

The 5 AM Room

— *Collected Poems* —

Sudhanshu K. Bajaj



BlueRoseONE^{.com}
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Sudhanshu K. Bajaj 2026

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



BlueRoseONE[®]
S t o r i e s M a t t e r
New Delhi • London

For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
www.BlueRoseONE.com
info@bluerosepublishers.com
+91 8882 898 898
+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-81-69761-87-1

Cover design: Anuj
Typesetting: Tanya Raj Upadhyay

First Edition: July 2026

Dedication

*To my daughter Rakshita Bajaj
The brightest verse in the poetry of my life.
– Sudhanshu K. Bajaj*

Acknowledgement

I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude to everyone who contributed, directly or indirectly, to the completion of this poetry collection.

My sincere thanks go to **Rose Bud Publications** for their guidance, support, and dedication in bringing this book to life. Their professionalism and encouragement have made this journey a memorable one.

I am deeply grateful to my friends, whose constant motivation, valuable suggestions, and unwavering faith in my work inspired me throughout the writing process. Their companionship and support have been invaluable.

I also extend my deepest appreciation to my family for their endless love, patience, and encouragement. Their belief in me has been my greatest strength and source of inspiration.

Especially, all the readers who choose to spend their time with these poems, I offer my sincere thanks. Your support gives meaning and purpose to every word written.

Sudhanshu K. Bajaj

Introduction

Sudhanshu K. Bajaj is a teacher, writer, and poet from Hazaribag. His journey began at St. Xavier's School and his father's school, where he discovered teaching as his true calling. Guided by mentor Fr. Phil Hosking, he developed a positive outlook toward life. During his higher studies in Pondicherry, his work was appreciated by Dr. Rajani Rai, the then Lieutenant Governor of Pondicherry, who admired his writing. This marked the first time his work received recognition, while he was contributing to a news bulletin. Later, he returned to his hometown and devoted himself more deeply to teaching. Teaching remains his greatest joy, besides crafting poems that celebrate love, awareness, and resilience — guided by his belief that spreading joy is life's truest purpose.

Table of Contents

The 5AM Room.....	1
Is It Not Beautiful.....	4
Root Law	6
Noon.....	8
A Blessed Flight	9
First Bite, First Verse	10
Bread and Weather	13
The Hill's Wage	15
No Apology	17
Vassal Light	19
Aurora's Promise	20
Radiance Unbound.....	21
Colors of My Heart	23
The King's Gift	24
Eid Mubarak	26
Sacred Balance	27
In the Perfect Blend	28
Holi in Shirdi	29
The Ripples of Kindness	31
Moonology	32
Refining Light	33
The Healing Cut.....	34
True Face	36

When the Year Bows Out	37
The Scribe's Plea	39
Midnight Vending: A Christmas Tale	41
Sing your own song	43
When the Sky Lets Go	45
Echoes of Jharkhand: A British Tale on Foundation Day ..	46
May I Sing	48
Shakti's Essence	49
Appo Deepo Bhava: A Diwali Ode	50
Little Hands, Big Celebrations	52
For Daughters: May You Touch the Sky and Beyond	53
Walk Your Talk	54
Happy Midweek Delight	55
Celebrating You, All My Friends	56
Compassion's Call	57
Unity and Pride	59
Kindness Matters	60
Love	61
Behind The Facade	62
Kindness To Self	64
Railway Reveries	65
Silent Love	67
Polishing the Mirror	68
Radiance	70
The Grey	71
The Quiet Rest	72

Only Clouded	74
The Forest Remembers for Me	76
Call It Foolish, Then	78
No Walls.....	80
He Was Never Theirs to Take	82
To Hear the Quiet	84
The Daily Tending	87
For a Reason	89
Was It For Me?	90
Aligned	91
Solitude before bloom	93
The Edict of Becoming Whole	94
Seasons	95
The Drop	96
The Cosmic Play	98
Alive	99
I Wonder	100
Stay Steady.....	101
Borrowed Light.....	103
Living Hymn	104
Lotus From Mud.....	106
The Glimpse.....	108
Build the Room.....	109
Echoes Over Applause.....	111
When Attuned Ears Arrive.....	113
Love Outlives the Night	114

The 5AM Room

You are not paid for hours.

You are paid for judgment.

Before the blueprint, before the crowd,
there is a quiet room with no applause:
the mind at 5 AM, asking the day
what problem deserves my name today?

Work is not the noise of hammers.

Work is the silence between two thoughts
where a better question forms.

The builder did not pour steel
because it was easy.

She poured it because rust
was claiming the future.

That is work.

Quality of life is not a balcony view.

It is the cleanliness of your next step.

Can you stand inside it without wincing?

Can you sign your breath to it?

The steward asked not how fast,
but how fair. She let the line stop
so the line could last.

That is life, holding.

The thinking process is a furnace.
You feed it ore: rumor, data, doubt.
You feed it oxygen: why, why, why.
The heat does not care for your title.
It cares for impurity.
What comes out is either slag or alloy.
The keyboard, the wrench, the mop—
all choose alloy before the market opens.
The forgemaster chose alloy.
He chose it every morning
before the market opened.

Positivity is not a smile pinned to your lapel.
Positivity is inventory.
Count what you have:
Two hands. One name. One chance
to refuse the easy, crooked path.
Count what you keep:
Promises older than your fatigue.
People who borrow your light
and return it brighter.

So—
What are you doing?
Say it plain. No slogans.
If the words feel rented, return them.
Why are you doing it?

If the answer needs a spotlight,
it will not survive a dark quarter.
You don't need claps for the work.
You need satisfaction inside, peace around,
and applause grounded.

A fruitful life is not a harvest parade.
It is a clean ledger after the storm:
Debts honored. Doubts tempered.
Tools sharper than when you found them.
Rooms you leave better lit
because you wrestled in them,
and thought is a form of labor.

Do not work to fill time.
Work to fill the mold.
The world is waiting for things
that do not crack under use—
bridges, trusts, sentences, companies.
Make one.

Then, when the shift ends,
you will not ask was I busy?
You will know was I honest?
And in that answer,
the quality of your life
is already decided.

Is It Not Beautiful

Is it not beautiful to keep it simple:
looking around at smiling faces,
less ego,
more kindness?

Is it not beautiful to keep it brief:
walking with yourself for a while,
smiling inward,
then passing that smile on?

Is it not beautiful
to read the faces on the street,
young and old,
each lined with weather, each lit by morning?

Is it not beautiful
to walk past the locked rooms of others,
let their secrets sleep,
and bless each doorway as we go?

Is it not beautiful:
to meet what we can't respect
with silence,
held like something fragile in the mouth?

Is it not beautiful
to see summer pin its colors to the street —
caps and bright hats,
small festivals for ordinary days?

Then when the weather turns...
umbrellas open, one by one,
a quiet garden walking in the rain.

Is it not beautiful,
this simple vow we keep:
to live:
the world breathes.

Root Law

When your heart is sincere,
the earth tilts a degree toward you.
Not in thunder, not in spectacle—
in the quiet arithmetic of roots finding water.

Nature keeps clean accounts.
The cosmos still intervenes — not with thunder, but testing.
Your will held up to the cosmic, weighed for what holds.
It does not bargain with shadow.
So it removes the masks of those
who never had the same purity for you.
That's not a loss. That's protection,
the way banks hold the flood
to keep the field from drowning in its own runoff.

The honest do not arrive empty-handed.
They come bearing their weather—
salt on the skin from their own crossings,
calluses that learned how to hold,
and eyes that have kept vigil with truth
long enough to know its weight.

You will recognize them by what stays.
Laughter that keeps its weight.
Silence that does not need filling.

A name spoken once and remembered
because it was placed, not dropped.

Let the rest go as leaves go in autumn:
no grievance—only grace before the wind.
The tree does not mourn the space made
for stronger boughs, for nests, for light.

Stay sincere.
The soil will sort the seed.
What belongs to you will root,
and what does not will be lifted,
gentle as mist, from your hands.

Noon

Power is no sculptor's chisel on the self.
It is the high window cracking open at noon,
the light that finds what years of habit hid,
and lays bare the quiet hall of the self.

Ambition is a shadow that grows longer than the self.
Empathy, a veil worn thin in the cold glare of noon.
We ignore the echo in the hall:
the promised coffee never poured,
the calendar invite left on read,
the dropped call that never gets returned.

Criticism arrives but is not heard.
Praise arrives and is mistaken for sight.
We oil the hinge of conscience,
and call the silence wisdom.

Power did not carve the fissures; it only poured light.
The cracks we hid in darkness, now etched in noon,
were laid by years of small permissions,
silence the patient mason.

The heart does not shatter. It quiets.
The self does not collapse. It stands exposed.

The sun accuses nothing.
It only refuses to lie.

A Blessed Flight

May you pause as the cranes do,
measuring the week behind you,
feeling the pull of something new.

May you rise together, not in haste,
but with wings unbound and steady,
across skies unnamed, uncharted, vast.

May your days move with quiet charm,
gaining speed without a qualm,
free from doubt and free from harm.

