ETERNAL LONGINGS

POEMS OF LOVE, LOSS AND ETERNITY

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BlueRose ONE .com
Stories Matter
NewDelhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
India | U.K.

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ISBN: 978-81-69956-46-8

Cover Design: Ajay Dhayni
Typesetting: Sagar

First Edition: November 2026



Dedication

I dedicate this book to my beloved father Late Rajendra Dutt Mishra and to Lord Shri Sai Nath Maharaj of Shirdi in whom we have found our home !

Preface

"Poetry is the evidence of life, if your life is burning well, poetry is just the ash.." said Leonard Cohen, and I entirely agree with this statement. While the life keeps burning, ashes of memories and experiences keep getting precipitated.... Sometimes it takes the form of a poem sometimes it just becomes a part of you... I have no bearings of a poet, yet as a sort of responsibility to my previous generation I owe a duty towards them and that is to have at least one book with my name on it.... While my grandfather was a celebrated teacher and a literarian hailing from the city of liberation, Gaya ji... my father garnered the tenets of literature in his cozy corners of diaries. At times published at times just kept in the shelves... his writings inspired me a lot. This collection of poetry is just a reflection of that inspiration . Few poems were read to him and were appreciated and some have been added in course of writing this book . Eternal Longings is a reflection of the infinite yearnings of human soul at times for ephemeral and at times for eternal... this pining never ceases but remains immortal as *Eternal Longings ... !*

Acknowledgement

Gratitude is the core value of humanity and we can never expect any civilization without it...so here I begin my acknowledgement. My first and foremost thanks to Almighty Lord whose reflection I have seen in the Saint of Shirdi , Shri Sai Baba.....I thank my father for His ever encouraging words which he uttered even when my poetry was in tit bits...My unending gratitude for my siblings elder brother, Shri Vivek Dutt Mishra and My elder sisters , Bhawna Mishra and Rachna Mishra, whose unending faith in my writing acted as an impetus to keep writing and get this anthology of poems published...thanks to my son Ishaan for not disturbing me and understanding that I'm completing my homework.... Last but not the least my heartfelt thanks to my better half Sweta for being with me...

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1. A Part of You

This poem took its shape at one of the most heart breaking moments one could imagine ... I was at Manikarnika ghat and had just surrendered the mortal remains of my beloved father in Holy Ganges... I could see people carrying corpses and saw funeral pyre constantly ablaze as a reminder of how feeble is this life ... I wanted to cry I wanted to shout , but could not , as I knew no amount of crying would ever return my father... Embracing the melancholy I moved ahead ... suddenly I felt a soothing spirit enveloping me.... A mild whisper I heard of my father ... " I'm not gone ... I'm in you AS YOU ..."

I carry a part of you in me
Perhaps it was left
When you left me..
I cried and cried
And you remained silent
My cries had no effect on you..
I begged for a word
You remained dumb...
I held you hard
You remained untouched
Tears trickled and fell on you
You stayed where I could not reach
Suddenly my tears evaporated in fire
I was left with ashes...
Walking lonely I reached a riverbank
I sank everything that was of you
But suddenly something made me feel
You have sunk in me
As my part
As my own soul...
But suddenly I felt
Oh! I do not carry a part of you
But I am carried as a part of you !

2. Echoes From Eternity

In our daily humdrum we search ways and methods to understand this life ... We see life in many dimensions but we fail to understand who are we ? But sometimes while hearing our own echoes we realise who we are ...

In one life we live many lives
Knowingly or unknowingly
We die and resurrect
We are born time and again
We flow we grow
We cry we die....
Every time we love
We know a new life awaits us and
We die with the end of that far fetched love
Our desires arise and die...
We live in a story which
We weave around us....
Our associations with the shadows never end...
Reminding us every moment
That we are nothing but shadows... !
Shadows of passing life
Shadows of dying desires...
Shadows of everything
That we paint on our being ...
Suddenly some one calls me
I look back
He smiles and says..
" We are the shadows of that love
Which calls us time and again
Whose echoes we hear from eternity
As
Echoes from eternities !

3. Like a Phoenix...

While the little life discovers its wonders from living love, we certainly don't realise how feeble and short lived it is ...yet by the time we realise it we are left just with its remains...ready to perish but resolute to resurrect....!

