if i were you

if i meet me on another day
will i tell me to hold on just one more minute?

would i tell me to just walk away
dodge another hidden bullet?

would i tell me sit down here and stay
get to know me, have a visit?

if i met me on another day
would there be anything left for me to say?

if i said hello my name is you
i'm here to tell you about a life

but sadly there is much to do
as i butter toast with butter knife.

it's four o'clock and time for tea
between me and you and the napkin holder

i want to say that you were me
but now I'm only you much older.

so tell me you, i want to know
what do you see with those watery eyes

in clouds of vision high above
the tree outside the window high?

i see you sit, alone by me
but barely even know I'm there

the winds that blow through brush of trees
are deep breaths blowing through your hair.

i'm here to whisper i am the me
inside you, i was always there.

but now i'll have to take my leave
perhaps we'll meet in sweet thin air.

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snakes and ladders

in the dark depths
of block-building upper floors
we live indefinitely in the sky,
separated by sheets of paper-thin glass
and eye beams.

my head is in the clouds.
my heart is beating
in some random floating cloud
of confusion
whose destination is unknown.

I took an elevator to get here
but at the nine hundred and eleventh step
I stopped to seize the day.
yet the day seized me
grabbed me by chilling thoughts

about all the what if's.
what if this building that i'm in
is just a honey trap
for white collar malefactors
cheating themselves out of any real experiences

of african jungles,
a morning walk,
children's blessings,
and drinking water straight out of roaming rivers,
desperately looking for a new home.

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acre

on this unnamed patch of land
of fertile hope,
a path was beaten
by every kind of lively foot
walking shoe, moccasin and busted boot.

pavement is a natural progression
towards a smoother ride
an easy adventure, a faster trot.
get there faster.
maybe not?

a runway is the next best thing
to take us a stone's throw away
to that irreversible destination.
near, but not too close
to the propellers underneath the wings.

on this nameless patch of land knocked down
space shuttles are but plastic toys
in the quiet hands of little boys
who witnessed cracking turtle shells
and predicted the future, well, not so well.

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on wheels

curious things are roller coasters
as they not only travel up and down
but sometimes veer sideways,

grinding the whole way up to the tipping point
in a straight line pointed upwards.
we wait in fear

then unleash the wrath of bob sledding force.
once your stomach is
in your head

its all slow motion
and lucid hallucinations
from there.

regrets?
I think
not.

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FULL CIRCLES

a tiny moment
an instant in time
a crossing of paths
are so sublime.

when we think about
the blooming flowers
the colours of life
the truest powers.

a celebration of joy and love
express the union two people share
where higher selves do rise above
to find their beauty in sweetest air.

my inner smile is wide as earth
to know that sons and daughters merge
to form a truth beyond the truth
where all potentials can converge.

our newest family both in bloom
pointing up towards the skies
as the mountain peaks will beckon you
to reach the summit then to fly.

as if it were a floating cloud
this event seemed always meant to be
my heart reaches out with support and love
to dearest ones Francis, Chhavi.

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take notice

take notice of the smaller things
the ones that fell before our eyes.
tiny moments, birds did sing
of little joys we have denied.

shade beneath this giant tree
a fishing rod was never used
to cast this line of poetry
of little cares we have refused.

take notice of the little thumps
residing in our little hearts.
count the number of goose bumps
we felt when we were miles apart.

everything we cared about
take notice sitting there alone.
the smallest glance that was fleshed out
take notice when our wealth is gone.

what will be left are thoughts of love
a little seed that starts to grow.
this mirror of the sky above
reflects the little that we know.

take notice of the smallest breath
the one we took our first day out.
take notice of the life and death
that noticed us without a doubt.

then feel the tear we never felt
the drop of rain that never was.
my legs beneath began to melt
when I took notice just because.

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an engineer’s prayer

crumble to dust my memory
of everything that’s dear to me..

break into rock and pebble powder
the voice inside my head that’s louder

than a motor freeway transport truck
gone off the road and run amok..

my mashed-up mind and nano bits
of broken thoughts are on the fritz.

please just make it disappear
this modern curse that lives in here.

freedom can have such a nasty price
if I have to pay not once, but twice.

so let this dust of thinking air
disappear till nothing’s there

for I do not wish to think again
or contemplate or use this brain.

I only wish to see ignite
before I have to say goodnight

true friendship, love that’s ever pure
anchored near a dock and moor

and burning torch above these waves
is the burning heart I wish to save.

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awaits us 3

there was a simple
tiny moment
that I first noticed
a bird sitting proudly on the branch
is unafraid.

after all what is there to fear
when even the tiniest yellow bird can take flight
and soar above
this financially troubled industry
we call the world.

every fresh evergreen was ripped down
and made into rough cut, massive planks for you name it.
small pieces were cut too,
so children could construct miniature bird houses
and toy-sized whatnots from the wood shop.

what will be left to us relatives
but these broken down bird houses
and dilapidated woodless buildings
when the forest is transformed
into a giant's bed for giant thorns.

beneath which, is is the land
charred to barbecue black
banking against my own tomifobia river
that curves and twists.
it would be so flooded

that it will carry with it
anything that floats
including lost memories
of native peoples
campfires, a canoe made of skins

and my very own ghost,
light as air
and harmless
as the faint ruffling
of trembling leaves.