May the fortunate few who notice,
catch the dreamlike, bliss-woven motion
of a weekend given back to you.

First Bite, First Verse

The basket arrives without announcement.

No gunny sacks, no noise — just weight, warmth, and that scent.

Dusseri, Chausa, Banarsi Langra, their skins burnished like old gold,

laid out on clean cloth, sharp knife waiting, cubes already promised.

Hapur's Dusseri: sharp and sweet with a fibrous bite.

Hapur's Chausa: honeyed and yielding.

Banaras's Langra: tart and unapologetic, the one Ghalib waited for all year.

From Delhi to the banks of the Ganga, every palate bows.

They gleam delectable, worthy of every ache of waiting, every stolen glance.

To behold them is a trial of restraint; to devour them, a feat of will.

The poet knows: some truths are not spoken, they are tasted first.

When I forgo the knife and peel the skin with plain, impatient fingers,

that burnished cheek parts in a smile, saying “you’ve earned this sacrament.”

Mouth fills, a restless tide. My resolve dissolves swifter than parchment in their nectar.

For this is the old pact: the tongue must confess before the pen can pray.

At last, the ablution is done, the tub stands bare. I bite. Ambrosial juices surge with no permission, no apology, no ending.

Appetite tears through decorum; fingers forget the napkin, each mouthful a luscious, riotous, sun-drenched mesh. This is not hunger. This is worship. The body prostrating before the season.

Children barter and bicker for seconds. Adults pretend they don't.

Mango shake whirls in the blender, also beloved, also crowned.

Even Ghalib, basket of Banarsi Langra before him, set his sher aside and said: Aam aaye, to shair hawa ho gaye.

Not because the words failed him, but because the fruit had spoken first.

Kalidasa called it the nectar of the hot season, and across India people have crowned it king of summer and a drop from heaven.

Not because the mangoes are gone, but because the verse is done.

The pen is lifted, and another basket waits.

The scent has not left the air —
not of the mangoes, nor of the verses.

Bread and Weather

Each morning is a kiln.
A body steps into the fire
to keep the bread coming.

Cheated by the hour,
called fool by the clever —
the loss is counted, the hand is blessed.

Hurt wears a smile to work.
The smile fits. It holds.

Words stumble out wrong,
too wide, too late.
Ignorant is the name given.
Inside, a quiet wisdom
keeps counsel with the grain
and smiles at the noise.

The head stays bowed to the table.
Nail by nail. Hour by hour.
No trade in gossip,
no hunger for news turned inside out.
The only headlines: rain, wind, sun.

Singing starts with rain on tin.
Dancing starts with cool air after heat.

The first smell of mud
remembers what flesh is made of.

Small resurrections return unannounced:
Kites tugging at the sky,
Paper boats holding hope in a puddle,
Childhood arriving without permission.

Strangers bring quick eyes, quick tongues.
Fear knows their language.
But when the old maid says,
“Food today. Something special,”
fear sets the plate down.
The heart sets the table.
Singing starts again.

Rich in coin? No.
Solvent in blessings? Yes —
given and received,
crumb by crumb, hour by hour.

Simple is the name given.
Unbroken is the name kept.
Behind the times, they say.
Keeping time, says the rain,
the bread, the breath.

A living prayer, spoken low,
at ground level
where the world forgets to look.

The Hill's Wage

I too have a Salary Day.

Not the brass bell of _Aaj pehli tareekh hai_,
not the month's mouth shouting its number.

Mine arrives unannounced, like first light on slate —
the reckoning of years, not of hours,
paid in handfuls I can close a fist around.

I take it bit by bit,
the way a hill takes rain:
not in deluge, but in drinking.
No flood. Only filling.

This is joy without trumpet.
It is a copper coin warm from my pocket,
a kettle with its throat of steam,
the latch of a small house, high on the hill,
lifting to a wind that speaks my name.

Here is my wealth, plain and unapologetic:
rice pluming in the pot,
a chair mended until it forgets it broke,
silence that follows work well done.
As you all love to shower happiness,
I let fulfillment sift through the pines —

gold leaf by slow gold leaf —
and stand in it until I am gilded.

I do not watch the first.
I live in the _after_ —
after the long ascent, after the stone in my boot,
after doubt called me a fool for loving the climb.

Stone by stone, season by season,
I laid this house into the ridge.
Now the hill is no longer a test.
It is a table. And daily I set it
with what my hands have earned:
peace, in measured bowls;
pleasure, without asking leave;
blessing, tallied on ten faithful fingers.

So yes — I too have a Salary Day.
It comes whenever I remember this truth:
this is mine. I tilled for it.
I am allowed to feel blessed.
And I do —
up here, small house, wide sky,
with all I carried, now keeping me.

No Apology

When we rise,
the road turns hushed —
wide as winter sky.
Not empty.
Uncluttered.
This is not loss.
This is alignment.

Gently, we unhand
old energies,
patterns worn thin as prayer beads,
ties that no longer hum in our key.
We release them
like trees release leaves.
Trusting spring.

Growth carves sanctuary.
Sometimes by closing doors —
to cages called habits,
to wrists bound by belief,
to voices veering away.
And yes.
It is okay.

Not all eyes hold your horizon.
Not all hearts fathom your deep.
Not all ears hear your compass turn.
Their not-knowing
unmakes nothing.
Your north stays.

You were not born to fold small
for rooms you've outgrown.
You are here to unfurl.
To rise.
To become.

Each threshold demands new you —
fiercer flame,
clearer sight,
truer frequency.
Hush by hush,
step by step,
you cross into her.
Into him.
Into who you were called to be.

Not by force.
Not by grind.
But by brave, quiet surrender:
becoming.

Vassal Light

It's ancient hymn, a truth carved deep and sound,
When gloaming veils the way, become the flame that's
found.

A steadfast pyre in night, a radiance slowly unfurled,
Gilding hearts where love and hope are ever-turning
worlds.

One sovereign ember, fierce, refusing to adjourn,
Can set the heavens alight where weary spirits yearn.
No thunderous deeds required, just a vow of lucent grace,
That kisses souls awake and charts love's tender trace.

For in hushed depths where steadfast virtue dwells,
There lives a power that resounds and evermore excels.
It rends the dark and ignites the vault of night,
Rise like the dawn, and dusk becomes your vassal light.
The world will trace your bright, unborrowed stride,
And constellations chart the path where you alone preside.

*The light that kindled me is yours — the blaze we're born to
be.*

Aurora's Promise

The month of blooming madness, Aurora's sweet serenade,
Unfolds like whispers, in the dawn's soft shade.
Petals turn, azure murmurs, in hues of crimson fire,
As earth awakens, hearts entwine, in love's sweet desire.

In twilight's gentle hush, where shadows wade,
Hope's embers kindle, with blessings that never fade.
The prayers you've whispered, in secret, in the silent night,
Meet this moment, as blessings unfurl, in love's soft light.

The stars above, a celestial choir hums,
In harmony with heartbeats, souls take gentle rise.
Trust the whispers, of what is yet to be,
For love's sweet madness, blooms untamed, wild and free.

May this Aurora's month, bring you joy that never fades,
And heart's desires, with blessings that cascade.
May love's sweet touch, guide you through life's twist and
turn,
And dawn's awakening, bring pure dreams that come true.

Smoking the peace pipe, I can only say that...
Bridges are wived to entwine souls,
Walls are woven to crumble apart...
Believe me...
Homes are lanterns aglow, to share joy's untied petals,
Love's fragments scattered, yet forever entwined .

Radiance Unbound

Energy never lies, a truth that's whispered low,
In the quiet pulse of life, where hearts beat and souls glow.
Like the moon that pulls the tides, it stirs and calls,
In the hum of your heartbeat, it echoes, "You stand tall."

Not the cold glitter of stone, nor the borrowed fire of jewels,
This light upon the face, a glow that time itself cannot
polish or reconcile.
It is the quiet brilliance of a soul that has weathered storms,
Tasted the dust of defeat, yet chosen dignity over despair's
dark form.

This is the shine of a heart that refused to bow,
That stitched its broken hopes with threads of silent
courage, and emerged unbroken.
No crown gave this brilliance, no treasure could ever buy it
—

It was born the day you decided to stand tall, and let your
inner flame ignite.

In forest whispers, in rivers' songs, this energy flows,
A symphony of life, where every note is yours to compose.
Let others chase the sparkle of diamonds, you, carry the
sunrise within;

For the greatest glow on earth is the light of a fearless life,
fueled by energy that never lies.

Animals run to you, kids smile at you, strangers tell you
their stories.

People feel safe around you, drawn to the warmth of your
inner fire .

And perhaps the world does not notice, perhaps no songs
are sung —

*Yet heaven quietly writes your name among those who
truly lived, and shone with energy unbound.*

Colors of My Heart

In whispered sighs, she posed a query so sublime,
A question vast as the ocean's profound rhyme.
"What's your favorite color?" she asked with an enchanting smile,
And I, enthralled by her gaze, stood lost, my heart left to reconcile.

