

WIDENING OF CANVAS

ANAND KUMAR



BlueRoseONESM
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

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Poems

Bias and Human Conflict

Bias is seeing others with a prejudiced view
Seeing someone beneath you with contempt & scorn
Bias is a seed of hate which has sprouted
Having all potential to turn into a tree
A single most culprit perhaps
Sitting in our psyche as a sleeping cobra
Cause of all conflicts of human behaviour
Be it ethnic, racial, religious, gender or any other
The world is now afflicted with bias
Venting often translating into worst reactions of times

We hear loud and cogent voices
'kaale aise hote hain
Gorey vaise hote hain
Kashmiri aise.....South Indians vaise.....
Brahmins rajnitibaz.....Vaishya upadravi (of recent origin)
Hindus are hypocrites
Moslems are obsessed with weapons and violence
And Jews are enemy of humanity
So on so forth.....
It is appalling to hear such unfounded
Unfathomable biases
Often convincing to stupid mind and silly reason
About ONE humanity separated by
Geography, language, colour and faith
We are the same bunch of good and bad
Sensible and idiots

Across any sample across any combination

Without delving much into the origin
It's anatomy and tracing bias
In dingy paths of history and samskars
We need to mute and unplug such discordant notes
Disenfranchise such voices of bias
As they are similar to Nazi's propaganda
Versus Zionist Zeal to finish others' existence

Come! all good citizens of world
Visualize the dangers of such biases
Believing in the saying
"When bad men combine, the good must associate"
Else they will fall one by one
An unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle

Oh! Man embark on the journey
From
Nothing is ever forgotten. Nothing is ever forgiven
To
Everything can be forgotten and forgiven
AND LOVE THE SONS OF UNBIASED GOD

Two Opposite Experiences

SCENE 1

LIFE IS A HAPPY VOYAGE

LIVE LIKE A BIRD UNMINDFUL OF DANGERS

Between leaving her nest in morning and

Retreating to her nest in the evening

Does she know how many times a dove

Or a pigeon virtually dies? NO

In reality she escapes many a deaths during

Her voyage for food, water n adventure to fly

Equipped to fly on wings, with ability to dive n manoeuvre
(mind)

She enjoys the journey negotiating with death at times

Unaware of Larger wings of an eagle and a bird catcher's net
(death)

She enjoys the voyage to make it von voyage.

SCENE 2

LIFE IS a JOURNEY

FRAUGHT WITH DANGERS LIVE CAUTIOUSLY

On spreading some millet seeds in my backyard I saw a few

Doves came flying for food

Hiding behind a window slit I observed

A constant dread in dove's eyes as they hurriedly hitting their

Beaks to the ground for food

But restlessly raising rotating their necks 360° off and on

Adjusting their eyes, pupils' n vision against threats

Real n imagined, distant or close I couldn't guess
Were extremely frightful though vigilant n ever watchful of
Enemies and woes thrown by cruel nature
Ever ready to fly with all power n speed at their command
To escape any sudden unforeseen attack on their life
Suddenly a hawk pounced upon from nowhere picking one
of them
Dispersing the seeds all around for the rest
Hanging between questions of survival and hunger
Remaining doves revisited the area soon after
With same fear same dread in their eyes perhaps unaware of
New threats may visit them from anywhere.

Thus in the awareness that a stronger and cruel world is there
to meet n challenge our existence coupled with
unpredictability of life and situations we humans live in a
constant fear turning our awareness into a great disadvantage/
curse.

Can we live a bird's life choice Scene I to turn it into a boon?.

Great War Is Imminent With A Hazy Picture

As the battle lines are drawing
The question baffles me
Who would emerge victor
In the eventuality of a Great War which
Is imminent and war clouds I can see on the Horizon as
Both are teaming up
Axis of Evil* and Allied Forces# for a Great War?

Truth wins and evil pushed
OR evil wins and truth intimidated
Both can happen in the confused scenario
As to who is evil and who is good,
Clear distinction is missing this time
Who will decide? As
Both are teaming up.....
Axis of Evil and Allied Forces for a Great War?

Reasoning says terror is evil
And an act of cowardice
Fed on hate n violence but as they say
It's a weapon of the Weak in modern warfare
With lesser money and fire-power
Yet strong in conviction they will win their holy war
With unholy intolerant and brutal middle ages' ways

Perhaps they have not learnt the power of truth
And non-violence from Gandhian experiments
As to who is evil and who is good? who will decide? As
Both are teaming up.....
Axis of Evil and Allied Forces for a Great War?

Dharma suggests sovereignty of Nations
Is paramount for world peace
But the hawks' greed
With hawk- eye on enemy's assets
Secretly hobnobbing with
Their puppets is greater evil forcing terror on earth
They are equally guilty for creating war like conditions
As to who is evil and who is good? who will decide? As
Both are teaming up.....
Axis of Evil and Allied Forces for a Great War?

Greatest is the evil perpetrated
In the name of religions, races, prophets
And designs of terminally sick and mad
Blinded by fundamentalism of all hues
They deserve worst persecution ever whoever n wherever they are
They hate mongers are greatest enemy for humanity and real
threat to world's peace
They can ditch a Hiroshima or Nagasaki but not God's JUSTICE
As to who is evil and who is good? who will decide?
Both are teaming up.....
Axis of Evil and Allied Forces for a Great War?

Quarantine Against Hate Which Is Worse Than All Diseases Put Together

Well and good we quarantined people against
Plague, TB and cholera up to 19th century
We quarantined against swine and bird flu to save
Millions from death in 20th century and striving yet
Have we quarantined against HATE AND DIVISIVE
FORCES alongside?
Which could have saved billions from death and misery
As HATE is most devastating than all infectious diseases put
together
And the mother of all violence in the world.

At the root of all violence
By men, kings and nations
At the root of all riots & pogroms
Be they ethnic, anti-Semitic
Religiously or racially motivated
Transphobic or Gender related
Is hate and hatred and a feeling
Fetched by idiots that they are superior and
Only they have a right to exist in God's world.
Because we misinterpret our scriptures' right messages
Which say read the pulse of heart which is love and only
love.

We always talk very high of love
kindness, compassion

Charity and philanthropy
Demonstrate it whenever
A natural calamity strikes anywhere in world
I wonder where vanishes the feeling of
'Peaceful co-existence' And 'vishwa bandhutva'
How it goes into thin air when people assault, mutilate
Butchered and force them to live in sub human conditions
In camps and ghettos created off hate.

