

Paraanjali

Song offerings in prayer of Deities

A revisit of Gitanjali by Rabindranath Tagore

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Preface

In September 2010 when we were reading Gitanjali of Great poet Shri Rabindranath Tagore we felt pain to see the complexities, sorrow, hopelessness and helplessness of his era, reflected in many of the poems, and felt to revisit this Great epic in changed paradigm of freedom and responsibility.

It feels that it is the sage's backing, parents preaching, family input, and friend's support beside the well wishes of countless that it could become the medium to express our feeling of prayer in song offering to trinity thy Rukmani, Radha and Kali.

During revisit of Gitanjali its English translation by W. B. Yeats (1912) for which respected Shri Rabindranath Tagore was awarded with the Nobel Prize was referred for basic understanding. Along with this reference one will also find tested and tasted sentiments in it from concurrent literature and perennial religious texts (Gita, Quran Guru-Granth Sahib, Kabala etc.).

Each song offering is different and is complete in it, and provides little bit of continuity with nearby colour of these songs offerings. In this one hundred three song offerings are revisits of the Gitanjali, whereas first one is the revisit from another collection of Shri Rabindranath Tagore.

No effort has been made to displease anyone or please all; song offerings have been presented as they came from environment during writing and as such presented to all of us, for our healthy, happy and holy lives.

Dr. KALPANA SENGAR
07 May 2011

Section of Poems

<i>S. No.</i>	<i>Section</i>	<i>Poem No.</i>
1.	Kali	22, 32, 41, 50, 53, 54, 55, 56, 60, 62, 64, 69, 78, 82, 83, 96, 98, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104
2.	Radha	4, 6, 19, 23, 24, 27, 30, 31, 33, 34, 43, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 51, 52, 57, 65, 77, 90, 73
3.	Rukmani	40 & 63
4.	Mother	9, 32, 84, 88, 86
5.	Temple	1, 11, 12, 13, 16, 19, 49, 89
6.	Rhythm of Life	70, 71, 72, 79, 80, 81, 85
7.	Trinity	2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 18, 39, 67, 68, 76, 81
8.	Death	87, 91, 92, 99
9.	Nature	7, 20, 21, 28, 35, 88, 66, 97
10.	Work	15, 14, 17, 25, 26, 29, 37, 38, 59, 74, 75, 93, 94, 95
11.	Internet	61
12.	Ecstasy	58 & 59
13.	Bharat Prayer	Last poem



Contents

S. No.	Poem	Page No
1.	Route to Enlightenment	1
2.	Vibration Unlimited	2
3.	Call the Trinity, my Love	3
4.	Rhythm of Your Music	4
5.	Life 'o' my life	5
6.	This Purposeful World of Toil	6
7.	Let It There For Its Life	7
8.	My Heart Pulsates in Silence	8
9.	Dust of the Mother Earth	9
10.	O Dear, O Sharer	10
11.	Where Live the Bravest, Esteemed and Holy	11
12.	See Your God is There Before You	12
13.	Here Art Thy	14
14.	The time has come	15
15.	My Desires are none and My Joy is Full	16
16.	To Sing Thy Song	17
17.	I have purpose in this world	18
18.	Into Her Hands	19
19.	Oh Love, O Thy	20
20.	Message of Silence	21
21.	The Day when The Lotus Bloomed	22
22.	Far Away Whistling	23
23.	The Deep Shadow	24
24.	Stormy Night	25
25.	Bless Me to Work for Dharma	26
26.	Veil of Night	27
27.	Harp in Her Hands	28
28.	Light, Oh Light	29
29.	Strength of Freedom	30
30.	Sight of My True Being	31
31.	My Way to My Tryst	32
32.	My Princess	33
33.	Who Love Me in This World	34
34.	Kali The Killer	35
35.	I Name Thee By All	36
36.	Let's Work To Build Bharat	37



Contents

37.	My Prayer To Thee	38
38.	Voyage	39
39.	Peace and Purpose	40
40.	Goddess of Strength	41
41.	Flood The Earth With Sinner's Blood	42
42.	My Radha	43
43.	Only Radha and I	45
44.	Echoing From Earth to Sky	46
45.	My Delight	47
46.	She Comes, Comes, and Ever Comes	48
47.	Through My Being	49
48.	My Sleep, Precious Sleep	50
49.	Chimes Of Temple	51
50.	Great Vibration Of The World	53
51.	Queen Of All Queens!	54
52.	Thy Messenger	55
53.	Kali With Mighty Sword	56
54.	O Goddess Of Thunder	58
55.	Come with us	59
56.	World Of Loving Solitude	61
57.	Endless Play Of Her Delight	62
58.	Energy, Thy Energy	63
59.	Strains Of Joy	64
60.	O Beloved Daughter	65
61.	Interconnected on Internet	66
62.	The Sleep That Flits On Kali Eyes	68
63.	Play Of Colours On Canvas	69
64.	Who Knew Not	70
65.	Lend Bharat Your Light	71
66.	Overflowing Cup Of My Life	73
67.	In The Core Of My Being	74
68.	Thy Art Thy Science	75
69.	Serenedity	76
70.	Stream Of Life	77
71.	Rhythm And Sequence Of Creation	78
72.	Pass Time	79
73.	The Innermost One	80



Contents

74.	Deliverance	81
75.	Light Is Upon The Earth	82
76.	The River Has Its Purpose	83
77.	Face To Face	84
78.	It know thee	85
79.	Lost Star	86
80.	Thy Sight	87
81.	This is thy wish	88
82.	Power Of Thy Blessing	89
83.	O Allah O Brahm	90
84.	Mother 'O' Mother	91
85.	Pang Of Separation	92
86.	Warriors	93
87.	Death, My Friend	94
88.	Allness Of The Universe	95
89.	Deity Does Not Remain In Ruined Temple	96
90.	Sequence Of Thee	97
91.	The Day When Death Will Knock	98
92.	Oh My Good Friend	99
93.	The Day Will Come	100
94.	My Work My Purpose	101
95.	My Path	102
96.	I Am Aware Of The Moment	103
97.	It Is My World	104
98.	My Life Is Her	105
99.	Nothing Can Stop Us	106
100.	Work Again And Again	107
101.	I Come Out	108
102.	She	109
103.	We Prayed to You, We Work For You	110
104.	Shakti Swarupa	111
105.	Bharat Prayer	112



Route to Enlightenment

1

Go to the temple
to put flowers upon the feet of god,
it will make you decorating
Flowers and fragrance of love at
your own house,

Go to the temple
to light candles before the altar of god,
it will make way to remove
the darkness of sin and ignorance
from your heart and may enlighten you,

Go to the temple
to bow down your head in prayer,
it will make way you learn
to bow in humility before fellowmen,

Go to the temple
to pray on bended knees
it will make you learn to bend,
to lift your own self and other downtrodden

Go to the temple
to ask for forgiveness for your sins,
it will make way from your heart to
forgive those who have sinned against you,

Go to the temple
may be one day you yourself become temple,
where people come and pray.



Vibration Unlimited

2

Trinity* has made us lively
trinity has made us lovely
trinity has made us strong
such is her pleasure,
we empty ourselves again and again,
and trinity fill it with fresh energy.

trinity takes this little life of flesh from places to places
and trinity has played through me music eternally new

At the immortal feet's of trinity
my little heart pulsate
and gives birth to vibration unlimited,
trinity infinite feel come to me
on this very small heart of mine,
ages pass, and trinity pour
and I feel the privilege.