Frenzy of love never ends
It finds its expression
And flies with the wind
Where does it go
Where does it end
Nobody sees
Nobody knows
Somewhere deep down
In the essence of being
It floats and flies
Pulling us back to the world
Which was lost
Somewhere in the stories
which
We had found around us
In the deep nights
With twinkling dreams and hazy fog..
Oh what a warmth was life
What it felt to flow with the frenzy
But suddenly we realise
Gone is the wind
Gone those waves
And we wait for
The ashes of love
To resurrect itself
Just like a phoenix.....

4.The Vision of The Cross

A master for ages to come I feel Jesus as my eternal beloved who has always inspired me in numerous ways... specially His divine words of forgiveness on cross .... Right from my childhood I had wondered what could be the implications of Cross ... this poem is just an attempt.....

I closed my eyes
And saw Him
With the cross on His shoulder
Mob was hitting Him
Taunting Him...
He was bearing the pain
Oh! I was in the mob
Tears trickled down my cheeks
I wanted to ask Him
Why have You taken this suffering ?
Suddenly His eyes met mine
And I turned dumbstruck
Looking into His eyes
I reached a terrain unknown
He was there sitting on a stone
I was sitting at His feet
Serenity enveloped me
And He said
This CROSS is the
" Ego" crossed
This CROSS is the sum of all your actions
I have taken the burden of all your actions
And will bear them
To liberate you.....
I died and was raised
So should you die for your sins
And rise for The Life eternal
And then appeared
A cross in His hands
He gave it to me
And said ,
" If you really want to be
My follower take up your cross and
follow me...."

5. Who Am I ?

Some 2000 years back an apostle of love was mercilessly hanged on cross... but the power of His love changed the cross, from the symbol of shame to the symbol of love and forgiveness...

I was hanged on the cross
Still hanging around the necks of many
Yet waiting to get hanged in your heart
My words were spoken
And were published
Made famous and preached
Yet alone in their world
Lacking the company of your heart....
I bore the thorns
And made them pure
I bear your sins
And will make you pure
Yet I am waiting at the door
Of your heart
Knocking but unheard
I will be sent here again
To reign the world
Yet my reigning would be futile
As I know
You will again convert me
Into a sign
And bear around your neck
And I will continue
To look for another passage
In your heart....
Do you know
Who am I ?

6. Ode To Death

This poem is a reminder to death that even if it has won over many people but it will never win over the people who like Nachiketa have deep faith because they have already died for the world and resurrected in the wisdom so even if they see it they know that this death will remain powerless in the wake of faith...

Dear death
Both of us sit in front of each other ,
Every morning every night
You show me
Whatever was , has vanished...
Whatever was dear
Is nowhere to be seen
Was everything a dream
Or whatsoever I see here
Right now is a dream...
I keep floating amid them
And suddenly I see you
The one who has not been
Disloyal to anyone...
You have promised
Your meeting...
And I see you every moment
In every breath that I take
Every breath I leave
I know we will meet
But not like this
But in a plane
Where I will witness
Your Death,
Dear Death....!

7. Wait Eternal

What to do when someone whom you love for eternities wishes to leave you..? Perhaps letting go is the best possible answer... but it is easier said than done ... So happens with every dream and every far fetched love... you wish to hold them ; but more tighter the hold , more you lose ...what to do where to go when you want to hold the horizon and you are simply left empty..... You feel a barrenness an infinite emptiness....and somebody preaches letting go .....and yes everyone teaches to let go but nobody learns ! Strange but True.....

I was holding you
With all my might
I was looking at You
With all my sight....
I had known in my heart
That if at any point
My hold gets loosened
You will surely hold me back
But
By and by
My hand was slipping
You kept stabbing me
I kept smiling with every blow
I cried in my heart
As I was loosing the hold
I was sinking
Drowning
You kept stabbing me
I wished to be with you
You remained adamant
Finally I lost the hold....
You kept looking at me
As if a statue
I sank in infinity
Looking at You
Knowing
This sinking
Will never allow me
To see my life again
Yet
Happy to submit my desire
In your will...
I knew you were no God
Yet for me you were some spirit
From heaven..
Who if touched would vanish
And yes you vanished
What was I left with
Infinite doom....? Damnation
Or some
Wait Eternal ?