In your eyes, I behold the spring's resplendent awakening,
A season of love, where petals unfurl, and fragrances celestial are awakening.
For I'd never known, nor sought to discern,
Till I gazed upon the masterpiece of your eyes, an ethereal canvas, blue and divine.

Blue as the velvet night, adorned with stars that shimmer like diamonds bright,
Blue as the ardor that ignites, setting my soul's deepest core alight.
Your eyes, my beloved, are the hues of my heart's own refrain,
In their depths, I discover my very essence, my soul's sacred terrain.

Your love is the chromatic force that paints my innermost being,
In your eyes, I am forever transmuted, made whole, and set free .

The King's Gift

Siya Ram

In Ayodhya's radiant splendor, where cosmic rhythms
entwine,
The kingdom pulsates, with love's celestial design.
Dasharatha and Kausalya, with hearts aflame,
Bestow gifts and blessings, as the universe does proclaim.

Their love harmonizes, with the cosmic song,
As they thank each soul, with a heart that's pure and strong.
The crowd sways in ecstasy, as incense wafts high,
Conch shells sing in chorus, as Ram's glory touches the sky.

Kausalya's eyes beam bright, with tears of joy and pride,
Gazing at Ram, her heart's cherished, tender bride.
A fakir sits in stillness, attuning to the cosmic beat,
As the king approaches, with a gentle, loving gaze to meet.

The fakir rises, with a heart in perfect harmony,
"Please give me Ram," he whispers, with a soulful
symphony.
The king's surprise yields to unity's pure flow,
*As he hands Ram to the fakir, in a love that knows no
bounds to grow.*

The fakir's heart vibrates, in resonance divine,
As he cradles Ram, and merges with the cosmic rhyme,
With Ram's birth, the darkness fades away,
Truth , compassion, and duty light the way .

Eid Mubarak

Inspired by "Eidgah" by Munshi Premchand

In village streets, excitement's high
Eid's arrival brings joy to the sky
Children rush, with laughter free
To Eidgah, where prayers will be

Hamid's heart beats with love so pure
Thinks of grandma, his love endures
No toys or sweets can match her smile
He buys tongs, his thoughtful style

Grandma's fingers, often burned
Cooking meals, her hands yearned
For relief, for care, for love so true
Hamid's gift, a thoughtful gesture shines through

In Eidgah's vast, congregational space
Equality reigns, a sacred place
All bow down, in unison, hearts at stake
Wealth and status, no distinction make

The prayer ends, festivities begin
Children's laughter, joy within
Hamid's gift, a symbol of love divine
Shines like a star, on this Eid night

Sacred Balance

If how could I understand peace,
Not by altering worlds, nor outward scenes that cease,
But by transforming energies that in me reside,
A metamorphosis of the heart, where love does abide.

When mind's tumult subsides, and heart's essence refines,
Something mystical stirs, like zephyrs in sacred vines.
My aura radiates, thoughts become potent whispers low,
Presence soothes the air, a balm for souls that flow.

Divine inner strength, not force, but gentle dew,
Grace, intuition, beauty, and power that silently accrue.
Like lotus in mire, my soul ascends above,
Shining with celestial light, a testament to inner love.

Close eyes, breathe deep, let gratitude entwine,
Feel golden luminescence seep, peace that does divine.
Energy softens, calms, yet gathers potent might,
As inner purity awakens, life responds in delight.

Opportunities unfold, respect and purpose align,
My path, a gentle river, flowing to its destined brine.
The sacred essence within, a resonance, a heartbeat true,
Within, a guiding force, where love and peace enthrine .

In the Perfect Blend

Coffee's dark, velvet night, once lone and stark,
Meets milk's silken whisper, and finds its heart.
A dash of sugar, harmony's gentle kiss,
Together, flavors wade, in ecstatic bliss.

Just as coffee finds its muse, its perfect pair,
We, too, discover balance, in life's fugitive air.
The right souls, a gothic lace, intricate and fine,
Unveil our strengths, and soothe our soul's forgotten shrine.

With them, our flaws are alchemy, transmuted gold,
Life's tapestry, rich, vibrant, and with secrets told.
In their presence, we bloom, like coffee's crimson dawn,
Our true essence, in their love, unfurling, petals of monsoon.

Here's to those rare, precious few, who bring
Out the best in us, and make life's journey sing.
May their love, a celestial glow, forever light
Our paths, and craft, a sweet, sweet symphony of night

Holi in Shirdi

In Shirdi's sanctified precincts, I reside,
A humble fakir, bearing God's sacred tidings abide.
"Serve humanity with a heart unencumbered," I did
proclaim,
"Seek the Lord in every virtuous deed, in every mortal
frame."

Make the Almighty your heart's fervent aspiration,
And supreme felity shall be your soul's blissful habitation.
The giver bestows, yet His hand remains unseen,
In every breath, His divine will is serenely supreme.

I, a humble fakir, entrusted with God's sacred behest,
Guided by His divine will, with heart devoted and chaste.
Near, yet imperceptible, He dwells,
Truth transcending birth, caste, and creed's narrow shells.

With hues of love, I revel in Holi's jubillance with Him,
Dhol's rhythmic beats echo, as devotion's spirit swims
within.
Color speaks a universal language, shattering bounds,
In Shirdi's ecstasy, God's love is eternally renowned.

Your presence, your essence is the sublime benediction,
Intimacy with Him requires no striving, no labor or
affliction.

It's simple, soothing, and profound, like waves upon the shore,

A love that asks not to be merited, but flows in endless bounty more.

You transcend the realm of ephemeral gifts, you are the essence entire,

The giver, the quintessence, the most

The Ripples of Kindness

Amidst life's tempestuous storm and strife,
A gentle smile can be the beacon of life.
It whispers calm to troubled hearts and souls,
A tender balm that soothes the pain of yesternights'
controls.

In a world astray, where shadows dance and play,
A smile's soft whisper can bring forth the light of day.
For those who bear the weight of unseen scars,
A kind word can be the gentle breeze that lifts the morning
stars.

For kindness, though a simple act, holds boundless might,
A radiant spark that ignites the dark of endless night.
As we choose to uplift and shine our light,
Our hearts entwine, and love's sweet melody takes flight.

Thus, let us weave a tapestry of compassion's thread,
Where love and smiles converge, and every heart is fed.
For in the alchemy of kindness, we transform the air,
And fill the world with joy, beyond space and care .

Moonology

Under the light of the moon
I remember to come back to myself,
I remember to come back to my peace,
To the love that lives within me,
To the courage that has carried me forward.

To my creativity and imagination
That allows me to see beyond my limitations
To my strength and power that are rooted in my being.

AND I GIVE MYSELF THE PERMISSION
TO SHINE MY LIGHT ONCE AGAIN

Refining Light

It's no need to succumb, you're where you're meant to be,
To spread joy and happiness, leaving love's sparkles free.
When you've done your job there, He has plans to shift you,
It wasn't suffering – it was learning through.

Not to be understood, but to be refined,
Underestimated, and freed from weights left behind,
Life's currents guide, to prune what's not meant to stay,
To liberate the soul, and let it align.

Lost in the noise, deaf to inner whispers sweet,
It takes time to grasp, the universe's loving play,
Challenges gift with others' shared pain,
Humility blooms where hearts are made to remain.

The cosmos sends signs, whispers in the wind's breeze,
Nudges towards deepest truth, if listened to with ease,
Trust the path unfolds, what's meant to be will find its way,
Kindness leaves its mark, in the moments' gentle sway.

In surrender, peace is found, a sense of home,
Where love and kindness are the paths known,
Life's whispers guide, through moments dark and light,
Beyond understanding, where love is the truth that shines.

The Healing Cut

Allow the rivulets of pain to flow, unbridled and unbound,
For a wound must surrender its secrets before it can be
freed.

You and I, we're crucibles of fire, tempered by the flames of
heartache,
Forged from the shards of shattered dreams, and the dust of
lost tomorrows.

In the inferno of our pain, a phoenix is born,
A path unwinds, a labyrinth of light, where healing's subtle
spark is kindled.
Purge the festering shadows that haunt our souls,
Confront the abyss, and let the tidal wave of emotions crash
and roll.

For it's in the darkness that we find the stars,
And in the depths of sorrow, a luminous path unfolds.
Let the cataracts of tears fall, let the pyre of anger burn,
Let the shrapnel of heartbreak pierce and reveal the hidden
contours of our hearts.

In the alchemy of pain, we transmute our wounds to
wisdom,
And in the crucible of sorrow, we are reborn, reformed, and
redeemed.

For sometimes, we must shatter like a meteor, scattering
shards of our former selves,
To take a new birth, to heal, to rise, phoenix-like, from the
ashes of our demise.

Perhaps, in the epic battle between love's tender touch and
hatred's corrosive sway,
Or in the gentle whisper of humility, that topples the
citadels of our pride,
In the bitter gall of betrayal, we discover a truth profound
and unyielding,
*A truth that sets us free, and teaches us to love again, to
live again, to heal again.*

True Face

In realms of crafted guises, some masks conceal,
Weaving webs of artifice, their true selves to reveal.
Yet, there are a few who wear the veil with grace,
Not to deceive, but to safeguard their essence, their soul's
sacred space.