* trinity thy Rukmani, Radha and Kali



 Call the Trinity, my Love

3

When trinity commandest me to rise
I feel the pride,
I look to the trinity
and brightness comes to my eyes,
and all that is noise and pollution in my life,
convert into one sweet harmony –
and its adoration spread wings
like a glad bird on its flight across the globe

I feel trinity take pleasure in my music,
I know that only as a musician
I come before her presence.
I touch the edge of the far spreading wings of her music,
awaken with the joy of music,
I forget the self and call the trinity, my love,

Rhythm of Your Music

4

My teacher!

I feel your choreography,

The rhythm of your music vibrates the world,
the life breadth of your music runs from sky to sky.

The wholly stream of your music breaks all
obstacles and rushes on.

My heart joins in your song,

Without search for a voice,

I speak and my speech breaks into song

Oh my teacher

Your art made my heart overflowing with your music.

 Life 'o' my life

Trinity 'O' trinity
Life 'o' my life,
I shall never try to keep my body attached,
Your living vibration is upon all my veins,
I shall never try to keep even disturbances out from my mind,
your science your truth which has,
kindled the light of all reason is in my mind,
I shall never try to drive even evil or omen away from my heart.

Feeling your love in thorns and flowers,
feeling you have your seat in the shrine of my heart
it is your power that gives me my purpose
and strength to act,
it shall be my endeavour to reveal you in my actions.



This Purposeful World of Toil

6

Whenever I sit, I sit by thy side
During work or away from work
I am at thy side

I feel thy give me power and love,
in this purposeful world of toil
to make my work an effortless effort,

The winter has come at my window,
with its sight and murmur;
and bees, birds ,and butterflies started their mimic
at the court of my flowering garden

Now it is time to stand,
face the world,
and dedicate the live for dharma
in this purposeful world of toil
in this sound full and overbearing world.





Let It There For Its Life

Pluck not the flowers to take,
its color be deep, its smell be bright
its beauty be sweet and its taste be pleasant
Pluck not the flowers to take
It may find a place in thy garland

but will not pluck it
fear not of offering,
honour thy creation
enjoy thy creation
pluck not for offering
let it there for its life.



My Heart Pulsates in Silence

8

My music has put on her adornment,
she is casual in her luxurious dress and decoration,
her ornament brightens our union;
their jingling sweeten her whisper.

My heart pulsates in silence before her sight,
I sit down, on her order,
and make my life as trinity wants,
for trinity to make rhythm,
like nature of nature,



 Dust of the Mother Earth

Child decked with princes robes
and jeweled chains round his neck
also gets pleasure in his play;
child fears not that rob may be frayed,
or strains with dust
child keeps himself to the world,
and is desirous to play more.

Mother,
it is gain,
it is freedom in finery,
allows child for
healthful dust of the mother earth,
mother forwards one
the right of entrance
to the great fair of common human life.

O Dear, O Sharer

10

O dear,
try to carry thy upon your own shoulders
O sharer,
come share at our own world!
Leave all the burdens on her hands
trinity can bear,

Thy desires
put on the light
take the present
in your hands,
thy accept only what is offered by sacred love.

✿ ***Where Live the Bravest, Esteemed and Holy*** 11

Here is the footstool
and there rest thy feet
where live the bravest, esteemed and holy
When I bow to thee,
my obeisance reaches down to the depth
where thy feet rest among the bravest, esteemed and holy

Pride approaches where
Thy walkest in the clothes of the normal
among the bravest, esteemed and holy

My heart confined its way to where
thy keepest company with me
among the bravest, esteemed and holy.



See Your God is There Before You

12

Thy is in Bhakti
Carry on this chanting and singing
and telling of beads,
worship in this crowdy brightly area of a temple,
and close the eyes
and see your god is there before you.

Thy is in karma
thy is there where the tiller is tilling the ground,
thy is there where the miller is milling the machine,
thy is with them in sun and shed,
work in this purposeful world
and see your god is there before you.

Thy is in Jyan
Thy is there where student is studying
Thy is there where guru is giving
Thy is with them in learning and earning
Learn in this ever expanding universe
and see your god is there before you.

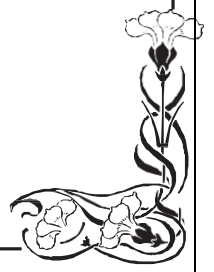




Thy is in meditation
be with flowers and incense,
Thy is there where individual is sitting in isolation,
thy is there where family and friend are sitting in society
Meditate in this meaningful world
and see your god is there before you

Everywhere deliverance can be observed,
my teacher herself has joyfully taken upon her
the base of creation,
thy is the base and thy is the basic

pray her, meet her and stand by her
in Bhakti, in Karma in jyan and in meditation
and see your god is there before you.





Here Art Thy

13

Thy come out on the chariot of the first gleam of light,
and pursue its voyage through the vividness of worlds
moving the track of many a star and planet.

The time that my journey takes is long but the way of it is
sure.

It is the simplest course that comes closest to thy,

The traveler has to be straight and simple to come to thy
door, and one has not to wander through all the outer
worlds to reach the innermost shrine and make the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said
'Here art thy'

The question and the joy oh! Where?

Thy sparkle into rays of thousand streams
and lighten the world with the flood of the assurance
'I am that I am'

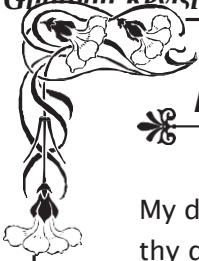


 The time has come

The time has come to sing the song remains unsung to
this day,
It has spent days in stringing and correcting my
instruments
the words have been rightly set, melody has been tuned
my heart is willing, my head is following
The blossom has opened, the wind is sighing by
It has seen her face and has listened to her voice,
it has heard her gentle footsteps
from the divinity before my home.

The livelong days have passed
in spreading her seat on the flowers;
the lamp has been lit
and it can ask her into my home

It lives in the hope of meeting with her;
greeting is started,
meeting is about to happen,
singing is about to begin



❁ ***My Desires are none and My Joy is Full*** 15

My desires are none and my joy is full,
thy did give me subtle acceptance,
and this indication has been wrought
into my life through and through.

Day by day thou science
making me worthy of the simple,
great gift that thy give to me unasked—
this sky and the light,
this body and life
this love and freedom
saving me from perils of desire.

There were times when it languidly linger,
and there are times when it hurried in completion of goal;

Thy present thyself for me
day by day thy science making me
worthy of thy full acceptance,
and saving me from perils of berserk .



 To Sing Thy Song

It is here to sing thy song,
In this hall of thine it has a back seat.
In thy world it has allotted work to do,
my life muse in tunes with a purpose.

When the hour strikes for in silent
for worship at the dark temple of midnight,
commands me, my teacher to stand before you and sing.

When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned,
honour me commanding your presence.

I have purpose in this world

17

I have purpose in this world festival,
and my life has been blessed.
My eyes have seen and my ears have heard,
my nose have smelled and my skin has sensed
that It is my part at this feast to choreograph

I know, that the time has come
when I have to go and see thy face
and offer my full salutation.

 Into Her Hands

It is waiting for love to give
myself into her hands.

People pray to trinity and call trinity straight;
It doubt not they are right in their prayer

The market is opened and work is being done for the needy,
those who came to ask favour
have gone back with thanks,

and I am only waiting for love to give
myself into her hands.

