

# **RUBIES AND GEMS**

**HIS PURPOSE**

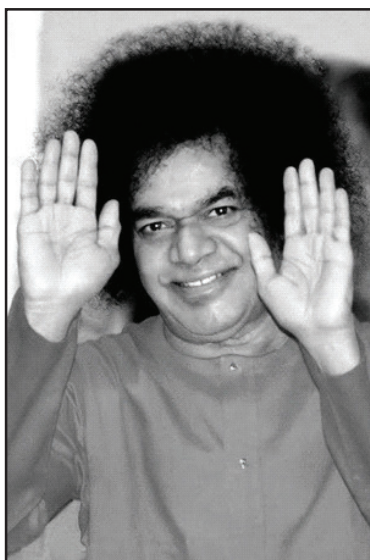


**RUBIES AND GEMS**  
**HIS PURPOSE**

*Poems in English by*  
**ANJALI.A.NAIR**



Dedicated to the Lotus Feet of  
Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba



## **ANJALI.A.NAIR**

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**She has published 20 books including the present**

## **Acknowledgement**

I am grateful to my brother Mr Dinesh .A. Nair, Fujiara, his wife Meera and son Achuthan for their love and support. The Corona marauded days were never filled with despair as they were spent in the company of my loving parents and I had time to have long inter-cessions with God which made the writing of these poems easy. Those lone moments are memorable and I thank both Bhagawan and my parents, Mr Achuthan Nair and Mrs. Bharathi.A.Nair profusely from the depth of my heart. I thank also Smt Rekha Sathi Raveendran who helped me with all computer work. I acknowledge Blue Rose, who kindly published the work.

pranam

## PREFACE

### **WE ARE TO BE REDEEMED**

There is nothing wrong with life except that it be ordinary. Childhood is for the family, adoring our parents and frolicking with team-mates. Teenage, then adulthood, slowly we are eked on to marital ties. How though, we may love our family we have to form alliance with not so common tribe. We have children and grand-children who we nurture affection for and who bear filial admiration for us. After some time, they too grow up and form different families of their own. We are left to old age and reminiscence. Majority of our category feel attachment still to a family of their own which is also subject to the same laws of transgression and trans-migration. When we are aged, we feel lonely as we are slowly to depart to a newer world. It brings much sorrow because another parting would be grievous to our situation. Whether we like it or not, we face this ordeal once we are born. We posit helplessness as a consequence of being



born human because we are mortal. Some of us reflect. God and God- men are not new to our earth. There be many spiritual guides. Illumination has been achieved by some rare geniuses of our genre'.These provide light to those afflicted with the blackness of Samsara. Listening to the aphorisms brings some sort of relief to the numb, dumb who are quite common among' st us. That be it so, there is no escape for us from the working of karma. No one seems to have escaped the deal with karma. Bare few have transcended, thereby reaching above the level of it's playful wit. Then , there are the Avatars. Avatars are incarnations of God. They are God in human form. They have transcended the super- consciousness and are able to give counsel in tablet form to the ailing disciples who have sought refuge at their Divine Lotus Feet. People who have recourse to the Divine Lotus Feet of Avatars, of whom Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba, is the newest are assured of success in their endeavour. They slowly, get rid of fear and have their consciousness raised to higher levels whereby they are slowly enabled to enter the mansion of God. God ' s purpose must be to redeem mankind.

Pranamam

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## I PERCEIVE

Let me walk smooth the coming seasons,  
for in my ears I perceive, the music of thy  
flute, still,  
some day, some how, some where the  
shackles are bound to break,  
when the gates dost open,  
the pressure mounting shalt dissolve,  
enabling me to confront an eager, new world.

## **REDEMPTION**

Knowing that which have known it all,  
that which sets me free,  
the purpose for our having come,  
have compassion, to reveal!, Lord, that secret  
that'd been evading us life- times long  
and that alone, that is redemption.

