauge under current
watching it to rise slowly from its slumber
thousand lions freed from their cage
appearance of full moon
powered surfs into rage
never afraid of opposition
both
assuring and reassuring each other
of their bondage.

Squatting
they don't talk
silence smiles
understanding perfect
just a gesture,
she goes resplendent
wrapped in orange red
the sun,
witnesses
beginning of the union on the sand bed.

Stampede of sorts
waves surged to have glimpse
those two mortals
oblivious of crazy waves
buried under the sand
wake up with a start
as blanket of water washes
their misadventure of sorts
they glance at each other,
smiling discreetly
hand in hand, drenched
walk away from the heat
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A Date With.....?

Screech, bang, crash, living dead
Giant SUV turning turtle painting road red
Animals and creatures come in hordes
Ready to gulp bait, crocodiles at crossroad
Goose bumps appearing and disappearing
Out of line ants and deer falling
Snakes, trying to wriggle out
Lizards getting sudden bout
Angles and demons flying around
Cries and groans of dead abound
Banging of doors and clanging of bells
Shattering of silence frozen in hell
Sliding down a black hole
Please God! Save my soul
Losing faith, breaking down
In my seat shrinking down
Wide eyed absorbing the brutal shock
"Is she alive? Why wearing white frock? "
Want to scream and shout
Run run but bolted out
Dreadful chill through the spine
Someone whispers, "you are miiiiine"
Sweat sprouts fountain like
Watching my ancestor holding the mic
"Come out of stupor my poor child!
Forget the damn accident and don't rewind"
Frenzied activities slow the pace
My wife's love only saving grace
Am I possessed? No. Let me tell you fair and square
Just having another date with this stupid nightmare.

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A Girl Child

Foeticide, infanticide, sex-determination tests and malnutrition to which the a girl child is subjected to is not uncommon in India though the things are fast improving now.

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A female form
when comes out of womb
is questioned
on her existence.

thrown in the garbage bin
poisoned or abandoned
some, who are retained
to face the cruel world
to shatter the myth
that
we care for the girl child.

Brave survivors face
social injustice
educational stagnation
gender bias
apathy of kith and kin
maltreatment and malnutrition.

Considered a social liability
treated like a glorified maid
till she attains maturity
to be married off
sometimes
before reaching puberty.

Sometimes sold and resold
her miseries remain untold
thrown before social wolves and sharks
trying to snatch a living through the dark
for her own sake or for her family
or for the sake of her siblings
her plight is never ending.

If she fights, she fights alone
no one cares, she dies a lone.

When exposed it becomes a news
everyone competes to share her views
beating the bush, discussions galore
downplaying reality as TRPs* soar.

One who gives the man
his own identity
is always tormented by him
what an irony!

Shouldn't we fight for her rights?
shouldn't we make her present and future bright?
shouldn't we give her joy and happiness
making her life worth living day and night?

GOD BLESS THE GIRL CHILD.
GOD SAVE THE GIRL CHILD.
-O-* Television rating points.

Tribhawan Kaul

A Grand Mother

Wearing the bark facial, she searches for her eyes
to read her destiny written somewhere on the wall
invisible from her.
Creates ripples of laughter sans dentures
she is not the one, to mind
like a banyan tree, she stands tall
to give shelter to each and every kind.
Branches broken, leaves blown away
yet happy is she
as seeds grow and transmigrate
into flowers and fruit laden trees
though beyond her reach now, far away.
Like a banyan tree, she still stands
weathering the storms of the time
providing shades to guests to take rest
to enjoy in her nest from time to time.
Cruel is the time but she has seen the worst
will power sustains her mind and soul
not the body though, now lives with anxiety and agony
time not far off to wear new clothes
and to say good bye to her uncaring progeny.
Soon she will also feel the heat like that banyan tree
from the builders, land mafias
and insensitive rascals of her own
bulldozing the very roots of hers
not waiting for her natural nirvana
to reap the benefits.

Tribhawan Kaul

A Memorable Love Affair

Like
moths with candle light
sunflowers with the sun light
waves with the beach
an artist with the smile of Mona Liza
a movie buff with Marline Monroe
someone romancing with Italian pizza
I too had an affair
feeling love in the air
this lady of voluptuous charm
embraced me like a lover in the arm
dressed to kill, she taught me the basics
in colourful shapes, sizes and jackets
seducing me to feel, head to heel
dating me over coffee, breaking the seal
offering herself to be caressed
giving me pain, laughter, thrill and shiver
playing on my innocence
providing breath of life fast
initiating me to knowledge vast
I had an affair
with printed divas
at the world book fair.

Tribhawan Kaul

A Metropolitan City

This is a metropolitan city
where
cluster of trees here and there
poles vertically standing in a row
unlimited vehicles plying bumper to bumper
on a cemented road.

This is a metropolitan city
where
shivering bodies numbed and starved
with sagging breasts and quivering lips
watching
intoxicated half naked
guffawing insensitive rich
swaying and rocking
shamelessly
and five star culture mocking
those despairing eyes
searching for a morsel in the rubbish.

This is a metropolitan city
where
skyscrapers seem touching the sky
with unimaginable heights
dusty slums braving everything under the sky*
with open nights
but two can never meet
difference is so vast and complete
between capitalists and proletariat.

This is a metropolitan city
where
everything can be sold and bought
animals to mammals from the black kity.
Clubs, theatres, Cafe Coffee Days
youngsters enchanted by American ways
busy but distressed/distraught public
fed up and always feeling sick
of

unemployment, strikes, and riots
extremism, terrorism and separatism
death lurking every nook and corner
politics being major donor
scamsters and crafty not paying price.

This is a metropolitan city
where
some are uncivilized
some are thieves
yet no one bothers to see
and who cares
as this is a metropolitan city
much bigger in name than a normal city
being showcased to wondering visitors
as a world class
cheers ... cheers!

Tribhawan Kaul

A Morning In An Indian Village

Rising sun in the horizon
a fireball in space
like a bride of first night
blushing and gushing
blossoming sunflowers matching its pace.

Triangle of birds
wave after wave
chirping in symphony
flying in harmony
towards the crescent
a sleeping beauty in space
fading slowly with heavenly grace.

Tillers out in fields
sowing seeds
and hopes for millions
their women bending backs
cutting weeds
small babies crying in shacks
drawing attention to have their feed.

Village children in open space
waiting for initiation
to the world of education
listening to the teacher
with not so rapt attention

Milkmen competing to deliver
small vendors crying hoarse to sell
the sun shines bright on everyone
grandpa has many stories to tell.

Flowing stream creating music for soul
baying cows and rumbling of goat chimes
joining the chorus
beggars with begging bowl
street dogs have no mercy
so none thinks of village security.

Temple, mosque, gurudwara and a church
inviting everyone with open arms
so many faiths
truthful and straight
mornings in a village has its own charm.

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Tribhawan Kaul

A Park Amidst Highrise

Mornings and evenings witness
commoners of different shapes
caste, creed, colour & age
jog, walk, yoga or meditate
groups of female folks assert also
with warlike maneuvers
learning the tricks of karate & judo
and the joggers' park
shines in the form of oasis
amidst the concrete desert.

Giving eyes a treat towering residents
wowing the architectural marvels around
but devoid of health concerns
keeping their windows open
simply to crane and watch
the images of dwarfed movers below
pondering upon advice of health gurus
yet thinking it a total waste
being on high pedestal, boasting
'they arn't missing anything? '

Introspection brings them down
to feel and experience
the smell of freshness
the chirping and tweets
the sound of breeze
the rush of blood
the rustle of leaves
the peace of mind
the romance with nature of different kind
new awakening dawns.

Surrounded by faceless concrete high-rise
the lush green park
rejoices
watching homo-sapiens
respecting its existence
for their own existence.

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A Relationship

Love likes not
showing off relationship
smile on face or tear drops,
both make my heart rip.

Ever waiting eagerly
for her appearance
when confronted,
mind becomes an hindrance.

Comes like a fresh air,
away she goes a hurricane
tolerate she will not,
me going great pains.

Yet, loves me so much
as a princess of yore
always cursing the boat,
can not navigate to shore.

Nothing is physical
in our love
wagging tongues
all hand in glove.

Beauty a trap and
love being a cage
Wonder! gets entangled
even a sage.

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A Simple Poem: - Poems

Poems are like flowers
Seed sowed in the mind
Inked through heart
Flowering in different ways
In themes, essence and shapes
Catering for creative minds
Direct, indirect,
From the heart or intellect
Soulful or poignant
A loner's lament,
A lover's moan
A soulful tone
A happy reunion
A false illusion
A thought divine
A visit to shrine
A solitary pain
A wife's disdain
A dreamer's dream
A heart's scream
A love profound
A trust abound
A soldier's sacrifice
A pet's demise
A mother's love
A poet's dove
Anything you name it
A poem will tame it
Fractured texture
Or with a rhyme
Under the shelter of vast universe
When words begin to shine
Luring every creative mind
Like a bee to nectar
Extracting honey of its own kind.
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A Soul Never Dies

Her eclipsed face devoid of emotions
near his bedside staring into blank
going through the motions.

His fixed eye staring back
with heavily bandaged head
declared brain dead.

Nurses glancing expectantly
watching her trembling hands
signing on dotted lines
she nods in approval
a tear drop rolls down
watching poignantly
all life support removal.

Not a good sight for a mother to see
yet she wished to felicitate
the flight of a soul to be
till caged in the body
for another birth
a myth
she believed.

Tears refusing to stream, clenching her fists
pulling her own body, a physical wreck
holding her emotions in check
lest her courage gives away
watches his body carted away.

Clinical strategy taking over physical ethos
She reconciled soon with the loss
but could never take off the albatross.*

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One afternoon,
strange but smiling faces
descended like angels from heaven
at her door with the Dean
young and not too young,

all were terminal cases
but lived to see the day
through harvesting her son's
different tissues and organs.
She believed in the myth
A SOUL NEVER DIES.

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Tribhawan Kaul

A True Lover

I love you
I love you too
says every Mr. A, B and C
to every Ms. E, F and G.

Significance.....few know
Substance.....a few care
Semblance.....the few realize

Love is killed at alter of love
an eagle mulls killing a dove.

Acronym of love bares it all
L.....for lust
O.....for orgasm
V.....for virility
E.....for ecstasy
Any one absent heralds showdown
whites, wheatish, yellows or browns

Affection, concern, longings
caring and sharing
passengers of backseat
bodily attributes only subjects,
left to treat.

I forbid self to say
I love you
I rather prefer to say
I miss you.....I miss you
If I truly love you.

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Tribhawan Kaul

A Wish For All Poemhunter Poets

Dear All

Namaskar/Greetings

Wish you and members of your family: -

Happiness and good health be your companion always
Avalanches of awards/ rewards and success be your gateway.
Peace be always with you
Prosperity must walk hand in hand too.
Youthfulness be seen in your deeds and actions

Negativity be banished from your bastion.
Entertain everyone young and old
With you go with no barred hold.

Yogi you become not bogeyman/woman
Experiment with truth and let you shine.
Absorb the respect from classes and masses
Respond smilingly to every crises.

2012 is of course NEW
yet another YEAR
fly it will, also soon
don't forget, my dear
past never remains
unknown is future
so enlighten
the PRESENT and jell
HAPPY NEW YEAR 2012

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Tribhawan Kaul

Aakaar ???? (In Hindi)

Antheen
Arthheen
Aakankhshayen liye
Apne hee bune sapno se ghire
Aakaash tak ko seema maan
Aaj ke yug kaa aadmi, manuanshi
Ashuntusht aur aparikshit
Aviveki
Asaadhy manorongon se grasit
Any ko tuch maan
Andhkaar se trast
Avinaashi hone ke praytan mein
Aapna aakaar itna badha raha hai ki
Apne hee
Aakaar ke neeche daba jaa raha hai! !

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Tribhawan Kaul

Addiction - The Poem

I leave a scar, may heal, may not be
Addiction I am and be afraid of me

Relationships in doldrums
And denial becomes the norms
Wow! I am powerful
Not one to be merciful
Wandering to find preys in different forms
Get youths to abuse and transform
Holding sway over senses, I play with brains
Illusion, delusion, delirium all in the game

I leave a scar, may heal, may not be
Addiction I am and be afraid of me.

Blood on my hands, whom to blame?
Mercenaries are out, there is no shame
Allowing youths to take on loopholes
Basking in ignobility having no soul
Signing death warrants, I wait and wait
Disguises are many, I am just a bait

I leave a scar, may heal, may not be
Addiction I am and be afraid of me.

Oh! I hate braves who dare to fight
I marvel at their courage and their might
Going to rehab makes me shudder
Framing their own opinion and fighting fear
De-craving process, keeps me on toes
I become victim, they heroes
Coordination, perception, concentration regained
Setbacks, bumps, pitfalls thoroughly drained
Spring season bring ecstasy to blooms
Enjoying new world banishing gloom
A new beginning has been made
I, the 'addiction' has been caged
I no longer then leave a scar
Ultimately they win, its bizarre

Ultimately they win, its bizarre.

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Adolescence

Student power ventures, taking risks head on
adolescence is grace, gaining experience hand on.
Straying from the path is not an abnormality,
yet glow on the righteous pathway of age
teachers guide them with great knowledge of a sage,
pathfinders find it sooner or later automatically.

Lording over, becomes a part of young egoistic attitude
hurting the feelings sometimes and acting like a brute
but furbished with new ideas the youths make sense
forgiving & forgetting is a child like countenance.

Youths listens to heart and may be unkind
growing up make them consider with a sane mind
sets the goals to achieve by hook & crook
for help and guidance, to teachers they always look.

Adolescence is in mind
should we mind this age?
Let hopes, dreams opinions
imagnations and observations,
be part of that life and not in cage
So let the adolescence and
knowledge be comrade- in- arms
ushering peace, love and charm.

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Afraid?

Air journey commences with bonhomie
Chatting, talking, surfing, eating
Check-in brings smiles
Boarding cards, glee
Security checks wrinkles the faces
Food courts presses these free
Anticipation gives way to curiosity
A child seeking answer to a query
Why, how, what, where, who? ? ? ? ?
Papa's mind gropes for answers
Mama indulges in shopping spree
Shuttle bridges the gap
Between hope and reality
Boarding the craft in luxury
Settling down with great warmth
Hostess's smile soothing the nerves
Quietness envelopes everyone
Captain's words cautions
To take precautions
An eric silence follows
Taking off and landing
Feels like mourning
In a crematorium
Why so? I wonder!

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After Death

Amidst
Whispers of 'rest in peace'
vibrating entire cosmos
a departed soul watching
curiously from the above
a body below
surrounded by wailing people
mournfully
spelling out all the words
available in praise
staunch opponents
eulogising white deeds
ignoring the black ones
wiping crocodile tears
and laughing in sleeves
friends, foes and family
come to remember
a departed soul
which
wishes to be the whole
but for its KARMAS.