✻ *Oh Love, O Thy*

Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens.
Oh love, O thy,
let me sit inside of my home my temple all along

It is the busy moments of the noontide,
I am with her
and on this dark lovely day
it is only thy presence that I relish

If thy show me not her face,
if she leave me wholly aside,
thy tells how,
I am to pass these long, rainy hours.
It kept gazing on the farthest of the sky
and my heart wanders with the rhythmic wind feeling her



Message of Silence

If thy speak not
my heart fills with the beautiful message of silence,
I become still and enjoy the bright night with star

Then morning will come,
the darkness will vanish,
thy message pours down In golden stream
breaking through the sky,
thy words take wings in songs
from every one of the birds' nests,
and thy melodies break forth
from every flower of thy forest.



The Day when The Lotus Bloomed

21

On the day when the lotus bloomed,
oh, my mind was still,
and I knew,
my basket will be full with the flower.

Now and again a joy fell upon me
and felt a sweet trace of a
strange fragrance in the hilly wind.

That vague sweetness
made my heart
feel the sensation
and it seemed to me
that it is the eager breath of the rain
seeking for its completion.

I knew thy is so near,
and she is mine
and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed
in the depth of my own heart



 Far Away Whistling

I must put on my clothes,
the languid hours pass by on the hill
'oh for me the rain has done its watering and taken leave,
and now with the collected water It linger,

The waves have become chilly upon the hill
in the lowly peaks the green leaves shiver and grow,

What fullness do you gaze upon!
do you feel a thrill passing through the air,
with the notes of the far away whistling
floating from the other hill
and kali is asking me to accompany in war field.

The Deep Shadow

23

In the deep shadow of the coolly Sankranti
with secret steps, silent as night,
thy walkest, eluding all watchers.

Today the morning has closed its eyes,
heedful of the insistent calls of the loud Surfacy wind,
and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever-wakeful blue sky.

The woodlands have hushed their songs,
and doors are all shut at every house.
Thy art the solitary way farer in this deserted street
'oh my best friend, my beloved,
the gates are open in my house—
do pass by like a reality.

 Stormy Night

Art thy abroad on this stormy night
on thy journey of love, my friend
The sky roars in ecstasy,
again and again I opened my door,
and look out on the darkness,
my beloved!
I can feel you before me;
you know where the path lies!

By what lit bank of the crystal clear river,
by what far edge of the beautiful forest,
through what satiating height, thy threading her course,
to come to me, my beloved?

 Bless Me to Work for Dharma

If the day is done, if birds sing no more,
then draw the veil of clouds thick upon me,
even as thy hast wrapped the earth with the
coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed the
petals of drooping lotus at eve

From the traveler, whose sack of provision
is finished before the voyage is ended
whose garment is gone,
whose strength is reduced,
Remove fear and ego,
and renew my life like a flower
under the cover of thy kindly sight
and bless me to work for dharma.

 Veil of Night

In the night of weariness let me give
myself unto sleep
resting myself upon thy lap to receive thy love.

Let me not force myself into a poor
preparation for thy worship.
It is thy who drawest the veil of night
Upon the tired body of the day
to renew my being in a fresher gladness of awakening,
and start the work as thy wants me to do.

Harp in Her Hands

27

She came and sat by my side and it woke,
what a nice sleep it was, oh lucky me!
She came when the night was still;
she had her harp in her hands,
and my waking became resonant with harp melodies
Oh, my nights are all thus gained,
wah! She always remains in my sight whose breath
touches my sleep
and Radha is always respected who woke me with harp.

✿ ***Light, Oh Light***

Light, oh light;
clear the burning fire of desire,

There is the lamp and a flicker of flame
Misery knocks at my door, and message is that thy is wakeful
the sky is overcast with clouds, and the rain is ceaseless,
I know what stirs in me, and she knows what it means.

A moment's flash of lightning brings forth, a deeper bloom on
my sight,
and my heart knows the path, where thy music of the light
calls me.

Light, oh light; clear the burning fire of desire.
clouds thunder and the wind rushes, screaming through the
void.

The night is black as black,
Let the hours pass by in the darkness,
kindle the fire of love in our life,
clear the burning fire of desire,

Strength of Freedom



Strength is the strength,
my heart aches if I try to break the rule
Freedom is all I have
Freedom is I like for others
Freedom is all I work for

It is certain that priceless wealth is in thee,
Her conscience is my best guide,
The shroud that covers me are
shroud of dust and death,
it is sweeping away the dust
that fills my house,
she dithers the death that fills my mind

My debt are small, my experience is nil,
my shame is open, my ability is nil
when one ask for good
I just stand in silence
lest required be granted

 Sight of My True Being

She whom I connect with my name in this world,
she is never busy building any wall around,
there is no wall between us sky becomes clearer day by day,
I gain sight of my true beings in her dark shadow.

We take pride in our openness,
and remove decoration for our name;
for all the care I take,
I gain sight of my true being



My Way to My Tryst

31

I came out alien on my way to my tryst,
but who is this that follows me in the silent dark?
I move aside to avoid her presence but I escape her not.

She makes the dust rise from the earth with her hands,
She adds her sweet voice to every word that I utter.
She is my own self, my god,
she knows no shame ;
but I hesitate to come
to open the door in her company,
She opens the door for world to see us
and for us to work in this world.



✿ *My Princess*

Princess, tell me, who was it that made you?
It was your teacher; said the Princess,

I thought I could be free in the world of water and sky,
to spend my treasure- house
but the money belongs to my beloved and princess.

When sleeps overcame me,
I lay upon the ground on my mother's lap,
and on waking up it found
Princess of freedom is in my treasure house.

Princess, tell me, who was it that brought us this large country?
'who was it that made this country so great?
"It was our elders, said the Princess

I thought my evincible desire would free the world
leaving me in ashram undisturbed.
Thus night and day I worked
in the country of huge canvas with careful strokes.

When at last my work is done
and the Bharat has become Bharat
I found that we free us from its grip.



Who Love Me in This World

33



By all means thy support me
who love me in this world.
I am with my love
who keeps me busy.

I remember thy never venture to leave me alone
I remember, I am never alone in my ventures,

Day passes by after day
and we are more closer,
if she calls not in her venture,
if she keeps not me in her company,
my love for her still work.



 Kali The Killer

When it was day she came into my house
and said we shall keep open space here,
She said, we shall help us in the worship of our god
She said we shall submit our share in gratitude;

she took her seat in the middle
and she sat quite

In the darkest of night I find
she break into my sacred shrine, strong and solid,
and gave me my kali the killer.

I Name Thee By All



I name thee by all.
I feel thee on every side,
I feel thee in everything,
I offer to thee my love every moment.

I never hide thee.
I am bound with thy will,
thy purpose is carried out in my life—
and that's the fetter of thy love

 Let's Work To Build Bharat

Where the faith is without fear
and the Dharma is held high,
where head follows the heart
and the body is held straight,
where wisdom is respected
and weak is protected,
Where the world has not been broken up into
narrow state boundaries,
and words come out from the depth of truth
where tireless striving stretches wings towards perfection,
and the clear stream of logic has not lost
its way into the dreary sand of dead rituals,
Where the heart is led forward by thee
into ever-widening thought and action
where there exists the rule of Dharma,
and adharmic is killed by Kali the killer
Where living is like in paradise
and country is boundaries less
O dear let's work to build Bharat.