Stop leading this life of double standards
To make this world beautiful as per God's wish
As love can't be bartered with hate
Of course hate can be conquered with love
Accept with love the sweets offered
Barter with sweetness of love and feeling of brotherhood
Least compromising with Hate and divisive forces.

We The Designers

God indeed a perfect designer
Who designed this creation and man
But the man supposedly a 'hand of God'
Has too evolved into an excellent designer
A designer of his dreams and fantasies.

To shape and realize his dreams & fantasies
He engages designers of all kinds
A designer to fashion his outfits
A designer to mask his externalities
A designer for interior decoration
Of his dwellings, Inns and mansions
But has he worked and invested for
The embellishment of his heart too ? Rarely!
Coz' no other designer can do that
And He himself is the ultimate designer

Ingenious home improvements
From pools to Hammock beds
From Chandeliers to aquariums
From pools, herb gardens to Ice Caves in rooms
Perhaps to enjoy a forest life in home
It is good to indulge in such fantasies
But has he worked and invested for
The embellishment of his heart too? Rarely!
Coz' no other designer can do that
And He himself is the ultimate designer

From cleverly hidden storage spaces
To Spiral Wine Storages
For hiding his darker fantasies of
Whirling and dancing with the bottle
To Spiral staircase slide to slide down to
Balcony pool aka a sandy beach
All to explore naughty pleasures of mind
But has he worked and invested for
The embellishment of his heart too? Rarely!
Coz' no other designer can do that
And He himself is the ultimate designer

Unique and rich in possibilities
A designer is a good tool to harness and
Shaping our intellectually pure & creative urges
It is a wonderful tool so long as
It toes the line with the creativity of God
To reflecting our love based interiorities
And not flaring our endless urges of lust
And basic instincts.

O! Iraq, Once the cradle of civilization **(written during Iraq's war)**

What has happened to you?

O! IRAQ

The Land of Euphrates & Tigris

O! Mesopotamia, Once

The cradle of civilization

What has happened to you Iraq?

How many Karbala are destined to you

How many times will you shed the

Blood of sons and daughters of Iraq

In the name of ethnic cleansing

In the name of sectarian conflict

In the name of Sunnis and Shias

In the name of Hasan Ali and Abu-Bakr

In the name of claiming succession to

Prophet Muhammad SAW

What has happened to you Iraq?

Saddam is no more

His Baath party is no more

Yet bloodbath continues

His crusaders in new avatar as

Theocratic barbarians once more with a

Zionist zeal new Abu Bakrs wanting to

Red the waters of Euphrates and Tigris

What has happened to you Iraq?

O! great leaders of the world
Political, religious and spiritual
Where are you?
Is your appeal for peace?
Is so hollow? so listless?
Can you be so reticent
When brothers are asking for blood
Of their own brothers
On the streets of Basra and Baghdad
What has happened to you Iraq?

One more Karbala
One more war, one more frenzy
Roar of guns, Kalashnikovs, mortars and tanks
I am sure won't satiate the blood thirst
Of neo-liberators new barbarians

But may push for another Balkanization
Of the land of Prophet
Of the land of Euphrates and Tigris
Mesopotamia, once the cradle of civilization
What has happened to you Iraq?

We nonetheless live and live happily.

This life is like living on the
Edge of a mountain's cliff
It is like weathering a storm
Or like floating downriver
Amid capricious currents
We nonetheless live
And live happily Why?

What is that life force which?
Keeps a grasshopper captivated
and singing while floating
on a leaf down the river
Wading through the storms
And currents of water
Nonetheless live
And live happily, Why?

What is that which keeps
A deer on toes yet living happily
Amid the constant fear
Amid roar of lions
Amid tearing off the ferocious
Nails and jaws of death

Our life's root is spirit
The root of spirit is to breathe
And whatever lives on breath
Must have spiritual dimension
Soul which animates life
Gives us the vigour to live
And live happily amid all fears

Life a collection of own Writings
An anthology to unfold its pages
To explore and find how we
Negotiated the velocity of
Storms and currents
In a soulful manner
Soul gives us that force
To live soulfully and live happily.

On Being Permeable

On being permeable in life
Does not mean leading a promiscuous
Adulterous and a unprincipled life
But to unclutter a life so closed
To anger,
To grief,
To pain,
And to longing
To be audacious, open hearted, adventurous
Unconventional
And intrepidly daring
In positive sense.

A permeable life is about
What presses out from the heart
What comes in at a slant
What shimmers below the surface of things
To risk showing up as our truest self
And embracing a willingness
To be astonished
In order to
Awaken like a MYSTIC
In love of GOD.

I Want To Save My Day To Save My Journey

When my BMW got a few scratches by a moving truck aside
I could not control my mighty anger to keep aside
I tried blows and fisticuffs treating truck's driver as my
punching bag
Though he was apologetic about but I insisted with my power to gag
Was it anger born out of my attachment with car or more dicey?
Ignoring that attachment for objects is bad and best asset is mercy

Moments after my speeding BMW splashed mud on a mighty
biker
Who overtook stopped thrashed me right and left and spit on
my face
As I didn't say sorry and was not apologetic about
I cursed him as ego of a BMW owner was hurt
Instead I said you don't know "who am I" and threatened
To see him later as I was blush and blurt
Was the humility missing and feeling to avenge overpowered me?

In a huff and frustration as I drove my car I pushed a
pedestrian hard
Who got badly injured and reported to police with public
support
My money power will rescue me and my higher ups rapport
I offered a hefty sum to the injured and police to settle the issue
Showing no compassion for the injured.

Coming back home as a defeated man I introspected
Where have I erred? What values have I compromised
As a seeker on the path of spirituality?
I found all vices of anger, ego, attachment,
Rejection, treating others inferior got manifested
On a small journey I took and in the process made life
Miserable for me and others
Had I learnt the virtues of patience, pardon, humility and
kindness
I could have saved my day and thus

My long journey of life in a peaceful and serene way.