8. In Love

The theme of God in devotee has been explored by many theist writers... Many have experienced it in the most subjective way ,and many have felt it in their day to day life.... If I think to explore this theme the only verse which appears in my mind is from Holy Bible where Jesus says " *The one who has seen me has seen the Father "*

Having the cross on my shoulder
With wounds on my part
Abuses from everywhere
I feel I am Jesus.....
Oh how short is life
How feeble....
Yet the grace of the Lord
Keeps my desire burning
I know I have failed
I know I have been tried
I know how many times
Fallen angels
have cried....
Their tears add to my sorrow
As I'm nothing more than their shadow
Yet His love reminds me
That
He walks beside me
The cross I bear
The abuses I hear
The wounds I gather
Can never touch me
Whispers from the air tell me
Oh He is in You
You are in Him.....
Suddenly I feel
I'm nowhere
Nothing .....
What has existed as me
Was nothing but He...
My Lord.....
Somewhere someone looks at the sky
With tears in his eyes and says,
" When I existed you were not found
Now I have found you ..
but where am I ?"

9. Enigma

Love in the terms of human relationships often deludes us ...yet inspite of so many heartbreaks and despair around it ...we tend to fall for love ..What makes us fall for love ? Someone's charm or our own shadow.... !

In a moment of fix
I think
Should I move forward or
Look back and search
Futile remains
Where
I see beautiful moments
Hear soulful deep talks
Feel the warmth of touch
And sense a spirit of love ...
Now
My heart craves
And spirit thirsts
For the songs I had heard
But in vain
Now someone appears
As if a frail shadow of past
I wish to touch
It turns impalpable
I wish to hold
It fades...
Why the craving ends never..
Why the love fails
Oh the Enigma
Oh the fate of human life
Why it happens
Why loving is to die.....
Tell me
O my love ...

(Did someone hear me
Or was it just my own shadow ?)

O my love ... !

10. Smiling as Me ...

The search for the eternal and the desires for ephemeral can't co exist... yet our heart pounds to keep them together and here comes the strife of human existence...Can we keep them together or we will have to choose a master ... ?

My heart
Is a place
Filled with desires
I know them
As a part of my existence
Who can live without a desire ?

(I)
He comes
And wants to stay with me
But
Feels annoyed
I look at Him
He doesn't answer.....
I give him a chair
He says it's occupied
I can't see anyone
But He doesn't sit
Still looking at me with a frown
Making gestures about someone's presence
I know I want Him to be with me
Yet He understands not....
His annoyed looks I do not understand

Suddenly a soft breeze
Whispers in my ear....
And I look deep at the chair
Yes
Someone was occupying the chair
Who was he ?
Looking at me with bewitching smile
I see .....
Oh the desires..... occupying the chair
No
Now I knew desires not as my existence

But an usurper of my beloved's love ....

I searched for my beloved
He was not found

Oh the loss !
Chair of life given to desires
While my beloved waited .....

I cry and cry for my beloved
Suddenly a soft voice
Asks me to look
And I see my desires dying
Suddenly
I see a mirror
Where I see Him

Chair was nowhere
Nor were desires ...
(Certainly they were dead
listening to my wailings for my beloved)
Now
Wherever I saw
I saw Him smiling at me
Smiling as Me.....!

11. Teach Us O Life....

Ending and beginning both assume a seat of art. One who can begin beautifully can end it in the same way...but the question is *can someone master the art of beginning* in a world which is full of enigma and puzzles.....

How to end what we have started
How to see what we have desired
Nobody knows the depth of seeing
Nobody understands the art of ending

They begin with jest and end with despair
Nothing seems to inspire and they fail
Art and artists if mingle as one
Then the beginning would teach the ending
And seeing would teach the dreaming

But the failure of human kind
And despair of every soul
Leave us in a state of haze
Nobody comes to smile
Everyone brooding every heart heavy
How could they end beautifully
When they could not choose to begin

Oh the life
Teach us to begin and end
With the grace that you carry
Teach us to stay where we belong
Teach us to melt in the beauty
That you are
O life....!

12. Broken Faces ....

Do the ways of the world carry the subtlety that is needed for a man of spirit... Does it go along with the ideas and the love that he holds or does it take away the essential innocence ? Once deceived, will he trust anyone or will he lose the spirit that he once carried ?