Tribhawan Kaul

An Etheree- Living Dead

I wished him
Happy New Year
he smirked and beckoned
took me to hutments behind
tall concrete buildings dwarfing human beings
famished comatosed female lying devoid of feelings
puzzled and shocked, looked to him for explanation,
" raped by drunkards from that society of yours, Sir
I die every day, now wish me Happy New Year."

Tribhawan Kaul

An Ode To 26/11/2008

I salute those
massacred at CST
martyred at TAJ
felled in the line of duty
facing military type attack
composure retained
inspite of barbaric brutality.

I salute
the brave commoner
saving lives, though horrified
the fire-fighter, the bravery personified
local policemen, who dared to fight back
seeking to pay back
the nanny who saved the child
when at Chabad,
terrorists had gone wild.

I salute
a widow watching her dreams shattered
" India should survive, " she thought
"that is what most mattered."

I salute
the day 26/11
withstanding the carnage
when everyone jumped in
to limit the damage.

I salute
the never die spirit of Mumbaites
for resistance shown
making every effort to comfort
known or unknown.

Giving befitting reply to
sinister designs of Pakistan
India has always survived
because my country is known as

Bharat i.e Hindustan.

Tribhawan Kaul

Aum

AUM

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Emptiness in me creates spirituality
beyond the realm of physical entity
creating a space, for my vibrations
breaching vastness of space and distance
reaching out to my beloved
I so cherish to mingle with
an invisible binding force
eternal and never perishable
thriving in my body
when I create a sound 'AUM'
humbled I feel
as I become sound and distance both.
Sound in space, piggy back distance
distance, carrier of the sound
a link between Atman* and HIM**
and between
jeevatama # and Paramatma ##,
I become aakash, the sky
so eternal, ethereal and so subtle,
the sound that invokes me spiritually
through vibrations travelling to universe
pushing me nearest to my beloved
uplifting and mingling with Paramatma##
showing me the path
the highest and the brightest
giving an spiritual experience
in luminous emptiness
through the cavities working wonders
while feeling the presence of
only THE ONE, my beloved.

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*Atman=Self. ** HIM= God, ?##?Jeevatama = Individual Soul
Pramatama=Cosmic Soul/Consciousness/Supreme Being

Autumn (Acrostic)

Autumn livens the spirit of nature
Ultimate artist to reckon
Turning maple leaves scarlet
Up above the sky draped in azure
Making the greens blush with vibrant shades
New colourful canvass spreads all over

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Tribhawan Kaul

Awareness

Conscience
Thou art mystery
Love thy yet
Whisper out loud
Open sim sim
Thou allow one
Knowing the code
Thou feel to open
Thou fly
Thou dance
Thou swim
Thou play
Thou thrive on Truth
Truth nothing but the Truth
Discarding worn coat
In oblivion
Thou merge
With infinity
For the time being.

Tribhawan Kaul

Bad Company

Fatigued and exhausted home coming makes me restless
As if I am swallowed whole by the emptiness
Stacked famous ones whirl around, pity me
As termites start digesting me
Spider webs decorating walls
House lizards playing ball
Bed-bugs play hide & seek
Rats sprint on rugs
Mosquitoes sing
Buzzing
flies
Melodious
Cricket's chirping
Frog's croaking, all keep me
Awake whole night yet fill my emptiness
With their presence without which my life
Would have been one of emptiness and loneliness
Getting rid of them from the core threaten my existence
Yet I am bent upon driving them out to be with HIM in ONENESS
-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Banyan Tree

Banyan tree, banyan tree
that century old banyan tree
standing grandeurly for us to see
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Cool breeze passing through
seeking blessings of banyan tree
branches shaking in approval
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Glassy green with majestic trunk
touching the earth, not breaking free
shelter home for different birds
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Yellowish streaks, some with reddish tinge
welcome every season with a glee
symbol of eternal life
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Shedding leaves, like tears falling
a grandfather lamenting on its knees
new plants cuddling around
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Lord Buddha became its buddy
meditation was the only key
peace you get underneath
that is why it is banyan tree.

Banyan tree, banyan tree
wish fullfilling, it is banyan tree
just pray here and let you see
Banyan tree, banyan tree.

A life giver and just for free
Banyan is my national pride
preserve these at any cost
don't commit a homicide?

God blessed us with banyan tree
heat absorbing banyan tree
has healing powers this banyan tree
banyan tree, banyan tree.

---- X -----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Battle Hardened

Battle Hardened

- - - - -

We, the women with lot of resistance
Can't be cowed by your persistence.

You demand sacrifices from our men folk
Forgetting, we are not far behind to take the yoke.

We fight side by side whenever you strike
In kitchens yet we keep the flames burning bright.

Country looks up to us to serve and die
Perceiving us weaklings is now a far cry.

Baton is passed to us by legendary past
Moulded in toughness we are in cast.

For peace our men fight at the front?
But oh...WAR! we only have to face the brunt.

"What you do to us", it has to be realised
Winner or loser, we only get brutalised

Pain, anguish, longing take its toll
Impact on mental and physical strength is not small.

Subject of subjugation, exploitation and humiliation
Burying our kids who die of starvation

Do you understand magnitude of our sufferings?
You Brute, refugees we become in our own dwellings.

A game for warlords and you play in their hands
Testing their wares infusing adrenaline in their glands

Like dogs you allow them to fight for territories
Thrusting upon us insurmountable calamities

Women in war suffer the most

Victorious yet raise bloody toast

We pray, you to be guillotined before raising your head
Peace, love, compassion and service then be our bread.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Beautiful Mind

Dwelling in the crown
creating illusions through imagination
raising hopes and expectations
causing perplexity and confusion
an illusion as real as the truth
and the truth subject to perception
good and evil both vie for the supremacy
like the tortoise and the hare respectively
thoughts and actions playing in their hands
abetting the fight sometimes
clouding the sunshine
but not always.

Righteous
ultimately seeking the right path slowly
casting away the seven sins
the mind wins
like the tortoise.

---x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Benevolent

Mother nature
provides in abundance
for her children to feed
unabashedly they perform C-sections
to satiate their greed.

And she gets killed every day, every minute
like a golden goose
her sons and daughters make merry
forgetting they are tightening themselves
their own noose.

Yet being a mother, she does not tweet
reserving them a berth
for ancestors to meet
and offers her body for carving out
a place measuring, six by two feet.

Tribhawan Kaul

Birth Of A Poem

Making impact
Inspirational cosmic beauty
nature's grandeur
God's benevolence
then one writes.
Going through
miseries untold
sufferings galore
human degradation
then one writes.
Having
pain in heart
rejection in mind
or feeling betrayed
then one writes.
When
love embraces
with beauty and grace
no strings attached
then one writes.
Passing of the dearest
divorce from the nearest
uncontrolled emotionseyes becoming ocean
then one writes.

Penning the thoughts
in black and white
absorbing the essence
of feelings & sensitivities
day and night
expressing emotions
heart turns into ink
intellect the holder
making known
in succinct way
but bolder and bolder
one writes
with sadness or mirth

a poem takes birth.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Blessed

Even HIS hatred made me
to worship HIM more,
had HE loved me
it would have been
an awakening
unifying me
with the SUPREME
- - - x- - - - -
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Tribhawan Kaul

Buffalo Cow

A black figure
tied to a post
heaving deep sigh
reflecting
silently
on days going by,
deep thoughts
caressing her heart's core
like tides
touching the shore.

Would that
like other ladies
she could have done her hair
made herself up like fairies
with powder and lip-stick
roamed and wandered on high heels
in a car
and ate different cuisines.

But alas!
no one cares for BLACKS
whole world is silent
this question whenever asked
is always put on racks.

Watching apartheid
wanted she
also to fight for her rights
to go on hunger strikes
to get placated
to be consoled by the state
both first and fourth estate.

Everyone who matters should have pleaded
and when asked who she was?
Arrogantly she should have flaunted
her connections
that the transporter of Yama

is her maternal uncle
but nothing happens
since her existence
she, equipped with horns like weapon
produces milk for our kids
nourishing our progeny to growth
yet she is tied to a post
as ordained for her
and she frightfully
asks a question to the Ordainer
how long she has to suffer.

(The poem was written keeping in mind Dr. Nelson Mandela and Martin Luther King fight for the rights of African and American Black respectively./2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Children Of Lost God

Extended palms, seeking alms
sunken eyes, skeltoned arms
jaundiced skin, frail frames
children of lost God.

Ragged and shabby, looking ravenous
searching morsels of food, trembling and nervous
fighting the odds, weak but courageous
children of lost God.

Here, there and everywhere
at crossroads and traffic signals
selling wares of rich and famous
or washing utencils, running errands
at the stalls, dabhas, small eateries
under the hot sun or the sand
picture this, view not so grand
children of lost God.

Urchins of all ages initiated
into the crimes of different hue
slowly but surely they age to their prime
getting black listed under who is who
death stalks them every now and then
making them prey on a sly
yet they survive
forcing death to give them a bye
children of lost God.

Sodomised, molested or getting raped
gender distinction is never made
the claws of mafia so strong
have no choice but to go along
children of lost God.

Aquiring all vices
no saviour in sight
in time of crisis
abused and used

have no emotions of their own
ocean of tears not to be shown
children of lost God.

Their images haunt
future in them taunt
aware yet unawares
concern for them seldom we flaunt
children of lost God.

Oh God Almighty
help them find the lost God
free them from this bondage
now act and spare the rod
let them recover
lost childhood, innocence
and battered image
children of lost God
children of lost God.

-----o-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Colours Of Love

LOVE is

Life and also death

Servitude and devotion

A poem and philosophy

Stony but also compassion

Commitment and treacherous

Cold and also fresh air

Sin and virtuous

Body and also soul

Attraction and effort

Happiness and also displeasure

Affection and affliction

Action followed by union.

Love can not be christened

Name it

Lose it

But when I see you as an embodiment of love

I see you as

Radha

Durga

Meera

Marriam

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Companion

Poor me
fatigued and exhausted
yet homecoming
make me
restless as if,
my home
is swallowing me
in one sip.

Famous authors
stacked on racks seem to whirl
like heavenly bodies in the sky
all (termites) digesting them
but I.

spider-webs decorating wall
house-lizard playing ball
itching bites of bed-bugs
incredible rats race on worn out rugs
singing buzz of mosquitoes
melody of the flies
cricket's chirp
frog's croak
keep me awake entire night
yet
fill my loneliness
with their presence.

Hollow would have been my life without their presence
without them, my life is
one of emptiness
total emptiness.

Tribhawan Kaul

Concerned (A Story Poem)

He loved her, so was concerned
as counseling did no good to her
about her mental agony
so deciding to bring her out of shell.

He brought her to bridge on the river
sat on peripheral parapet wall
hand in hand trying to console her
he was at her beck and call.

But she was in oblivion
mingled in her thoughts
Why me? why me? Oh God! Why me?
her gibbering came to naught.

When water splashed on her face
out of stupor she came
she had heard a noisy thud
now she was a frightened dame.

Stunned, not finding him
frantically she looked into the river
negative thoughts filling her mind
blank she went triggering her to rewind.

She saw floating with him towards the crescent
The honeymooners making merry
And the life of fulfillment was so decent
She thought herself a fairy.
Sweet nothings and love bites of better half
His lovely jigs like a monkey to make her laugh
His sweet talks turning into birthday gifts
Teasing each other with genuinely looking fake tiffs.
Sitting near her bed when hospitalized
Bringing her cheer with roses at her bedside
He was love, caring and affection personified
How could she undermine what he sacrificed?
Recent miscarriage made her a depressed soul
But was he to blame?

Nooooo

To keep her happy was always his goal.

She became alive with tears rolling down
she shouted his name time and again.

lo, she saw him coming out of the bush, laughing
blushing, she ran to his arm sobbing.

"Threw a big stone in the river to create a splash."
continued he, " sorry dear, wanted to bring you
out of the crash."

She held him tightly never to let go

"Forgive my love, I shall forget the loss."

She promised him so

both went home to live happily ever after

story ends here

nothing more to write, hereafter.

- - - - -x- - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Creation Of A Joke

These four wheelers, bring forth an idiot
shutting the door when key you forget.
Feeling stupid, praying for a genie
instead I saw my wife in balcony.
Gesticulating in bharatnatayam
seeking answers, like a deaf and dumb.
Worthy neighbourers worth their salt
warding off their inquisitive assault
showed them the key, mocking inside
their lips stretching to ears, eyes opened wide.
Rolled out obituaries one by one
Couldn't phantom, has a crime been done?
One bubbly lady shouted, mouth spread wide
"THANK GOD T K JI, YOU ARE NOT INSIDE! "

(05-08-2011)

□

Tribhawan Kaul

Cruise Control

Like a boat
in spite of warnings
wandering in sea
in choppy waters
Life
offering
rollercoaster ride
negotiating
high and low waves
of expectations, aspirations,
omissions and commissions
trying to steer clear of
miseries and illusions
bogged down by
wavering & dithering decisions
sailing to set destination
yet drifting to unknown
then
anchoring to gauge
and wriggling out of
self created mess
by self control
and meditation
directing the ship
to desired destination.

Tribhawan Kaul

Death

"Death"
Our seers say
"is evident
The ultimate destination of life
No body, no face
Life is transient
Oh dear, why fear
Embrace it with grace"

What a claim?
treat it with disdain
death is human
in flesh and blood
moving around, around us
why destiny to blame?

Behold
skeltoned beggar
starving farmers
terminally ill patients
sex-workers
locked out labourers
young widow of a martyr
victim of rape
refugee in own country
mentally and physically caged
wronged by the system
in every way and shape
death personified at its best
north, south, east or west
living dead
in them death manifest.

Death
inherent and visible in
overboard authority
merciless terrorists
brutal nexalites
mindless arsonist

misguided egoist
deadly adulterist
drunken rich brat motorist.

Death is lurking in forms
having flesh, blood, body and face
without heart and soul
no charm, no grace
nothing to embrace
but to wither and fade
as destined and ordained
in a natural way.

That is
CHEATING DEATH
attaining ` mokhsha'*
our ultimate goal
putting to the rest
our own soul.

---o---*liberation of soul

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Tribhawan Kaul

Death Of An Activist

Cancer,
Harbinger of pain, anguish, frustration and agony
not limited to mortals only
footprints to be found everywhere
in the guise of
corruption, crime, scams and adulteration
tentacles are spread in the society.
Except cleansing of conscience
no cure in sight
some take the fight
against the might
one who dares to bare
death stalks everywhere
ultimately cancer wins
time and again
poor one transforming into flowered frame
rich tributes become a front page game
soon to be in oblivion
situation remaining the same
till another one dares
Alas! None cares.