Identifying Higher Self Through Lower Self

In order to dethrone darkness from light
We often alight at a misty place
Hovers around and then land in
A marshy land of uncertainties
Chaos, dilemma and confusions
Because we never appreciate within
We forget to observe the finer prints
Of our lower carnal self and higher self
And relentlessly rebuke our lower self
Demean it thanklessly ignoring
What immense favour it has done to us
And disseminated to us the sense of darkness
Which drowns us into abyss of ignorance
That its components are hatred, slender
Lewdness, jealousy, theft and plunder
Offering carnal pleasures, joys and gains,
Unrest, misery and pains
That our knowledge of lower self has given us the wisdom
To discriminate what is right and our higher self,
That it is human spirit clothed with soul
That it is purity of heart, Love and not lust
That love is in offering and not demanding
That it is hidden like a flower's fragrance
That it is not something levitates on our sensuality
That is our nature and friendly to our sensibility
That it is wife's love and not of a concubine's

Which got dirtied by murky ethers of flesh
That it is truth, justice, mercy and compassion

Thus the knowledge of darkness brings us
Close to the David of the Light and
Away from the Goliath of the dark
In our awakening to Love the saviour
And hate the Devil.

My Mimamsa On Music

Music answers the mysteries of life
Music not only a dialect for man's
Fun, pleasure and reducing sadness
But a transcendent medium of peering
Into a higher realm of
consciousness
Music answers the mysteries of life.

Nature sings each swar with perfection
With a free flow of Do Re Mi Fa or Bhartiya Sargam
Sometimes in isolation at times in combination
As if to suggest life is nothing but symphonies
Of beats, notes, melodies and pitch modulations
Comprising of Hi-fi and low-fidelity sounds
Of nature's reflections.
Music answers the mysteries of life.

To uplift us from morass
And to cuddle us when our spirits are low
To awaken us when we sleep
To sleep us when we are awake
A constant introduction to the realities of existence
Music knocks at the door of our Self
Music answers the mysteries of life

We need to isolate life's discordant notes
We need to demystify nature's mysteries
We need to understand nature's grammar
To listen to nature's profound language
To sing in unison with nature's music
Conforming to Vedic philosophy
"OM BHADRAM KARNEBHI SHRUNUYAAM DEVAH"
As Music answers the mysteries of life.

Introvert Or Extrovert, Who Am I?

My spirit asks me to be intro
My personality enthuses me
To be an extro
In the conflict of my spirit and
Personality I fail to assert whether
I am an intro or an extro?

As extro I feel energised to be vocal
with my pen and gadgets
But my intro stops me to launch
My writings using bloggers' widgets
In the predicament my judgement blurs
I am an intro or an extro?

Socially adept in many situations
Can manifest my extro during interactions
With external world
But callous it is, says my intro
While transacting with my internal
sublime and conscious world
I am an intro or an extro?

My pampered extro ridicules my intro
Wants to kill it with hydra heads of pomp
Vanity, name, fame, jealousy and slush

But I want to secure my saviour intro knowing
Intro will keep me in good stead, in peace, in bliss Yet confused
I am an intro or an extro?

To my intro concepts of life seems real
Which my extro rejects as vague and meaningless
To my intro my extro demeanours are cheap
sentient and trivial at best to serve a street smart purpose
To my extro all intro things concepts
Are flimsy and doomed to flop in real world
Who will tell me
I am an intro or an extro?

The question taunts me
Like a Zig saw puzzle
It haunts me
Like an unanswered puzzle
It ridicules me
Like an important trifle
I AM AN INTROVERT OR AN EXTROVERT?

On My Date With God If Ever He Grants It

Would He or won't He
Grant me the company I cherish,
Would He or won't He
Grant Me liberty to take Him to once paradise,
Now hell of human hate and revenge, On
My date with God if ever He grants it.

I'll Take Him neither to golden beaches, nor to Tulips
garden,
Not on lovers' caves, nor to sandal bans,
But to deltas of misery where hate exist in tons, On
My date with God if ever He grants it.

Shall I seek worldly pleasures amidst,
Shall I seek ephemeral treasures as gift,
Shall I seek Haala of Madhushala. Or
Shall I seek Indralok ki Mashubala, On
My date with God if ever He grants it.

I'll take Him to Badlands of crime,
Where drones killing innocents to prove power of grime,
Suicide bombers in the name of revenge,
Marauding their own bodies in saviours disguise, On
My date with God if ever He grants it.
To lands of Rama, Krishna often visiting hatred karma
To lands of crusaders and foot-soldiers of Deen-dharma,

To those who wilfully defy creator's wish,
To those who spread hate and smile on blood soaked dish,
On
My date with God if ever He grants it.

To show Him hate thriving on His beautiful earth,
Where oceans are boiling,
When pacific is getting torrential,
Where rivers are vomiting venom, On
My date with God if ever He grants it.

To ask Him resurrect the humanity anew,
And a new seamless world introduced,
With no place for religions,
With no place for a divided humanity,
With no place for Allah, Ishwar and God,
Only mono-syllable for Supreme Creator,
When mind ceases to exist,
Where flourishes love and only love.,
I DREAM THAT DATE WITH GOD IF EVER HE
GRANTS IT.

When Darkness Spreads And Light Fails To Emit Light

Kaliyug means Kala yug,
Andha yug
Kaliyug means a yug of darker fantasies.

Darker chocolates,
Darker wines, darker clubs,
Darker cuisines are a fad,
Kaliyug means a yug of darker fantasies.

Darker psychology,
Darker philosophy, darker theology,
Darker philanthropy
are doing the rounds,
Kaliyug means a yug of darker
fantasies.

Darker vision,
Darker missions,
Darker dreams and
Darker fission keep us busy
Kaliyug means a yug of darker
fantasies

Darker energy,
Darker clergy,
Darker tantra scoring over,
Power of Mantra,
Kaliyug means a yug of darker
fantasies.

Darkness driving away brightness,
Hate driving away love,
Darkness driving away true
Knowledge,
Kaliyug means a yug of darker
fantasies.

Are we getting back to an age when
The waves were dead
The tides were in their grave,
The Moon had expired before
The winds were withered
And the clouds perished
Darkness had no need of
aid from them-
She was the Universe.

Na Khuda Hi Mila Na Bisaale Sanam.....