I was ignorant
I knew not how to deceive anyone
I knew how to get deceived

Now knowing it full well
That you trust me
I might use your trust
For my benefit
Yes now I can deceive too

They say I have changed
I know I haven't ,
Just known the formula
To hide what is vulnerable
And to show
What is raw....

They called me innocent
Now they trust me not
They say with changing years
I have changed

But I say with the leap year
I have taken a LEAP .....

Have I moved forward
Or have gone backward
I look into the mirror
I search my face
But in vain
Perhaps I have lost it
In the crowd of broken faces

Were these broken faces mine
I know it but know it not.....

13. I want to Go back...

Years back while I was a still a small child I told my father , " Papa I will make a house, a big house"
He laughed and said " Yes do make it..., will you give me a room ? "
" Yes Papa the biggest one ... "
I answered with a big smile... Knowing not that even the biggest house will never match the essence and love of the home which was a niche of love for my childhood ...

I want to go back
Where
All my laughter echoed
All my wonders twinkled
Home
Where my father's love
Embraced all
Where my mother's delicacies
Filled the house
Where siblings little quarrel
Made the home more lively !

I want to go back
Go back to my home

Where the evenings
Were made pure by the ringing of the bells
Where the news was just at 8 pm
Where the cartoons were fixed for sundays
Where the weekends were meant for movies

Yes I want to go back
Go back to my home !

Now I walk on the same path
Which used to lead me to my home
But now it is barren
It leads me to a haunted place
Where I find the ruins of my past
Haunting me ....
And telling me nothing remains
Nothing stays
Now
Everything is past everything is lost...
Yet

I see a child waiting for his father
Who looks at me
But doesn't know his future
His face is known ....
Perhaps I have known him
But doesn't wish to see him
His wait is pure
The image of his father
Twinkles in his eyes...
His father comes
I see them going to my home.....
Suddenly they vanish
I am left with the dust...
Yes,
I want to go back
Go back to my own home....

14. Delusion...

Everything that we experience finally comes to an end and we are left with just the images and imaginations of it ... People who lived with us suddenly disappear and are left as nothing more than smokes of past .... What is reality .. what is the truth...we tend to question...while secretly wishing to cross this delusion we still find ourselves clung to it ....

Standing on the bank
Of desires
I dream of crossing
The sea of illusion
Oh what a tragedy
Of human kind
What a folly !

I sit around I brood
I weave failure
And want success
Spirit dies within me
I feel strangled
Of no use ....
I can hear the song
Of eternal lover
Who keeps failing
Time and again
Yet in the moments of ecstasy
He hums his song
For his love
(which will never be his ...)

Certainly this song
Is the song of my dead spirit
Who in the wait of resurrection
Keeps humming this song

Am I a broken promise of enlightenment
Or
An unsung song of resurrection ?

My steps keep
Mocking me
And I find myself

Turning into smoke
With the passing age

Yet I find myself on the bank of desires
Playing with illusions
Suddenly I am nowhere
And I feel
Was I playing with illusions
Or I'm an illusion...?

Flipping questions stay
And I see an old man
Humming...
"It's all a delusion
Grand delusion... "
And suddenly he vanishes...
I'm left with nothing...
Not even with myself...
Far away someone mourns
A wailing unending...
Is it for me
Or for the existence in slumber !

15. Cage of Age

For someone life is a one time edition, for some it is tale of incarnations ... Yet what we know and experience calls us to the very reality .... That we as humans are limited to the time and still wonder what would make it wonderful....

In the cage of age
Life flutters
And mutters something
Which is heard by someone
Ignored by another

Yet we know
The steps of that great call
That always hovers around us
Knowing this
We also know that
There will be a day
For which there won't be another
There will be an hour
For which there won't be another
There will be a minute
For which there won't be the next one

Yet we live in a frenzy of eternity
In the illusion of time...
Of having enough
About which we know nothing

Some sudden day the curtain will fall
All will unmask
And we will go back
To our home
Wearing no mask
Making no face
But finding our own

Yes no more acting
No more rehearsal
Going back after the call
Perhaps for a new act
Or for rest eternal...
Without the cage of age
Perhaps
Beyond time.....

16. The Unfulfilled Covenant

While some said love is the core of humanity some also denied, because for them their ***belief*** was the core of humanity... if not established through love then in order to establish it one may even use sword, and all of us began waging a war to establish our own ideas of God...