The journey of life, with purity of heart, winds its path,
Strewn with trials, and beset by doubts' dark aftermath.
Not everyone will cheer, or walk alongside with joy,
But it is in perseverance, that true strength is forged, you'll
see.

Sometimes, in life's labyrinth, we lose our way,
It is then, in surrender, that we discover our truest day.
For walking away from life, is oft the path to rebirth,
A shedding of the old, to find the essence of our worth.

So wear your mask with intent, and guard your heart's core,
For being true to yourself is the treasure you adore.
In authenticity lies strength, and in truth, we find our way,
A life of purpose, lit by our guiding star's ray.

When the Year Bows Out

As the year surrenders its final breath, the calendar itself seems to exhale a quiet sigh of completion.

We don't shy away from glancing backward, for in that reflection we find a quiet reverence: we have, against the odds, sculpted a finer version of ourselves, hand in hand with those who walked beside us.

Life's classroom is relentless—its lessons arrive sharp as chisels, some tender, some unforgiving—yet each strike shapes the raw marble of the soul.

The marks we have left behind glitter like scattered stones, catching light at every turn, night or day, and they gradually transmute into gems that pulse with quiet brilliance, polished by the laughter and tears we shared.

Every stride we took, each imprint pressed into the shifting sands of time, now glows with the hard-won wisdom of trials endured, softened by the steady presence of dear friends.

They become lanterns, steady and soft, lighting the path ahead.

We cherish how these footprints have matured into beacons—beautiful, steadfast—mirroring the love and growth they have nurtured within, and we are grateful for the companions who brightened every step.

In the grand tapestry of our journey, those luminous gems interlace a narrative of resilience, of relentless learning, of modest triumph.

They whisper that every stumble, every ascent, every fleeting moment has stitched itself into the masterpiece that is us, together, today—and we look forward to the new year with renewed strength, carrying these cherished bonds forward.

The Scribe's Plea

Inscribe, dear poet, words that breathe and live,
For writing is the echo of the soul's deep jive,
It is more than mere marks on parchment, cold and grey,
But vibrant threads that weave a brighter day.

A catalyst for change, a beacon in the night,
A call to awen, a gentle, guiding light,
That shines within, illuminating darkest fears,
And brings solace to the hearts of all who hear.

In worlds awash with darkness, where shadows play,
Poetry's a balm, a soothing, healing ray,
A whispered truth, a heartfelt, fervent cry,
That dares to speak the unspoken, and not deny.

For creativity, a double-edged sword, doth cut,
A weight that presses, and a liberating gust,
A burden borne, a trust to be fulfilled,
A means to express, to heal, to be made whole, and to be still.

So let the words flow forth, like sacred streams,
That quench the thirst, and soothe the troubled dreams,
For in the act of writing, we find release,

And in the sharing, hearts are made to connect, and souls to
cease.

Let poetry be the voice, that echoes through the land,
A symphony of hope, a call to understand,
That in the depths of human experience, we are not alone,
But connected, fragile, and beautifully, divinely sewn.

Midnight Vending: A Christmas Tale

Walking beside nature's hush, my thoughts drift on a gentle breeze,
while Christmas carols ripple through cafés; sugar-coated lights twinkle above,
and ladies in lace-colored frocks emerge from the bookstore, gifts in hand, sipping tea and sharing laughter.

Last year I clashed with jolly Midnight Rider, my child-like fervor demanding every gift I could think of,
when a bright, merry chime rang out like a violin's sigh—the world burst into a sparkling winter wonderland.

From that enchanted night, Santa slipped the machine into my palm—a gift cradled in frosted velvet, the treasure I had longed for.

It softly murmured, "Place a coin, claim your treat, and watch it return, forever won."

A lone vending machine appears—not the ordinary kind that dispenses tobacco sticks, but a marvel that releases pure joy; a coin inserted, a treasure set in motion, its glass eyes glimmering like frosted lanterns, each dispensing a burst of wonder.

Thus began my journey, a path strewn with wonder,
where sorrow softens and hope blossoms afresh.
Each coin I turn becomes a page, each chime a line,
the story of my heart taking shape—a tale of frost-kissed
affection and luminous grace.

Through your eyes I see the world—a tapestry of light, love,
and endless possibility,
every moment a grateful breath, every breath a gift
returned.

May the music of the season linger in every heart,
*may your days be wrapped in joy, your nights in cheer,
and your souls in the warm glow of Christmas happiness—
forever bright, forever blessed.*

Sing your own song

Sing your own song, be your own joy,
When the world seeks to hate, to shake, to break—let your
stance stay unshaken,
That is what makes you.

In the gentle turn of time:
the year rolls over—calm, slow, a quiet invitation to begin
anew,
No thunderous demands, no frantic rush, only soft hope
that lingers close,
Whispering possibilities.

We have loved, we have lost;
friends have drifted, words have been left unsaid,
Yet the ache teaches hearts what they already know:
to stitch the frayed seams, to rise again, to walk forward
without fear.

When tempests gather and doubts arise,
let a quiet fire blaze within, turning each trial into a note
in the melody you compose.

Some will judge you for changing, others will celebrate you
for growing;

choose wisely the voices that lift you; your circle determines
your ascent.

May this year paint your days with triumph, your nights
with peace,

and your heart with a roaring drum—steady, patient,
resilient.

May change arrive softly and kindly, strengthening the
mind,

and may hope be a gentle light, not loud or proud, but a
faithful whisper that speaks softly.

Step by step, not all at once, dreams grow strong when
patience runs.

Here's to beginnings—small, true, brave—to better days and
a braver you.

*A whispered wish, a hopeful start... a brand-new year, a
stronger heart.*

When the Sky Lets Go

The open sky holds all that drifts—
soft clouds of joy, sharp gusts of doubt—
it lets the storm-torn pieces fall away,
while cradle-warm light stays radiant and gleaming.

Prayers rise like sunrise mist,
gentle, unclaimed, each in its own hue,
and the vast blue gathers them, folds them in,
showering blessings on the heart that watches.

When we release the weight that clouds our minds,
the heavens sweep the darkness far,
leaving only the fragrant bloom of bright promise,
a quiet chorus of gratitude that never fades.

So breathe with the wind and let sorrow glide,
Let the sky keep what lifts you—
a steady stream of peace, forever poured.

Echoes of Jharkhand: A British Tale on Foundation Day

Ulgulan—“the great uprising”—still rumbles in the hills, a reminder of the Munda’s unyielding spirit.

In twilight’s hush, where shadows play,
I recall the scent of damp earth’s sway,
Burning leaves, a distant memory’s fire,
Fear’s dark whisper, a heart’s desire.

We, the British, came with steel, fire, and stone,
To tame the wild, to claim the land as our own.
But the earth breathed, it pulsed with a fierce, quiet life,
A heartbeat that echoed, a spirit that would not die.

In 1899 a name was whispered low—
Birsa Munda, a sage, the forest’s woe.
A curse, a prayer, a whispered fear,
A man who dared to challenge through ages untold.

The drums began, a pulsing beat,
The jungle alive, a people’s heart that leapt.
Barefoot they rose, faces streaked with ash and hope,
A defiant, shining glow that no rifle could snare.

Birsa walked, a man possessed, a sage true,
His voice a promise—a declaration of rising radiance:
“This land is not yours; it belongs to the earth,
It belongs to us, a right of rebirth.”

We fired, we fled, we thought we’d won,
But the forest hid its son; the battle had just begun.

On 15 November 2000, the land was named Jharkhand—a
promise reborn.

Yet the wind still carries his chant, a promise that never
dies,

*And on this day we rise, Jharkhand, with Birsa’s fire
forever in our veins.*

May I Sing

May I sing, may I dance, may I learn, and may I unlearn,
In awareness, behold the wondrous sights life discerns,
Miracles everywhere, a symphony of pure delight,
Filling my heart with joy and my soul with light.

Let me sing with life's melody,
Let me dance to the universe's rhythm and strife,
Let me learn with the wisdom of the ages old,
And let me unlearn the fears that make my heart grow cold.

Ears that hear the bee's soft hum, the thunder's mighty
roar,
A brain that ponders dust and cosmos, seeking truth
evermore,
A heart that beats in rhythm with the universe's rhyme,
Connected to all beings, in an endless, cosmic chime.

When struggles weigh us down and weary we feel,
These miracles await, like hidden treasures revealed,
Let's pause, observe, and cherish life's subtle might,
And find solace in the beauty that's always in sight.

May love and laughter fill your life's frame,
With friends who care and miracles that sustain,
As festive seasons paint the world with delight,
May radiant joy and peace envelop you, shining bright.

Shakti's Essence

In cosmic dance, she spins and swirls,
Goddess Shakti, feminine essence that whirls.
Energy incarnate, life force so radiant,
Nourishing creation, in eternal momentum.

With Shiva's consciousness, she forms the sacred pair,
Together they weave, the universe's intricate fabric with
care.

Ardhanarishvara, the union sublime,
Right side Shiva, left side Devi, in harmonious prime.