Life must be an
Uni-directional pursuit of
Mind and soul
Remove
All hurdles
Nay creating hurdles at our own
No! Never mix up divergent thoughts &
Allow a nest in mind
Never ever.....
Two opposite streams of thoughts when meet
Like water
Create conflicts
Block the smooth
Passage of rivulets
Create a delta of
Ignorance or a
Marshy existence
However mighty our resolve is
Never mix up.....
Music can fuse
Cultures can show Some unanimity
Science can even
Supplement our understanding on
life's puzzles

But two diagonally
Opposite trains of thoughts
Never be allowed
to recreate new synergies
Booze of thoughts
A hazy vision
No! Never mix up.....
All these years
I did this
Brazenly mixing
Poison with Nectar
Boasting a purposeless knowledge Bank
Reading Sigmund Freud with Vivekanand
Reading Marx/Kant with Higher realms of Wisdom of our
Sages of Yore
Practiced healing techniques vis a vis Patanjali's Ashtaang
Darwin vs Manu on
evolution
See what is the outcome?
A confused moron lost in a crowded island of thoughts
No! never mix up.....
Na khuda hi mila Na
Bisale sanam
Na idhar ke rahe
Na udhar ke rahe

A Conflict of Approach in Search of Truth.

An intellectual yet a seeker of truth
I exclaimed! what a contradiction
Hey! Impossible, unimaginable
How come? Seeking truth isn't a mental
Pilgrimage, I quipped
He laughed at my understanding
And grudgingly differed
Asked me in return
'What do I understand with truth?
And seeking it?
Simple! I said 'it is not with your truth
versus my truth but
A witnessing & Experiencing
The universal truth of Oneness 'ekam satyam'
Of God, the cause of all causes
Our trust in His omnipresence, omniscience
Omnipotence
A result of Human curiosity
A perennial search through questions
'What seek ye',
'what have we come for' and
'Who am I'
Rest is a MIRAGE, A LIE

He sharpened his blades of
Wit & intellect
To unarm me with his beliefs & convictions
On Truth, God and seeking
Which he believed can be answered by
Knowledge of God perceived not through
Direct perception but through
Concepts defined by intellectuals
Who too borrowed it from luminaries
Chain of experts on religions/spirituality
Or at best using their own 'intellect'
Which to me narrows
The range of perceptive capacity about truth
Hanging between 'nays' and 'nods'
Bewildered me was searching
Neither to score a point nor leaving him in a lurch
I curtailed the discussion
Went into a deeper 'silence' to witness.....
The truth was emerging from nowhere
Confident that 'silence' is gateway to
knowledge where mind recedes
Past slowly and subtly before comes
Strange dumbing Reality/Truth
An experiential reality/

The pundits, purists & seekers thus have Divided
World views on God/Truth/Reality
One worldview by our sages who sought and witnessed
A pure spiritual experience
The other by hard core intellectuals who
Debated discussed God in various
Intellectual forums
Thus a perpetual conflict follows.

Your Love Is On A Perpetual Scrutiny

They say 'Love is an unfathomable emotion'
False! the world seems to measure it
In terms of its Value and worth to them
Seldom its essence and substance

I have a well calibrated yardstick
To gauge in 'them' their love for me
Not its intensity & depth
But It's volume & breadth
You know I have a scale of
Fine markings of my whims
And fancies, my own grudges
Of my senseless ego my own timidity
Of my shallowness and superficiality
YOUR LOVE IS ON A PERPETUAL SCRUTINY

They say 'Love is indivisible' Convincing!
You intended to serve love as a big cake
To be shared in pieces yet offering
Everyone in entirety with each piece
Did you hold it back while giving? Surely not!
Were you choosy in giving your love? Perhaps Not!
You extended it to anyone and everyone who came by
But sadly I am not happy

With your divided love as I want every
Inch and pence of it in my perverted thinking
And until you do this 'I can't love you anymore'
This is how world wants love
YOUR LOVE IS ON A PERPETUAL SCRUTINY

They say 'Love is irrevocable'
Once we love 'we love ever after'
As it is a God gifted emotion to mankind
A resolution of heart but
In our own perverted sense, we suppose
'Love is a contract/understanding OR
An arrangement and thus revocable'
On slightest violation of terms of its agreement
Can be withdrawn revoked or reversed
But is it so easy? a moot question.
YOUR LOVE IS ON A PERPETUAL SCRUTINY

Shall I laugh at the 'insecurities' of poor people who see 'love'
as a divisible/measurable commodity and those who value
love as an arrangement arrived between two minds. Love is
pure, holy, pristine like light and definitely not what people
have played it out as? Love is God's gift and His assurance to
mankind and we are here to share mutually in His
representative capacity for our mutual happiness, peaceful co-
existence and making our lives 'loving' with all its grandeur.
We need simultaneous love of parents, spouse, siblings,
friends and others in equal measures. We can surely think of
a situation of 'divided help care and attention' of others but

never about their divided love which is always full. Whoever whenever and wherever shares love it is always full. It is indivisible, unfathomable and irrevocable as against what we have made it out of our mind's machinations.

Have We Plateaued In Spirituality?

So much literature
Churning out each day
From spiritual workshops
So many discourses
By pundits and purists
Dotting spiritual skyline
Different synergies
Spinning out each day
From spiritual beings/minds
Is all this adding value to
Our ancient spiritual wisdom
Truth by our sages in Agamas?
Or mere smarting over by zealously
Mixing some adulterous brew of
Vision native n foreign
To our ancient wisdom
A question comes
Have we plateaued in spirituality?
Or I am a foolish

Are we seekers of new truths
Of spirituality
Or the walkers of tracks already
Explored or travelled in finality?

We know truth is one and final
But are we in a denial mode
Of our sages' nectarine wisdom?
And arrogating on it
By simply searching and
Trying clinically
Spiritual derivatives of
Unchangeable nectarine wisdom
A question comes
Have we plateaued in spirituality?
Or I am a foolish
Scores of spiritual experimentalists
Coming with new formulations
Distilling a new brew
With new levels and brands
In the garb of research
Randomly creating scotch n booze
To establish superiority over
Beaming Sun, Moon, Planets
And Nakshatras of Spiritual space
A question comes
Have we plateaued in spirituality?
Or I am a foolish

For the light of future?
A new conceptualist
A new Shankaracharya

A new Buddha
A Nanak or a Mahavira
Or fooling ourselves in the
Name of spirituality
A question often mocks
At our face
Have we plateaued in spirituality?
Or I am a foolish