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plane view

when the engines stop
when winds die down to a full halt
when spinning wheels become perfect stillness
when shoes are taken off

when sunshine melts polished stone
under warm streams,
when long grass in full view
stands motionless

when i awaken
and sense someone to be there
behind the door
of my head

when i hear the faintest knocking
behind a great wall of silence,
then i will see an eagle's view of the world
like no other.

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Orbit

What is greater than a human heart
opening like a great tropical flower
to another living being?

There, as quickly as an eye blinks,
as light as the fluttering wing of a butterfly,
before a head can turn,

experiences will travel
to where eternity
may rest on the head of a pin.

Let us know too
that the very same pin
is the part of a compass
that delicately turns and points
to the magnetic

inner self.

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speaking of turtles

creature of water and land
dragging along a slow thick line on sand
there you are again
babbling in slow motion
to us white rabbits travelling down rabbit holes.

your shell
hard and heavy
the one you carry on your back
displays one single pattern
of your spirit, a fossilized fingerprint.

turtle of all ages
you will not climb a tree for us
you will not recite a verse for us
you will not move away
you will not cower down.

will you please instead teach us to meditate
to take it down a notch
to stop
wandering around
in the most wasteful of all manners?

and tell us of your powers
with your ear close to the earth
our ears resting on metallic railway bars.
and certainly between us
we can hear the train of temporal life

heading at a hundred miles an hour
to the brick wall just ahead
with vague scriptural writing on it
that makes no sense at all when too busy
seizing the moment.
.

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gravel and dust

while walking along this road
the only road there is.
other than brush and a spindly river on either side
there is just this one single road
today.

while travelling this forkless road
this one track that leads to
no particular place,
my thoughts blaze in every direction
like flashes of lightning.

while walking straight along
no choice, i'm on it
I notice a small creature ahead
a weasel? a hare?
stock still, frozen, the colour of dark.

while i close in
fleeting assessments fly up and down this track.
what to think?
it moved, i move
closer, closer.

while thoughts race against my heart.
is this little animal dead? afraid?
why still? why not moving?
of course.
it is only a branch playing inside shadows.

a rock, deadwood, pine cones
a bear, a wolf?
a stump and foliage. an eagle, a heron?
shadow after shadow move along this road
the only road i know.

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A Patch Of Earth

Walls of snow
Space between the bones
Love and water
A surgeon's dream
Doors open, Children fall.
Wake me up when it's
Time to go
Back to the old barn.

For I am a hungry mouse
Ready for the adventure
Of a life time.
I have already been
To the back yard
And a room or two
In the old house.

Winds blow
A coffee cup
Desires and sand
Whisper to white petals
Say nothing of
The gardener and the garden
Where we all meet
Our maker.

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hollow arches

hollow arches, empty doors
swinging shutters, banging boards
guide me through your empty space
until I reach some other place

where winds would stir my memory
from another century.
come and go the usual haunts
beneath this keystone of my wants.

like the chamber of an antique gun
this wooden frame was built for one
unhinged, released and set me free
from creaking nails and old body

from doorways at the end of halls
from stairways through the narrow walls
from windows hanging overhead
from canopies above the bed.

eyelids covered, hollowed cheeks
hardened looks returned to meek
a drop of water streaming down
doorways made from thorny crown.

alas this door I know the only
the one that opened all too slowly
with single step and outreached hand
makes promises of greener land.

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the ripple effect

the humble path I wish to follow
takes a sharp turn to the left
through a door way
into a new room
now filled with seven billion
other people

I bow down
I acknowledge
we are somehow linked together
living in space
sharing yearnings, thoughts
life's wonders

under this giant ceiling fan
where the butterfly flapped its wings
and the air masses gently turned
to wrap us all like a blanket
wraps a newborn
without exception

without exception we are silently loved
by each blade of grass
by each double helix
by each hair counted.
by the unseen heart
that is now seen.

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Neutral/positive

equanimity
resides in deers grazing
together, peacefully
on golden fields.

composure
is the signature written
on the water by blue herons
quietly fishing.

self possession
the very trademark
of turtles sunning themselves
on lazy logs.

serenity
hovers above us
gliding like the wind
towards an eagle's nest.

presence of mind
is the prize
while slowly walking and meditating
our eyes open for the first time.