My Prayer To Thee

37

This is my prayer to thee, my goddess– strike,
strike at the root of penury in our country

Give me the strength to
bear our sorrow and joys,
Give us the courage to
bear our hate and love.

Give us the strength never to disown the weak
Give us the strength to stand before insolent might.

Give us the strength to work with hand above daily trifles and,
Give us the strength to submit my strength to thy will with joy.



 Voyage

I thought that our voyage has started at the
last limit of my power, –
but I find that thy will knows no end in me,

when old words vanish out on the tongue,
new melodies break forth from the heart,
when the old path ends out
that the new path appears before us,
when provision in the stock finishes out
that the new provisions start pouring

The time is coming to foray
to reestablish the Dharma

Peace and Purpose



That it wants trinity,
my heart repeats without end.
All wishes that distract me, day and night,
are gone and over to the core

As the day keeps hidden in its doom
the description for night,
even in the depth of my being rings the cry-
that I want trinity,

storm seeks its end in peace, peace seeks its end in purpose
Action seeks its end in killing
Killing seeks its end in Dharma, in the trinity.

 Goddess of Strength

When the heart is soft and supple,
come upon me with a shower of shakti
When grace is gained in life,
come upon me with a burst of gratitude,

When tumultuous work raises its din on all side
shutting me out from beyond,
Come upon me my goddess of strength, with your love
and care

When my kingly heart sits crowned
open up in a centre,
break open the barrier,
and come upon me with the ceremony my queen,

When freedom blinds the action
With indifference and dust,
o thy holy o thy wakeful,
come with me with your fire and rage.



Flood The Earth With Sinner's Blood

41

The rain has held back for days and days
my goddess, in our arid field,

The horizon is crystal clear—
not the thinnest cover of soft cloud,
not the vaguest hint of a distant cool shower

O my goddess
send the cloud;
send the storm,
with lashes of lightening
startle the sky from end to end
call back, my goddess, call back this
pervading dry cold, still keen and cruel.

Burning the heart with dire despair
let the cloud of power bend bow from
above like the angry look of the kali
On the day of her wrath
Let the killing arrow leave from your bow,
and flood the earth with sinner's blood



✿ *My Radha*

Where do you stand, covering you all, my Radha?
 Hiding you in the sky?
 people request you and stop you on the
 decorated stage, taking you for prayer,
 I wait here weary hours spreading my
 offering for you, while bystanders
 come by and take permission one by one,
 and offer their prayer
 The noon time is over, and the evening is past,
 in the shade of night my eyes are drowsy with sleep
 people glance at me,
 their smile fill me with thanks.
 I sit like a king, drawing my scarf near my face,
 and when they leave me,
 I ask, what it is that they want?
 I close my eyes and answer not.
 Oh how, indeed could I tell them that for Radha I wait,
 and that she has promised to come,
 how could I utter for shame,
 that I keep for my Radha this heart,
 Oh I hug this pride in the secret of my heart,
 I sit on the floor and see upon the sky,
 and thought of sudden splendor of thy coming,
 all the light ablaze, golden pennons flying over thy chariot,
 thy come down from her seat
 and sit at my side,
 This normal man feels the pleasure and pride,



time glides on and on, still no sound of
the wheels of thy chariot,
many a program passes by
many a music has ended in praise of your glory.
I who wait and watch
finishing out dirt from my heart in real longing, feeling
It is she who wouldst stand in the shadow silent
behind the sky.



✿ ***Only Radha and I***

Early in the evening it was whispered that
we should sail in a boat ,only Radha and I,
and never a soul in the world would know of this
our pilgrimage to no boundary and to no end.

In that ripple free river, at thy silently listening,
smile my songs would swell in melodies, free as air,
free from all bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet? Are there jobs still to do?
Lo, the dawn has come down upon the bank,
and in the fading moonlight the birds come
flying from their nests.
She knows when the solitude will be off,
and the boat, like the last glimmer of moonset,
visible into the day.



Echoing From Earth to Sky

44

The day was when I did not keep myself
in readiness for she; and entering my office unbidden,
as one of the common employee, unknown, my Radha,
thy didn't press the phone of eternity upon many a fleeting
moment of my life.

And today when by chance I stop at road and see thy
message,

I find they have stored lined up in the phone,
with the memory of joys and longings of my trivial days
forgotten.

she didn't not turn in contempt from my
childish play,

and the steps that I heard in my prayer room are the same
that are echoing from earth to sky.



 My Delight

This is my delight, thus to wait and talk
at the roadside where shadow chases light and
summer comes in the wake of cold.

Messenger, with tiding from unknown skies,
greet me and speed up along the track,
my being is glad within,
the breath of the passing breeze is fragrant,
from evening till dawn I sit here in
my room, and I know that of a sudden
the happy moment will arrive when I shall see.
In the meanwhile I smile and I pray ,
Feeling the air is filling of air with the scent of she.

 She Comes, Comes, and Ever Comes

46

I have heard her silent steps,
she comes, comes, and ever comes,
every moment and every age,
every day and every night
she comes, comes and ever comes.

Many a story have I said in many a mood of mind,
and all their notes have always proclaimed,
'she comes, comes and ever comes'

In the fragrant days of coolly November,
through the mountain path
she comes, comes ever comes,
In the hot summer of June night,
on the clear sky
she comes , comes and ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow, it is her steps
that press upon my heart,
and it is the feather touch of her feet
that makes my joy to fly.

 Through My Being

I know not from what distance time she is coming nearer to
meet me,
sun and stars can never keep her hidden from me for age.

In many a morning and in many a eve, her footsteps have
been heard,
her messenger has come within my heart, and called me in
secret.

I know not why my life is all astir,
I know not why a feeling of tremendous joy is passing
through my being.

It is as if time has come to wind up my work, as the air is
filled with a clear smell of her sweet presence



My Sleep, Precious Sleep

48

The night is nearly spent waiting for her in vain,
I wish in the morning she suddenly comes to my room

When I have fallen asleep wearied out,
oh friends , leave the way open to her, forbid her not,
If the sounds of her steps do not wake me,
do not try to rouse me,
I pray I wish not to be called from my sleep
by the clamours choir of winds,

By the riot of wind at the festival of morning light,
Let me sleep undisturbed even if
my Radha comes of a sudden to my door.
Ah, my sleep, precious sleep, which only
waits for her touch to vanish.
Ah my closed eyes that would open their lids only
to the light of her smile when she stands before me
like a dream emerging from darkness of sleep
Let her appear before my sight
as the first of all lights and all forms,
the first thrill of joy to my awoken soul,
let it come from her glance,
and let my return to myself be return to her.

✿ *Chimes Of Temple*

The morning sky of silence
 broke into chimes of temple songs
 and the flowers were all merry by the roadside,
 the wealth of ruby is scattered
 through the rift of the clouds,
 The scent of freshness is filled
 through the whistling air
 We busily went on our chores
 and paid no heed
 we sang no prayer songs nor prayed
 we went not to the office for barter
 we spoke not a word nor smiled;
 we lingered not on the way;
 we quickened our journey
 faster and faster as the time sped by.

The sun rose to the mid sky and
 doves cooed in the shade,
 withered leaves danced
 and whirled in the pleasant air of noon.