I, Me And My Selfie

I have stopped uploading
My Selfie on social media
I wish to upload my Selfie
Up above
For His scrutiny
Of Self i.e. of SELF THAT IS
Not of exteriors &
A subjective knower 'I'
But a selfie of Me /self the
Inner Self which too
Is tainted I suppose

I know He is all knower
Who records minutest
Details of my deeds
At all three levels
Of speech actions & mind
Yet It is my duty to
Present me before the Creator
With my crumbled image
Not a flattered one
And explain my conduct

I wish to upload my Selfie
Up above
For His scrutiny
To show HIM what He sent
Me (as human) for
An opportunity after aeons
And what have I turned into
A complete waste
A useless moron in my own
Scrutiny

He had sent me with a
Pure n true Self as experiencer
Equipped with heart, mind
Perception, emotions, thoughts
As props for Divinity
Which I thoroughly wasted
For petty selfish pursuits of
Greed, lust, hate, vengeance and deceit
Such a MONUMENTAL waste

YES I wish to upload my Selfie
Up above
For His scrutiny
To repent and appeal
For His mercy to give one more chance
As I failed in my task this life

To free me from personal Desires, whims
And widening my circles
Of compassion for
Whole existence
And its beauty
What a MONUMENTAL waste!
I have stopped uploading
My Selfie on Face Book
Of my flattered Selfie

Aah (Sigh) To Aha!

It takes a lifetime
To change your Aah (sigh) to Aha!
God's Realization comes but after a tortuous wait.....

Amid the ceaseless thrusting waves
And tides pulling the sea life to brink n death
It is no less an ordeal when a droplet
Takes to turn into a pearl
It takes a lifetime
To change your Aah (sigh) into Aha!
God's Realization comes, but after a tortuous wait.....

One needs to wake up and pray
All through hundreds of frozen nights
And burn midnight lamp
To see the light emerging with sun's rise
After chilling Scandinavian nights
Sun arrives yet after a gruelling wait
It takes a lifetime
To change your Aah (sigh) into Aha!
God's Realization comes, but after a tortuous wait.....

Not to lose heart not to despair
As love asks you to persevere
God's love even more torrid n perspiring
He tests our resolution and determination
It takes a lifetime
To change your Aah (sigh) into Aha!
God's Realization comes, but after a tortuous
wait.....

Be Modest, Rejoice But Don't Brag Much

Bragging is much more than

Patting on our backs

It is a kind of window dressing of Pride

Reflecting through our behaviour

BE MODEST, REJOICE BUT DON'T BRAG MUCH

So you are an Olympic Gold Medallist

It's okay to be happy about this and

people even mention while writing your praises

It would be silly and stupid to wear your gold medal

During morning walks or shopping in Malls

People aren't interested in 'window shopping' your medal

BE MODEST, DON'T BRAG ABOUT ACHIEVEMENTS

So you are a scholar on Tagore's lit

Know it you can ever be a best authority

But never be as great as Tagore

Of Tagore's genius and ingenuity

BE MODEST, DON'T BRAG ABOUT ACHIEVEMENTS

So you transcended the Reality and

Realization, awakening or light dawned on you

Kudos for a rare of the rarest achievement

But don't look down upon those who haven't yet
For heaven's sake don't put Holiness or similar names
Prefixing your name yourself
Let others do it for you
BE MODEST, REJOICE BUT DON'T BRAG MUCH

It is healthy to boost your
Self-confidence and self esteem
It is healthy to brag about
Yourself to yourself
As people expect you to be modest
People who aren't modest
Violate those expectations
BE MODEST, REJOICE BUT DON'T BRAG MUCH

(Bragging is ugliest part of EGO. Avoid it. I am not sure that
by preaching on bragging I have sacrificed my modesty as they
say preaching is also a form of bragging)

What Is That Which Outcasts Us From The Tag And Fold?

As a Hindu if I get inspired by
Rumi, St. Augustine or Guru Nanak
Alongside Hindu saints and prophets
Can't I remain a Hindu and preserve my
Right to be called a Hindu
Are the gates of 'Hinduism' so weak and vulnerable?
What is that which outcasts us
from the tag or fold?

As a Catholic if Krishna fancies me
My whole being becomes Krishna-conscious
Yet cherishing Christ and embracing Christianity
And the values enshrined in 'the Bible'
In no less measures
Do I lose my right to visit Vatican?
What is that which outcasts us
from the tag or fold?

As an adherent of a faith whichever
If I misrepresent Geeta, Koran or Bible by
adhering and justifying my own carved out fallacies
To spread hate, revenge, mass killings, rapes
Within and outside my faith, a naked

Show of contempt to Krishna, Muhammad or Christ
Yet entitles me a tag of 'flag bearer'
What is that which outcasts us
from the tag or fold.?

What is that which narrows our expanse of wisdom?
What is that which keeps us in confinements of Religion?
What is that which changes the meanings of 'love'
And 'hate' by sitting in different man-made camps and closets?
What is that which outcasts us
from the tag or fold?

I Wish I Could See My Inner Me Thus Him

Filled with the longing
Immersed in His thoughts
Searching far and wide
From deep recesses of heart
A search never ending
I wish I could be a witness
To my inner transparent Me thus HIM

I harbour no such wish
Keeping my eyes open to visualize Him
n peeping
Into the space between stars
To find Him in the galleries
Of mental Imagery of idols and pictures
I am tired of such fantasies
I wish I could be a privy
To my inner transparent Me thus Him

With a blurred vision, incapacitated wings
In truncated knowledge
I have no eye to see
His Vishwa roopam
As it is too big to adjust within my canvas

I wish to experience Him
From tiniest of my existence and field
I know you are greater than greatest
But smaller than smallest too
I wish I could have an interface
With my inner transparent Me thus Him

Yet I wish to see myself in His proximity'
The way a consort enjoys
To cry after touching His sublime
And supreme existence
The way a lover desires
A wish to experience highest bliss
The way a Yogi confides
I wish I could cry in ecstasy n share my joy
With the world Yes my wish fulfilled
Of knowing my Inner Me thus HIM

Choosing Between A Great Yes Or A Great No

In between a 'great yes' or a 'great no'
Are hidden the mysteries of opening
Or closing your gate to the spiritual dimension
Every single moment can be decisive to open
Or shut your door to vast ocean of awakening
And this opportunity each moment
All through your life knocking
For choosing between right and wrong
For choosing between that heartfelt 'yes' and
A reasoned 'no'
For choosing between a soulful 'yes' and
A mindful 'no'
For choosing between a wrong 'yes'
And a right 'no'.