-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Deepawali

Awestruck and wondering
twinkling, bright and shining
stars above
in absence of moon
rejoice
look, we got company below.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Dementia

Age never bothered her
She never showed her age
She was a new age women
Never to mind her age.

Proudly she went to a plaza
Fond of shopping home away
But came out just eating pizza
It had made her day.

Body searched her purse
Could not find her key
Also did not find her car
Nothing to giggle and glee.

Wrinkles showed on her face
As she approached a PCR*
Was directed to the police station
To file an FIR**

She returned home with satisfaction
Informed her hubby with some reservation
Shocked, he stood with a mug of beer
' But honey, didn't I... dropp you there?

' did you dropp me? Oh God!
Oh Yes! I forgot; ' stunned as she was
Then where is our car? exclaimed she
beckoning him to the window for the testimony.

Rushing out, found the gate open
dazed, both now looked aged
car was nowhere to be seen
thought they, finally it has been stolen.

Soon they were surprised
and had a hearty laugh
they saw their own son
driving in, to park.

Age do takes its toll
As one tends to forget
Kudos to those
Who laugh at the malady, without any regret.

Tribhawan Kaul

Destiny Of A Flower

World of spring blesses me
Sadness diminishes with blooms
Blushing brides dancing with grooms.

Flowering into flowers, life draws full circle
Prayers accepted yet happiness eludes me
Plucked now and then, the habit, floors me.

Places sacrosanct, lap my presence
Hair adore me to lure its men
Yet crushed and mutilated in my own den.

Lack of anonymity leading to despondency
Human nature crosses the bar
Hope survives me as spring is never too far.

Time remains dominant
Spring just confusion in mind
Transmigration, a soulful grind.

Clock wheel turns ushering blooming season
Shudder to think of bygone misery
Seeds of present again shaping my destiny.

=====

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Tribhawan Kaul

Destiny Of Flowers

Approaching spring season
Bring ecstasy to blooms
Creating a new world
Banishing gloom
Blossoming into flowers
Sadness then overcomes
Shortened life, boon or bane
Getting plucked, time and again
Killing a living one for personal gain
For temples to adore
For deities to proffer
For hair to beautify
For bonds to testify
None can justify
Acts of fingers
Fragrance still lingers
Through the seasons
Waiting for a new beginning
Or the end
Destiny of flowers.

Tribhawan Kaul

Dilemma

Mind refuses acknowledgement
Heart makes positive statement
Dilemma laughs at predicament.

Tribhawan Kaul

Dreams Unplugged

Unmaterialized condensed thoughts
melting
metamorphosed into liquid shapes
of
desired desires
reflections in disturbed water
mirror images of a broken one
mirage abetting illusions
subconsciously
connecting finite with infinity
failing to differentiate between
truth and untruth
real and unreal
yet dream, I dare.

Tribhawan Kaul

Earth: First Mahapanchbuta

Earth: First Mahapanchbuta
- - - - -

I am the earth
a planet to dwell
producing greenery & vegetation
sustaining all livings, everything
which is HIS creation.

I am earth
distinct from the earth
one of the mahapanchbutas*
grossest of all elements
an element of life
perishable and eternal
anitya and nitya
manifest in livings
in physical and subtle form
dwelling in senses
in perishable earthlings
everything that is solid
in nature and body
skin, bones, organs
solid, stable and heavy
permanent like the earth
boasting of density
and resistance
traits in living
to live till
dust meets dust
birth of an atom
I am earth

I am earth
non-perishable atom
ethereal and subtle
I am
perishable once dead
yet not dead

disintegrating into atoms
souls or atman
in atom mould
or suspended conscience
metamorphosing in life form
to be earth again
like a flower dead
living again through seeds
all spread over
completing the vicious cycle
I am earth
providing shape, solidity and prosperity
I am earth.

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Mahapanchbuta: Five elements as described in Hindu philosophy.

Tribhawan Kaul

Ego

Silence

she
does not
break.

Pretence
I do not
shed.

Love
becomes
casualty.

Mind
goes blank.

Heart
remains
unread.

Tribhawan Kaul

Egoistics

Impenetrable darkness at midnight, shrieked
when a beloved sang a sad song of separation
moon disappeared on lunar day
sky wept in appreciation.

Fire raged in the forest
waves stopped, to rest
air choked suddenly
withering flowers, untimely.

everything went topsy-turvy
as lover did not come.

EGOISTIC attitude
becoming obstructive
in union and fortitude
decades are spent
In lament.

Tribhawan Kaul

Energetically Dynamic

(an etheree+ reverse etheree+ an etheree)

Let
go life
to enjoy
shedding
all inhibitions
getting together
on any pretext
kites soaring above
the sky not the limit
rainbow behind snow clad mountains
welcome the generation next. Minds
showing arrogant attitude
blind to pros and cons
taking the plunge
losers become
winners to
rustle some
feathers
to love
and
to
be loved
embracing
love at first sight
but at the alter
perplexed both
I do, do not. Life on fast
track like internet browsing
boot, re-boot, copy, paste, shift, delete
brains get famished, remains discrete.

---x-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Environment

The existent sunshine
and shower of rainy season
mother earth absorbing both with a reason
producing the greenery & vegetation
in her hem,
a mother gathering jubilation.

Hopes rise in every home and hearth
all over
in the four directions of the earth
streams & rivers of the country side
singing songs of forestation.

The multitude
getting infused
with fresh aspirations
when mother earth glows
with greenery and lush green vegetation.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Examination Center

I am neither afraid of skyscrapers
nor of those huge architectural marvels & mansions
and the artistic, planned, laborious creations
of 21st century.

I am afraid of
that small room
where some desks and chairs
keep me glued
for three hours
in a bitter struggle
like between
life and death
absolute silence
turning the place in crematorium
and those two fearsome eyes
watching furiously
from a distance

I am afraid of
that piece of paper
with letters in black print
which can churn & agitate anyone's intellect
sucking the blood like a vampire
in three hours stint

I am afraid of that room
I am afraid of that room.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Expectations

Expectations

- - - - -

Expectation. a human trait
Always injurious if not fulfilled
Love knows not give and take
Asset to conquer the world
With Share and care
Happiness blooms
Mind sprouts vibrations
Of successful union.

- - - - -x- - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Father Dear Father

Father dear father. (Father's day special)

Standing tall at the horizon with an aura around
Wrapped in the mind emotions abound
Eyes talk but not the lips
Pain and laughter take the dip
Watching the waves touch and go
Children get blessed when he bestows
Tending the future with utmost care
Not the one who would share
The pain.

Absence of rustling of leaves
Sportingly watching a broken tree
Branches scattered or blown away
Seeds carried far away
Love and affection now much in demand
Never felt let down, still in command
Satisfied he feels and laughs at the time
Conquering smile is noble and is sublime
Payback! Can't think but just a prayer
Should father me in next life, if GOD cares.

----- x -----
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Tribhawan Kaul

Fiery Love

Love knows no boundaries
Fire it is, engulfs all and sundry
Illuminating, providing warmth
Generating heat
Breaking the myth
Burns and destroys only.

No, fire in love fires the passion
Purifying and killing the toxins
Burning ill will, hatred and malice
Helping other elements
Overcome anxiety and ailments
Of body, heart and soul as well.

Fire of love, power personified
Transforming perceptions wrong
Of violent ways into non-violence
Like fire burns, creating a new substance
Radiating light of knowledge
Burning ignorance

Invoking movements flowering with grace
Converting matter into non-matter
Bringing peace and harmony
In a jiffy
Fire of love brings glow and colour
Fire I am, love I am.

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Tribhawan Kaul

God... Where Are You?

Searched for HIM near and far
in temples, mosques, churches and vihars

Browsed Gita, Bible and Quran
peeped into the pages of Vedas and Purans.

Questioned the learned ones, scholars and sages
journeyed in this quest sacred places.

Meditated seeking HIM in lap of the Himalayas
Praying for HIS presence through chanting of mantras.

Sages and savants, answers, could'nt satisfy me
my hunger for HIM, felt, beginning to betray me.

Finding of God particle raised my hope
soon to vanish by another stroke.

Instrumental in forming the Universe, it was revealed
but who made this particle, mystery yet to be unveiled?

Arn't we the God particles in the true sense?
What use this universe without inhabitants?

Eureka! I have found HIM within myself
HE is in everyone, bother to seek within self.

He is in us, in every human being
in good deeds, love, service & pious thinking.

So why search HIM here and there
Universal love marks HIS presence everywhere.

Tribhawan Kaul

God's Wrath

HIS benevolence knows no boundaries
but incomprehensible is God's wrath
thinks not twice while taking away all
forewarning always never to cross HIS path
but none heeds and who cares
nailed to cross one who dares
"never blame me, " thunders HE
blame the elements
wrecking the havoc
humans invited the wrath
what a pity!
Raping the nature's generosity.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Hamaara Tiranga ?????? ?????? (In Hindi)

Maaatam manaonge kab tak, kafan pr
Padhta rahega hamaara tiranga
Desh ke naujawaano sambhlo ab to
Kaandeh pr utha lo apna tiranga.

Chipe ghaaton ko sahe naa tiranga
Kare paar sarhad ab yah tiranga
Aantankiyon ko chun chun kr maaro
Tumse kahe, pukaare tiranga.

Dosti kee zubaan samjhe na ab tak
Sangyan leta ab yah tiranga
Khanjar ko bhonke peeth mein koyi
Rishta kya rakhna kahe yah tiranga.

Hamaara hai Kashmir hamaara rahega
Samjhaye kitna usko tiranga
Kashmir kee pingan sapno mein le lo
Adhikrit Kashmir bhi maange tiranga.

Odhne ko mile naa, kafan tumko dushman
Ek baar jo thane hamaara tiranga
Na shah do unko jo bhedi hamaare
Naasoor na banne dega tiranga.

Taa yah vatan ka sartaaj hamaara
Chetaye humko hamaara tiranga
Suraksha iski, dharm bhi karm bhi
Prn lene ko, kahe yah tiranga.

Utho naujawaano dharmo ko tyaago
Dharm tumahara bus yah tiranga
Dushman ko sandesh tum bhejo
Aatankiyon ko naa bakhshe tiranga.

Tiranga Tiranga Tiranga Tiranga
Jaan se pyara hamaara Tiranga.

Heartbreak-2

Silvery rays from the sky
will have no meaning now
never same will be the dawn.
Waves shirk to embrace beach.
Day sobs, night weeps.
Breeze no longer rustles the leaves.
Flowers robbed of their magic.
Fragrance no more validating their love.
Cuckoo loses her voice and
wait becomes redundant for dusky eyes.
Heart is drained of emotions.
Mind in the process of evaluation.
Body limited to the motions,
as some one dearest
to the heart, mind and soul
first loved, then left
never to return.

Tribhawan Kaul

Hope

Hope, don't betray me
clinging, I survive.

Hope, don't overpower me
Clutching, I overestimate

Hope, don't be an illusion
Chasing, I get shattered.

Hope, don't raise expectations
Setbacks, I can't endure.

-----o-----

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Hospital

- - - - -

Unlimited sufferings and miseries
Taking shelter in this abode
Helplessness fighting
Tooth and nail with despondency
Not easy to gauge
The depth of patient's emotions when
The life takes an escape route
From the clutches of death often.
A new world it is
Boasting of to- letting pain
Hung between hope and despair
A winner takes it all
and smiles
Loser might have blessed the Death
for end of one's misery.

- - - - - x - - - - -

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Hypocrite

A page from the age
Gives you smiles
How you played dirty and naughty.
Now, how you stand like a good old watchman
Caring for coveted morality
You hypocrite!

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Tribhawan Kaul

I Am A Delhi Woman

I am no more in cage
Flying with fire and rage
Freedom expresses my actions
No more tagging subjugation
I am a Delhi Woman.

Wombs no more silenced under duress
Moon, stars not afraid of the Sun's ingress
Grace is the path I tread along with heart in motion
I love my body defining respect in HIS pet creation
I am a Delhi Woman.

Metro, DTC, autos make me explore and wander
Fashion, movies, hangouts craving rejoinders
Arrogant yet confident, feminine yet gritty in notion
Strong feel of self and I sail through men's ocean
I am a Delhi Woman.

A real teacher Delhi and I am a learner
Tricks of the trade where soft is no tender
Poetry in stones of love, romance, passion
CP, GK, malls, wings of shopping imagination
I am a Delhi Woman.

Girl, wife, mother, I am embodied in these three
Empowerment, liberation writ large on my personality
Soaring high, I am adventurous with ambition
A Delhi woman creates opportunities for self with tradition
I am a Delhi Woman.

Determination personified, holding fort, I swing to top
Politics, corporate, sports, academic or crime fighting cop
Sky is vast and clear is my vision
I am a Delhi woman
I am a Delhi woman.

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I Am Not A Poet?

I am not a poet?

I am not a poet, mutated in womb
I am not a poet, born with a silver spoon
I am not a poet, left with poetic legacy
I am not a poet, boasting of a dynasty
I am not a poet, honed in workshops
I am not a poet, lined up in bookshops
I am not a poet, dissected in seminars
I am not a poet, enjoy backing of poetic czars.

I write poems, as I feel like expressing
in verses,
my emotions and my feelings
rhythmical or free, I worry not
to the poesy tenets, I stick not
my fault,
being sensitive to ongoing happenings
forth comes creativity in my writings.

Whenever and whatever touches my heart
words take shape in rainbow arch
with different colours and different shades
the form of poetry begins to shake
poetfriends always encourage me a lot
reading my poetry, not so hot,
don't want to be the judge, so let it be
this is so far my poetic journey

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Infatuation (An Acrostic Poetry)

Insecure she feels, yet undaunted
Never she comprehends his intentions, when appreciated
Feeling on cloud nine, his company she only enjoys
Awesome he looks to her better than other guys.
Tough to make her understand to treat him with disdain
Unrelented she remains though warned time and again
Attraction is fatal, turning one sided love casual
True love is not transient and not his cup of tea
Indifferent she remains and enjoys his company
Outward appearance is deceptive, she understands late
Neurosis she develops, it is her fate.

Tribhawan Kaul

I-Pod Oblivion

Two boys
with dreams in their eyes
looking forward
to have a date
with dame luck.

Shine in their eyes
young and energetic
but not so worldly wise
none thought them to be
sitting ducks.

Gyrating and swinging
shut out of whole world
murmuring to beat
oblivious of surroundings
enjoying the musical treat.

Demon on track smelling the blood
I-pod, its agent
passing the word
to be quick and haste
come and taste.

With both senses closed
roaming in musical heaven
with 'kolaveri d'*
poor souls could not see
their cruel fate.

Mangled pieces of flesh
strewn all over the trac
brute reminder of the fact
danger lurking around
with every damn musical pack.

Bothered none
technology won
caution thrown to wind

in the process of unwinding
cuts short the life, so promising.