And said someone
With a sword in his hands
"Oh
This love is false
But the hatred is true
For we love only for a while
But we nourish
the hate for ages ..."

Haven't we hated each other for ages
All our history is red with the blood
That we have shed of each other's
How blood thirsty our swords have always been
Just seeking each other's blood. ...

We have mocked the gods of each other
And destroyed the sacred places
Haven't we killed innocent people
On the name of our gods
And yet we proclaim our god as just....

In the garb of love
Haven't we hated always ?

Perhaps at the end of the time
When neither will I exist
Nor will you remain...
Then the ages will realise
that
The gods we had made were
But a figment of our imaginations....
And just a game we had devised
To feel ourselves important

Then surely time will tell all
That love could have been enough
Reason to live .....
But then there won't be a single soul left
And there won't be any hatred

And perhaps our ashes will
Mingle with each other
To fulfil that covenant
(which was forgotten,
In the duels we had)
The covenant of love and love alone !

17. His Search....

While our life is full of efforts that we put to find that eternal companion, we still find ourselves more and more lonely and desolated... Our life keeps moving between the two terminals of faith and doubt... But what happens in the end- as the end, matters really ....

When I began walking
I was alone
Walking a path entirely unknown

I kept walking
For I knew there wasn't a path to return
Somewhere a whisper said
Return ...now .... There isn't any path

I had no courage to turn back
Still perplexed I began searching Him
I knew finding Him I will find my path
But finding Him was a puzzle

In the forest of desires
I kept walking and searching
Yet there wasn't a trace of Him
Wearied I fall and felt
In his search
I had crossed the forest of desires
Now just one search was left
One desire to find Him
To see Him just once

While melting in the oblivion
I felt a hand on my head
My son
I am here
Here for you
Here with you ...
Here in you...
Always as You....!

And I woke up suddenly
And saw Him ...
Lo ! here He was smiling at me....
Through the sun
Through the moon
Through the leaves through the beauty....
And through me..... !

I was lost somewhere
And realised with love
That
Even the search wasn't mine
It was always His ....

18. Only One

What we experience as many is in fact just one… So proclaim the scriptures…Whom we experience as another is just another me… sounds strange yet the one who has experienced it will find the world and its ways strange which is compelled to see many where there is just one…

" What is in me .
That you see ? "
Asked the beloved to the lover
He remained silent
But kept looking at her
" Who are you ? "
Asked the lover
"You don't know me
Yet you love me ?"
Perplexed beloved asked him
"No I don't know you
But I know the love
Which I carry
And I see a reflection of it in you...."
“Reflections matter
Only when you have love in you”
Said an old man sitting near a well....

I looked at him
And we saw the couple
They talked and looked at the sky,
Wondered about
The moon and the moonlight
The lover said ,
" In this moonlight
Your beauty
Makes me divine"
Beloved smiled
And held him

Both of them
Melted in the moonlight
And dissolved in the wind

I looked at the old man
He smiles and looking at the twinkling remains of the lovers
He says Two never existed it was always one
One and only One ....
And suddenly
I see myself in the old man
And found that
I was lost ...

19. As Each Other

Why do we lose what we love ...I feel this is the question that entire humanity wishes to know yet we have never reached to any conclusion... Perhaps in the fights of ego, in the ego of being right we have lost our most beautiful relationships... forgetting that it was not about being right or being wrong but being love in love ... So that we could have learnt what were meant to learn , Love...

Instead of the rights and the wrongs
Let us just talk in solitude
And let us just melt....
And
Instead of the facts and fictions
Let us just listen to the silent music....

Let us avail the opportunity
Of our companionship
Which comes
With the currency of breath
(Let us not lose it .....)

The great hunter who is always
In search of his prey
May find us ...
And snatch this opportunity
Never to return...

Let's not lose this moment
Let's talk and share our spirits
Like never before
So that
Even if the hunter finds
His prey in us
And devour us
Our spirits will
Be ever free from his cruel jaw
As we would have
Found the eternal love
Through this little love of ours....

Have you ever felt my love
Or Have you just touched it's garment
It's garment would collapse
But
It will remain , untouched

And you will realise
Far greater than being right or wrong
Was being truthful to our being....
And being with each other as each other....