Strong in our conviction we thump 'yes'
For worldly success and pleasures
Going for honour to honour, winning laurels
Asked again we still say 'yes'
And in a wise refrain we hesitate to declare
To something against our soul's nature
To moan, cry and repent for rest of our lives
Caring seldom the glitz and pitfalls of success ephemeral

As God has ordained us to be
Inclined spiritual.

So choose wisely between a great yes and a great no as life is
yours.

Colours of Speech

Speech is sin

When we talk small and constantly prattle

Crack jokes on person absent,

- We indulge in back biting, getting obtrusive
- slanderous and hitting below the belt.

Speech is silver

When we speak for a higher cause

A language of love, peace, harmony and integration

- Soothing words for the weak and suffering
- Laced with vocab of commitment and consolation.

Speech is golden

When one speaks true to a Chinese aphorism

- "A sage does not say what he does,
- But he does nothing which cannot be said"
- When his uttered unuttered words become liberating.

YET A WELL TIMED SILENCE HAS MORE
ELOQUENCE THAN SPEECH.

How Words Lose Their Meaning

With every single breaking news
A bigger curse on humanity
A bigger show of beast in human form
A bigger demo of misuse of power
A bigger act of male chauvinism
Words Sensation or Tabela loses its meaning

When every coming wind smells foul
Gushing air smell of decaying rats
And dead human carcasses
Minds profusely smell of rotten eggs
All Directions are lost in filth and squalor
The word putrid or putrefying loses its meaning

When silence muddles with noise and
Cries full of screams, agony and screeching pain
Take cover of silence of internal noise
Words like silence loses its meaning

When skeletons are falling
From the cupboards of torch-bearers of justice
Free speech, third and fourth columns
Of our democracy conspiring
To silencing the lambs

Liberty used to rob others' existence
Words speech and liberty lose their meaning

A deeper malaise has crept in
In our blood and system
We have entered into a 'andha yug'
Some drastic measures required
For drastic conditions
Never thought of earlier in a rule of people.
Are we prepared for this?

Tongue Shooters Of Indian Democracy

Shooting from tongue is different,
From A slip of the tongue,
As it is sharper, deliberate, pointed and more infuriating,
Now I wield that power of tongue.

Shooting from tongue is more malicious,
Than tongue lashing in a sudden outburst,
As it is directed with a purpose and calculated,
Now I wield that power of tongue.

Shooting from tongue is more venomous,
akin to speaking with a forked tongue,
As my aim is hitting the subtle conscience of opponents,
Now I wield that power of tongue.

Sharp shooting from tongue is not because
I have lost the talent of 'tongue in cheek' comments,
Not that my newly acquired talent is gaming with language
Now I wield that power of tongue.

I have cultivated this to be
A tongue trigger happy modest idiot,
I have learnt it not because
I don't have a civil tongue in my head,

I have learnt it because I am
No more an intrepid human, at best
I am an Indian POLITICIAN

My tart temper never mellows with age,
My sharp tongue is growing keener,
With experience and Age,
I am an Indian POLITICIAN

You may kill me using your gun,
But I will kill you using my tongue,
Because my tongue is my only edged tool,
That is growing sharper with regular a use,
Because I wield the power of tongue AND,
I am an Indian POLITICIAN

Krishna, Why Are You Getting Late?

When thick dark clouds envelope the space,
Shrouded potential for a storm is inevitable.
When the Sun spitting solar flares from range close,
Threatening colossal life loss on Earth unviable,
Come Govinda, Come Govinda. why waiting?

When eagles out to gobble pigeons in sky,
Hyenas roaring in the Jungle and crying wolf,
When Laws protecting mighty and strong,
Crooks have a field-day and decency oblong.
Come Govinda, Come Govinda, why vetting?

When Hastinapur. ruled. this time by deaf and dumb,
Before Dushasana's lust Draupadi succumbs,
Rulers, Judges, sports all feeding on money's crumbs,
Everything is topsy-turvy and common man benumbed,
Come Govinda, Come Givinda, why procrastinating?

Before your stoic silence & absence sends a guilt and remorse,
Peoples' hopes and ambitions crush to despair,
When the loss too big to repair and ensnare,
Come Govinda, Come Govinda, why tormenting?
You need to come. You have to come,
To save your own country,
Krishna's own country.

I Know You Had Some Designs

Why you created a man after all?
Why other creations not enough to make you enthralled?
Why you crafted man a superior specie?
Why you entertained a mysterious fantasy?
I know you had some designs.

Why were you so difficult in your intentions?
Why transfixed a mind for man's endless contentions?
Why a man has a sensitive heart behind physical?
Why you hid your desire perpetual?
I know you had some designs.

Why knowing you made so difficult?
Why veils of ignorance you thus installed?
Why erected walls higher and higher?
Why distanced man from source above so high?
I know you had some designs.

Why you gifted love and hatred together?
Why laced a drink of suffering and pleasure?
Why conundrum of confusion and mystery?
Why human life throws questions of asymmetry?
I know you had some designs.

Yes you are no different from human,
You wanted to be praised & appraised what you are,
You intended us humans to be lined up on line of fire,
You desired to be constantly loved by humans.
OH! GOD ARE YOU REPENTING ON YOUR
MISADVENTURE?

Ritual Free Religiosity

If objective is opaque,
If the purpose is oblique,
If the desire is to complicate,
If the agenda is to manipulate
Such rituals are not religiosity something else.

If the idea is coloured,
If the design is biased,
If the aim is Tantric,
If the contours are eccentric,
Such rituals are not religiosity something else.

If rituals are loaded with pomp,
If rituals smack of grandeur,
If rituals are show of wealth,
If rituals are a Bandit's stealth,
Such rituals are not religiosity something else.

If rituals are alchemy to produce wealth,
If rituals are to pre-empt our karmic reactions,
If rituals are to propitiate forefathers' souls or,
If rituals are for own past-life regressions,
Such rituals are not religiosity something else.

If rituals bind me for my love to God,
If for all-round bonhomie and free from fraud,
If rituals empower to keep me honest,
If rituals have the power for transformation,
Simple, Resolute, pure, pious and non-ostentatious
, I BELIEVE IN SUCH RITUALS.