Tribhawan Kaul

It Is Raining Now....Wow!

Dense clouds pregnant with rain
Welcome some, others disdain.

Under the spell of monsoon
Some cry and others croon.

Rains, both awful and awesome
Waiting a year, for its welcome.

Bringing forth different emotions
Smiles, horror, anguish and satisfaction.

Drizzle brings dating couple to smile
hand in hand, enjoy walking a mile.

Intermittent rains make children happy
knocking out heat from their company.

Torrents create panic in traffic wards
deluge warns flood on the cards.

Simple rain soothing the nerves
greenery laps it up with all its verves.

Incessant rains bring no relief
slum dwellers are left to grieve.

Harvesting rain makes some sense
providing water during dry months.

Strange, rains need no stage
churning elixir as well horror in rage.

Rain dance and make us dance
opened heavens give us a chance.

□

Creating a rhythm like bharatanatayam
life in rains is simply awesome.

Enacting different rasas sometimes in 30 minutes
weathermen watching keenly, its performance.

Like rainbows, rain brings colour and vigour
Life line of my country, let us all cheer.

Tribhawan Kaul

Kabaadiwala

Kabaadiwala ka aagman
Mujhe sochne par majboor karta hai
Bekaar ki vastuon ko jab
Ghar ke bhaahar ka rasta dikhaya jaata hai
Ek prashanchinh chod jaata hai
Manthan karne ko
Kaam, krodh, lobh aur moh
Mere dilo-dimaag roopi ghar mein basa kabaad
Bhaahar kyun nahi nikaal sakta
Kab mein khud kabaadiwala ban gaya
Mujhe pata hi na chala.

Tribhawan Kaul

Kashmir: A Fire Within

Kashmir: a fire within

Kashmir of our dreams
remains only a dream
subconscious playing games
it seems, like a jigsaw puzzle
with no real solution in sight
feeling like a wandering kite
some materialise in reality
some not
our Kashmir dream has not
that is a pity.

Politics overriding our feelings
our leaders
wavering & dithering in dealings
none to blame but ourselves
we lost our own bearings.

Fanaticising, not our cup of tea
route to violence abhorred
sacrificial lineage
never inherited such stuff
road to our dream seems always rough
walking through the serpentine roads
talks, discussions, elocutions of no use
ship drifting on slipped moorings
predicament continues.

When we loose
we loose
winner takes it all
but they won't take our consciousness
supreme and tall.

Let saviour
be our language

guiding force be our cultural heritage
and
the legacy of our ancestral knowledge.

Under the trail of those mutilated bodies and seething anger
keeping alive that spark in ashes
rise we shall like phoenix
for those at helm
to shudder.

Let us build Kashmir of our dreams
wherever we are
whenever we can
we lost one
let us create ten.

-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Lamenter

My feelings may not be peeped into
sufferings have made me their companion
words may not find the tongue
deserted me, have my expression.

Alienated you make me feel
a wound that will never heal
ditching me, did not affect me as much
your distrustful nature made my heart to seal.

A dropp of blood torn apart
Why? O beloved! You became treacherous
Who is at fault? moan the beats of heart
I should have died than bear indifference.

Appearance of comet brings bad omen
falling stars betraying my emotions
lightening that struck me in open
can't endure with unreserved patience.

Whenever the fate ordain us to meet
never will complain, for I have you loved
expression will find no words to tell
feelings will remain unexpressed.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Liberation Seeker

The following poem is the translation of my hindi poem Mumukhshu from the book Sab Rang

.--0-

Twentieth century
at the fag end of life
standing & waiting
to turn into history
still in two minds
thinking what to say
and to gift
twenty-first century
on its birthday.

Nuclear holocaust & nuclear proliferation?
warning on depletion of ozone?
class and color struggle?
devalued or hollow speeches
on environmental degradation?
or
the human race
which has lost its sense
in the murky world of
separatism, terrorism & extremism
playing into the hand of cancer, AIDS and drugs
yet wearing a mask of humanity and concern
weeping for fellow human beings.

Suddenly
twentieth century smiled
an aura surrounded it
springing new hope
why? why?
after all why?
twenty-first century be birthed by it
why it shouldn't allow 21st century
to stand on it own foundation
let 21st century build itself de-novo

without the crutches of 20th century.

So without notice
20th century found solace into oblivion
into time and history
allowing 21st century to emerge
with a new dawn
liberation seeker
waiting to liberate itself
from its previous deeds

-----.

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Life Graph

The way I perceive the life
shrouded in the mystery
its up and down curves
none can guess but destiny.

Challenges, the hall mark of life
paint it with red or green
acceptance of failures gives direction
success gives a sheen.

Biggest philanthropist, the life is
providing opportunity at every stage
those who grabs it with both hands
ink their name on every page.

Life graph is never smooth
and should not be so
death is defined by a smooth line
a beating heart must know.

Vagaries of life draws its graph
So never pity it and destroy
bonded, life can never be
crib not dears but enjoy.

--XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX--

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Tribhawan Kaul

Listen To Me

My subconscious irritates me
A child upside down at a beach
Or in the lap of a shipper
Dead and abandoned.

Jhelum has not spoken to me too
The mountains haven't shown its bright side
Still reeling under the spell of doom
Oh! Am I seeking asylum in the pall of gloom?

Conflicts have taken its toll
World society acts bizarre
Dignity, honour and survival at stake
Perpetrators have their own cake.

Hounded, threatened and forced to flee
Shores don't help ethnic cleansing to endure
Yet I am looking upto the community
Saving some grace for humanity.

Ah! I do have become vulnerable
Hope yet brings some respite
Wake up, wake up to humanitarian tragedy
Let you cultivate some international solidarity.

Visible becomes the scars on humanity
Refugees, humans too and belong to humanity
Dawn does not wait for darkness to flee
Let vision empowers all to make life easy
Let the peace, love, brotherhood spread positivity
Let me not feel totally abandoned
Listen to me! Listen to me!
O! World community.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Lonely Lover

Aloof I am and far from you
coasting along,
lonely in a boat
waves of thoughts surge me ahead
with remembrance as an oar,
I row.

Goal being that shining star,
destiny, I know not
sucked into the whirlpools,
are my wandering thoughts
entangled in the vicious maze of memory,
you brought.

Lost if I am,
search for that elusive pearl
on the pretext of finding a shell
reach me
even if it takes eternity.

Tribhawan Kaul

Love Love Love

Love is bonding between sisters and brothers
Love is sharing by husbands and wives
Love is caring of parents & children
Love is emotional with everyone else.

Love is potion on the bed
Love is ocean and never dead
Love is in our hearts and in brain
Love is in blood and in our veins.

Love happens, can't be created
Love is compassion, can't be rated
Love is smile, makes us laugh
Love is deluge, can't be hated.

Love is not showing your assets
Love is different from bloody lust
Love is not possessiveness shown
Love is what you give the best.

Love is not in your eyes
Love is not on your lips
Love is never demanding
Love which is true, never dips.

Love makes you to sacrifice
Love makes you to survive
Love can't be gauged by language
Love makes a dead to revive.

Love knows no frontiers
Love knows no religion
Love has no caste
Love has no region.

Love is passion, love is respect
Love is forgiveness, love is peace
Love is power, love is faith
Love is prayer, love if true never cease.

Love makes you feel wanted
Love makes you get mated
Love makes you feel seduced
Love never makes you subdued.

Love is everlasting relationship
not infatuation
Love is everything
but punctuation.

Love is not give and take
Love is what you do for other's sake
Love makes you feel stronger
Love is God makes you live longer.

Love is inferno, experience its pangs
Love is jealous within the gangs
Love is life, smooth but coy
Love is rain, indulge and enjoy.

Love is grace, blessing our progeny
Love is exhilarating, ending our agony
Love makes us positive, negating the negatives
Love is symphony bringing the harmony.

The concept of love can never be defined
It is so vast and too refined
Love is eternal and never dies
Love makes human sane and wise.

Tribhawan Kaul

Love Poem-1 Shine O Moon! Shine.

Shine O Moon! Shine brightly now
for my beloved
is coming to kindle
the fire of love.
Shine O Moon! Shine brightly now.

Unending seemed to be the nights
succumbing to death were diminishing lights
his appearance illuminates now
my temple of love.
Shine O Moon! Shine brightly now.

O moon, play hide and seek
I have him, my love to share
behind the clouds hide you moon
he takes refuge beneath my lustrous hair.
Shine O Moon! Shine brightly if you care

Sing a melody in company of the stars
and sleep with the moonshine
my lap is for him to sleep
as he is only mine.
AS HE IS ONLY MINE.
Shine O Moon! Shine brightly shine.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Love, Peace And Harmony

Seeking sacrifices for a great cause and goal
No one dares to search one's soul
Thorns do not thrive in isolation
Picking up some roses deem not the consolation
To actions vile, nations should never bow
Conflicts make peace to elude
While reaping as we sow.

Make love count
The peace mount
Let shores seek waves to reach
Let waves touch the beach
Let us work at ground zero
In all of us there is one hero.

We bear the violence with eyelids closed
We pay for it through our nose
The system is poisoned through and through
The time is ripe to plan its waterloo
Put the nail in the coffin now
Let the peace take a bow

Diamonds are to be found deeper
One of us has to be pathfinder
Pluck the lotus out of the mud
Pray shedding no more blood
Applying balm on the wounds
In unison the world must croon
Love, peace, harmony.
Love, peace, harmony.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Luck

Luck

- - - -

Luck, dame luck enters backdoor
Disguised, knocks the door
Opportunity swirls around
Chances abound
Why feel cheated
When you don't
Grab it.
Missed,
Blame game starts
Luck, time and stars
Not in favour and one cries foul
Why me? Why me? Do I hear a growl?
One who dares to catch bull by horns
Luck smiles on the brave as on a new born.

- - - - -x- - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Lure Of Tinsel Town

A lass lands in a big city
metropolitan and cosmopolitan
arriving from a small township
to make it big
like every other fellow
numerous dreams in her kitty.

She finds herself
midst concrete jungle
where no one cares
for others
harsh reality
soon dawns upon her.

She encounters
selfish, biased, brutal and deceptive
qualities making an urbanite captive
no Godfather is around
merit also has no ground
no one dares to be receptive.

Here, one's chance is another's death
one gets choked, another gets breath
perish or leave, tricks of the trade
most of them fail and fade
survival of the fittest is `gurumantra'*
by hook or crook, have to learn this `antra'.**

Bewildered and confused
realisation makes her sad
everyone on his own
in this ocean, she is all alone
sympathies, if there, are not shown
not getting her moorings, makes her mad.

Her ambitions, desire and aspirations
to make it to the top
dashed to ground
she takes to vices

or compromises
mentally and physically
gets unsound.

The luring tower gulped thousands
still her flock makes daily appearance
at the station
at the ports
at the bus-stops
at the air ports
to soon play an act
the act of disappearance.

-----o-----

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Madiba, An Angel Of Peace.

Madiba, an angel of peace.

- - - - -

The Sun sets always to herald a new dawn
A dove freed from cage, flew relentlessly
Setting those perceptions right, gone awfully wrong
After 27 years of quarantine
Oh, the dove is now no more.
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Set free from silence with unbroken spirit
Metamorphosing into human strength
Wielding courage
To challenge brute force and injustice
Oh, the dove is now no more.
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Sufferings in privation
Taking bull by its own horns
Symbol of people's struggle and aspirations
Lighting candle of peace, love and compassion
Oh, the dove is now no more.
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Those limestone shine on your calloused hands
Shaping the castle of hope for millions
To build a society sans racist and discriminatory thoughts
Shepherded the flock to ultimate freedom
Oh, the dove is now no more.
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Basking in sunshine, rainbow nation rejoice
Absorbing rays to burn thoughts of the dark
Emerging multi culturalism raising hopes
Inspiring life, a lesson written in golden ink
Oh, the dove is now no more.
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Pray your soul be always at peace
Yet it is not the end
The world owes to your masterly investment skills
Let the world pay you back now the rich dividend
Oh, the dove is now no more.
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

----- x-----

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Meditation

My mind, my heart
both reciprocate to my feelings
when I meditate.

Energy vibrating
creating immunity
against any negativity.

Bricks and blocks falling on the street
distress the body
but not the soul.

Tribhawan Kaul

Mine Kashmir

Kashmir which is mine
was a picture of paradise
Kashmir which is mine!

Its face
peaceful and serene,
its lips
smiling,
eyes
waiting and ready to welcome tourists.
waiting to hug
Nishat & Shalimar gardens
Feather rowing shikars # on Nagin & Dal lake
mangroves of chinar trees
gardens of almonds, apples and saffaron
howling hawkers
"Hako-hak, yekho-yekh"*
and those moments of pleasure soothing our eyes like
stringing of santoor
floating farms
standing houseboats
rowing of boats on flowing jehlem
snow clad mountains
heavenly greenery
with Charar-e-sharif and Khane-kaa**
we used to admire that Kashmir
that was the crown
India's crown
it is there yet
but
sometimes it is felt that it is,
now it is not there?
where has it all gone?
mine Kashmir...mine Kashmir!

What has been left of the lifeless valley?
A lifeless body.

Whose brain, heart and kidneys

have undergone transplant
with precision
by an unknown surgeon.
leaving
bloody & scarred face
bruised lips and bashed body
blank eyes
amputated hands.

Kashmir
like a man in coma
wakes up and then sleeps
Or just watches blankly lying on operation table
'desertion of the truth'
'desertion of the essence of kashmiriat'***
Ah! mine Kashmir
some one give me back
mine Kashmir.

Tribhawan Kaul

Misconception

Not leaving
footprints
on the sand
since
getting washed
away
now and then
and to be
construed
as having none.
Leaving those
on the
core of
our lives
are enough.
What for
our hearts
exist then?

--x----x-

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Tribhawan Kaul

Misguided

Born
with
clean slate
and
flattering
innocence.

Flowering
homo-sapien
succumbs
to
vices.

Conscience
fighting
tooth and nail,
fail.

Pleasure of
senses
prevail.

downfall
begins.

Grave.

-----x-----

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Morning Newspaper

Recipe for intellect
A game for brain
News and views
Browse with pleasure or disdain.

Crimes of passion
Vagaries of politics
Sporting brilliance
Business frolics.

Love or hate
Ah or wow
Emboldening people
A must for both classes or masses

Isn't it true
Day starts afresh with it
Taking morning tea
Or going to loo.

--o---

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Mother

Happy Mother's Day

Mother

A knight in armour
shielding her baby
from vagaries of life
getting herself embroiled
in hassels of bringing the baby up
weathering all storms
in the process
enjoying no recess.

---0----

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Musing Of An Autistic

Love knows no boundaries yet lacks conviction
Wondering why the sea is noisy yet so calm
Shore allows waves to touch and back they go
Sand watch helplessly as none applies balm.