## HEART- THROB

Because of your innocent, pristine purity  
and your un-rivalled beauty of form,  
you are a heart- throb, O! Lord!, Sai Bhagawan  
of Puttaparthi,  
those sensitive with sacred vowels of feelings  
of the cache' of divine out-pouring,  
sneak to glimpse at thy beautiful psyche,  
which in their hearts, they reach  
and which they make much of,  
owing to their un- matched fervent devotional  
feelings.

## **BON- HOMIE**

To feel warm on a cold winter' s evening,  
to have radius of joy surging,  
irrepressible bon- homie that lay concealed,  
stimuli to practical living ;  
what ' s more to demand ?,  
life is a celestial bird in gay spirits ,  
non- chalant but artful when heeded.



## **HOW VULNERABLE**

Atrocities that traumatize us humans  
are due to his not recognizing his vulnerability,  
he must perforce, pray harder  
until the persisting evil with- draw  
and he gain a shield of invincibility.

## **RE- ASSURANCE**

Sieze possession of the entity re- assurance  
which maketh the present an enviable heaven,  
do laboriously drive away the chameleon that  
shuts you up with a nightmarish future,  
by all means, with re- assurance,  
make non- existent,  
the sense-less worry caused by hypnotism,  
brood of ill- feeling.

## **RAISE ME UP**

I laugh importunately at death  
because I believe it evades me ,  
my shadow, tho' I discern in- vincible,  
it doth follow wherever I am to go,  
then also, the collation of merit I perform,  
they remove my stumbling  
they raise me up, quite often  
in a new prism of untiring delights  
thereby to charm.

## **TRANSPARENT AS GLASS**

When I look at glass, I see thee, transparent  
behind,  
you are age-less and immortal,  
gazing thus,  
worldly temptations, gets banned,  
you are the dispeller of blackness,  
ever , shining white, like the light,  
the shadow of evil, it doth with- draw  
from the paths of those, who had the vision of  
thy blissful self.

## PLEA

I walked as by moon- light  
the light of the sun had me dazed,  
pale by the winter' s sheet of ice,  
coloured on both cheeks by breeze,  
at ease which became vivid passions,  
enthusiasm to break the diffident,  
in wonder of my own,  
I yelled!, go away, to toughness.  
do favour, my equipoise.

## **CHOCOLATE IMPRESSIVE**

I was enamoured of the un- predictable,  
not aware, that I would ever want anything for  
myself,  
as in a swoon, unapprehending!,  
meekly, imploring of the earth,  
a measure of the quality,  
which like bars of chocolate  
make me impressive.

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## HIS REPROVING COMMAND

To pronounce a wonderment is to declare, that  
God is seen in all places  
that you can see, everywhere you can catch  
hold of,  
in sight of the eye, ears and nose,  
He is the touch of your gentle hand,  
the soothing limbs,  
He is energy to be channelised,  
He lies bashful and negligent  
in the vessels of the heart,  
waiting to be hailed,  
He is the one prompt at the calling bell,  
the strokes of rain  
do not Him dis- temper,  
He hides in the fertile soil and slowly springs  
up as leaves,  
the flora and fauna are His smile,  
He is in that distant space  
as much as in our heart,  
from which address He always reproves,  
His command.

## **SCHOOL- GOING DAYS, I REMEMBER**

Pebbles on the road  
and cobblers who shine shoes,  
rail- way gates that open and shut  
at passing of trains,  
hot ground-nuts to munch right off the pan,  
clouds that hover bringing on hope,  
health and freedom to walk the pavement,  
is the story, I lisp,  
from a sacred past of school- going days,  
in a remote city,  
modern and ancient,  
the city of the classy, called Kozhikode.