(“A prayer couched in the words of the soul, is far more powerful than any ritual.”

— Paulo Coelho, Brida)

Stupid Rush For Gold Among Indians

They say three great forces rule the world:
Stupidity, fear, greed,
Rush for Gold triggered by all the three,
We must thwart this mad rush for Gold.

Stupid it is because a wife goads her,
Husband to buy a (naulakha haar) perpetually,
Forcing him to earn un-ethically,
We must thwart this mad rush for Gold.

Stupid it is because however big gold treasures,
Of a nation, if it is not strong morally,
Constant threats of attacks weaken internally,
We must thwart this mad rush for Gold.

Our History witnessed it silently,
Golden Pasteur's at Somnath or Padmanabhswami
invited intrusions,
Of Huns, Shakyas, Turks, Mughals and British equally.
We must thwart this mad rush for Gold.

Bride burning for dowery (dahej) a feature,
Blot on our society we can't take casually,
Family's gold a constant bickering between brothers,

A cause of disintegrating a family,
We must thwart this mad rush for Gold.

Believe it Gold-free idols of Gods at,
Tirupati, Sai or Maa Vaishnno would enjoy,
Same reverence and love of devotees,
We must thwart this mad rush for Gold.

Fear to protect it from thieves and robbers,
Fear to stop its erosion during inflation,
Fear of falling rupee,
Rendering gold a bad instrument against hedging,
Fear of confiscation by prying eyes of Tax sleuths,
With more such fears,
We must thwart this mad rush for Gold.

Stop this greed to acquire more of it,
If as Indian your country you love,
It is a bane for economy, eating into,
Our precious exchange reserves,
The glitter of gold will lead to the,
Bankruptcy of economy on curve,
YOU CAN THWART THIS MAD RUSH FOR GOLD.

Short Stories

We Are All Refugees of a Future that Never Happened

lee Weiner

This fear always lurks in our minds howsoever strong, wise and wealthy we are.

Refugees are neither prisoners of war (POWs) nor immigration seekers for greener pastures. They are unfortunate displaced humans, our own brothers and sisters, divided by geography, race and religion who have been forced to leave their country in order to escape war, terrorism, persecution, or natural disaster in order to save precious LIFE. Never knowing that there awaits a world which can be yet more hostile and cruel in forcing neglect, hate, discrimination of a higher magnitude in a foreign land. Human history is full of such events when they met with terrible sub human conditions for life in countries of refuge. It is another matter that in future by their sheer strength, courage and survival instinct they proved themselves as worthy and proud citizens/migrants for the adopting lands or perished for the lack of it. Besides there is no dearth of tales that the neighbouring lands in past history extended respectable refuge in the name of mercy, compassion and God/Allah..... aware of the truth that WE ARE ALL REFUGEES OF A FUTURE THAT NEVER HAPPENED

The case in point is huge exodus of people from Syria as a great human tragedy has stricken it once more.. It is imploding and exploding both forced by the conditions of war

and terror. Millions of Syrians with a bleak future in store are leaving the shores in search of other shores to survive.

With the changing world scenario has changed now. Refugees are not welcome anymore as in the past. The world has created strong psychological fences and defence besides barbed-wires making the movement difficult for refugees. Their fears may be realistic as with ever growing populations and shortage of resources to sustain a quality life people are habitual to in western world, they fear it may further dent the declining economies of countries bordering Syria. Especially when the threats of narcotics trade, terrorism and organised crime are widespread. No Govts/people are prepared to insecure themselves. They are not ready to own new challenges to their own comfort levels, peace and existence.

The situation is really precarious. The gesture or olive branch being offered by rich West is too little to accommodate such a huge number.

Thus on one hand the questions of humanity, love, compassion, help and peace are staring the world once again, on the other hand how to deal with huge influx of refugees destabilizing their own lands. Need to be answered with lesser pain, chaos and turmoil. In chaotic times when the fire is around I can't save my house.

I HOPE SANITY WILL PREVAIL. ULTIMATELY.

REMEMBER WE ARE ALL REFUGEES OF A FUTURE
THAT NEVER HAPPENED

A Firm's Balance Sheet vs Life's Balance Sheet

Life is a dynamic state of affairs each dot of which is filled with action. Trillions of such dots/actions make a life lovely or abominable depending on the quality of our actions. So is the life of a firm/enterprise/company where honesty, enterprise, zeal and transparency make it a successful or a bankrupt entity. For this we have to do a regular scrutiny by drawing a Balance-sheet for a midway course correction.

A Balance Sheet is a snapshot of an organization's financial position at a specific point in time which reflects the statement of affairs of a firm for own assessment and assessment by stakeholders in the firm which it takes regularly at periodic intervals. In man's life this scrutiny rests with our Self (The Regulator) most of the part, so we have to be alert and put each action for scrutiny before and after its execution.

The two sides of the Balance Sheet are two views of the same resources of the organization: the assets (such as cash, stocks, investments, fixed assets etc.) on one side and the sources (liabilities e.g. capital, loans and borrowings etc.) for funding those assets on the other. These two sides compare well with our righteousness, purity of thoughts, virtuous deeds etc. on one side and indolence, inertness, dishonesty, greed cheating on the other side. Balance sheet is a static statement of dynamic affairs in the life of a firm and hence it cannot be studied as stand alone but with various other auxiliary data/statements to take an impartial and considered view itself by the firm and by other stakeholders/investors. All

amounts (actions) are cumulative since the organization began and in man's case of this birth and even life before.

A man's balance sheet is a statement of his affairs (kya khoya kya paya) which he may not necessarily be called upon to present before outside regulators/funding agencies but surely before the regulator delving inside him. Firms/Corporates can for the time being fudge their accounts to present a cozy picture of otherwise gloomy and seeping sickness of the firm with an hideous intent of siphoning funds and thus cheating various shareholders/ stakeholders but in the long run when the sickness born of greed creeps in and eats into the very vitals of the firm no amount of outside help/infusion of funds will rescue the firm. Law takes its course and the entrepreneur goes bankrupt or even languishes in Jail. As a human being we can't fudge our accounts and present a cozy picture of our degrading actions before Him as the very nature of truth is to reveal it. No amount of fudging and manoeuvring will help us raise in our own eyes as our wrongful actions can't be set-off by good actions. In God's scheme of rewards and punishments there is no place for adjustments. Each action entitles us a separate reaction leading often to a assets-liability- mismatch. Higher the assets in value higher is the projection/elevation in life. But higher liabilities lead to erosion of capital/equity base of our life which we call character/goodwill.