Thoughts merge misreading thoughts
Natural are weird ways to reverse actions
Mind seeks answers through hidden potentials
Ready to take off sans pretentions.

Ah! Can't beat the blues which come free
Hand me something to play and let you see
Acceptance makes me accepted, energizing me
Let the river flow why build dam over me?

Grappling with my mood swings, I enjoy
Look into my eyes and say 'ahoy'
Learning curves may be like ECG
Life can't be smooth, so let it be.

Oh! Come now, let you understand
Reassuring touch make me stand
Complexities are boon and not to abhor
Open your arms and open your doors.

Fields ploughed, seeds grow emotions
Nourishment through parent's devotion
Watch me cross barriers of all kind
Sky is the limit for a beautiful mind.
Sky is the limit for a beautiful mind.

=====
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Tribhawan Kaul

Musings

Beauty is fire, flame its youthfulness
novice if you are, will burn your fingers.

--x--

Silence has its own tongue to stress
lips move not, for love to express.

--x--

Hate has no takers, omnipresent is love
Some crazy always try to breed hate though.

--x--

One sows another reaps, a human nature
Alas! None feels for the actual creator.

--x-

Live life lamenting or laughing
Choice is yours, go weeping or singing

--x--

Useless for the boatman to row with an oar
if never one wants to reach the shore.

--x--

Throughout life Oh GOD! searched for you
soul left the body, only then could I meet you.

--x --

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Tribhawan Kaul

My Past

Oh! My past. Oh! My past.
Dwelling in you, crowning my present
Flooding with memories, never I resent
Mirror images flash through mind
Beholding acts of my own kind
Regretting never acts of commission
Feeling yet for few omissions
Some lessons learnt
Where fingers I burnt
Memories sustain life, while I fight
Future is drawn with only white
Enjoying the fruits, seed I sowed
Before the almighty I always bowed
For future, the present I cast
Oh my past! Oh my past!

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Tribhawan Kaul

My Poetry Book ' Children Of Lost Gods'

With ink flowing from the heart
mind endorsing a thought
poems after poems
a stream it brought
in the shape of a book
' Children of Lost Gods'
Thoughtful entertainment
never is lost
with good wishes form all you poets
I always sought.

Tribhawan Kaul

Nagging

A tear in her eyes make me wonder
a chance for patch up did I squander?

Never to complain..she, but questioning a lot
neither liked the questions nor liked the thought.

Life gets topsy- turvy, grilling when start
anywhere, anytime, at home or city mart.

when, where, why, how, who, what/s.....
inquisitor always testing your guts.

No chance for atonement
These word invented only for harassment.

Wish these could be wished away, but no
Entire life hinges on these, try taking them away.

-----o-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Nano Poetr - Dreams

Dreams

meant to be dreamed

bane, it is not.

Injurious is

getting submerged into self pity

when dreams convert not into reality.

Tribhawan Kaul

Nano Poetry-10

Tuning of a dew drop
With the earth and a leaf
On leaf, it is a pearl
On the earth, it sobs.

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Nano Poetry-11

Craters decorating moon
Taunting, laughing at the
Indiscretion of a lover
Calling his beloved, MOON!

Tribhawan Kaul

Nano Poetry-12

Wrong to say love is blind
Has it been so,
God would not
Have been so kind.

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Nano Poetry-13

Friends I befriended,
were never ungrateful
It was I, who couldn't
appreciate their feelings.

- - - -x- - - - -

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Nano Poetry-14

Two extremes shaking hands
over bodies, dead
brokering peace at a price
for public consumption
to enhance their own stature.

- - - - - x - - - - -

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Nano Poetry-7

Nano poetry-7

- - - - -

Blood, not thinner than water
Yet boils in equal measure
Waste brings untold miseries
Death, hunger, thirst.

- - - - - x - - - - -

Whenever my heart beat for someone
I feel I have opened the door
To be blessed
By some unknown.

- - - - - x - - - - -

Descending fireball
Receptive ocean
Horizon exults in
Creating illusion.

- - - - - x - - - - -

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Nano Poetry-8

Life is a gamble
Like toss of a coin
Faith is in your hands
Destiny not.

- - -x- - - - -

This world never cares
Whatever care is,
Is for show
To axe one's own grind

- - - - -x- - - - -

Glow on the face of morning
Galvanizes livings to action
Pay some, reap some
BY the end of glowing evening.

- - - - -x- - - - -

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Nano Poetry-9

Unknown, unseen, unexplored
Challenge to take plunge
Exist, not the one who stands on shore
Pearls finds their way only with a brave one.

- - - - -x- - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Nano Poetry-Time

Time is money
none spares it
living is for self
none cares to dwell
upon other's misery
'relationships taking a beating'
a modern time malady.

Tribhawan Kaul

Nature's Lament

Mother assimilates cloud's offerings
The womb delivers nature's bounty
Hope rejoices as its rays spring joy
Streams reveal and energise in glee.

Greenery breathes with effortless aplomb
Blossoms muster courage to bloom
Shining Vasundhra* beams with pride
Bosom stretching lifting gloom.

Oh! Is it now history?

Afflicted by human carnage
Waiting impatiently for the balloon to burst
Check your zodiacs and the day you cease
Mind the day, you die of hunger and thirst!

Extolling beasts of devastating minds
Fuelling the desert with various kinds
Ways of fidayeens not for adoption
Behave my children, no more caution.

Oh! To whom am I addressing?

Come, toil does wonders fostering lives
Karmas get paid walking razor sharp knives
Threatening our world is global warming
Kill all pollutants, before the monster thrives.

Desperate causes need desperate measures
Surgery needs embrace inherent dangers
Donate cheers for future generations
Come, save this planet for regeneration.

Oh! Hope I am listened.

- - - - -

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Nirbhya

Chatna shoony maansikta ko
Jagrit kar
Mashaal jala
Vileen ho gayi
Panchtavyt mein
Anant shoony mein
Jakjor kar anterman ko
Safutit kar nav chetna ko
Chod diya hum sab ko
Chintan aur manthan karne ko
Ek karz laad
chali gayi
kaise utaaren
is soch mein karodon ko duba gayi.

Tribhawan Kaul

Nirbhya (English Version)

She lit a torch
While getting consigned to flames
Awakening dawns on
Numb consciences
Shockwaves shook the mindset
Ensuring brainstorming sessions
Leaving us contemplating
And with a debt load
Gone for ever
How to repay her for such an awakening?
A million dollar question
She left millions brooding.

Tribhawan Kaul

O! The Woman! I Beseech You

O! The woman! I hail you.
an embodiment of
Lakshmi, for ushering prosperity
Durga, for the courage you show
Swarwati, for the knowledge you bestow.
Seeking the powers from trinity
you create, preserve and nourish
yet made to walk over fire
era after era, time and again
by those whom you created! ! !

You are not Sita, so why to carry on the legacy?
Wear robes of identity and individuality
Take up the mantle of a knight and fight
for your honour, dignity and rights
time is ripe to strike
put a nail in the coffin
of servitude, hostility and exploitation
take on the world and seek anointment
fighting for amelioration
truly, to the status of Trinity
O! The woman!
I beseech you. AMEN!

- - - - - x - - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Oh God! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!

Oh God! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!
spare all human beings
from untold miseries
from pain, anguish and agonies
these blood sucking vampires
unleashed and roaming free
taking toll of your creations
without any reservations
these monsters and demons
torturing and tormenting
making them crawl through the tunnels of
ordeals and sufferings.

Oh God! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!
YOU have been merciful and always great
have mercy on them and relieve them of satanic fate
whatever sin have they committed
this punishment is not warranted
they take birth at your will
can not be left cursed, for diseases to kill.

‘Everyone pays according to his/her past KARMAs’
repeated cliché, I do not agree
they suffer because YOU only decree
couldn't YOU be more compassionate
YOU have the power, can alleviate
I apologise for being so rude and bold
I know YOU are in them, in their heart and soul
As
against all odds, they show the attitude
braving all deadly ailments with fortitude
though they suffer as YOU ordained
yet praying YOU, positivity is sustained
they look upto you as the only SAVIOUR
from the predators pouncing to devour
so be kind to all of them, as they propitiate
calling YOU by thousand names
Oh GOD! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!
name they chant

bless them with YOUR heavenly hand.

(03-07-2011)

Tribhawan Kaul

Oil Slick

Black gold balckens blue surface
oxygen barred from pumping life
ventilators go missing in hospital.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Old Is Always Gold

Saved for the rainy day
opened the treasury
out came an old PARKER
still stalking
a glassy black beauty.

Sheets of paper
feigning to be white
without any malice,
margins and lines
showing signs of jaundice.

Yellowed dampness
of hard bound diary
thanking for redemption
and
praying for salvation.

Taunts also heard loud and clear,
'take some rest
PC dear
old is always gold
discard us at your own peril'

Tribhawan Kaul

Operation- An Acrostic Poetry

Operation scheduled for today postponed for next day
Patient's anxiety could not be weaned away
Experts came again to check their specialised part of the anatomy
Rating the patient fit for the surgery
All of a sudden the OT activated to the brim
Tension mounted on paramedics and the nearest kin
In the OT the patient was ushered in without time to waste
Oxygen was administered with emergent haste, but
None could stop the soul to exit to rest in peace above.

-----XXXX-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Out Of Shell

Out of shell, fully hatched empty handed
propitiating goodness; robe pinkish spotless.
Black spots commence controlling the crown
directing body to crave for pleasures mean
senses turning to cranking franking machine
eyes, ogling at shapes of colour balloons
each dustbin desires for more boons
anger management untaught in schools
pulling legs & rugs becoming norms
couch potatoes celebrating loss of form
looking down upon others for self pride,
cues that likes of Alexander, The Great
too came out of shell empty handed
and went away; the same way, goes waste.

Kill kill kill. Be the hunter not the hunted.
Kill kill kill. The satanic senses within you.
Let flower of anti-desire bloom
spreading its fragrance granting boon,
"be a homely saint not for unworthy worldly gains".

- - - - - x - - - - - x - - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Papulation Control- A Cinquian Form

Rubber

substance with some substance

no thorough fare for liquids

clean slate makes some sense

eraser

Tribhawan Kaul

Parents (A Poem To Sing)

Owning lands
moist soil
farmers
vow to sow.
Spreading seeds
all over
for healthy plants
to grow.
Watering the saplings
fertilising
good
for the health of plants.
Pruning them
and then
amidst the Godly chants.
Buds blossom
into flowers
fragrance
spreading
to and fro.
Farmers happy
rejoice flowers
blessed by
HIS graceful show.

---x---

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Tribhawan Kaul

Passing Year (Written Last Week)

Passing year, an oxymoronic sweetly bitter folklore
turning life topsy-turvy sometimes happy, sometime bore.
Acts of terrorism, religious fervours, bullying politics
keeping on toes grisly accidents and anguish of masses.
Devastating floods, nuclear proliferation, natural calamity,
environmental degradation and avoidable human tragedy.
Civil societies taking up causes, of eroding mentality
disillusioned commoner clamouring space for individuality.
Soap opera acts overshadowing life on the street
mixed bag of fortunes favouring few, some take their cut neat
Life goes on year after year and this one is no exception
Hope the New Year does not stick to bloody past tradition.

----x-----x-----

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ps: -Dear PH Friends

Let the NEW YEAR 2013 unfold like a lotus bloom heralding decades of
happiness, good health and richness in thoughts with pious connotations
furthering the cause of brotherhood, peace and love. HAPPY NEW YEAR 2013 to
you and members of your family.

--x-----x--from Tribhawan Kaul

Tribhawan Kaul

Patience

Sky is dark
Clouds mar the show
The sun is brought down on it knees
Out of the blue
Rainbow brings some solace
Life is bound to sustains itself
With positive thoughts
And outlook
Darkness proves to be momentary
Only Momentary
Those who are not in hurry
Sky gets clear
And the sun shines bright again.

- - - - -x- - - - -
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Tribhawan Kaul

Peace At Work

Understanding and love make peace work
Human DNA though cannot be banked upon
War mongers keep selling their wares
Will to survive too dares hawks to strike
Fire unable to differentiate
Hate taking over the senses
Visible become the scars on humanity
Yet dawn doesn't wait for darkness to flee
Love makes survival a better option
Understanding paves the way for smooth transition
War becomes the casualty, peace rejoice and fly
Like a dove flees from the cage of inhibitions
To soar in the vast sky.

-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Poems Unveiled

Poems are like: -

nursery rhymes
music on lips
simple and sublime.

bananas
under the skin
a delicious snack.

coconuts
pleasure to sip
sometimes hard one to crack.

puzzles
churning the mind
welcoming to the grind.

essence of feelings
metamorphosed into
a poetic gem.

Writers' baby
announcing its arrival
leaving mother's hem.

the sunshine
sieving through the blue & black
enjoy and absorb the heat.

lady love
fascinating and captivating
both soothing the senses & intellectual's treat.

skeletons of words
walking the ramp
dressed by ingenuity.

abstract paintings

craving for appreciation
open to different interpretations.

Assortment of poems by worthy poets
take you pick and enjoy the writes
comment or not, doesn't matter

Hey!

on any given day
one amongst stars
does shines better.

Tribhawan Kaul

Politics

Cruel is the world
No substitute for mercy
Moon is paying for its deeds
To sleep only with fading stars
The universe is not made of moon alone
Planets gather to conspire
To keep the sun always in good humour
Bright is eclipsed too, forget not
Caste, creed, sex, notions always matter
Statutes are burned by insiders
White and black painting the town red
In born nature of a man coming out in open
Progressive and regressive thoughts fight it out
For the supremacy.

----- x -----
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Tribhawan Kaul

Published

Poet within
experiencing writer's block
warned to quit me.

Brain threatened to go barren
launched searched for fertilisers
couldn't afford the misery.

Happenings around fertilised the land
emotions and feelings sowed as seeds
inked the saplings for its feed.

Flowered every seed in various genre
reaped the harvest for everyone to read
the greatest consolation.... SATISFACTION

---X---X---X----X--

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Tribhawan Kaul

Purity Of Love

One more night comes to pass
sorrow of one more night banished
one more day of destined life
automatically gets vanished.

lost in oblivion, intoxicated night
remembrance also, getting hazy & blurred.
Blame it on candle and its flame
blackened and disgraced the progression of night.

An ulcer burst, a flower got crushed
hem of the night getting stained
The purity of love
shattering the arrogance of night
washing in the morrow, all stains.

One more night comes to pass
sorrow of one more night banished
one more day of destined life
automatically gets vanished.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Pyar (?????)

Pyar na vaasna hai na trishna hai
Na hai kisi chahat kaa naam
Pyar ek kashish hai
Bhavnaon kaa mahal hai
Jisme
Ehsaas kee eenten hon
Vishwaas kee neev ho
Samvedna kaa gaara ho
Garima kaa jaala ho
Tab pyar kee bhel
Aakaash ko chooti
Panapti hai
Yahi srijan hai
Aur
Srijan
Srishti kaa janmdaata hai.