Durga's strength, Kali's fierce majesty,
Lakshmi's prosperity, Saraswati's wisdom's clarity.
In every woman, Shakti's essence resides,
A goddess in form, with power that sanctifies.

The feminine principle, revered and pure,
A reflection of the cosmos, in mystic allure.
In every birth, a miracle manifests,
A testament to Shakti's power, in infinite trust.

Appo Deepo Bhava: A Diwali Ode

Appo Deepo Bhava: Be a light unto yourself,
Illuminating your path, with devotion, and inner wealth,
In the depths of your soul, a flame burns bright,
A spark of the divine, that shines with pure light,
This inner light guides you, through life's journey long,
Leads you to a place, of peace, and loving song.

Like a diya, shining in the darkness of space,
Your heart is filled, with compassion, and pure radiance,
Spirit soars, like incense smoke to the heavens above,
Devotion is the guiding force, that leads you to a life of love.

In the circle of friends, we find our sacred space,
Where laughter and devotion, erase every care, and every
anxious face,
Friends become family, in this sacred bond we share,
Laughter and devotion, erase every care, and every anxious
air.

Our hearts entwine, like sacred vines,
Diwali's warmth, forever divine, in our hearts, a devotion
that forever shines,
With every puja, our spirits soar, like incense smoke to the
heavens above,

Gratitude and devotion, we adore, in every breath, every
tender gesture of love.

In this sacred moment, we find our true connection,
A bond of devotion, that transcends all rejection.
Our hearts are filled, with joy and cheer,
As we celebrate, Diwali's devotion, that's always near.

Devotion is the spark, that lights our way,
Guiding us through life's joys and fears each day,
In Diwali's light, we find our true self,
Our hearts, forever made new, in devotion's gentle wealth.

Little Hands, Big Celebrations

The air is electric with anticipation as Diwali draws near,
Children's eyes sparkle with excitement and cheer.
They're busily engaged, with paper, glue, and careful
design,
Crafting Gharoundas, and decorating them with flair divine.

Their tiny hands weave magic with every delicate stroke,
As they infuse life into each Gharounda with love they
create and invoke.
Their laughter and chatter fill the air with unbridled
delight,
As they eagerly await the festival's divine and luminous
night.

The night of Diwali will soon be upon us, radiant and
bright,
With fireworks, sweets, and all the love that fills the hearts.
The children's excitement is a joy to behold,
A celebration of light that will set their hearts, young and
bold.

Gharoundas, a symbol of hope and cheer,
A celebration of dreams, and another festive year.
As we worship and offer our heartfelt prayers,
*May our children's lives be blessed with love, light, and
happy years.*

For Daughters: May You Touch the Sky and Beyond

The drums began, and the world awoke,
Every beat a promise, every twirl a spoke.
Lights scattered like stars on earthly ground,
And joy became the only sound.
Ghaghras spun like rivers of flame,
Dupattas fluttered, whispering my name.
The air was painted in laughter's hue,
And every color felt bright, felt new.
My brothers—shields in the wild, fierce crowd,
Their care was silent, but stronger than loud.
My girls, my queens, with eyes that shone,
They made me feel cherished, never alone.
And my best friend—oh the warmth of her hand,
Guiding me gently where chaos did stand.
A twirl, a laugh, a step in time,
Her smile turned the music into rhyme.
We danced in circles, a galaxy spun,
Every heartbeat louder than the drum.
Feet upon earth, yet souls soared high,
As if the stars bowed low that night.
The music roared—unbridled, untamed,
And not a single sorrow remained.
We danced like the night would never fade,
Like the moon forgot to leave the sky.
I wished for time to bend, to stay.

Walk Your Talk

Do you walk your talk, or is it just a facade?
Are you progressing on the path you've chosen to make?
The outside world may not see the inner strife,
But it's in the quiet moments that true growth takes life.

How do you deal with life's ebb and flow?
Do you recognize the triggers that make you go low?
Can you detach when emotions start to rise?
Or do they consume you, clouding your inner skies?

Are you present in the moment, fully engaged?
Or is your mind elsewhere, in a different stage?
Can you let go of what's holding you back?
And find satisfaction in the life you're living on track?

Mindfulness is key, being fully alive,
Engaging entirely, with heart and soul that thrive.
It's not about external validation or praise,
It's about living life, in all its phase.

So, enjoy the journey, with all its highs and lows,
Don't wait for applause, let your inner self glow.
It's your life, your story, your way to be,
Walk it with purpose, wild and carefree.

Happy Midweek Delight

We don't create songs just to hear them fade,
Or compose music for a moment's shade.
Minutes pass, and the melody's our own,
We sing and hum, wherever life takes us home.

On trains or bike , we find our way,
As the song resonates deep within us each day.
In harmony, we find our own beat,
A symphony of love, uniquely sweet.

Like India's diverse cultures, we thrive,
Celebrating differences with a harmonious stride.
In sync, we dance, with hearts that align,
Honesty and trust, a love that's true and kind.

Our dreams, ambitions, and goals entwine,
Creating a shared vision, a love that shines.
Supporting each other, through life's every stage,
Together we journey, in love's sacred page.

In quiet moments, these beautiful songs,
Echo the love that in our hearts belongs.
Nurturing love, a flame that forever responds,
Forgiveness and patience, a breeze that transcends.

Celebrating You, All My Friends

You are the luminescent thread that weaves through my life,

A radiant jewel polished by love and strife,

With every step, you illuminate my way,

In your eyes, my youth is reborn, come what may.

Your presence is a masterclass in joy and wonder,

A symphony of laughter, a dance of pure thunder,

You teach me with gentle wisdom, scold me with loving care,

And console me with soft whispers of a tender air.

With words imperfect, yet from the heart, I try to show

The depths of my love, in verse, where emotions grow,

You are the poem that I've lived and breathed,

A verse of devotion, a rhyme of love that's etched and seared.

Memories unfold as you unlock my childhood's vault,

A treasure trove of wonder, a world of magic to behold,

Life's journey is a canvas, vibrant and bright,

A masterpiece of love, a work of art, divine and in sight.

You bring floral smiles on butterfly wings,

Morning sweet hymns as peace falls, joy that clings,

May your days hold laughter, love, and grace,

Happy Birthday, may all your dreams find their place.

Compassion's Call

As screens surrender to silence, and news recedes,
A fleeting glance ignites fervent deeds,
Turbulent emotions swirl, passions ablaze,
For and against dogs, a dichotomy that amazes.

In Sai's luminous legacy, a beacon shines bright,
Govind's testament to love's transformative might,
"Protect and cherish creatures, with compassion's gentle
hand,
For in their care, our humanity expands."

The human heart, a battleground of conflicting views,
A maelstrom of emotions, where love and fear intersect,
Some behold canine companions, with affection's tender
gaze,
Others perceive threats, in a world of discordant ways.

Yet, in streets and homes, dogs weave their gentle spell,
Faithful friends, bound by love's indelible tie, they dwell,
Sai's boundless kindness illuminates the path ahead,
To treat all beings with empathy, and compassion's
steadfast tread.

In shared spaces, humans and animals entwine,
A delicate dance, where coexistence is divine,

As Kabir's wisdom whispers, "The divine is in all,"
Let's honor the sacred bond, that echoes through it all.

Let us heed the call, to listen and understand,
To reconcile disparate voices, hand in hand,
Perhaps, in dialogue's crucible, we'll find our way,
To balance human needs, with love's redemptive sway.

Unity and Pride

We stand as proud Indians, with hearts afire,
Inspiring each other, as our spirits aspire.
With love and devotion, we dedicate our all,
To Mother India, where our dreams stand tall.

With hearts united, we'll march forward as one,
For India's progress, our spirit will have won.
We'll cherish our heritage, with joy and pride,
And contribute to the nation's growth, with every stride.

Our diversity, a mosaic of vibrant hues,
A strength that will forever shine, in all we choose.
With gratitude and love, we'll nurture this land,
And make India a beacon, where hope takes stand.

With self-respect and pride, we'll forge ahead,
And pave the path, for a brighter future spread.
Our nation's honor, we'll uphold with might,
And make India a symbol, of hope and light.

Kindness Matters

Why we say, "Keep Smiling", it's more than a phrase,
A gentle reminder that joy can light up the daze.
A smile, a laugh, a moment's peace, can soothe the soul,
Bring a sense of calm, love that takes control.

In a world that's often lost in stress and strife,
A smile can be the bridge, that brings a little life.
For those who struggle silently, with hearts that ache,
A kind word or deed, can be the dawn that brings a gentle
shake.

It costs us little, yet it means the world to see,
A smile that's genuine, and a heart that's free.
In choosing to uplift, we find our hearts sing high,
A melody of hope, a symphony that touches the sky.

As kindness blooms, our world becomes a brighter place,
Where love and smiles entwine, and every heart finds its
space.

With every small act, we weave a tapestry of light,
And fill the world with joy, that shines through the night.

Love

Love is the spark that sets our souls on fire,
A flame that flickers, and never tires.
It's the smile we share, the laugh we ignite,
A connection that binds, a love so true and right.