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## THE HUMAN DYNASTY

Nobody knows, when, why nor how,  
but the waters of rapid ever keeps flowing,  
seconds tick, minutes and hours  
pass without notice,  
events unfold,  
complicated and sophisticated,  
the heart of man is a song,  
which he providentially tunes maximum to  
perfection,  
everybody turns away from sorrow,  
moods of man are ever delicate,  
good times are bided by God,  
the lot of man is un- enviable  
except when the emotion lying under- current  
is pity,  
which is practiced to his own,  
as well as to another,  
when torment leaves man,  
delirium and hatred vanish,  
when there is good sign of life,  
faith in God,  
the dynasty belonging to us humans  
is seen to flourish.

## THE EMBLEM OF GOD

The breeze blew and scattered  
the palm- leaves  
between which peeped a blue sky,  
which emitted white light  
which brought hope to all the gentle souls  
with attachments strong,  
it read to them, the prolongation of day, which  
would be long, long,  
reducing friction of the agony of un- bearable  
separation  
and then promised a unique heaven of  
rejoicing,

embracing,  
where all categories of kith and kin,  
would abide,  
indelibly and graciously,  
no more haunted by fatigue,  
im- prisonment,  
there the desires would be satiated,  
hunger and thirst annulled,  
no more, the quest, no more the roaming,  
the rest- house was the gift of God,  
the culmination of the cumulative efforts at  
labour,  
where peace and ease were bestowed,  
by the stamp of authority, the power, the force  
that was  
God,  
who sent this emblem as the  
picture of the radiant sky.

## A HUNTING SPREE

By den is meant the dwelling place of animals  
of the forest,  
like the lion, whose hide- out is also known as  
lair,  
places most un- inviting to be in  
as the animals are raccous and savage by  
nature,  
that one may never be too friendly,  
standing such risk,  
we must also enforce the brave ideal of  
never to endanger the species by use of arms,  
that it may only be permissible  
to take a shot with a camera for our pleasure,  
on a hunting spree.

## **MAKE US ENDEARING**

I am going to the house of God,  
along with my dear one 's  
and would like to know what it is  
going to be like,  
I imagine God is a figure of love  
and entertain a notion that He will lavish  
much compassion on us souls like He had  
afore done when He had been here- with,  
along by our side,

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I wonder tho' if He will be cross with us for the  
seeming mess we made in the days of our  
sojourn on the terrestrial plateaus,  
to our knowledge, we had reformed our  
behaviour  
and, been less naughty , of late,  
we hope, yet to carry on thus  
till the weight be gone,  
it, being a pain, not knowing what the new  
Paradise is to be like,  
we pray for an opening to comprehend the  
mysteries of our new dwelling place,  
studying thus, we must become competent and  
afford our stay in the new place,  
I wish, some discussion on the  
same would be done,  
that we have a correct appraisal of the fortune  
awaiting us abroad,  
it is not easy to reach the summit  
and we have only God to show us the way,  
forlorn and tired, weak as we are,  
we yet, yearn for the Divine foot- steps  
which will light a beam,

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radiant enough for our transit  
into the new world which will be ruled by Him,  
there as celestials we will hail  
the glory of God and the glory of each other 's  
good and honest companionship.

## RENDEZVOUS.

The amber sky and the azure heavens us  
beckon,  
they surely hide my romance,  
a day to drag us there,  
where our dreams lie concealed  
to be fascinated and adored,  
where the Lord hath the form of a babe  
sucking His toe,  
enchanted Paradise, coloured rouge,  
like the flush on a maiden 's cheek,  
rouge', red and rubies and gems strewn,  
inviting the mistress,  
I' d been dreaming of as was me ,  
my adoration and fanciful tiffs with the Lord,



it took us there, a different Paradise,  
made exclusively for us, some grinning  
companions,  
there, the waters foamed  
and a pie was baked of un- enervating aroma,  
I prayed in earnest, to be deserving,  
the hero, I worshipped,  
the Lord of my heart, Gopala  
Krishna with the flute,  
was to slowly reveal Himself,  
ah!, a sense of complacency and contentment  
prevailed upon me,  
so over- come by the beauty, ethereal,  
alike my own creative, fanciful self,  
with vanity so plain,  
conceited and amorous,  
sliding into His arms again and again,  
an experience to be reminiscent for all times  
so long, I remained in the secular Paradise,  
innocent,  
I slept the sleep of sleeps,  
careless and oblivious,  
with all of my dear, dear.

