whether risen up to the highest tower
or low as a bed of flowers
we will not cower
in the morning hours
as the ebbs and flows of soft movement
awaken our spirit
with a shower
of explosive and unspoken
truths.
gone are the headaches!

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clever us

If we wreck less
then
we are less reckless
shun destruct-shun
create-if
only if
you be-leave
it alone
and bank in trust
earth will not rust
just as dust dost not
blow blow blow
in no-wind
while unwinding
and untangling my arms
that have become clock hands
telling time
to the midnight hour
up up up
in the sky blue
that it will not wait
any longer.
when the moment right now
has left.

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who is this me?

who is this me I call myself?
said the turtle to its shell.
am I defined by stony, warping shapes
curved around me like a bell?
I never noticed markings that
the other turtles say are there.
I feel the weight of heavy wings clipped off.
now my slippery shell is bare.

who is the me that takes one step?
and the next step is to rest.
who is the me that stretched my neck
to see just how far I'd get?
all I ever seem to do
is lay close-knit to the ground.
I hovercraft like water bug
weighing in at fifty pounds.

what is cold-blooded turtle
this one I call myself?
what happened many years ago
to forget me on this shelf?
what are these claws? what are these teeth?
what are these beady eyes?
why am I turtle slowly moving
away from other turtle's lies.

instead, I seek the truth some turtles know
lies hidden in the depths.
The place that turtles rarely go
in fear of going blind or deaf.
That little me was washed away
and drifted off to farther shores
while the greater me shook off the sand
and walked through open doors.

I met myself, I shook the hand
of turtle memories.
I said goodbye and now must try
to walk between the forest and the trees.

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The River Flowing

The river is flowing. I can feel the rush.
The power of water, pushing, the thrust.
Forward flows and each time I watch
Fish are swimming, leaping, feeling river's touch.

Swathed in beauty. The flows of time.
The river travelling traces a line.
Like etchings wind-blown across earth's face
This river reveals its secret grace.

Listen. Soft, gurgling random sounds
Angelic birds are gliding down
As if a pathway winding through these trees
This river carves our destinies.

And mysteriously there is all along
Another river chanting a song.
As a far-off branch hangs with delight
Crooning across the twinkling lights.

Water diamonds reflecting love
Sparkling heavens, the calls of doves
Intertwining, wielding such power
This second river is banked by flowers.

It seems forever these two rivers were
Alive and vibrant like the blood that stirs
Inside two souls transcended here
Met at this fork I hold so dear.

I am standing ever statue still
To know that river nectars fill
Lush and green the sweet sublime
The sacred marking of this time.

For when two rivers join together
Two waters touched by lightest feathers
Dancing across the purest air
They land just gently on a single hair.

It is with this lightness I raise a glass to life
in celebration of husband and wife
Chhavi and Francis two noble souls
May they share love's splendour and become as whole.

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journey to nowhere

an armada of boats
sit in the sand
fallen to dust
going nowhere at all.

yet travel
on this ground
at a thousand miles an hour
around the sun
with me.

I am a ship
floating in a sea
of experiences
disappointments, nets,
hopes and trials

I am one vessel
sitting on a park bench
where there is no park
where there is no bench
where there is no sitting

there is only a journey
of forgetting
and forgotten abouts

a journey
of empty imaginings
and a hundred mirrors
reflecting back.

and there is no journey
i would rather make
than the one to nowhere

nowhere

but here and now
now and here
now here.

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bicycle path

rest your head
close to the ground
place your ear
on this forgotten rail track.

can you hear engines rolling
from another century?
carrying passengers
so light

so very light
they are as if whispers
at a garden party
calling our attention.

the train is coming.
there is no mercy.
arrival time is now
should you wake up.

let us leave our berth
walk down the aisle
in soft slippers
of ancestors before us.

can you hear them?
can you hear a drop of water
touching our forehead
recruiting our thoughts,

our prayers,
our desperate wish
that green will be the new black,
that deer will dance jigs

as they shudder
following the swoosh
of a massive locomotive
come and gone.

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a diver's dilemma

what is there to fear?
said the rock to the diver
I support you
I am there
for you
from the very sky above
to the bottom
of the splashing shores.

I can feel your toes
wiggling
I know what you are thinking.
I am the rock for all ages
the molten story
of past
and future.
I am the cliff
that can set you free
why wait?
why hesitate?

I tremble before air,
I avoid nothingness.
How can this be?
thought the diver to the rock.
I shudder and yet
I have done nothing,
said nothing
I have not even taken a single step.
why am I crushed before I am crushed.

and then he jumped.

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I am the space

I am the space
between the tree branches.

I am the modulations
rolling out on soft green ground.

I am the laughter heard for miles
in the pitch of night.

I am the howl of a dog
that rarely barks.

I am ripples waiting
in a patient birdbath for a tiny visit.

I am the eyes that look out
to an ever-changing sky.

I am the in-between
a crack of an old earthenware pot.

I am the last time a door opened
where you walked through to greet me.

I am the hope that grows out
of a simple note written on torn paper.

I am these words.
a cry for life, and yet

in total silence.

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owl

young owl turns its head
when we are sleeping in trees
with a sleepy breeze
passing overhead
laying in fields
with pillows of grass.
playing with us
laying us down

to rest.

strong owl peers through, sears through
with binoculars
over valleys where wars
took place together with flowers
laying in fields
bending with grass.
and now take our place
take our place

to rest.

old owl opens its wings
glides down to the edge
where all sorts of fledglings
in our forest green
walk in strangest of ways
with peculiar gaits
in search for a place to rest,
to rest

in peace.