Make someone smile, and watch their heart unfold,
A selfless act, a kindness to behold.
Make someone feel better, with a listening ear,
A comforting presence, that wipes away their fear.

Spread love without expectation, without a bound,
Give freely, without a thought of being found.
Let love be the language, that we all can speak,
A universal tongue, that brings us closer, week by week.

When we give love, let's give it from the heart,
Without attachment, without a selfish part.
Let's spread love and kindness, wherever we roam,
And fill the world with love, a love that's pure and known.

Behind The Facade

In hallowed halls of time, where shadows play,
An old soul pondered, worn by life's gray.
A maestro of accolades, with projects grand,
He'd garnered praise, from every land.

With words that flowed like honey, he'd charm the crowd,
A virtuoso of PR, with a marketing cloud.
An entrepreneur, with ventures bold and bright,
He'd conquered challenges, with a warrior's might.

Yet, amidst the fanfare, and the praise he'd gain,
A hollow echo whispered, "Is this happiness' refrain?"
For as he gazed around, at the world he'd made,
He saw a masquerade, where hearts were frayed.

The drama of relations, like shattered glass on floor,
The breaking of bonds, that would never be whole once
more.
Those who preached of joy, with smiles so wide,
Concealed their own despair, deep inside.

The ones who wore the mask of happiness so bright,
Were often the most sorrowful, in the dark of night.
Their words, a clever ruse, to hide their pain,
A fragile facade, that threatened to break in vain.

The old soul sighed, with a heart that's worn,
"Is this the price of fame, the cost of being torn?"
He yearned for genuine smiles, for laughter true,
*For connections that weren't tainted, and a heart that's
new.*

Kindness To Self

Bad days don't make you a bad person, just a part of the ride,

Accept them, feel the emotions, and learn to glide.

Life may seem tough, but you're still rising strong,

Despite the weight, your spirit keeps moving along.

Nurture your soul, and be kind to yourself,

A blossoming art, benign to your heart's wealth.

Don't censure or judge with might,

Treat yourself with regal delight.

You're a masterpiece unfolding, in progress so fine,

Each step curious, a work of art divine.

You can still become the person you aspire to be,

Mistakes, setbacks, and bad days don't define your destiny.

Difficult times don't hinder growth – they fuel it,

Shaping you into the person you're meant to be.

Celebrate your successes, and gently mend,

Each stumble's a lesson, a chance to transcend.

Railway Reveries

Sitarampur's platform, a canvas of memories old,
Echoes of laughter, stories, and moments to behold.
The train's rhythmic wheels, a symphony so fine,
Uncle's grin, as nuts were cracked, in carefree abandon's shrine.

A woman's gentle hands, prepared pan with love's tender care,
Supari added for one, crushed for another's gentle share.
The compartment's rustic charm, a testament to bygone days,
Luggage piled high, beddings, and a water jar in its place.

Yet, amidst the chaos, joy and laughter did entwine,
Stories flowed like a stream, each one unique, yet love did shine.
Summer vacations brought returns, with clay jars in tow,
Overflowing with homemade achhaar, a flavorful souvenir to show.

Sitarampur, a nostalgic haven, where memories reside,
A time of innocence, of laughter, of love, and joy that won't subside.
And Kharagpur's station, a celestial dream in sight,

Where a legend was crafted, destined to shine like a star in
eternity's light.

Its memories filled me with joy, that sparkled like a
diamond bright,

A shining star, that left an indelible mark, in the corridors
of time and light.

The stations of yesteryear, a treasure trove of memories so
dear,

A nostalgic journey, that I'll forever hold near.

Silent Love

In silence, love speaks louder than words,
A gentle touch ignites the heart's unheard chords.
Without a sound, it understands and knows,
A love that's felt, not spoken, forever glows.

Silent love shines brightest in the darkest night,
A soft whisper of hope, a gentle, loving light.
It transcends words, bridging gaps between souls,
A connection pure, where hearts make their goals.

In quiet moments, love's truest form is seen,
A bond between two hearts, serene and clean.
No loud declarations, just a gentle grasp,
A love that's understood, without a single clasp.

This silent love is a precious, rare find,
A treasure to cherish, a heart's peace of mind.
It's the soft whisper of a lover's gentle breeze,
A love that's felt deeply, carried with ease.

Polishing the Mirror

They spent years in the tavern of the night,
speaking with their hearts to the Unseen Friend,
about the ache that pulled like a string toward Home,
about the lamp of hope that stayed lit through night.

Season after season the same tide arrived —
breath for breath, bone for bone,
a dhikr without words repeating in the chest,
turning the soul inside out, root to crown.

Still the Beloved stayed, vast as the sky,
while sun and moon kept watch over the mountains,
lifting dust to brightness, then humbling brightness back to
dust,
teaching: light burns, shadow polishes.

Aspiration knelt, no longer in chains,
held but not bound, waiting without want,
laying down the weight of past veils,
keeping only the fire that burns for Him.

For loneliness was never exile.
It was the khanaqah.
Ache was never punishment.
It was the polishing of the mirror.

And when the heart stopped begging for light,
it remembered: “We are from Him, and to Him we return.”
Fana came — the drop lost its name in the sea.
No longer searching. No longer separate.

Radiance

Be the radiance of your own smile, untouched and free,
Let them carry the melody of their own symphony.
No one transforms by another's will, it's true —
Change whispers from within, where love's seeds bloom to
view.

Control is not nature's way, least of all in love,
For love is selfless — asking nothing, giving all.
It flows like a mountain stream, expecting no return,
It simply stays, untouched, until all storms fall.

By its giving alone, love outlasts and wins.

The Grey

Grey we are, not black, not white.

Grey we are, holding light and shadow in one core.

Grey we are, carrying creation and destruction,
order and chaos, stillness and motion within one form.

Grey we are, part of the vast whole,
each of us a universe echoing the universe beyond.
Salt and dust, spark and void,
the ancient forces that stir through all existence.

Grey we are, because no being exists without polarity.
Forces stir through us, rise with us, fall against us.
None are only right. None are only wrong.
Grey we are — whole, because we hold it all.

The Quiet Rest

Sometimes the system breaks.
Physics forgets who it is.
Grammar falls apart.
Even the rules step out into the rain.

But it's not breaking down.
It's letting go.
The laws relax, like a long sigh.
Like shoulders dropping after carrying too much.
The math gets tired of being perfect
and lies down in the flowers.

Stars don't die here.
They tuck into the dark.
Galaxies melt to midnight blue.
The color of maybe.
No big explosion.
Just a quiet yes.

All our maps, our names, our facts...
they don't burn.
They bloom.
They don't disappear.
They turn into thread.
And thread is what you need
to stitch a new sky.

Silence isn't empty.

It's room to breathe.

The void isn't cold.

It's waiting to keep you safe.

Only Clouded

Clouds or not, the moon shines.
It keeps no quarrel with the clouds.
No ledger with the dark.
It waits, silver and patient,
until the night leaves a crack —
and pours itself through.

That is the knotless nature.
Born without rope.
Born without deals.

We are the ones who tie the knots.
We dim the light of consciousness.
All mental accumulations —
grudges, judgments, karmic residues,
every impression we've pressed into the subconscious mind
—
they become the knots.
We tie them with busy hands
and call the binding our skin.

And as long as these knots are not undone,
we cannot be that ultimate nature
which is knotless.

The only way of opening the knots
is to be without the mind for a while.
To move the mind aside.
Not to have a broker, a middleman in-between,
counting, cutting deals,
turning pure light into loose change.

Under all the tangles,
under every name and number we've tied,
the knotless nature remains.
Untangled.
Unbothered.
Still shining.

The moon always finds a way to shine.
So does consciousness —
once there's nothing left
but you and the sky
and no rope between.

That is the knotless nature.
It was never lost.
Only clouded.

The Forest Remembers for Me

There's something about walking into the woods
that puts the world back in order.
Out here, life isn't louder than birdsong,
and neither are you.

The trees don't ask me to be strong.
They just stand there, quiet and stubborn,
and somehow that's enough to make my shoulders drop.
I didn't know I was holding my breath
until the air smelled like pine and dirt
and I let it out.

Nature doesn't send a bill.
It just hands you things:
birdsong stitched through the branches,
water talking to rocks in a language I almost understand,
a kind of stillness that puts its hand on your chest
and says, "Hey. You're okay."

That's when the noise in my head gets quiet.
That's when I remember that my problems
aren't the whole sky.
They're just clouds.
They pass.

The forest is patient in a way I forget how to be.
It teaches without pointing.
Says: Things grow in the dark before you see them.
Says: Even after a fire, the green comes back.
Says: You don't have to bloom on a deadline.

There's a humility in watching a leaf turn,
in seeing how nothing rushes,
and still, everything gets where it's going.
And in that space —
between the roots and the wind —
my soul remembers the stuff it forgets in traffic:

How to rest.
How to hope.
How to just be here,
and let that be enough.

Call It Foolish, Then

Call it foolish, then,
when everything says don't.