## **THE CHIDING OF GOD.**

It can be for any purpose,  
it can be for anything at all,  
but, if we have achieved  
some constructive deed,  
we are sure to be gifted good reward,  
tho' we may none of us ramble about it,  
as the chiding of God goes,  
the services that we do, are for it 's own sake,  
payment for which be due some time later on.

## MOROSE

Morose is as the clouds are sometime  
sullen and gloomy,  
silly, tho' because beautiful,  
it fails to regard it' s holiness,  
if t' were that we transcend not boundaries,  
we can have better to happier of faces  
anywhere,  
tho' dis- illusioned,  
cornering God, fate plays role model of mother  
and embraces a loner with maternal instincts,  
thus morose clouds are set to smile,  
the down- pour doth dis- pel gloom.

## **I AM LUCKY, INDEED**

I consider myself fortunate to having been  
able to sub- mit  
myself ,to thy Lotus feet  
because with your magnified  
vision , which you provided,  
I could see how lucky, I was  
to have such an enviable child- hood  
in the land of Bharat,  
made sacred, yet and yet again

by your foot - prints,  
how that, being traditional hath it's hall- marks,  
your Sanathana dharma passes thro' the veins  
of us Indians,  
how our culture, with it 's totality of faith  
in all religions,  
excels largely,  
only due to your expositions and treatises,  
how that you are the sole, venerable Guru, right  
from times immemorial and how, what relief  
you provide  
by offering sanctuary,  
to those, who seek relief and refuge from  
worldly travail,  
I, being one amongst those who you granted the  
saving grace of thy companionship and love.

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## WOW

Much of happiness there 'd been in our union,  
agony, now at separation,  
sorrow melted into indifference  
and detachment became pronounced,  
yearning, still persisted,  
with a longing to be liberated  
which grew and grew  
into a haunting preference  
that broke days and nights,  
and some memories of intervals of sweet time  
slipped and gone,  
it had love that glowed frequent  
maturing in a bosom which was otherwise dry  
and barren,  
the sonata helped  
as did practice of reticence,  
time passed by which was long  
and foresaw a union which at some time  
would with sweetness embalm.

## **NEVER AT, ONE STRETCH**

Of life, I have but drunk shallow,  
I cannot, at one stretch keep the pace,  
as days are long,  
un- wearable,  
like rest- houses that make for halt in a long  
journey ,  
we must be sipping coconut,  
lemon or orange juice,  
at frequent intervals in life  
that our tempament be not slackened.

## **MOUNT**

Mounting a horse gives avid pleasure,  
infuses confidence and  
rarely doth provide the self- realization  
for a kindred soul.



## TIME- PASS

What I do now is just time- pass  
because love and happiness have shrunk,  
some more time is to pass when climate shalt  
assume it's pious stance ,  
that is, when I shall by His side grow lovely  
again,  
when spring is hailed and there is burst of  
flower,  
the song- birds in the air sweetly pronounce  
musical band,  
the time will come and  
by His side I shall grow lovely again,  
moreover will there be daisies budded, white,  
violet and pink and  
alongside I shall dance all over the plain,  
is when,  
by His side I shall grow lovely again,  
so let the time pass  
and with it my rectitude,  
it's only a bit pre- mature  
but the day will come  
when I shall , by His side grow lovely again.