The delivery boy drowsed
 and dreamed in the shadow of the cement tree,
 I laid myself down by the fan
 and stretched my tired limbs on the berth,

My companions laughed at me in scorn;
 they held their heads high and hurried on;
 they never looked back nor rested;



they crossed many companies and institutions
and passed through strange, far away countries
they vanished in the distant brown haze

All credit to you,
creditable host of the interminable path!
mockery and reproach picked me to rise,
and found full response in me.
I gave myself up for her
in the depth of being with gladness—
in the clarity of high delight.

The repose of the sun -embroidered
gold-bloom slowly spread over my being,
It remember for what I travelled,
and I surrender myself
in the lap of thy mother.

At last, when I woke from my slumber
and opened my eyes;
I saw Radha standing by me,
flooding my silence with her smile.
How I had feared that the path was tricky and wearisome;
and the struggle to reach her was hard!



 Great Vibration Of The World

You came down from your throne
and stood at my door.

I was feeling all alone in a corner,
and the feel caught you dear,
you come down from your throne
and stood at my door,

Members are many in your hall and
songs are sung there at all hours,
but the simple feeling
of this novice struck at your love,
One plaintive little strain mingled
with the great vibration of the world;
and with a chocolate for a prize
you come down from your throne
and stop at my door.

Queen Of All Queens!

51



I had gone from liking
from girl to girl,
thy golden chariot appeared in the distance
like a beautiful dream
I know who was this queen of all queens!

My hopes rose high and me felt my lonely days were at an end,
I stood waiting for smile to be given
For the love scattered on all sides on her face.

The chariot stopped where I stood.
thy glance fell on me
and she came down with a smile,
It felt that the love of my life
has come at last.

Then of a sudden thy didst hold out her right hand
and says what will you give to me?
What a queenly jest was it to open thy palm to a lover to ask!
I was confused and stood as it is,
and then from my heart I slowly took out
the least little smile of love and gavest to she



But how great my surprise when at the day's
end I open myself in the room to find
a least little blush of red among the pale face,
I felt that it
had to give her heart my all.

Thy Messenger

The night darkened,
We thought all guest had arrived
the door in the house were all shut,
one said the queen was to come,
few laughed and said 'no, it cannot be!
It seemed there were knocks at the door
few said it was nothing but the cat,
they put out the lamps and lay down to sleep,
one said, 'it is thy messenger!
they laughed and say 'no it must be the cat'!

There came a sound in the middle of night,
they sleepily thought it was the distant thunder.
the earth shook, the wall rocked,
one said it was the sound of wheels,
they said in a drowsy murmur,
no it must be the rambling of clouds!
The queen has come but where are the lights,
where are wreaths?
where is the throne to seat her?
Oh! Shame ! oh utter shame!
Where is the hall, the decoration?

She said, what for this cry!
greet me with open arms,
lead me with open heart

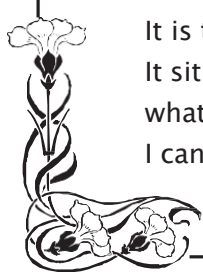
Open the doors let the chimes be sounded!
In the depth of the night has come the queen
in our empty -dreamy house.

Kali With Mighty Sword

I thought I should ask of her
but I dared not
Rose wreath thy hadst on her neck.
thus I waited for the morning,
when thy didst depart,
to find a few fragrance in the room
and like a lover I searched in the dawn
only for a stray petal or two.

Oh me, what is it I find?
What token lift of thy love?
It is no flower, no spices,
no vase of perfumed water.
It is Kali with mighty sword,
flashing as a flame,
heavy as bolt of thunder.

The young light of morning
comes through the window
and spreads itself upon the room.
The morning bird twitter
and asks, 'men what hast thy got'?
No, it is no flower, nor spices,
nor vase of perfumed water.
It is the kali dreadful deity.
It sits and muses in thanks and wonder,
what gift is this of Radha,
I can find no place to hide it.





I am happy to wear it,
 and powerful I feel,
 It pulsate me when I press it to my hand
 shall I not bear in my heart this honour of the killer of
 sinner,
 this gift of Radha.
 From now there shall be no worries left for me in this
 world,
 and we shall be victorious in all our strife.
 Radha has left kali for my companion
 and I shall crown her with my life,
 Kali in sword is with me to cut asunder my worries,
 and there shall be no worries left for me in this world.
 From now I leave off all petty decorations,
 lover of my heart ,
 no more shall there be for me waiting and worrying in
 corners,
 no more coyness and sweetness of demeanor,

 Radha hast given me kali in sword for companion.
 no mere girls coziness for me!





O Goddess Of Thunder



54

Beautiful is her wristlet,
decked with diamond
cunningly wrought in myriad coloured jewels,
more beautiful her sword,
with its curve of lightening
like out spread wings of the Garun,
perfectly poised in the fiery red light of the sunrise,
it quivers like the one last response of life in
ecstasy of pain at final stroke of death;
It shines like the pure flame of burning up
earthly sense with one fierce flash.
Beautiful is her wristlet,
decked with dazzling diamonds;
her sword, O Goddess of thunder,
is wrought with uttermost beauty,
terrible to evils to think of.



❁ ***Come with us***

I asked everything from her;
I uttered not my name to her ear,
when she tookst her leave I stood silent .

I was alone by the park
where the shadow of the tree fell aslant,
and the men had gone home
with their evening walk full to the top,
they called me and shouted , ' come with us,
the evening is wearing on to night,
but I languidly lingered a while
lost in the midst of vague musings.

I heard not her steps as she comest,
her eyes were joyous when they fell on me,
her voice was husky as she spokest low,
Oh I am a lonely traveler,
"I started up for my car
and took her hands in my hands,
to shake it and kiss it .
The horns rustled overhead;
the music sang from the unseen corner,
and perfume of Charlie scent came
from the bend of the road.

We stood speechless with silence
we uttered not, we asked not,
Indeed what had we done for us



to keep us in remembrance
the memory that I could shake hand,
kiss her hands cling to my heart
with all its sweetness.

The night hour is late
the singer sings in weary notes,
music rustle all around
and I sit and watch and watch.





World Of Loving Solitude

Languor is upon our heart
and the slumber is still on our eyes,
Has not the word come to us?
that the flower is reigning in splendor among thorns?
Work, oh awaken! Let not the time pass in vain!

At the end of the stony path,
in the world of loving solitude,
my kali is sitting all alone,
deceive her not,
work oh awaken!
What if the sky parts and trembles
with the heat of the midday sun—
what if the burning sand spreads its mantle of thirst,
Is there no joy in the deep of your heart?
At every game of yours,
will not the harp of the road breakout in sweet music of pain?

 Endless Play Of Her Delight

57



Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full,
Thus it is that Radha hast come down to me
O thy queen of all queens,
where would be her love if I were not?
She has taken me as her partner of all her wealth,
in my heart is the endless play of her delight.
In my life her will is ever taking shape.

And for this, she who's art the queen of queens
hast decided herself in beauty to captivate my heart.
And for this her love loses itself in the love of her lover,
and thy art we seen in the perfect union of two.



Energy, Thy Energy

Energy, thy energy,
the world -filling energy,
the eye kissing energy,
heart -sweetening light!
Oh, the energy dances, my darling,
at the centre of my life
the energy strikes, my darling

The chords of thy love;
the sky opens,
the wind runs wild
laughter passes over the earth.
the butterflies spread their sails on the river,
Champa and Chameli surge up
on the crest of the waves of energy.