Yes, they call the heart reckless
for wanting what it can't prove,
and yes, I'm the one who burns fast —
the one who starts before the coast is clear,
who loves out loud in a quiet room.
So call me unsteady. Call me flame.

But I keep showing up.

When the maps go blank
and the rules get small and mean,
when the sure things turn to dust
I don't fold.

I reach —

I put both hands in the dark
and I wait there, grinning.
Not because I'm fearless,
but because joy is a muscle
and I've been training.

When "smart" means quiet,
when "safe" means still,

when “right” means never risk your heart,
then yes —
let me be the dumbest one in the room.
Let me be the one who wins by losing
the game I never wanted to play.

So let the ground shake,
let the old names fall off the wall,
let every fence we built from fear
come down.

Because me? I’m still here.
I’m still reaching.
I’m still saying yes —
louder now.

That’s the only law I live by.
Not caution. Not odds.
Just this:
I do.
I do.

No Walls

To have no walls
is to feel the world
before it speaks.

Whispers under words are heard.
Joy hides in a stranger's smile
and is found.
The air shifts —
the wind is known
before it arrives.

A spirit like an ocean:
open,
stirred by every wave
that crosses the surface of days.

But there's a lesson
worn into the bones:
caring is not carrying.

Some mornings come heavy
with sadness that belongs
to someone else.
Walking through storms
and soaking them up
leaves a body tired.

Try this shape instead:
The sky.

Broad.
Calm.
Everlasting.

Clouds move through —
some dark and spilling,
some bright and slow.
Witnessed.
Given room.

The sky doesn't turn to rain.
It only lets the weather pass.

A storm can be sat with
without becoming it.
Shelter can be offered
without drowning.
Everything can be felt
and wholeness kept.

The gift is to feel.
The practice is to remember:

Not the cloud.
Still sky.

He Was Never Theirs to Take

What will I do without my poem,
this ember I carry close to my ribs?
We wandered once from lobby to street to street,
seeking a place to set our voice down.
Faces shuttered and said, "Take it elsewhere."
Their cold was a wind I'd walked through before.

Then came the crowds, hungry for spectacle.
"Make it dance," they cried. "Make it turn for us!"
And for a moment I did — spun gold into air for them.
They clapped, bright and brief, then turned to each other,
laughing, already gone. "Leave it there," they said.
And I nearly did. I nearly let them keep him.

I stood in that sudden quiet and asked,
What will I do without my poem?
The thought hollowed me.

But he did not leave.
He climbed up into my chest and rested there,
warm as returned blood, steady as my own name.
And I understood: he was never theirs to take.

So now we sit, my poem and I,
two old friends by a quiet hearth.

I read him aloud to no one but the dark,
and the sound of it claims the whole room.
His lines are armor I forged from my own breath,
and I am laughing — not for them, for me.

Ultimately, what remains is this:
me,
and my poem,
and a fire that needs no audience to burn.
Let the world keep its lobbies and its streets.
I have found where I live.

To Hear the Quiet

Introspection aches.
It asks you to be still
long enough to hear
the truths your days outrun.

Your inner voice
does not speak for comfort.
It questions the life you chose,
challenges the road you settled on,
and stirs the dreams
you folded into corners
like old letters.

This is why we flee the silence:
because inside it
we might meet not only who we are,
but who we were meant to become.

That quiet is sanctuary.
A sacred guide
leading you home
to the self beneath the titles,
beneath the armor,
beneath the practiced smile.

Under the weight of routines
and the names others gave you,
there lives a deeper essence:
your values, your longing,
the purpose that calls you by name.

Ignore that wisdom,
and you drift
further from the shore
that makes living mean something.

But sit with it —
even when it hurts —
and you begin the long return:
self-discovery,
healing,
the quiet act of claiming what is yours.

In stillness, masks slip.
The performance grows heavy.
What remains
is the self unadorned.
Meeting it may ache,
but only there
can real change take root.

Introspection promises no comfort.
It promises truth.

And truth, though it unsettles,
is soil.

Authenticity grows there.

To sit with yourself

is to say:

I am willing to know me.

I am willing to choose me.

Meaning does not live in noise.

It lives in the moment

you decide to listen.

The Daily Tending

It is a daily tending, this love,
A quiet magnetism humming in the marrow,
Drawing close what the heart keeps naming.
Name it once, and the world leans in.
Name it daily, and your life turns its face toward the sun.

It is a daily ledger of light,
Ink the small mercies before sleep:
Steam from a cup, a friend's laugh,
The way morning finds its way through curtains.
Weeks pass, and the ink becomes a map
Of a country you did not know you lived in.

It is a daily law made plain:
Something will change.
For the field responds to the seed,
And the seed is your attention,
Planted in soil as ordinary as breath.

It is a daily trick of the wounded mind
To call the sacred too simple,
To demand thunder when a whisper would open the door.
Yet the greatest powers walk barefoot.
They come as water, as salt, as the first star.

It is a daily truth: beyond the wall
Wars may rage and tempests gather,
But within your walls, a kingdom waits
To be ruled by the gentlest law —
That all you must do is open your hands
And allow yourself to receive.

For a Reason

We don't cross each other without a reason —
each meeting is a thread the quiet hours weave.
We cross to bless, to gently make us understand,
to soften our edges, or help lost pieces be retrieved.

Some arrive like morning light through parted leaves,
teaching patience in the hush between our words.
Some come as mirrors, honest, clear, and brief,
showing us the places where our spirit strayed.

Not all who walk beside us come to stay,
yet none who touch our path arrive in vain.
They lift the clouds that linger on our way,
or teach the heart to turn its loss to gain.

So when our roads converge, I bow my head,
grateful for the lesson, love, or light.
We meet to mend, to grow, to be led —
each crossing written by a hand of quiet might.

Was It For Me?

I am in the garden or in a walk, either driving to nourish the soul...

Words start jumping around, eager to be arranged in the melody, the song, the poem, the lyric
after a silence where language paused and syntax faltered,
and I found myself adrift amid shards of crumbled
thought—
watching them fray and frizzle at the edges of attention.

Yet, transfixed, I measured thunderheads and their low,
portentous rumble,
unseeing the garden's swaying incense,
unhearing the koel trilling from the mango bough,
unfeeling the sun's ripe, honeyed weight.

Instead I traced the wan tincture
of a fracturing moonbeam on my windowsill—
light itself seemed in ruin.

I felt the air go still.

You gleamed—with a smile, sudden and sovereign—
was it for me?

The question cleaved the shadow wider than the light,
and color unfurled unbidden into the air.
Its vibrancy seasoned my breath
and spiced my heart into song.

Aligned

If one can feel Him,
The Source beyond all names,
They're never truly wandering —
A quiet force guides their aim.

After countless trials,
Fair and unfair, still
We rise, held by grace,
Moving with a higher will.

When the world grows loud,
And words fall short of truth,
We connect through stillness —
That sacred, inner proof.

It's something deep, beyond logic,
A knowing, not a thought.
It never distracts — it directs,
To the good we're called to seek.

It's something more that lifts us,
And perhaps it moves you too...
Though the world may not see it,
The Divine in all we do.

The more we doubt or drift,
From the path we're meant to walk,
That force pulls us back gently,
To love, to serve, to talk.

We might once call it chance,
But the ache, the pull, the sign —
Reveals it's not coincidence,
But alignment with the Divine.

One soul awakens first,
Yet the Light calls everyone,
And when we move with purpose,
We remember we are One.

Solitude before bloom

At times, solitude is necessary for growth
before you join another in continued transformation.

The closed doors left you sad, alone.
Now you love you.
You enjoy the quiet, understand the why,
and you've chosen differently.
A new direction. Your best version of self.

Get ready. New doors are opening.
Walk through them. Dance through them. Be brave.
They are transforming your life before your eyes —
miracles, magic, unfolding.
As you manifest all you need, want, and believe,
pause. Breathe. Give thanks for what blesses you now.

You asked for this from heart and soul.
The universe is answering, spoken and unspoken.
Every tear alchemizes into happiness, laughter, joy.

Take another step. The doors are waiting.

The Edict of Becoming Whole

This energy is sacred flame,
No longer offered to those who drain its name.
The line is drawn in starlit ink, not sand,
A sovereign border, etched by our own hand.

The hush of peace is chosen over tempest's roar,
Clarity, the tide that cleanses every shore.
No more is truth bartered for borrowed calm,
Nor the soul laid upon a stranger's psalm.

They will not bless the walls now standing tall —
The ones who feasted when the fences fall.
For hands that held me only when I bent
Will call this standing firm a discontent.

Let winter come to what was never spring,
To bonds of imbalance and silent suffering.
The myth is mourned, not love that once felt true —
For love that asks my vanishing was never due.

I am the keeper of my inner throne,
No longer shrinking to atone.
Rise, unbound. The spirit whole and free,
A kingdom carved from self-fidelity.

What falls away were shackles dressed as ties;
What stays is me, beneath wide-open skies.

Seasons

Every soul we cross is woven by design.
Some arrive to teach, some to help us realign.
Each one leaves a mark on the paths we wind.

No moment slips unseen.
Each carries purpose — tender, sharp, or in between.
A brief spark. A lasting flame. A lifelong thread.
Each shapes our story in words left unsaid.