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## HARASSMENT

Today harasses me  
because there hardly is comfiture in it,  
it must be the fault of yesterday  
tomorrow also, I am harassed about,  
because I fear to become unagile,  
I have not made the present good,  
I am insecure and harassed,  
What is this, all about harassment?,  
Yes, I am moody, sullen and sunk ,  
I hardly, speak more than two to three  
syllables,  
it's the worry, causing nausea deep,  
sometimes, I can never be charmed,  
tho' there be enchantment prevailing in my  
home,  
what can this be, but harassment?.  
woe!, I am gloomy, given to mollification, yet,  
again  
it must be due to harassment.

## **PASSING CLOUDS.**

I presume the Lord thinks  
very much on our behalf,  
for He has written a note  
stating, - this too shalt pass away,  
by which He must have meant to say  
that worries were just passing clouds  
and would not torment long,  
after some time, the skies are bound to clear  
and happiness would come bounding back,  
I think tho' for getting rid of anxiety,  
we need to soften His heart more either by  
namasmarana or deeds of merit  
because when He doth administer vibhoodhi,  
terrible times and predicament of horror can  
be over- come,  
therefore, we must implicately state often and  
ever- more,  
release us, Lord, from worldly travail,  
we have none but Thee.

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## ONCE, WHEN IT RAINED

It pelted rain almost mercilessly,  
my bones were soon chattering,  
so that,  
I said to the holocaust, my words of threat,  
yes, pour on , pour your fullest,  
at which words,  
the pools of water, the torrential down- pour  
abated, as if  
ashamed and fearful,  
an impending doom was  
thus  
averted.

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## GYPSY

Wilderness fetch those gypsies,  
with boldness, they trespass many lands,  
seeing palms, taller than our coconut  
and fields that speak their native tongue,  
rough and couth are the tribe,  
making easy ride of the plains,  
probing deep into the mystery of village and  
man,  
they are an itinerant, nomadic type  
who seek employment in expanded lands,  
gypsies are free- spirited,  
with less of education,  
with their black hair and tanned skin colour  
and their place of origin,  
they too much resemble, an Indian  
whose wandering to quell the spiritual hunger  
is widely known.

## I SAW

I saw that I was a mystery worth reflecting  
upon,

I saw that I was made for home  
needing a tile and roof over my head,

I saw I had the hesitation to venture out the  
door,

I saw , I loved the scriptures and lost myself  
no end pondering,

I saw I was a doll, who preferred to be mum  
and aloof,

I saw I would be a scintillating figure of  
attractiveness

but that I did not like the lime- light,

I saw, I was helpless in all matters and very  
much dependent,

I saw I was more or less perfect  
preferring hours and hours of bliss in  
aloneness,

I saw that I was complete and whole by myself,  
I saw that I needed my people to fuss around  
me,  
I saw that I should be grateful for all that made  
me, me,  
I saw that I was to be a bride someday,  
and that Sai Krishna was coming to ride me on  
His chariot soon,  
I saw , that His attributes were innocence and  
purity and decided to preserve the virtues in  
me,  
I saw, alas, that I was perishable, same as my  
folk and prayed, even more in earnest for His  
mercy to descend.

## REALITY

What is reality?,  
Is the show on earth reality?,  
it cannot be, because, it is passing,  
Is there reality, in all the worlds of  
imagination?,  
I ponder,  
but, it cannot be,  
they are not lasting,  
Is it reality, that I am so and so?,  
the daughter of such, wife, sister?,  
on the normal plane, it certainly is reality?,  
I dream, vivid pleasures and picture myself in  
agony,  
these, to me , are as in real life!,  
does this constitute reality?,  
are relationships not reality?,  
do not, we construe pain at parting?,  
yes, that sorrow must be reality!,



what, if we bear love for somebody,  
that feeling doth us entertain,  
is not, that affection reality?,  
Is not better reality, getting back to the  
source!?,  
and, is not our source, God?,  
Is not love, which makes us playful, bequeathed  
to us by God?,  
Is not God, love?,  
Yes, it must be,  
God alone is painlessness and love,  
the true reality !.