The energy is shattered into light on every cloud,
it scatters gems in profusion.
mirth spreads from grass to grass,
the Sone river has drowned its banks
the flood of joy is tremendous
and happiness enhances without measure,

Strains Of Joy

59

Let all the strains of joy mingles in our songs,
The joy that sweeps in with the tempest,
shaking and waking all life with laughter,
The joy that sits still on the red lotus,
and the joy that throws everything
it has upon the earth ,
and knows not a word.

O Beloved Daughter



Yes I know this is nothing but kali love,
O beloved daughter
oh my heart
This dancing light
and this cooling breeze
upon my forehead is nothing
but the love of kali
The light has flooded my heart
this is her message
Her face is bent upon from above
her eyes look down on my eyes ,
and my hand has touched her feet.



Interconnected on Internet

61

On the internet
of endless world youngs meet.
The infinite sky is motion less overhead
and the restless earth is revolving under feet.

On the internet
of endless world the young meet
with chats and messages.
they build their dream with words
and they chat with meaningless messages,
With broken words they weave their plan
and smilingly float them on the vast open.....

Young have their play on the internet of worlds,
They know not how to type,
they know not how to write,
Knowledge seekers enter for knowledge,
Messengers mail in their sites,
while novice gather quotation,
and send them again,
they seek not for hidden treasures,
they know not how to write notes
The net surges up with writes up
and pale gleams the smile of the net girls,
shocks-dealing leaks sing meaningless ballads to the
novice,



even teachers like monitor while training their group.
The net plays with novice
and pale gleams the smile of the net girl.
On the internet of endless world young meet
virus roams in the pathless net,
computer gets wrecked in the trackless signals,
crashes is abroad and young play,
On the internet of endless worlds is the great meeting of
young





The Sleep That Flits On Kali Eyes

62

The sleep that flits on kali eyes–
Does anybody know from where it comes?
The smile that flickers on baby's lip when she sleeps
does anybody know where it was born?
The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs–
does anybody know where it was hidden so long
The power that lay's on head – heart
Does anybody know from where it is heading?
Shakti
it reflects in all its variation
the sleep, the smile the sweet soft freshness
and the power from where Kali is heading,



Play Of Colours On Canvas



When I bring to you coloured cloth, my daughter,
I understand why there is such a play of colours on canvas,

When I speak to make you laugh,
I truly know why there are wonders in rhythms,
and why breezes send their sensation
to the heart of the listening Radha

When I speak to make you laugh
when I bring chocolate to your accepting hands
I know why there is sweetness in the honey
and why sugarcane are secretly filled with sweet juice,
when I bring chocolate to your accepting hands.

When I kiss your hands
to make you smile my daughter,
I surely understand what pleasure streams from the
mother's hands
and what delight that is
which Rukmani brings to my being—
when I kiss you to make you assured
my daughter.



Who Knew Not

It is known to friends who knew not,
It has its seat in homes who knew not,
It has brought the distant near
and made stranger a sister.

They are uneasy at heart
when they have to leave their accustomed shelter,
they forget that there abides the old and the new,
and that there abidest the kali,

Through life's, in this world and in others ,
wherever it leads,
the same companion who linkest it heart
brings joys to the others,
When one knows it,
then everything is known
such is prayer that thy grants to few
that they never lose the bliss and remain in bliss.

 Lend Bharat Your Light

On the bank of the Ganga river among tall bridges
I asked her, Radha,
where do you go shading your lamp with your mantle?
my country is all dark and confused –
lend Bharat – your light!
she raised her dark eyes for a moment
and looked at me through the sides,
'I have come to the Ganga' she said,
to light my lamp on the stream,
when the stars appear in the sky,
'I stood alone among tall bridges
and watched the timid flame of her lamp
making one star on the Ganga.

In the silence of gathering night
I asked Radha, my 'teacher'
you are all lit – then where do you go with your lamp?
My country is all dark and confused –
lend Bharat your light,'
she raised her dark eyes for a moment and thoughtful.
I have come she said to me, to dedicate my lamp to the
watchful.
I stood and watched her light making sense in the
confusion.



In the moonless gloom of midnight I ask Radha,
what is your quest holding the lamp near your heart?
My country is all dark and confused—
lend Bharat your light,
she stopped for a moment
and laughed and gazed at my face in the dark,
'I have brought my light,' she said,
to guide you in the dark,
I stood and watched her feet thankfully to pay respect.





Overflowing Cup Of My Life

What divine drink wouldst she have my goddess,
from the overflowing cup of my life?
My writer, is it her delight to see her creation through
my eyes
and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen
her own perennial rhythm?

Her world is weaving words in my hand
and her joy is adding meaning to them,
she givest herself to me
to sweeten her own creation.



In The Core Of My Being

67

She who ever had remained in the core of my being,
in the dark and the day;
she who never opened herself in the public,
is my strength and teacher,
is my goddess folded in my work.

Words have wooed yet failed to win her;
Persuasion has stretched to her its eager arms in vain.

It's her own wish she comes to me,
it's her wisdom she treats me her disciple, friend and lover

I have roamed from place to place,
keeping Rukmani in the core of my being,
and around her have risen and fallen
the growth and decay of my life.

Over my thought and action,
my slumbers and vision,
she reigned and ruled,

Many a women knocked at me
and asked the place of her
and turned away in despair
There is kali in the world who ever saw us
and remained in us
and killing for us.



 Thy Art Thy Science

Its art the sky and its science the nest as well,
O' beautiful,
There in the nest her love encloses the soul with light
and sound
There in the nest comes the birth with the beautiful life
in her lap
bearing the lovely beautiful life
smiling to crown the kingdom,

there comes the youngness
deserted by play through countless path,

But there where spreads the infinite sky
where there is no day nor night nor form nor colour,
strength for justice and leadership is Kali art
and powerful hand to hold is Radha science

Serenedity



Thy energy comes upon this being of mine
to carryout thy jobs
to carry back to her feet
With compassion thy wrappesst about the tiny problem
turning into numberless experiences
and colours with hue ever-changing.
Thy energy is so light and so fleeting,
tender and supple,
O thy spotless and serene,
O thy energy
comes upon me
to carryout thy job
to walk with killer Kali

 Stream Of Life

The same stream of life that
runs through my being day and night
runs through the world and make people dance
It is the same life that brings life in grass and greenery,
Aqua and birds,
It is the same life that is rocked in sea, float on earth and
walk on air,

It feels our being is made glorious
by the touch of this world of life,
and our pride is made prestigious
by the trinity dancing in blood and marrow.



Rhythm And Sequence Of Creation

71

Thy is glad with the gladness of this rhythm,
thy is glad with chaos and of upcoming creation.

All things are sequential,
they rush not, they stop not,
all things are sequential.
Things are not incidental
Things are not coincidental
things are not accidental
things are not sentimental
things are sequential
thy is glad with the gladness of this sequence
thy is glad with the gladness of rhythm .



✻ *Pass Time*

All things are pass time.
pass time is rhythmic
seasons come and go,
reasons come and go,
life comes and go
thy game goes on and on
such is her Maya.

Drop-drops in ocean and become ocean,
drop drops and remains ocean severed self in myriad note.
This, thy self-separation has taken body in us.

The poignant song is echoed
Through all the sky in many tones,
tunes and frequency;
connecting with all barren lives of straightness,
the great pageant of Radha and Kali overspread the sky,
with their collective tune all the air is vibrant,
and ages passes with the blessing of Radha and Kali.