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take refuge

something small happened at a bus stop
on a no-name-brand street corner.
while rain poured down
as if baptizing umbrellas
of thousands of passersby
who were all
headed straight to school or work .
something like that.
the throng needed to be quick
like a school of marching fish
darting forward, onwards
super-fast.

standing, waiting, waiting alone
for a fictitious mega bus
that need not even come
since I noticed
that to stand this still
and see everything in plain view
corrected my vision.

by myself
seemingly more than ever
in the face of this unstoppable horde
I decided to leave this bus stop
walk in another direction
towards a place
they call
park.

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Crushed

Crushed into a tiny space
wall to wall bodies, in the press
pushing us towards a place
return to sender, wrong address.

Wait! I do not wish to go that way
return to freedom in the woods
would be my choice beyond this fray
log cabin, fire, fine baked goods.

Bunched up together in a herd
directs us to the massive stage
rock stars, illusion, visions blurred
it looks to me a golden cage.

Bring me out to mountain view
Henry Thoreau would have been proud
to see blue skies the subtle hues
far away from rowdy crowds.

Listen. Do you hear that noise?
the sound that's sometimes in our head.
the one when we were girls and boys
in all these years, the common thread.

it's an airborne sewing pin thats dropping
just about to hit the tile
I hear the silence, my heart is stopping
look up. behold. Vermont's green mile.

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flying buttress

tonight the air awakens with us.
we who would walk
side by side
down glistening streets
like brothers, sisters
through night shadows.

we who would hang just by a thread
under lights above
under the dim night
in synch
with dimming thoughts.

we who would walk down the streets of paris
who are on watch.
we who are no longer there
we would walk
holding torches.

cities, one by one
flick their switches,
turning into fortresses
under the night sky.
we who are no longer there
we would walk.

instead we fly
like flying buttresses
then climb over fences and gates
high above walls
into the night air
into the night sky

where the brightest stars
wait on high
with supreme patience
for us
to label them
with our god given
name.

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24th of December

full moon lights up a big bay window
with the gift of life inside.
electric bed, down and up it goes
like a floating-cloud sleigh ride.

let us hold hands and make a wish
as we open gifts and smell the flowers.
tell the the children not to be selfish
as we wait for midnight hour.

ding dong the clock strikes, chairs are set
we prepare our skyward journey,
like gentle deer who do not fret
at the rolling of the gurney.

breathing pure air through plastic tube
is no matter when there is life
as chocolate boxes and jujubes
alleviate our strife.

I say a secret prayer to santa claus
and even to saint nick.
as each travel round the world with cause
to help the needy and the sick.

may the little child that lives in us
stay young and full of joy.
and our bodies may we not fuss
our spirit cannot be destroyed.

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december 25th surrealism

in the micro-twinkle of an eye
there comes a time to say goodbye.
to soothing glow of coloured lights
bid them all a warm goodnight.

in late december snow is gone
autumn seems to last too long
mountain peaks of melting ice
are tumbling down like rolling dice.

blue skies slightly off their mark
tsunamis, floods, eclipses, dark
tectonic plates on dining tables
of turkey dinners, storied fables.

refugees of climate change
walk across our border range.
welcome, come and say hello
take a chair and please don't go.

have some wine and celebrate.
eat and drink and stay up late.
tell us of your life afar.
tell us of your wars and scars.

this weather that is in our mind
the one that helps to make us blind
is also all around the air
the winds of change the winds out there.

if we simply shared and did not breed
consumer churches, corporate greed
and listened to the hungry poor
with ears to tracks for what's in store.

a warmer christmas lack of snow
19 colours, triple rainbows
tornadoes knocking at the door
while old scrooge tells us there is more.

more to see and more to feel
on plastic mountains at our heels
mashed-potatoes, stuffing, eggnog drink
are all the product of what we think.

the ghosts of christmas past were nice
but christmas future makes me think twice.
a thorny crown of christmas lights
spins round this earth like satellites.

a minute of silence hear that sound
of history sleeping beneath the ground.
now harken to the quiet mouse
living in our creaky house

telling us to look at waste
not to rush and yet make haste.
recycle thoughts and junk, and rise above
refine, refine! until we love.

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new year's resolution

who knew better than us
that there is a strange quiet
before the stormy party?
as we approach a year closer to our last stanza.

we stare down, before we look up.
then hear, see and taste the count down.
there will be a ten to one chance
that corks will pop and defences drop.

there will be a ten to one chance
resolutions become dissolutions.
there will be a ten to one chance that
hope will not be a picture of a president.

there is a five to one chance that
someone will hold our hand
and tenderly tell us
that we are loved.

there is a two to one chance that
we will live as we never lived before
but in small ways
ways we don't even notice

there is a full chance that the future
is no future at all.
it is just another moment of truth rushing at us
like a charging bull

with horns.

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london washington paris sites
are struggling with parasites

bombers blowing up apart
writing reading cryptic app art

whizzing by customs makes them dizzy
guilty, deadpan nothing does he?

holding hands inside the cellular
say goodbye then sell you her

safety is just a luxury
unemployment no luck surely

object to set a new precedent
while on tv we watch the president

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