20. Who Says.....!

While the world wishes to define it's limits in the terms of life and death there is some one who keeps whispering the songs of immortality , who is he , where does he stay ... Someone says up in the heaven , some say just within you... But who knows who is right till the time we haven't really heard His whisper.....

(i)

Who says
I am dead ?
Till the time
You hear the words
I have spoken
Till the time
You see the
Works I have done
Till the time
You listen the song
I have sung
Know that I am alive
Very much alive.....

When you read my words
You touch my soul
And by touching my soul
You talk with me
I converse through my words
Yet you say I am dead...

(ii)

They call me dead
Oh they don't know
The one who died
Was nothing
But something of me
It was not me....

Looking at my body
They had also said
Few good words
About me...

But they forget
My presence in them
As memory , as experience....
What they remember is
The body ,
What they miss is
Energy, and the love that I am.....

I heard someone celebrating my birthday
I wanted to celebrate it
But could not find the date...
And one day
They declared me dead...
Again I wanted to know the date
Yet could not find....

Perhaps these dates
Do not align with me
I do not fit here

Yet every moment
Aligns with me

And I speak through wind
And I walk with the sun
Yet you seek me in form

Oh !
Someone had asked me
Where is my home
Pointing at this body
I had said , " this is my temporary refuge
If someday you don't find me here
You will never find me..."

So they say
He is dead....
Forgetting me in them...

Do you know who am I ?

21. Moment of Wonder

Looking at my son I felt while children stay in their own world we always wish to teach them ,at times it seems they need not to be taught but we must learn something from them... Perhaps that's why Jesus said , **" The kingdom of God belongs to the one who are like children "**

He smiles
I smile
His little fingers
Point to the future
Which is unknown to us...

He is busy
In his own world
Making a world of his own
Where his own gods exist

His idea of life is
Just in the present moment
He asks questions
I am dumb
His questions goes
Beyond the horizon
I look at his curiosity

And feel
Why are we not curious anymore
Perhaps we are used to
Baked answers
Before the questions appear
World is full of answers
Yes
We are no more curious
Perhaps answers have
Usurped our curiosity

But ,
(My child)
He is still busy
Busy in his little world
And curious about everything

The wonders
That he holds within
Carries the seeds of the future
That he will shape,
Only
If his answers
Are left for him
Only if he is not provided
baked answers

Perhaps
The future waits for exploration
And
I can see the future in him
I can see the future
In a moment of wonder...
In a moment of innocence...!

22. Be Lotus ....

At times we wish to see things exactly the way we want, ignoring the fact that world has its own terms and conditions... instead of preaching let's practice instead of expecting let's accept !

Lost in his own meditations
Suddenly Lotus wakes up

And finds an old pig
Wallowing in the mud
Out of compassion said the lotus
Oh
Dear pig
Please don't wallow
In the mud
It will make you dirty

Looking at the lotus
Pig gave a hearty laugh
And reprimanded
Stop your nonsense
You yourself are having roots in the mud
And how dare you
To preach me ....

"Just be silent
And don't mix with someone
Who cannot understand you
Felt the Lotus...."
There is a difference
Of lotus having roots in mud
And of pig
Wallowing in mud
But let's be silent
For a person who observes
Knows ...
the difference
Between being a pig
And being a lotus
" Be Lotus "
Said His inner voice

Being in mud
But remain untouched.....!

23. Chastity

Story of genesis perfectly echoes the theme of loss of innocence , while Adam lost it , Christ appeared to reclaim it for the entire mankind... That's why He said , **" The Kingdom of God belongs to such these children "** What is that which makes children different from elders , perhaps their Chastity ...

Every night I wake up
With an untold desire to
See you ..
Oh Chastity....!
But how far have you
Gone from me
With my knowledge
Or without me knowing
I search you
In my barren bosom
And find nothing
But traces of ash

Reminding me
Of how you were there
In your full glory
But burnt have I
You in my desires eternal

How pathetically did you cry
And how I remained
Just a dumb witness
My disloyalty to you
Kept haunting me
In your pyre
I burnt too

Now left am I
With few unfinished desires
Sins with fire
But my soul searches you
And spirit dies every moment

And every moment
Even in the fire of sin
While I burn myself
I know
A prayer keeps echoing
For your resurrection

And
From a distance comes
Rush of wind
And I hear someone saying

You are not measured
By the fire of your sins
But by the measure of my love !!