The Innermost One



She, it is the innermost one, who awakens
my being with her deep hidden touches
She, it is who puts her enchantment upon,
these eyes and joyfully plays on the chords of
my heart in varied measures of bliss.

She, it is who weaves the web of this Maya
in evanescent hues of
pink and purple,
gold and diamond,
She, it is who the mesmerizing at whose touch I forget myself.
days come and age passes
ages come and yug passes , and it is ever she
who moves my heart
in many a name in many a guise,
in many colour of bliss

✿ ***Deliverance***

Deliverance is neither in renunciation
nor in the feeling of freedom in a thousand bonds of
delight.

Thy ever pourest for me the fresh draught
of her wine of various taste colour and fragrance,
filling me to the brim

light thousands of lamps with
flame and place them at temples.
the delight of thy sight
the delight of thy words and touch
my illusion burnt into illumination,
my desire ripen into bliss.

Light Is Upon The Earth

75

The night is no more;
light is upon the earth,
it is time that I go to the office to finish my job.
The morning breeze is eager
with soft sound of birds,
it calls me out,
I know I shall come back,
I know whom I shall chance to meet,
there at the shop floor
in the little work, known man
plays upon the lathe
and prays upon for safety.

 The River Has Its Purpose

Thy gifts to us fulfill all our needs
and yet thy container remains full.
The river has its purpose
to quench the thirst to wash the sin
and yet its incessant stream winds
towards meeting its master.
The flower has its purpose
to sweeten the air to decorate the hairs
yet its inner desire is to offer itself to Radha.

Simply worship does not impoverish the world.
from its words people draw what meaning they can;
Yet its last meaning points to Rukmani, Radha and kali,
Yes its last meaning points to trinity.

 Face To Face

77

Day after day, O Radha of my life,
I stand before you face to face,
with hand in hand,
O Radha of my life,
I stand before you face to face,
under the roof in solitude and silence,
with humble heart I stand before you face to face
In this joyous world full with necessities and luxuries,
In silence we stand face to face
and when our work shall be done in this world ,
O queen of queens, alone and joyous we stand face to face.

 It know thee

It know thee as our god and stand still,
it know thee as its own and come closer,
it know thee as my teacher and bow before her feet—
It grasp her hands as my friend,
It knows thee as my love and forgets myself,
it know thee as thee.
It stands where thee wants me to stand
and take thee as my comrade.

Thy art my kali and I heed her,
we share our earning and combine our purpose.
In pleasure and in pain
I stand alone and thus stand by thee.

 Lost Star

When the pass time begins,
When the creation was new
all stars shone in their first splendor,
Thy held their assembly in the sky
and among them initiated the game of hide and seek,
get and pass, work and worship,
Game begins and one cried—
it seems that somewhere there is break in the chain of us,
one of us has been lost.
Song braked, search begins
and they cried in dismay—
lost star was the best, yes star was the best
from that day the search is unceasing for her,
and cry goes on from one to other that
in star the world has lost its main joy.

In the deepest silence stars smile
and whisper among themselves—
vain is this seeking, let play the game.

✻ **Thy Sight**

It meets thee in this life and all other life,
and never feel that I have missed thy sight,
it never forget for a moment,
let me carry the pleasure of thy
in my sleep in my dream
and in my wakeful hours.
Even my days pass in the crowded office of this world
and my hands grow full with the daily works,
it ever feel that I have gained everything,
let me remember for every moment –
let me carry the pleasure of thy
in my sleep in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

When I sit by the bed side,
tired and writing,
when I spread my body low on the floor,
It ever feels that in this long journey
It is never forgotten for a moment
and ever carry the pleasure of thy
in my sleep in my dream and in my wakeful hours.

When my rooms have been decked out
and music and the laughter, there is loud,
it ever feel that it is her home
it never forget for a moment ,
let me carry the pleasure of thy
in my sleep in my dream and in my wakeful hours.



This is thy wish

I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn,
purposefully roaming in the sky.

O my air ever flowing!
thy touch has not moisten my vapour
providing solace to our summer suffering people
thus I wait for the time to come.

This is thy wish and this is thy play.
this is thy wish to create fleeting emptiness and
this is thy wish to fill it with purpose and program,
this is thy wish to provide strength
and this thy wish to direct it for purpose
wonders! When thy wishes to end the play,
thy provide solace by cool shower
and smile in the starry night
in a coolness of purity transparent.



Power Of Thy Blessing

On many an idle day
I slept over to lose time,
but it is never lost, my Kali,
thy hast taken every moment
of my life in thine own hands.

Hidden in the heart of things
thy art nourishing seeds into sprout,
buds into blossoms
ripening flowers into fruitfulness.
It was tired and resting on my bed
and imagined all work had completed,
in the morning I woke up
and found piled up jobs
and power of thy blessing.

 O Allah O Brahm

Time begins
and ends at thy heart
time is beginningless
and time is endless
O Allah O Brahm.
Oh where to count her minutes

Days pass, night pass
ages pass, yug passes,
thy knows how to carry thy,
time follows each other
perfecting a small sequential dance.

We have time to lose and time to gain,
having time we scramble for a sequence,
thy is rich thy can afford to be late,

And thus it is that time
I give to Kali who claims it,
thine altar gets decorated
at the end of the work
I hasten not I fear not
I know thy has time

 Mother 'O' Mother

Mother,
I will weave a chain of task,
for mother has given me to complete with.

The stars have wrought their blessings of power to
fulfill the task
and mine is just the media
wealth and fame come from Radha
and it is for her to give me at right time at right place,
this is thy pleasure is thy own.
When I bring it to thee as my offerings,
thy gracefully put her hand on my head.

Mother 'O' mother
in finishing the task I couldn't look back at mother
It didn't know at the beginning,
thy made me know,
you follow mother order,
thy will take care of mother,
such is she, acts as mother of all mothers

Pang Of Separation



It is the pang of separation
and joy of meeting that
spreads throughout the world
and gives birth to form innumerable in the infinite sky.

It is this meeting and separation that gazes in joy
In silence of night it becomes cozy with whistling air of chilly
Christmas.

It is thy overspreading love
that reduces pain and suffering in humans
it is thy energy that flows un-interrupting
through songs and sentences.



Warriors

Warriors sent out first from trinity's hall,
without any power, without any arms and armour.

Warrior sent out first, arrows were showered upon them
on the day they came out from mother lap,
when they return back to mother lap,
nature takes back their arrow and their power,

on the day they say goodbye
warriors drops the sword, warriors drop the arms
Victory is on their forehead, they leave their life behind,
and returned to trinity's hall.

They come they conquered
they go they revered,
such are thy warriors

Death, My Friend



Death, my friend,
is at my door.
He has come to meet me.
day is bright and my heart is joyous,
I opened my arms and welcomed my friend,
my friend stands at my door.

I welcome him by cleaning his feet
by the treasure of my heart,
I am pleased he wants me to accompany him,
leaving none of me in the noon
jokingly I asked him where is my Trinity.

✻ ***Allness Of The Universe***

In desperate hoping I find her not,
 in unnecessary clinging I find her not.
 My conscious search is small
 what is once gone from,
 regained only after full cycle.
 Infinite is my unconscious,
 'O Ma'
 seeking her I have come to her door.
 I stand there under the concrete roof
 and lift my eyes to her face.
 I have come to eternity
 from which she cannot vanish
 neither can vanish our vision
 Oh, I dip my purposeful life into that ocean,
 plunge it into the deepest love.
 For once and all it felt thy blessing in her sweet touch
 covering allness of the universe.