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Quatrain (????????)

Ahm aade aa gaya beech hamaare
Kami pyar kee varna koyi naa thee
Shabdon kaa bus raha tha akaal
Zubhan ko bolne kee aadat naa the.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Raajniti (???????) - In Hindi

Kaisa hai vyapaar
kyun hain hum laachaar

Raaten hain ujdi see
khote hain kirdaar

Kab kaise den dhokha
saade magar ayyaar.

Le vishwaas kee aut
rchte prapanch hazaar.

bharat mange khoon
sulgo mt bn angaar.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Rac

.
A journey
From present to unknown
Must be worth its salt
Final destination alias last halt.

Lo!
Karma forces one to wait
RAC
Screams the fate
Life span always been a guessing game
Death never seems to be a good looking dame.

RAC now
Cry or wow
Journey till end gets more fascinating
Waiting to be berthed, for no more waiting.

Enjoying ultimate destination
Depends on one's karma & attitude
Show HIM or not
Any gratitude.
-----o-----

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kaultribhawan@

Tribhawan Kaul

Rain

Rain when it comes, it only rains
scorching heat, biting dust
parched earth sniffing life
birds chirping as they must
peeled brooks smile again
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Dying flowers breathe and blush
shying lotus blossom in slush
peacocks dance, frogs croak
dried forest getting soaked
faded leaves, unfold again
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Buds blossom into flowers
newly weds dying for showers
cupid strikes and presence is felt
hearts of human and animals getting melt
oblivious of surrounding only two remain
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Farmers laugh running to fields
praying God for bumper yield
dusty winds dare not blow
venturing children paying no heed
mercury mulls not rising again
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Rivers sing a merry song
springs wish to go along
streams dance to nature's tune
rising lakes see nothing wrong
brownish land looks green again
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Overcast sky sieveing light
far in the west rainbow bright
puddles of pool in the street
roof top cries, oh kite, oh kite

water authorities needn't rake the brains
rain when comes, it only rains.

Elixir for life, rain must go away
but must come in time, we always pray
without rains none will be sane
life in planet will not remain
rain when it comes, it only rains.

----0-----

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Random Poetic Thoughts

Life

sand squeezed in hand
slipping involuntarily
merging with sand,
ultimately.

Peace

everyone wants
only some,
foot the bill.

Death

disguised serial killer
striking at will.

War

game of politicians for business promotions.

Tribhawan Kaul

Ravishing

Smile and radiance on your face
mark my presence
and when you blush
power of love seizes me thence.

Peacock eyes
painted lampblack with care
playing hide & seek with your lustrous hair
thundering clouds are absent in the skies
yet lightening darts from your captivating eyes.

Sensuously
lowering of the eyelids
invite impenetrable darkness
you throw back your hair skilfully
daylight breaks unexpectedly.

Watching heavy heaving of your bust
with pride,
wind exults on your fate
even the flamingo gets the complex
enjoying your enchanting gait.

Lips, make me feel like rose petals
hands like the lotus stalks
astonished are Urvashi and Meneka*
checkmated,
away they walk.

Worship of some divine sculptor
HE only could have created you
whom should I proffer the flowers?
To Him or to ravishing you.

Tribhawan Kaul

Realization (A Senryu)

Gatecrashers

Senses and self will

Conscience, acting as bouncers

Tribhawan Kaul

Reincarnation Of A Flower

Offer me not in temples
worship me not with gods
pluck me not and kill
let me wither on the branch itself
fading away, won't die still.

Living in seeds
will sprout again
under the heaps
transmigrating into buds
then to flowers
spreading fragrance
all round and everywhere.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Remembrance

I adore the rise of moon
and the stars shining bright
bringing me your remembrance
in the solitude of night.

Moonlight seems flowery spread on earth
merging in the sea
river quenching its thirst
waves exulting in expectations
rejoice and swoon
under the moon & moonlight
when I remember you
in the solitude of night.

Decked with flowers
lass on a swing
like a cuckoo,
she then sings
and shehnai being played far off, echoing.

Hoping to meet her beloved,
she blossoms like a flower of mustard
song of separation makes love deep
her love erupts when separation seeps
all bringing me your remembrance
in the solitude of night
under the moonlight.
Putting me in trance
resonance of your voice
watching me in this state
you glow and rejoice
casting a spell, who deserts me at dawn
remembrance comes again then
under the moonlight
in the solitude of night.

I adore the rise of moon
and the stars shining bright
bringing me your remembrance

in the solitude of night.

Tribhawan Kaul

Sachin, The Gladiator

Standing alone,
a alone warrior, a gladiator
pained, anguished and dejected
helplessly watching
his herculean effort go in waste
one after another his team mates
crumbled like nine pins, in haste
fathom not his own agony in the din.

He stood alone to salvage
the honour, the prestige
almost did the impossible
making up for other's sins.

The hush itself was in hush
he fell, short of victory
he proved his mastery in the field
yet the fate was sealed.

God never fails
Humans fail HIM
Conditions get created
So no one can blame HIM

Sachin remains the best
Engraved in minds
everywhere in the world
east or west.

- - - - - x - - - - -
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Ps: - Cricket may retire from the God
God of cricket will never retire./TK

Tribhawan Kaul

Salvation

A bite from the sun
A slice from the green
A piece from the ocean
A handful of soil
A feel from the sky
Weaving a robe of mortality
Stitched to imperfection
But wearing it to perfection
realising its utility in
selflessness and universal love
hidden in its sleeves
triggering immortality
discarding the robe
giving back a piece, each to
fire, air, water, earth and ether
redeeming self for another life.

Tribhawan Kaul

Satisfaction

My two grandchildren
both girls
always on my nerves
with their smart little pranks
asked me to accompany
to a fair nearby
I promised but as a standby.

Their mother gave a call
all of us zoomed to a big mall
saw a set of Barbie dolls
as lively as present day gals
trance-fixed
girls did not budge an inch
till their wish was not fulfilled.

Girls were happy
with great expectations they laughed & giggled
became chirpy and sizzled
their mother too
pride writ large on her face
as Barbies had cost
only rupees two thousand and fifty-two.

Back home Girls' imagination ran riot
thinking of their buddies
walking, talking & singing Barbies
they wanted to play
but to their dismay
Barbies were showcased
for display.

Out of their reach
theirs, yet not theirs
saw their hopes sink
remembered ST Colridge*
" water water every where, not a dropp to drink"
they could not express
their anger, anguish and distress.

Sensing their shock
least to say
took them to fair same day
they cuckooed with glee
had lot of rides for free
at their back & call
procured various small cute cottage dolls
Just for rupees fifty-three.

Sparkling eyes
smile on their faces
bringing home
the dumb & mute bounty of their own
with those they could play, walk, sing, talk and relate
and to their friends these could be shown and partake
enjoying their own world of make believe when they can
better than
watching barbies themselves like a dumb and mute
merely listening only two words, " how nice? how cute"
physical holding of dolls made all the difference
they became alive, agile, innovative and I must say
joy on their faces
made my day.

(This poem is dedicated to all girls below 6 years including my grandchildren
Yona & Sia./19-06-2011/Samuel Taylor Coleridge*)

Tribhawan Kaul

Scams

Truth is buried somewhere
Dares none to enter black hole
Mirror reflections too adding to face value
Whirlwind gulps the truth
Or throws it up battered
Either way the truth suffers
To be salvaged, decades later.

Tribhawan Kaul

Second Mahapanchbata Water

Life form sustainer, dear I am water
Destroyer as well, fear, I am water.

Human cleanser, physically and spiritually
"Purifier of souls, " says seer, I am water.

Infusing life in biota*, of every strata
Vanishing element bring tear, I am water.

An element sacred, liquid amongst the elements
Eternal and perishable, O dear! I am water.

Moist, cool, transparent, lubricating, cohesive
changing shapes year after year, I am water.

Keeping bodies cool but warm, glowing with charm
Symbol of fertility, every mother cheers, I am water.

Harbinger of energy and carrying away wastes
Life line on the earth, putting life into gear, I am water.

Evaporation starts vicious circle forming water bodies
Hydrate, dehydrate keep the balance clear, I am water

Creation of Lord Indra**, omnificent, an element important
Tribhawan sprinkle to purify dear and near, I am water.

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*Flora and fauna

** Lord of rains

Tribhawan Kaul

Seek Within

IT tried to awaken, I kept sleeping
Jolted out of slumber, I kept brooding.

IT spoke, I became deaf
IT tried to reason, I admired self

IT asked me to pray, I became dumb
IT goaded me to act, I felt numb.

IT showed me a path, I created deviation
IT pointed my faults, I made my decision.

IT even caught my finger, pointing destination
Got totally lost in the labyrinth of emotions.

IT made me aware of omnipresent vice
Yet I managed to acquire, at a heavy price.

IT monITored my actions, issuing warnings
I simply ignored for worldly yearning.

Awakened! Now what is the use
Couldn't see the truth in time, behind every ruse.

Life is like that, what matters more
Seek IT honestly, IT opens the door.

Tribhawan Kaul

Senryu Series-1

Mother crying
blood all over new born
father celebrating.

- - - - -

Sun shining bright
Children starving
Twinkling stars fading fast.

- - - - -

Highway crash
Brain dead
Dead men walking.

- - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Shaero-Shayari-1

SHAER(couplets) in hindi/urdu are the couplets which express the feelings of love, sadness, joy, affection and different other emotions in a beautiful poetic way in just two lines. The following couplets(from my book Sab Rang/2010) are posted in hindi alongwith its english version. English translation is also posted bringing out the meaning and essence of the couplets to the best of my capability.

न ा ख ु द ा क ्
य ा च ल ा ए ग ा
न ा व च प ू ओ ं
स े
ह म ह ी ज ब न च
ा ह े क ि स ा ह
ि ल क ो ई म ि ल
े .

(Nakhuda kya chalayega naav chappuon se
Hum hi jab na chahen ki sahil koyi mile)
Useless for the boatman to row with an oar
As never I want to reach the shore.

ख ़ फ ा ह ो न ा
त ो म े र ी फ ़
ि त र त म े ं थ
ा ह ी न ह ी ं
ज़ म ा न े क ी ग
र ् द न े व ह भ
ी स ि ख ा द ि य
ा .

(Khafa hona to meri fitrat mei tha hi nahi
Zamane ki gard ne vh bhi sikha diya)
Not my nature to become angry
Harsh world desired, me to learn that too.

त े र ी त ल ा श
म े ं ख ु द ा , स
ा र ी ज ि ं द ग
ी ल ग ग य ी
म ि ल े त ु म त
ब , ज ब व ह प ू र

ी ह ो ग य ी .

(Teri talash mein khuda, saree zindgi lag gayi

Mile tum tab, jab woh puri ho gayi.)

Throughout life Oh GOD! searched for you

Soul left the body, only then could I meet you.

To be continued.....

Tribhawan Kaul

Shaero-Shayri-2

SHAER(couplets) in hindi/urdu are the couplets which express the feelings of love, sadness, joy, affection and different other emotions in a beautiful poetic way in just two lines. The following couplets(from my book Sab Rang/2010) are posted in hindi alongwith its english version. English translation is also posted bringing out the meaning and essence of the couplets to the best of my capability.

द ो स ् त म ि ल
े ए स े ज ो अ ह
स ा ं फ र ा म ो
श न थ े
ह म े ं ह ी ज ़
ज ् ब ा त ो ं क
ा , क द ् र क र न
ा न आ य ा .

(Dost mile aise jo ehsanfaramosh na the
Hame hi zazbaton ka, kadr karna na aya.)

Friends I befriended, were never ungrateful
It was I who couldn't appreciate their feelings.

ब ी ज ब ो त ा क
ो ई , फ ल ख ा त ा
क ो ई
ज़ म ी ं क ो प
ू छ न े , क ौ न आ
य े य ह ा ँ .

(beej bota koyi, phal khata koi
Zami ko poochne, kaun aaye yahan.)

One sows, another reaps
Who feels for the actual creator?

र ो क े ग ु ज ा
र ो य ा ह ं स क
े ग ु ज ा र ो
य ह ज ि ं द ग ी
त ु म ् ह ा र ी
ह ै , त ु म ् ह ी
स ं व ा ं र ो .

(Ro ke guzaro ya hans ke guzaro
Yeh zindgi tumahri hai tumhi sanwaro)

Live life lamenting or laughing
Choice be your's, to make it happen.

Tribhawan Kaul

Shaero-Shayri-4

SHAER(couplets) in hindi/urdu are the couplets which express the feelings of love, sadness, joy, affection and different other emotions in a beautiful poetic way in just two lines. The following couplets(from my book Sab Rang/2010) are posted in hindi alongwith its english version. English translation is posted bringing out the essence of the couplets to the best of my capability.

प ् य ा र क ो र
ि श ् त े म े ं
ब ं द न ा न ह ी
ं ल ग त ा अ च ्
छ ा
ब स , उ न क ा आ न
ा ल ग े भ ल ा औ
ज ा न ा ब ु र ा I
(Pyar ko rishte mei bandhna nahi lagta accha
Bus, unka aana lage bhalla aur jaana bura)

love likes not showing off relationship
smile on face or tear drops make it apparent.

प ् र े म ए क प
ि ं ज र ा स ु न
् द र त ा ए क ज
ा ल
फ ं स त ा ह ै फ
ि र भ ी प ं छ ी ,
य ह ी ह ै क म ा
ल .
(Prem ek pinjra, sunderta ek jaal
Phansta hai phir bee panchi, yehi hai kamaal.)

Beauty a trap and love being a cage
Wonder! gets entangled even a sage.

न फ र त क ी भ ी
त ो ऐ स े , क ी म
े र ा द ि ल ल े
ग ए
ज ो प ् य ा र क

र त े , त ो क ह र
ढ ह ग य ा ह ो त
ा .

(Nafrat ki bhi to aise, ki mera dil le gaye
Jo pyar karte, to kehar deh gaya hota)

Even his hatred made me to love him more
had he loved me,
it would have been a catastrophe.

Tribhawan Kaul

Shame Of The Sin

Shame of the Sin

--

Ashamed to be shamed
by cruelty and brutality
perpetrated by RAPE
sorry!
Not my offspring, such
dishonour to bring,
as scriptures defined
only seven sins
in the family
why blacken me?
Who is it then?
Perhaps
an illegitimate son from
malicious thoughts of modern man
under the garb of famed Illiteracy,
illgotten wealth, pornography or booze
must be hanged till death, by the noose
until then I shall remain ashamed.

--x--

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Tribhawan Kaul

Shy (An Etheree)

He
Loves me?
Loves me not?
Rose petals cry
then laugh painfully.
What a way to decide!
Lover's fate rests in plucking
the petals, counting one by one
as one shuns to disclose intentions
matters of heart no game of pretentions.