And suddenly
Purity prevailed over my being
And I saw a beautiful angel
I asked her , " who are you ? "
And she replied with
With a mysterious smile
Your Chastity !

24. Be Dust ....

Why do we carry what we are not ! It is somewhere very strange to find that we always complicate things which were meant to be simple ... It is somewhere simple to follow the spirit yet we chase flesh ! But the essence of existence lies not in the fabrication but in the simplification , in being what exactly we are !

I knew that
Knowledge is dangerous!
Yet I studied a lot
And found it as useless
As anything....

I tried to be religious
I turned fanatic
Seeking the acceptance
Of the mass
And doing
What I could have never comprehend
I killed my brother
And
With blood stained sword
I kept searching God....
But in vain....
I was promised heaven
But still I glided
Between hell and damnation....

Now I wished to help others
And I did the same
And entered ego in my mind
Seeking a place in my spirit...

And I kept showing one and all
What not have I done for everyone
Knowing not that this
Was again a snare
I sought God even through it
But found eternal desert waiting for me

Now I needed help to find Him
Yet I found none
I felt helping others was also useless

Now I know not the way to find Him
So just wait for His mercy
Knowing it full well
He is compassion Himself
Someday He will come ....

How can I hear
His voice ....
And He says
Be dust ..
Just dust
So that even a whisper of wind
Might lift you up to the heaven.... !

○ △ ○

25. Echoes of Eternity

Human beings are prone to classify things on the basis of chronological accounts, and here comes the desire to define something as beginning and something as end, but knowingly or unknowingly we have always experienced that beginning and end are nothing more than just an illusion....such I feel...

What begins as end
Ends as beginning....
We witness that
Beyond beginning and end
There is a circle
Which keeps humming
It's song of decay and resurrection

What we experience
Is just a moment
In the big circle of existence
Everywhere exists
An echo of what is inherent
Expression of that which is hidden

We conjecture the moments
When everything is our big plan
We assume ourselves little
When entire cosmos is within us ....

We are not the moments
We are the eternities
Echoes of which keeps
The existence alive !

26. As You !

Many came to Him ,many got transformed, many felt Him their only refuge...many asked for money and were granted many asked for progeny and were given many sought solutions to their problems and it was done in a go.... Yet this saint of Shirdi remained aloof and alone , and one day while everyone had left , with tears in His eyes looking at the endless sky He said , "Oh Master ! Everybody seeks things from me but nobody seeks what I have to offer ...." I wondered what is that which He wishes to give and felt His word in my being echoing "Myself"

While He sat quietly
Looking intensely at burning dhuni
I could not move
My eyes away
From His lustrous face
There He was
Beloved of all
Lord of Shirdi
With immense compassion
He looked at me
Moved His brow
As if asking
How am I ?
I could not
But look at Him
With no answer
No expression
Trying to realize
The presence in
Which I was...
"Baba..." said I,
"Please allow me
To stay in
Your Dwarkamai
For ever and ever
In Your divine holy presence..."
Smiled He with a mystery
On His lips
" Open your eyes son
I am in you
You are the Dwarkamai
Where I reside ...
Your devotion is the dhuni
Whose fire I will
Never allow to die"

Listening to
His words
I got drenched in tears
And felt His love
Enveloping me...
As if asking me ,
Where do you search
Your Sai
He is always
In You
As You
Wake up and Realize ... !
~ ○ ~

27. Eternal Longings

Who can say that they haven't lost anything or anyone…what is lost is lost forever and our deepest cry are always left unheard ….. writing this poem was never in my mind not even in thoughts yet what we experience changes our propositions….

While walking alone
We chase unknown shadows
While speaking we talk in air
While listening we wish to listen
But we remain hollow...

Neither do we speak
Nor listen
Neither we see
Nor are seen
Wishing to see them
Just once
Wishing to listen to them
Just once
longings never leave us
We carry them in our hearts
And preserve them
As our most cherished treasure
And
Someday we find our cherished treasures empty
With nothing left and realize
Perhaps leaving the box of ephemeral
They have gone into the box of Eternity

What is lost
Is
What is found !
Longings are the treasures we have cherished
While these treasures remain
with us
They exist not as treasures
But as our own beings
As

Eternal Longings !!

~ ◇~