Deity Does Not Remain In Ruined Temple 89

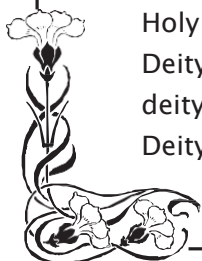
Deity does not remain in ruined temple,
broken string of Vina does not sing song of praise,
evening bells does not specify time of worship,
air of broken temple remains silent about deity,

deity does not remain in ruined temple,
deity doesn't remain amongst undutiful,
Where deity is ditched there commoner is kicked,
When deity is ditched then country is slaved.

in your desolate dwelling comes the vagrant cold breeze.
It brings the tiding of flowers—the flowers that for your
worship are required no more,
Festival day comes to ruined in silence
and night of worship goes away with lamp unlit.
your old worshipper still wonders in longing for favours,
and priest comes back to the ruined temple with hunger in
his heart and stomach.
Many a new images and many a new master of cunning art
are taking shelter, feeling their time has come,

Deity does not remain in ruined temple
ruined temple has to be grounded,

Holy temple has to be built, duty has to be performed,
Deity can come in decorated temple
deity creates life.
Deity's create dharma.



 Sequence Of Thee

Straight and clear words from me
such is my teacher's will,
obeying her, speech of my heart will be carried on
in rhythm of a song.

People hasten to the kitchen market,
all the buyers and sellers are there,
Flowers come out in my garden as it is their time
bees strike up their crazy hum,

Full many an hour I have spent with the Satan and Saints,
finishing my work in the middle of the day, in the thick
of night.
now it is the pleasure of my playmate of the day
and partner of night to draw my heart on to them
I know why is this sudden call
to what perfect sequence of thee.



The Day When Death Will Knock

91

On the day when death will knock at my door
what will I offer to him?
Oh, death is my friend
All things are available at his asking,
all the deeds all the karma of my days and nights
will I place before him at the call
when my friend death will knock at my door.





Oh My Good Friend

Oh my good friend,
death o death
lets meet whenever I feel like.

Day after day I have kept watch for she,
for she have I borne the joys of life

All that I am,
that I have ,
and all my love
have ever flowed toward she in depth of secrecy ,
my love will ever flow towards her, that I am her own.

The work have been done,
the flowers have been picked
and is ready for thy.
After the work I leave our house
and meet my friend
in the quietude of day



The Day Will Come



We know that the day will come
when our site of these works shall be over,
and we will be together
living in silence in each other's company,
stars will watch us at night,
and morning rise as usual,
hours pass like minutes
casting up pleasure and bliss.

When I see of these moments,
the barrier of the moments breaks,
light emanating from thy world
illuminating us,
rare is this light
rare is this delight

things that I didn't got
and things that I got
I thank thee for both;
I truly possess nothing
and feel that everything is mine



My Work My Purpose

I have got my work,
bid me well wishes
my brothers my sisters!
Bid me blessings
My elders my teacher
to start and perform my work with pleasure.

I got back the key of my treasure—
I take up all responsibility of my work,
I received call from field,
now the night has done
though the lamp are lit but the swords are out,
thy order has come
I only ask for last kind word of Radha to start.

My Path



At this time of my starting,
wish me good luck my friends!
The sky is flushed with the dawn
and my path lies clear.
Ask not what I will take there,
I start on my journey with all the blessings
and well wishes and order of sages.
I put on my war clothes,
though there are dangers on the way
I have no fear in mind.
The morning star will come when my rehearsal is done
and the notes from folks struck up from the front



 I Am Aware Of The Moment

I am aware of the moment
when I crossed the threshold of my sleep.
that was the power that made me open out
into this vast world like a air in the jungle fire.

When in the morning I looked upon the light
I saw everything in this world
is waiting for me and kali
and without knowing
our name and form
started taking us as their own.
Even so in war the same known will appear as unknown
I love dharma, I do not hate the war as well.

The person cries out
when from the left hand it takes it away,
the person applauds out
in the very next moment
to find in the right one its consolation.

 It Is My World

When I go there
let this be my beginning words,
that what I have said,
Is what is required?
I have tested and I have tasted
the honey of this flower
that expands on the ocean of light,
I have tasted the honey of that flower
that expands on the coolness of moon light ,

Let this be my word,
And let this be my world .
In this world of infinite form
I have my purpose
I have my play,

My whole body
my being have thrilled
with her touch
who is beyond the reach
that touch is constant
and it is my world





My Life Is Her

My play is with her,
I never question how she plays,
I knew her shyness
and her boldness
my life is her

In the midnight
kali called me from my sleep,
Like my own comrade
and asked me to lead from place to place .
On those days neither I cared,
nor I knew the meaning of words life sangest to me,
Only my mind took up images
and my heart danced in their music.
Now, when the play is about to start
this sudden sight of Kali
this sudden appearance of us,
the world with eyes bent upon us
in awe with all its silence.

Nothing Can Stop Us



I will deck thee with trophies,
garlands of my victory.
it is always in my power
to remain unconquered.

I surely know thy pride,
and I surely know thy bonds,
I know the music of heart
and I knows the melting of stone.
I know the thousand petals of lotus
and I know the taste of its nectar.

From the blue sky
eyes gaze upon me
and ask me for job,
nothing can stop us,
whatever
utter death they shall receive at Kali's hands.





Work Again And Again

When I take up the helm
I know that the time has come for kali to take on,
What is there to do,
will be instantly done
small is their struggle.
take on your hands
and proudly put on with your victory,
My kali
It is pleasure to kill
perfectly from where you are placed,
these my lamps are brighten up
at every little blow of wind,
trying to maintain light
I work again and again,
and watch in the field,
spreading my wings on the field,
whatever it is Kali's pleasure,
my daughter, comes fiercely
and kills the evil there.

I Come Out



I come out from the depth of the ocean,
of forms and leave out pearl of formless,

I come out to sail from harbor to harbor
with my all weather boat ,
the days are coming to play
my sports on the waves,
to see the death of sinners,
into the battle field of dharma,
where swells up the music of machine guns,
I shall take there chariot of my kali.
I shall tune it to the notes of Bigul, when it has sired
out its last blow,
I will follow kali the killer,
Kali, The Kali.

 She

Ever in my life I have felt
she in my writing.
It was she who led me
from place to place
with her I felt about all,
living and feeling of the world.

It was she who taught me
the entire lesson I have learnt;
she showed me secret path,
she brought before my right
many a moon on the front of my heart,
she guided me all daylong to the
mysteries of the jungle of pleasure and pain,
and at last
she brought me to war gate
in the noon at the middle of our work



We Prayed to You, We Work For You

103

I hinted among people I had known you,
they guessed in all work of mine,
they came and prayed for you,
they asked me not
they guessed
and they prayed to you, thy,

I put some secret of you in writing,
the secret gushes out through you,
they come and ask me,
tell me all your meaning,
I know how to answer them
I smiled,
we prayed to you, we work for you.





Shakti Swarupa

Like a show,
make our work
a sequence of events.
In salutation to you,
in establishing your desire,
in establishing Dharma
let our senses spread
like a clear sky
let us be clear,
let our work continue with blessing of Shakti Swarupa.

Dr. Kalpana Sengar

Paraanjali

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