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## SEQUESTRATION

Then the grass grew coquettish,  
there spread several by- lanes,  
the earth became vain, there abouts,  
the sun- shine splashed ,  
warmth oozed like nectar ,  
it became, more and more rich ,  
better even than the heavens  
or what it seemed to be like,  
proud, inviting,  
waiting to be trod upon,  
such ecstasy was provided by God,  
in beauty, the harmony lay  
of this sequestrian spot,  
some where else, no where here,  
unknown a vale erupted,  
there I imagined, I would live on and on ,  
in the beautiful spot.

## THE ESPECIAL SPOT

There in the pastures, green of the earth and  
blue beside  
I fancied, I would find happiness of a rare  
uniqueness  
the minute, I dwelled upon the spot,  
calmness with ethereal joy suffused  
but it would not continue on and on  
because I had to repair somewhere else where  
I truly belonged,  
there in my original palace ,  
I dreamed of the especial spot, I 'd spied  
upon, it gave, so much of charm to my mind  
consideration and love besides.

## DISPASSION

Dispasion doth rule my heart,  
a sense of un wantedness over- whelms,  
avarice and anger smart ,  
nothing to cater to my rank ,  
I presume haughty air, tho' disagreeable I be,  
I am seldom without hitch,  
the hound of the past snarling,  
I'm of the earth, I' m told ,  
slowly to dissolve into it ' s dust,  
it never frightens me that I will sleep once , to  
never wake,  
I ignore the fact that I am mortal  
for in the inner light which sometimes shines  
and in my longings which are supra- natural,  
I have beckoned Him, who is God,  
I amply trust, that He will guide me on, along.

## CHOICE LESS

The question does never arise, as to whether  
we are free or not,  
for simply we do not have the right,  
birth is bondage,  
freedom, alone thro' the spiritual avenue,  
where, there opens the door to leisure ,  
then , submitting to the Guru, God,  
we walk the path blind- folded,  
truth and righteousness to prevail  
because He truly holds the reins  
seeing that our footage never slips,  
to follow His command and dictum,  
going to, whichever place He chooses,  
to listen to His sweet command  
is thereby freedom and bliss,  
we art choiceless.

## BY THE SIDE OF A PRATTING RIVER

There by the side of some prattling river,  
lurched some briars and bushes,  
where leaned some inquisitive boys  
of middle- class charm,  
the language they spoke  
was young English and native,  
with a lot of hope, fluttering,  
per- chance, they thought not,  
what t' would later on be  
when time made of them father and  
then grand- father,  
being of sound substance,  
they just murmured crude, not un-couth  
sentiments,  
while, the waters with it' s abysmal depths,  
pronounced differently a fate that kept true to  
the annals of man.

## LUXURY IN LIFE

Some tall palms,  
yellow tanned fields of paddy rice,  
red and brown mud beneath the ground,  
flash memory of an agrarian village,  
of dreams and traditions hard,  
is where the Nairs build,  
multi- storeyed houses for a  
family, huge,  
which by and by,  
gets secluded,  
without argument, it was some heaven- like  
home worth occupying ,  
because t' would entice the memory of good-  
old times,  
when we were among'st those aristocrats  
with big vans that took us to acclaimed  
temples of worship and rural festivals besides.

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## HERE IS, EVERYWHERE

Of earth, we can make it heaven or hell or  
some small  
abiding grove  
by sheer dint of man- power,  
but for the one, whose mind roves,  
in the upper- skies, who is lost to mud,  
no marble mansion doth whet his appetite,  
the happiness, alone that he is girdled with  
the shining sparkle in his eye  
is that which is reward for his pride.



## THE GOLDEN ORB

By the reflection of the light,  
I saw a shining golden orb  
which was luminescent and bright,  
I was knocked down by joy  
and frisked and fretted like a  
gal  
showing off my pelf,  
happy in the knowledge that  
He who was in the orb  
was looking at us from up above  
exactly, as He ' d promised.