Tribhawan Kaul

Silence!

Silence is golden
hush being the buzzword
noise gets frozen.

Silence is deafening
martyr's pyre, waiting to lit
last post sounding; goodbye

Silence is absolute
cat out of the bag
a minister's heart sag.

Silence is corrupt
abetted by the hammer
justice denied to an innocent

Silence is routine
scams after scams
yet none loses sheen.

Tribhawan Kaul

Six Decades Of My.....Life

Today I am completing 66 years with the blessings of every one associated with me worldly or virtually.
Six decades of my..... life

Released after nine months
of quarantine in mother's womb
taking my first breath
measuring the world
infusing the warmth
like the first rays of the sun
touching the heart of greens.

Portrait of innocence painted
painter being the first decade
what was impressionable
absorbed at every stage
eager to learn, by hit and trial
everyone watched me
with surprise and glee.

Enjoyment, an underestimate
during the second decade
kissed, held, tapped, kicked-football like
passing from doves to hounds
defender-fullback-forward & back
ultimately never missing a goalee
landing into safe hands to the cheering of crowd.

Wisdom tooth was an indication
time for some hard decision
third one was tumultuous
terrain proved to be most treacherous
winner I was not, in the game of snakes and ladders
life was sad became sadder
Divine power held me together.

Fourth saw me rise in esteem
was loved by everyone like an ice-cream
learning by mistakes and making amends

world was merciless, knew the trends
path I trod was simple and straight
pondering at crossroads was not my fate
was on high during this decade.

Aging with grace, of some substance
seeking HIM was no nonsense
searched within, that flame of life
but alas! The fruit was not yet ripe
like ordinary mortals struggled to survive
child of lost GOD could not thrive
case of lost opportunities was fifth decade.

De-stressing self with poetic mind
all the anger was then to subside
brain the ink, hand the pen
heart the paper, lap the den
sixth saw me getting into the groove
expression, my companion, on the move
jotted the feelings now and then.

Journey of life yet not complete
till last breath, shall I tweet
may meet next life the ONE, to get so chiselled
shine in the world like a diamond
yet never to shirk from any challenges
want to be humane, not like sages
poems an outlet, expressing my emotions.

Journey of life not yet complete.....?

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Tribhawan Kaul

Six Seasons In India (In Senryu Series.)

Spring

Love in the air
Festivals galore

Summer

Blazing hot
Except thoughts

Monsoon-rains

Few harvest
Rest going in drains.

Autumn

Golden, yellow, brown layers
Naked and bare. ☐

Fall

Death and decay
Of fiery brilliance

Winter

Icy cold
Everything but heart

. - - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Sky And Darkness (A Mirror Oddquain)

Sky

Kissing earth

Face glowing amber red

The sun yet to take plunge

Horizon

Darkness

Watching the magic of nature

Reluctant to douse fire

The sun obliges

Moonrise

Tribhawan Kaul

Sorry! Dear Vayu*

Breezing through rustling leaves, signs of a life commence
I adore you as cut on umbilical cord signals your presence.

Most precious of all, you sustain me through vitals
Pran Vayu, the life force to which I am entitle.

Breathing in and out, kriyas** make me feel you near
What is in name if they call you O2 or CO2, my dear.

May be eternal and perishable, what an elixir you are!
Taming you through pranayama#, some think it bizarre.

No weight, no gait but invincible when mobile with force
Unending seems to be the plight when you are on course.

You elude shapes yet shapes elude you not, beauty omnipresent
Purifying livings of toxins by ventilator natural, none to lament.

In balloons or bloated bellies, Air, you do fascinate me
Tornadoes and cyclones fueling energy, also scare me.

Let me revere and proffer flowers, boon for mankind whole
Sorry! polluted we made you, actions injurious to our souls.

Air air, you are everywhere yet no purity to breathe
In balance our lives hang, wake up or bring me a wreath?

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*Vayu: Air/ Lord of Air in Hindu mythology.

**Kriyas: Actions while doing exercises/yogic exercises

Pranayama: Regulation of the breath through yogic exercises.

Tribhawan Kaul

Soul Searching By Peace

Standing before the mirror gazing self
twin one croons,
"history of wars, fights, skirmishes
have already taken toll of you
terrorism of every dimension
now becoming sin number eight
what is to expect now from you? "
It questions simple and straight.

"Sometimes you are scarred
Sometimes you are battered
Sometimes you are crossed
Sometimes you are martyred.

So
Are you dead?
Nay, I dread
you are not yet, "
whispers my mirrored friend.

"eighth sin has no place
war has no grace
let more sunshine be there
for everyone and everywhere
undoing mean human mentality
let darkness not prevail
blinding us till eternity."

"Rise, rise, rise once again
show your prowess
hold tightly drooping reins
peace, humility and harmony breeds
great civilizations
don't dump into dustbins
God's own beautiful creations."

"Alias love, compassion and brotherhood
you can't be dead
wake up and change the mindset

for the sake of entire humanity
make violence to shed violence
apartheid to shed bias
states to terminate conflicting ways
with false vanity
and embrace you
with heart and soul
global peace be only your goal."

Could withstand no more
allowed it to merge in mine
my conscience ready to take on
all the violent ways head on
for peace and harmony.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Spin Of A Coin

Spin of a coin

- - - - -

Analyse a coin smiling on our stupidity

Infusing positivity or negativity

Our mind absorbs the rays

Mental attitude holds the sway

Actions initiated accordingly

Myth of a coin busted

Loser blames the luck

Winner praises the luck.

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Stone And Pain

Stone and Pain

- - - - -

A dam allowed not to be built
Till opposition decided to be so
Thinking it will stop the flow
Agitated protesters gathered in mass
But invain
Daily routine went to toss
Rolling stones, I was told
Gathers no moss
But gathered it, for sure
There seemed no immediate cure.

A 6 mm stone threw the life, out of gear
Piggy back was pain
Turning the sane Govt., insane.
Mob swelled applying pressure
Threatening barricades, blocking the lane
Testing the endurance with excruciating pain
Govt. gave up, signalling a truce
Allowing opposition to play their malicious game
Supporting its agenda yet with disdain
Waves after waves, it waxed and waned
Hitting the shore
Back and forth, time and again
Absent were nausea, fever and vomiting
That was some silver lining.

A foreign hand intervened
Dictated a policy expertly framed
Road map was drawn for prosperity
Of an aging but agile entity.

You dear stone and dear pain
Owe, it to you as I
Came to know
My body better than before
And its governance
Which you tore.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Swayamnaashi

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Swyamnaashi

- - - - -

shiv tandav ki roop naya yeh

Prakritik aapda ka sawroop naya yeh
Babhahi ka manzar, kudrati kahar hai
Maanvi bhoolon ka pratishodh naya yeh.

Mousamibarish bhala aise rodhr kanhan thi
Baad, bhoosakhlan jaise trasdi kanhan thi
Mritiko ki sankhya hatahaton s jab adhik ho
Kedarnath, Gaurikund ki aise dastaan kanhan thi.

Khanjar seena mein khud bhonk chuke hain
Junglon ko kankreet bana chuke hain
Dhoo-taap vridi ke karan bhi him hain
Is taap mein ab, sab zulas chuke hain

Vyaparik kaaran jab pradhan ho jayen
Atikramno ka saaman ho jaye
Paryavaran ki jab karte hum hatya
Iske shrap se kaise bach payen.

Ishwar ko ab dosh kya dena
Jo boya hai vhi katna
Sambhlo sambhalo, ab bhi samay hai
Dastak uprant yeh to tay hai
Dilivedi par tab desh yeh hoga
Maa prakati ka aarop yeh hoga
Jisko janam diya tha maine
Usks hee sanhaar kiya hai
Ab mujhse kya aasha rakhte
Khud tumne apna naash kiya hai
Khud tumne apna naash kiya hai

Sarvadhikar surakshit/tribhawan kaul

Tribhawan Kaul

Tamasha (The Show)

Law takes its own course. Justice is blind. Media's role is felt wanting.

Standing at a crossroad
looking for her would be
from another caste
he came wearing a hooded cape
shot her point blank
and escaped
stunned onlookers
left aghast.

The police searched motives
fought over jurisdiction
but arrived at conclusion,
" the deed was lover's envy
it was open and shut case
she was done to death due to jealousy."

So her lover was caught
Who denied the charge
media thundered, " why such haste? "
And wrote stories not in good taste.

Political connections were sought
every Sohan, Mohan and Devi fought
though there was no coup
the police was put in soup
media smelt a scoop.

Investigations followed
local police to CID* and to CBI*
questions were raised in Assembly
creating din at center
hue and cry in the city
some suggested 'RAW'*
what a pity?

Political fallout was great
putting in turmoil every state

demos, rampage and destruction
hartal#, rioting and arson
taking heavy toll
with no rhyme or reason.

Several were dead
numerous maimed
a few tried to surrender
but shot in encounter
and all this for
just for one murder!

WHAT A TAMASHA!

Ps:
Accidently
after six months of lull
a man caught
in a cheating case
owned responsibility
having killed her
BEACUSE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY! ! !
-----O-----

* Secret service agencies of India

Strike

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Teachers: -Mentors And Guides

Moon when ceases to exist
stars shine brightly
negotiate universal maze
choreographers end assignments
dancers take centre stage
or gardeners water the thoughts
trimming the plants
and cutting the rough edges
for smooth growth
within the periphery
of social hedges, buds bloom
sure, legend are not made in the womb
discipline, values, responsibilities
inculcated to be tools of anti-wrongdoing
no gratitude is enough
thanks giving makes one weep
as investors far off
watch their money grow
in the building of a nation
a nation reaps, they sow

Tribhawan Kaul

Tears

Eyes are adored by everyone
but tears have their own tale to tell
understands none, the anguish & pain
of tears that are confined to the cell.

Flow of tears lightens one
none, call it shock
dropp of a tear is heartache
repressing tears, anger's knock.

Sensitivity makes tears to flow
heartless has no tears to show
absence of tears making redundant, as it should
youthfulness and charming childhood.

Naked is the truth, tears make us weep
a lover for beloved, one loves so deep
mother's feelings bring pearl like tears
sowing emotions, tears we reap.

Pointless, to shed tears for nothing
never squander tears for everything
tears denote emotional distress
a famine, a quack or extreme stress.

Imprisoned tears whenever freed
none is left who doesn't grieve
shed the tears, but of happiness
and cheerfully, not of sadness.

Tribhawan Kaul

Terror Balloons (Seneryus)

Blood splattered, limbs scattered
face of terror mocking
at the lethargic bandobast.

People lending helping hands
disregarding every nomenclature
whipping off the rust.

Perpetrators sulking in hiding
lamenting, once again
couldn't ignite the desired mistrust.

Blame game taking shape
some heads may also roll
pricing humans, Govt. works best.

Nothing happened, nothing will happen
older ones enjoying the prison
people waiting balloons to burst.

Tribhawan Kaul

That Was My House

(I had spent my childhood in Kashmir/India.)

Once upon a time
that house
housed my home
narrow lanes led to outside roads
which I used to roam.

Once upon a time
that house
woke up with temple bells
loud prayers stirred the souls
with blowing of conch shells.

Once upon a time
that house
had an open window
cool breeze refreshed me
with the chirrup of a sparrow.

Once upon a time
that house
overlooked the river
I could jump and swim
like an expert diver.

Once upon a time
that house
had a long kaeni (balcony)
made all the children play together
by tough grand old Kakni. (grand mother)

Once upon a time
that house
basked under the sun
warmth spread to people around
everyone used to have fun.

Once upon a time
that house
witnessed many celebrations
gupp bacche/bhand and melodious Henze*
were hallmark of jublations.

That house, like a dream to me now
and may remain that for ever
its indelible impression, admit I must
can never be erased, my dear.

-----XXXX-----

* dancer/singers and singing of wedding rhythem.

Tribhawan Kaul

The Conqueror

Deep insight into our complex mind
and one finds

I
dominating our lives
hub
around which revolves our existence
touch, taste, hear, see and smell
senses
like crossroads
creating diversions
difficult to navigate
a path straight.

In the maze of selfishness
mine, yours, ours, theirs
nothing matters but
I.

Once perception of reality
and realization dawns
that
I and you are not
we
but ONE
one becomes the conqueror

Tribhawan Kaul

The Desire

Your two plaits touching your breasts
like a roving cloud caressing mountain tips
flirtatious eyes with a sharpened glance
and an infectious smile on your lips
painting a picture, as if, you see
the Goddess of love is besides me.

Navel, like a lotus flower
earrings enhancing your charming beauty
call you what? Rati, the consort of Kamadeva*
or address you as Mandakani.**

Resonance of anklet bells
enhancing of beauty of your feet
tender and elastic body seems to fly in the air
beholding you, is a treat.

Love or lust
perception I haven't just
but I pray
you to remain
always in my dreams
this is my desire & you must.

Tribhawan Kaul

The Fading Clouds

The fading clouds

Oh, the dweller of 'Vijay Top'
Thine downy appearance hath a mystic path
Your angelic grace is born of
A mate less mother, celestial froth.

Fumes that arise from a fathomless deep
Sweep through the cosmos and merge within lights
What errands do you mystify and why do you creep?
Over sun-smitten cliffs, and sunken heights.

I explore the waterless oceans
Winged by a crushing will, over-burning desire
Break through the mystery of life in cherished fire
And melt off my own nature and traditions.

Your fading frame over wading cries
Beyond the skies and where souls' habitation lies.

-----x-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

The Lost Love

Quote

'Behold me not
with your lovely wide expressive eyes
I have no words for appreciation
you may be divine
withholding your desires
I am a mortal
yielding to
basic intentions.'

Unquote.

Remember the day
when we had met
I had said so
and you
blooming like a lotus
opened your arms.
I remained a mute witness
to a ravishing storm.

We never knew
what had struck
a volcano of possessiveness
or a love bug
both destroyed us
before we could shrug.

Ego made us discrete
pride to tweet
on cross, we put our relationship
space, we never wanted to yield.

Trust we lost
faith never gained
post-mortem we did
but it was never the same.

Where love has gone?
Where should I find?

Alas!

we have forgotten our way

In our daily grind.

-o-

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Tribhawan Kaul

The Martyr

Lotus blooms only in mud
bleeding wounds do give solace
colour, caste, religion matter not
flag of pride and ownership do.

Nectar and poison drawn
from churning a rouge entity,
for everyone to reap
gruff of a lion is enough for sheep
yet clever is fox in numerous garbs.

Poison of hatred everywhere
drink like Neelkantha*, spare the nectar
for those, who need it the most
heaven is hidden somewhere there
raise the bar there is nothing to fear
your body may be consigned to flames
But not YOU, never ever.