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let's build a spaceship

one piece of plywood, stacked two-by-fours
tongue and groove planks, to make up the floor
decking screws and foam insulation
plastic tarps, for water filtration.
    let's build a space ship, we'll travel in space
    with rocket fuel and propane tanks
    let's build a space ship, fly out to some place.

engineered wood-substrate, hammer and nails
let's make it crazy and go off the rails
a 3-d roof, one-inch copper piping
with polished concrete to make it look striking.
    let's make our space ship the fastest, the best
    with co-pilot and captain, moving up through the ranks
    let's put this space ship to the ultimate test.

carved stone blocks that look like stone henge
an old viking ship still out for revenge
monuments carved with ancient inscriptions
strange looking structures that fit no descriptions.
    these old spirit ships, lost count downs from ten
    rise up from the ground, rise as high as mont blanc
    rise up to the heavens, then come back again.

these tarmacs of worship, these runways of haste
allow space ships to show they may yet be a waste
since tiny vessels that circle and reside in my heart
go farther and faster than some old push carts
    with coins for the ferryman, that were placed on the eyes
    over ancient grounds where all of them sank.
    let's build a space ship that flies out to the skies.

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hardwired

a crust of bread, ceramic plate
coffee in a cup
broken vase and table napkin
are what i saw when i woke up.

looking out of window panes
also looking in
a two way street with steam-filled vents
are we ready to begin?

iwalk outside, let us walk together
on a wafer-thin veneer
of cities lost in outer space
within our atmosphere.

arctic ice is melting
like a tear drop down my cheek.
are we hardwired like a pit bull
to crush the soft and meek?

green, my long lost favourite hue
gone with wind up toys.
asphalt parks with metal slides
support apps for girls and boys.

are we on a subway platform
made of silicon and circuits?
belly deep in mother earth
hands washed of any dirt.

skin will tingle, hairs rise on end
feel the slightest puff of air
as messengers just cycled by
on their way to who knows where.

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little visitors

little visitors invade our head
every time we meet.
they tell me not to worry
and you smile at the thought
that we are together
holding hands.
your nails are robin-egg blue.
my face is likely shades of red
or something of the sort.

our little visits privately fill the room
every time we sit side by side
going over the story of my life
from the time i was a tyke
settled into a highchair
holding a spoon
and you forgot me there
but never forgot to love me
or something of the sort.

countless little visits
produce the comfort
of a yielding flannel blanket
wrapped around our chilled feet.
let's not walk, but rather prop them up.
send everyone home
so we can just focus
on what is important
or something of the sort.

one last visit
is all i need
to see you through
to the other side of the window
while you travel away
from palliative hopes
with your final touch gently
on my forehead
yet nothing of the sort.

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what we were once

hard to imagine what we were once
when we hoped for all things to come true
and we never imagined
that today would arrive.
I mean, not really.

hard to say what we were once
when everything happened
yet nothing actually happened
while we were hard-pressed and planning
for the today that is already here.

difficult to tell what we were once
beautiful without knowing it
effortless without knowing it
innocent without knowing it
to the very brim.

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Invisible

Lying on the grass
Between a thicket of stones
The ground is soft as a bed
Of flowers
While candles burn here and there.
Not in memorium
Yet I remember
Birds skipping from tree to tree
Small squirrels perched
On branches
These candles burn day and night.

Lying on the grass
I turn my back
to what is below
My face looks up reflecting.
Pure blue sky
The colour of free will
Surrounded by a whole population
Of etched stones
Telling us to dance
To laugh and experience each tear
As a tear of joy.

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the spider

it may be a good time to stop
and listen to the masses.
masses of people.
masses of air.
masses given inside large grey
romanesque spaces.

for it is in these masses
that the little spider crawls along
and weaves its delicate
delicate web
of tall tales

not yet told by the fly on the wall
who would tell it all.
though he can speak nothing of it
while soundly trapped
inside the spider's glue.

muffled were the sounds in the great hall.
where both heard every person's syllable
everything that was spoken, breathing
spoken, breathing
even the last words.
the last breath.
the last life.
just now turned into a human spirit

together with distant, faint, faint, calls
of all those who have previously
made the journey
into nothingness.
yet did not come back
as expected.

"not to worry, we will all meet soon enough"
said the old spider.
to the young liberated fly
sitting nervously beside a brilliantly lit
shining web
of glistening threads
just freshly woven.

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i in the storm

the audience was filled
with cheers and boos.
the people were filled
wth cheer and booze.

the stage was set up
for trouble ahead.
tensions rose up
and came to a head.

the leader spoke
and raised his hand.
wheels and spokes
stopped by wrench in hand.

words tumbled out
to a deafening roar.
completely drowned out
by a far greater roar.

the silent monk who just
sat noiseless and still
in rioting worlds unjust.
he sits there still

praying for those
who can no longer think.
are filled with fear even though
in emptiness he prefers not to think.

instead he will lead
in the most quiet way
we with hearts heavy as lead
and who have lost our way.

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true faces

pouring rain, melted black mascara
running water,
soaked rubbers
all furiously rush to the manhole
draining endlessly into
hollow echo chambers.

water pouring straight down
over our crown
making it hard to look up
so we turn bootward
crashing through puddles
frantically flagging a cab.

as it rolls by, we encounter
an unexpected tidal wave
of darkened water,
torso-high
that completes
the full and total drench.

we are not made of sugar.
it is just a cold, rainy night
urging us to get inside
light a fire and look hard
at our true face
in the unrelenting mirror.

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