Some come like thunder, fierce and fast to fade.
They test the walls we built, the debts we paid.
They show us how to bend and not to break,
and leave the map for roads we're meant to take.

Some flow like rivers through quiet, golden days,
filling us with laughter in unguarded ways.
They tuck light in our pockets for nights grown cold —
small joys we carry, worth more than gold.

And then the rare few: roots. Steady, deep, and kind.
They hold through every season, every shift of mind.
They walk beside us when the climb turns steep —
quiet constants we are blessed to keep.

Every meeting moves us. Every soul leaves rhyme.
For the bright hours, we give thanks, unconfined.
In the aching ones, we search for what's refined.

*All of it, all of us — drawn by quiet design,
in its own time.*

The Drop

The drop of water
waits in the cloud
for wind from the sea

The cloud breathes inside the sky
while it waits

Faith is a drop, you see
that never quits
no matter how high it waits

Even now
it remembers the salt
of where it began

Playing with light and shadow
it carries
the moving light
of the faraway sun

The sky changes everything
Clouds wear
a silver line of light
and show us
how to let go
of "I must do it all"

Then the drop falls
free
saying goodbye
to its cloud home

The sky opens
A quiet hum
makes everything sing

Free like rain
falling for itself
till the earth hears
till leaves answer

Rain comes
soft, then strong
Leaves shiver
drops sing

Warm light arrives
like a guest
and rests
gently
on my shoulders

I am a rain song now

The Cosmic Play

Guru Gobind Singh Ji, messenger of the divine,
came to witness the world's cosmic design.
“I’ve come to see the play of this stage,” he said —
this drama of joy and rage,
of being human.

With compassion, he walked among us,
guiding us toward righteousness,
setting spirits free.
He taught us to stand for justice,
to fight for what is right,
to set our own interests down
for the greater good of all.

“I’d sacrifice my life,” he said,
“for the wellbeing of all.”
He gave his all,
a shining example of selflessness
that echoes through eternity’s hall.

May his words move us —
to live with purpose,
to stand for justice,
to shine with love and light.
May we follow his example,
and set our desires down
for the greater good,
for the cosmic play
where love outlives the actor.

Alive

We call ourselves Alive
while something in us dies,
a little more each day —
quiet, without a sound.

Kindness was the pulse.
Now it skips a beat.
We trade it for speed,
for screens we don't look up from,
for walls, for being right,
forgetting how to breathe,
forgetting how to look around.

The world doesn't go dark all at once.
It fades — one unheld hand,
one turned face,
one “not my problem” at a time.

Maybe Alive isn't breathing.
Maybe it's choosing,
again,
to feel.

I Wonder

The soil
is ripe for
calling back
lost souls.

If we hold them
in hands,
do they glow
at night?

I wonder
if the glow
is not for us,
but for the world
to remember
it was once day.

Stay Steady

We didn't come here to blend in,
or follow the script.

We came here to remember who we are.
To heal what's broken
in us, in others, in the world.

It's not about being perfect.
It's about showing up
with love, with courage, with truth
when it matters most.
Even when it's uncomfortable.
Even when it hurts.

We came here to bring something different.
To love in ways that are real.
To stand in peace
while everything is chaos.
To build a new way forward —
not just for us,
but for those who come after.

And no matter how hard it gets,
never forget:
your presence here is not an accident.

You carry something sacred.
Something this world needs.

So stay steady.
Stay open.
And keep going.

You are not alone.

Borrowed Light

You glow, you bloom,
from borrowed light.
No vow was written with your name,
no throne was made for you.

Still you reach.
In the silent prayer you never speak,
your spirit leans on God
to break the chains, to wake the fire.

When storms come to steal your strength,
He parts the night for you.
And if your hands fall short of the height,
His hand is there —
where dawn rises stronger, clothed in light.

When doubt tries to take its place,
remember who first spoke your name.

Your glow, your bloom —
borrowed light.
He is the sun behind the dark.

You'll never know whose night turns to day
because your light went out into the world.

The world will see your light.

So hold fast when all else burns away,
For faith held tight is how the soul finds light.

Living Hymn

Their warmth never turns to frost.
It knows when to glow inward,
when to rest inside the sacred dark.

As untamed as summer wind,
as monsoon drums on tin roofs...
Something always stirring within.
Grace runs wild in their blood.

Their silence is not emptiness.
Their solitude is not lack.
It is depth.
The kind that makes them whole.

They ask little from the world.
Crowds scatter them. Noise dulls them.
Yet they are content, completely,
in their own company.

For they've touched the truth:
to love oneself is to love all.

They stand alone,
not from loneliness,
but from being rooted.
Strong enough to carry their own sky.

They guard their tender heart,
not from fear, but from reverence.
Seek sacred corners
where consciousness meets the Divine.

They do not speak of love.
They become it.
Quiet. Steady.
A living hymn.

They are rare.
Not broken. Not distant.
They carry heaven's light
in ordinary breath.

And they remember, always:
the ultimate was never far.
It lives where stillness and love live.
Inside.
Now.
Always.

For the ones who found home within.

Lotus From Mud

Peace isn't found by changing the world.
Or by holding onto what fades.

Peace is made by changing the energy within.
By turning the heart until love lives there.

When the mind grows quiet,
when the heart clears,
something shifts.

The air softens.
Thoughts slow.
Your presence becomes calm for others.

This strength isn't force.
It's steady, like dew.
Grace. Intuition. Quiet power.
Built in silence, day by day.

Like the lotus from mud,
you rise above.
Lit from within.

Breathe deep. Let gratitude settle.
Feel peace take root. That is peace becoming real.

As you clear inside, life responds.
Doors open. Respect arrives. Purpose aligns.
Your path flows — steady, like a river to the sea.

Inside you, a guide waits.
Where love and peace live.

The Glimpse

In stillness, you sit. Present, but unburdened.
Aware, without the noise.

Then it comes — sudden, like light from elsewhere.
Your eyes catch something holy hiding in plain sight.

Wonder was always here, dressed as the everyday.
Your thoughts kept you from seeing.
Now a hidden part of life unfolds.
The universe whispers a secret only silence hears.

Gratitude fills you as you witness it —
a brief glimpse of something larger than life.
Will you let it slip,
or hold the thread so others can follow?

Hold this scene so you can return.
Thank the cosmos for the reveal —
a glimpse of the infinite, now yours to feel.

Build the Room

Stop kneeling for seats in rooms built to keep you small.

Seats are earned in silence.

Years of sharpening, proving, carrying weight —
while others inherit space they never built.

Seats are won. Doubt still comes.

That's part of it.

Then the truth cuts clean:

The table is weak.

The room was never built for you.

So stop asking. Start building.

Forge the table. Raise the walls.

With skill, with vision, with work no one sees until it holds.

The table stands

because someone built it.

The world may miss the work in silence,

but silence pays when timing turns.

Reward finds the quiet hands

at the precise moment they're ready.

When the weight lands, when the floor shakes, when it's
real —
the ones who built are the ones who stand.

Stop waiting for a seat.
Start building the room no one can take.

Echoes Over Applause

When ink becomes prayer,
even silence learns your name.

Not every soul was made for stages.
Some were made for healing, their own and others'.

Happiness is not sold in glass cases.
It cannot be traded for trophies of gold.

It grows in quiet, unseen corners,
where no crowd gathers, no eyes applaud.

It is born when words fall without hunger for praise,
when wounds open only to be mended by verse.

Those who write to heal themselves
have already won long before the world speaks their name.

They ask for no cheers. They wear no crowns.
The peace they carry, no hand can take.

When the hall empties and the last light fades,
their voice still lingers in the dark.

Claps die with the moment.
Echoes walk with you for life.

So write, even if no one reads.

Write, even if silence is your only witness.

For the greatest victory is never on the stage.

It is in the chest, where a quiet soul rests, whole and free.

When Attuned Ears Arrive

When attuned ears arrive, the whole room changes.
Words you carried like stones for years
suddenly feel light enough to set down.

You don't have to raise your voice to be seen.
You don't have to explain the ache twice.
The silence between your sentences isn't empty anymore —
it's held. It's understood.

They don't rush to fix you.
They don't turn your story into advice.
They listen the way earth listens to rain:
open, patient, without judgment.

And something in you unclenches.
The voice that grew tired remembers how to sing.
The hand that stopped knocking finds rest on a door
that was never closed, only waiting.

When listening finds you,
you don't become someone new.
You become, finally, yourself —
fully spoken, fully held, fully home.

Love Outlives the Night

In the dark of the soul, we face the test —
Stones of anger, or love that remains?
Love stays. And where love stays,
Power is redefined.
Not breaking force, but freeing grace.
A silent flame that shatters chains.

Power climbs, then crumbles.
Love goes deeper — quiet, rooted.
Not for power's sake,
but for this:
Where hearts take root like seeds,
Light grows where there was only stone.

So when courage is called, in the darkest hour,
Remember the mirror held up —
See your own heart.
See the soil.
See where hearts take root,
And love outlives the night.