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Tribhawan Kaul

The Mind

My mind
Oh! my mind
can't understand you
my mind.
Oh! my mind
What are you?
The Human?
The Devil? or
The God?
How can I find
your inner side?
What are you?

Dwelling in the crown of my body
creating illusions through imaginations
raising hopes and expectations
causing perplexity and confusions
an illusion seeking the truth
and the truth becoming an illusion.

Oh! my mind
whatever you are,
you are
taking refuge in
reflection of my thoughts
or taking flight
to limitless horizons
of the universe.
You are indeed
My mind.

Tribhawan Kaul

The Resolve

You wretched human dogs
Have a hearty laugh
Lying over the top
Perverted act has not broken the resolve
Likes of you are not deserved to be called
Human!
Not even dogs?
But sub-humans
With extra- perverted mind
Mind you; you may or not, pay
I won't pay for the act insane
Neither my courage will drain
I am now ready to train
My guns again
Doesn't life exist after tsunami?
Ravaging rains dare not stop
Rainbows to appear
Besmirching, stigma, indignity
I am ready to bear.
Cowing down
Thing of the past, now
Humanity may be aghast
But I am not
The life I start de-novo
Which in your dreams
You could never have thought.

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Tribhawan Kaul

The Size

meaningless
expectations and aspirations
living in dream world
trying to reach limitless sky
today's homo-sapiens
live
discontented
with diseased mentality
incurable
looking down upon others
but fearing darkness
yet feigning to be invincible
ballooning to its seams
and getting buried
underneath.

Tribhawan Kaul

The Women

This world is, because of the woman
this universe is, because of the woman
nothing exists without the woman
our existence is, because of the woman.

Why being a woman then
should be humiliation?
Why a woman then
should face indignation?
always the woman becomes the prey...?
always the woman has no say.....?

The woman is a mother, also a mother-in-law
the woman is a sister, also a sister-in-law
the woman has many roles to play
a daughter-in-law perfects that night & day.

Why then a woman does
torture another woman?
Why does a ma-in-law
torches a daughter in-law?
Why does a woman destroy another's world?
Why does jealousy overcomes a sister-in-law?

In the woman, power is manifest,
yet she is unaware and that is a jest.
she becomes Durga when in rage
telling everyone, she is no sage
the woman is where, awakening is there
her absence creates crematoriums everywhere.

Why do then a woman abhor the birth of a female?
Wants a child, whose gender is male?
the male is indebted to her for the courage and life
yet no rewards for the woman, her entire life.

This is the story of the woman, full of anguish
Plight of a woman is because of another's wish

Exploitation of the woman could not have taken place
Had a woman given the other a little more space.

Tribhawan Kaul

The(Her) Curse

Modesty outraged
perpetrators unmindful of pain
flame fighting to sustain.

None cares ofcourse
media demanding action
soon to be in oblivion.

Culprits roaming free
a goat bleats hoarse
law taking its own course

Victim curses the God,
" be a girl incarnate
bear the cross, curse fate."

Tribhawan Kaul

Time/Opportunity

My
childhood passed asking for the moon
youth made exit trying to enslave it soon
middle age slipped in expectations
to atone misdeeds, old age made preparations.

Old age made the TIME also to tremble
donated itself to enable
me
to come out of shamble
but by then
excitement was lost
enthusiasm was gone
courage could not defrost
to grab the lost opportunities even at a cost.

Helpless
beaten by the time
waiting for the eventual destiny
embraced death ultimately
laughed The TIME
watching me
in eternal sleep
(a body of lost opportunities)

Tribhawan Kaul

To All My Poet Friends Of Ph

May the Spiritual Light lead and guide Ye
to the inner state of Divine Love
Love that heals
Love that adores
Love that serves humanity
and Liberates everybody.

This boon!
I beseech Thee
O. Lord of Divinity for my
Relatives, friends, kith and kin and all.

Wishing you all the joy of
a Happy Diwali
a Happy Bright
New Year.

Tribhawan Kaul

Toss

Perceptions are deep rooted
Unacceptable are challenges
Roadblocks greet changes
Weak are not to throw tantrums
But to tow the lines
How long? There are asking signs.
Why decisions are made with the flip of a coin?
Strange are the ways to leash the future!
Head or tail an opportunity to decide
Devising the ways
To counter or to chalk out strategy
Yet the destiny does not recognise
Power of currency
That is the beauty.

- - - - -x- - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

Trauma

She wakes up
Trembling, frightened, pale faced and humiliated
Day and night
When humans become inhumane
And shame has no place to hide.

Hunted before the crowds
Molested behind the bushes
Raped in the moving cars
Relatives, friends, goons, terrorists or
By political czars.

Mentally mauled, physically abused
Everyone looks on but never rescued
Nightmarish moments never out of sight
Living dead or deadly living
Soul and body always in fright.

Tender age matters to none
Everything she dreams, is undone
In a flash, everyone jumps in
To encash
Her innocence, her trauma, her conscience
For five minutes of fame
Putting even THE GOD in shame.

Tribhawan Kaul

Tree (Children's Day Special)

I have a friend
Its name is tree
It gives me oxygen
Just for free.

I have a friend
Its name is tree
In my colony
provides greenery.

I have a friend
Its name is tree
Lets plant one
It is a necessity

I have a friend
Its name is tree
Earth now looks
Beautiful & lively

I have a friend
Its name is tree
Rains make it
Green and flowery

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Tribhawan Kaul

True Love

A true love is
Neither lust nor greed nor desire
It is divine building of emotions
Standing tall with
Foundation of trust
Bricks of feeling
Cement of sensitivity
Pillars of grace
A true love flourishes then
Bearing fruit
Ripens
It is evolution
And evolution evolves
A birth of a new creation

Tribhawan Kaul

Truthfulness

Allow the dreams to make castles in the air
Truth always bare the truth behind a ruse
How much illusions try to circumvent
Rainbows always have the last laugh
After clouds bring rains and deluge.
Peeping into self, awakens and
Zero gets power to bounce
Shaping path of its own
And goals to achieve
Hitting bulls eye
Truth trounce
Falsehood
Ultimately.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Uderprivileged (A Butterfly Oddquain)

sad

unhappy

making mockery of

humane humanity

light

fight for existence and rights

breed revolutions

change course

dawn

---x---

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Tribhawan Kaul

Undying Hope

The grandeur visible to the naked eyes
solidified through the very essence
Kashmiriat yet had cracks appearing from nowhere
Shedding its leaves it had owned since eras together
Silky dawn was never the same
Nor the murmur of small steam below
The sound of yakho- yekh and hako-haak
Still resounding like a sonic boom
Kandur, navid, and barbuz vaan, the meeting rooms
Silence greeting with garlands of doom
Someone crooned.

'Kashmirat can't be dead? Long live Kashmiriat! '

Hope sustains life and mankind survives
Pillars strong enough to withstand onslaughts
Religious ethos and social tenets interweaving the brotherhood
Let it smile through tolerance once again, it should
I see then, trout jumping out with sheer joy
Chinars whistling welcoming change in the wind
Shikaaras dancing to the tune of the Divine
Birds soaring high scaling unimaginable
Auspicious peaks holding up the avalanches
Sufi singing touching the hearts
Kashmiriat has to be born again the world over.

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yakho- yekh: - raw ice Hako-haak: - green leafy vegetable
Kandur, navid, and barbuz vaan: - bakery, barber and baked channa/peas shop

Tribhawan Kaul

Valentine Day

Rose

You offer me

Sans thorns.

You

Propose me!

Why should I accept?

Yes, I do love you

And you love me too

I know

Tide is changing

So

I propose you

Will you accept my rose?

With THORNS?

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Tribhawan Kaul

Valentines Day-A Tide Of Love In A Time Of Thorns.

You came to me like a proposal of red petals
on a swelling tide of rose water.
You love me and I love you
no more time for rituals
for time is a fickle thing
and over your lovely shoulder
the tide of time is turning
bearing only the thorns
we did not see before

- - - - -

All rights reserved

Tribhawan Kaul

Vicious Circle

I

seeking to redeem actions of goodness
like candle flame, eating moths and darkness
slowly turning self into melting drops
the warmest, warmer, warm and cold
getting erased steadily till the last drop
adding to sculpting snowy gold 6'x2'
horizontal statue.

The END. Is it so? No.

Life after death,
goes beyond comprehension
as a soul wanders in oblivion
to light other one, somewhere.

Again I

seek to redeem past actions of goodness
like candle flame, eat moths and darkness.

----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Wait

Sitting in the hill top hut
near the window night and day
her lustrous hair toying with breeze
clouds competing every day
to catch her glimpse
opportunity there to seize
to be her companion
as she waits for the union.

Waits.

salutations, the first rays of the sun offer
her red shot eyes pretend to be sober
tears roll down and wail
when she feels the shadow of her beloved, sail
and creeping behind her back
racing heartbeats force her, to turn
only to find caressing, her
His.. favourite window curtain.

Waits.

Cooing of doves and their necking
On that old banyan tree
not dropping her gaze
she feels for her neck
and flash came the night of her wedding phase
'When he held her tight and kissed on her lips
then begged to leave with a sigh
On duty to border, with a smile, he bade her good-bye.'

Waits.

Serpentine roads juggling her mind
as a dot appears to tease her kind
rush of blood banish her gloom
in nearby pond, a lotus blooms
doves hover, flapping their wings
stream behind the hut, wants to sing
she looks into the mirror and rushes outside
wait gets over as he stands beside.

Wait has ended, for the fortunate one
most of her likes are brought to funeral
coffins draped in national honour
shedding tears, their only succour
no blooming lotus but booming of guns
no morning amber but setting sun
hovering doves not to be seen
hawks snatching all the sheen
Souls of departed now awaits them.

Tribhawan Kaul

Water (Children's Day Special)

Drink water
Which is pure
It is healthy
That is sure.

Waste not water
It is life
Harvest it
Sustains life.

Wasting water
Is no no
Preserve water
Wise say so

Water is elixir
Flushing toxins
Nutrient carrier
Water has been

Drink water
3 liters a day
It is living
In healthy way

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Tribhawan Kaul

Ways Of Love

Descending darkness breathing down the living
Shadows of silence becoming monstrous
None dares to challenge rogue elements
Breeze of love seeks passage through everyone's heart
Wading through the waves of emotions and actions
An aura of tranquillity and serenity lift up spirits
Bringing much need solace and comfort
Trying to cement the path glimmering with sunrays
Leading to ultimate calmness and happiness
Wonderful are the ways
Of love.

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Tribhawan Kaul

Worried

Our heart reaches out to them through our eyes
Now blood, not tears oozing from our eyes.

Few human beasts devouring a girl
His head in shame, a butcher too cries.

Debating in their comforts.' What 's going on? '
Dejected, depressed, helpless but why?

Now none fears to dehumanize humanity
Usher Kalyug*, signs for sure, fear I.

Hurt and shocked at the continuing monstrous acts
Worried for blossoms, are they fated too to die?

Oh my country! Can you be alive when soul is dead
Lawmakers, time is running out for remedies to try.

"She neither belonged to me nor she was a concern"
Thought, turning blood watery, don't ask why.

Her honour & respect is ours, wake up citizens all
Shamed Mother India sighs 'Hang them' give a call.

----- x-----

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*. Kaliyug, in Sanskrit scriptures, is the 'Age of Downfall"

Tribhawan Kaul

Writer's Nightmare

(Senryu+ an etheree+ free verse + senryu)

Ideas

fearing cloudburst
dejection takes over

Mind

full of
thoughts
to dress pages
in shades, shapes, colour
watching disappearing images.
My laptop, which used to dance
on ITs tunes now have sunstroke
doctors advise open heart surgery
Can't afford as I am totally broke.

Enjoy the off season

and a long break
in this state
or refill pen
as paper mercifully
reconsidering another date.
Laptop quarantined
write on good old forgotten paper,
in one hand Parker or pencil
in another marker and eraser.

Missing a mate

worst nightmare
writer's fate.

_____X_____

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Tribhawan Kaul

You March On

You, unknown traveller of untreaded path
march on, march on, march on
will reach your destination
one day
though far off
march on, march on, march on.

Look back, never, even by mistake
forget, never, the hardships you bore
guide, will be your past deeds of life,
full of pangs on the bed of stake
What holds destiny?
Not to worry?
.....Just march on, march on, march on.

Adversities make you a fast learner
Desires are snakes, so be a shirker
search the deep sea to find a pearl
get to the shore, while facing the whirl

Think never to be feeble & meek
deliver everyone from the misdeeds
while truth you seek
clear all hurdles regaining your strength
you will reach the destination
march on...march on....march on.

Carve out your name on the horizon
as your stars are on the ascendant
work towards the goal night and day
be illuminated in such a way
sluggish should appear the milky way

You, unknown traveller of untreaded path
march on, march on, march on
will reach your destination
one day
though far off
march on, march on, march on.

Tribhawan Kaul

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AAS

Kisaan
 Hariyali rahit
 thunth se khade ped
 aur koma mei gaye un vyaktion ke saman
 Jo jindho mein hain na maron mei
 Sanson mei dadkan liye
 ek aas jagrit kiye
 ji rahe hain
 unke liye
 jo unke sath sath dharti se jude hain
 Jab bhi meh barsega
 Jevan mein naya sanchar hoga
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Tribhawan Kaul

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Tribhawan Kaul

???????? (Quatrain) -1 In Hindi

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chahre kee aabha, mukhrit ho kuch kahti hai

keshon kee bhasha, pulkit ho kich kahti hai

saundry ko taraash seerat kee aankhon se

aasha naiyno kee, romanchit ho kuch kahti hai

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Tribhawan Kaul

???????? (Quatrain) -2 In Hindi

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yah tanhai, akelapan jaane kyun achcha lagta hai

prem kaa koyi beej uga yaa jog kaa rog lagta hai

rang mein kisike rangna hai to pyar ka rang bura nahi

bura to hai badrang hona, pyar phir sauda lagta hai.

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Tribhawan Kaul

???????? (Quatrain) -28

Chaurahon pr dekhiye kuch chahre sataaye
Maasoom bachpan bhi hain sab ve bhulaaye
Smaaj kee hain ve kuch bujhi shamaayen
Chalo mil kr chand shama jaalaayen

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Tribhawan Kaul

???????? (Quatrain) -30

Tere bagair veeraana, sansaar lagta hai
pyar bus tera, baaki vyapaar lagta hai
zindgi rah gayi, teri yaadon ke sahaare
isi mein mere karmo kaa uddaar lagta hai.

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Tribhawan Kaul

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kaun kahta hai hum gazhal likhte hain

bhav kaa fairan hum zabr seete hain

vishy to hain bahut, ganit ke siva bhi

anubhutiyon kee garima ko hum bhee jeete hain.

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Tribhawan Kaul

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Tribhawan Kaul

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Tribhawan Kaul

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Tribhawan Kaul