Therefore to avoid disgrace the need is to keep your accounts in good health all the time.

Religious Conversions A Bane For Inter Faith Harmony

Was it a nightmare? I gasped for a while after a tormenting night sleep. Some deafening voices heard in dream last night are still haunting me in broad morning sunlight that too in the company of my dear ones. Can the followers of religion be so intolerant to their brothers/sisters of other religions?

Actually last night in my dreams I landed in a far off land where the natives belonged to an altogether different culture I had never heard and read about. On landing there a few natives forced me, as if I was spying for an enemy country at war, into a cloistered place to get introduced to their life, culture and religion whatever with a forewarning that whoever comes here cannot go back to his place and he has to necessarily adopt to their ways of life and culture and convert to their religion till death. I was an alien in a far-off hostile land. Actually I had landed at a place where the life was abysmally low in content, quality and I had no resources to escape from it. I thought I was surrounded by charlatans where I could not enjoy human liberties enjoyed thus far in my own land. The scenario was just opposite the way "PK" experiences and enjoys life on this part of earth (in 'PK' movie) where people enjoy freedom of all kinds at times throwing muck on other religions and remain safe most of the time until one day they meet hardliners of faiths. And a vicious cycle of violence erupts.

Not a single sagely man came and offered me a escape route except to convert or die. I told them I came from a land/faith where I enjoy full liberties of free will and so I can't be subjugated to accept your religion but nobody was listening to

my cries and appeals to free me. Instead loud voices were heard 'kill him', 'kill him'.

The dream was a one shot nightmare for me. . Now after this nightmare is over my mind questions me 'Is the conversion of faith no issue? Is it not terrible for a person rooted in his birth religion to convert? Is it not like asking a grown up person to disown real parents and accept the fake ones? Is not conversion deadlier sin then killing someone? And whole host of similar questions. It pains me when I see people converting to other faiths in hordes under duress, enticement and adopting to new rituals they were not groomed in and God willed so? Guilty according to me are the religions enforcing such unspiritual concepts (conversion) and claim to be holy. . Those who made the history of conversions of high magnitude and equally those struggling for 'gharwapsi'!

Is it not a silly enforcement by insane evangelists perpetrating on followers of other faiths and hence an act of contempt on GOD. OR the religions permitting so under their nose have been bankrupt of sane voices throughout history of their religions. I wouldn't hesitate to say that such religions have no locus standi before liberal religions and have only demonstrated a vacuum in their entire spiritual wisdom yet claiming to be one among largest on the basis of numbers. Our sages recognised it thousands of years ago and didn't incorporate conversions in Hindu belief structure and Indian religions as they knew it was like forced slavery or trafficking of innocent guys in need of survival. Recent aberrations in Hindu theology too are equally condemnable.

My appeal to all sane theologians of entire religious spectrum to come clean and shun this conversion from their modules recognizing the elemental purpose of their religions which is for one's elevation and spiritual only This will enhance inter faith harmony and peace the world is in dire need of. All protagonists of conversion this blog is not for them. Sorry.

CONVERSIONS are biggest malice towards humanity. Dear friends kindly share your views on conversion.

Experiencing beauty of GOD and His Creation

We all creatures on earth are endowed in some measures the power to appreciate and experience beauty. We call it aesthetic sense. A rose is a rose is a rose. But the same rose may charm you by its colour, to another by its fragrance, to yet another by its tenderly and intricately structured heart-shaped petals. It means beauty is another name of dimensions. More the dimensions in a thing it is more beautiful.

Our capacity to experience and appreciate beauty differs from specie to specie, from a man to man, from a poet to another poet, from a poet to an artist, from artist to a scientist so on so forth. The fact that the colours in the flower evolved in order to attract insects to pollinate means that insects can see the colour. It adds a question. Does this aesthetic sense also exist in the lower forms? It does. With a feeble aesthetics. We humans have broader capacity and aesthetic sense to gauge nature's beauty in its various dimensions in varying degrees. And this part of our ability makes us refined aesthetically. A scientist's observations for seeing beauty of a rose could be additional than an artist's. Like he could imagine the cells in the rose, mysterious and beautiful inner actions and processes besides the usual vision which is available to a poet or an artist. Does it make him better refined aesthetically? Or even an artist by sheer imagination has a better aesthetic sense than a scientist. Or it means a multi-dimensional is a better refined one than others. All these questions crop up about aesthetics and its sense.

Who else can be more beautiful than God the creator of this universe/nature. Does our aesthetics equip us to experience God's beauty the way we experience the beauty of His Creation? People claim, a new chapter is being written by our Scientists and they are on a higher pedestal to experience and appreciate the beauty of Self/Consciousness/God than experienced by our Sages/Seers through intuition/meditation/ yoga.

These questions puzzles human curiosity and so to me.

Life Is A Game Of Cricket Play It Nicely

Life is a game of Cricket where in the field (the world) the batsman (the man) is the focus of all attention and attraction standing on a slippery wicket A battery of bowlers, fielders, wicket-keepers (society) are there to bowl/dislodge/attack you by throwing googlies (temptations) and hurling bouncers (jealousy, envy) towards you to catch you or run you out at your slightest mistakes and liberties (of greed and lust) and to stump you out when you are not alert obsessed with your performance and 'I' ness/me all.. Life is a game of Cricket.

Though you are equipped with a wooden blade (mind) with its Protective gears/helmet (intellect, will power and wisdom) to glide through, hitting out fours/sixes (reactions/vengeance) At times getting defensive or leaving the ball (using prudence). All enable you to make careful choices which ball to spare and which to hit back destroying the ball not the bowler (evil and not the doer of evil). Life is a game of Cricket.

If you are technically sound (of values) honest, courageous and fearless (of character) brimming with confidence (know art of living) practicing a lot (treading righteous path)

I am sure you will make your presence felt in the game of cricket (life) .Beware, you are under a watchful lens of a third eye/referee (soul) continuously watching your intents pure or deceitful to win a match or fixing it for vague enticements. Life is a game of Cricket'

There is a place reserved for you at ICC Hall of fame (kingdom of God)

Torments of Soul -Do Karma Cleansing

COME CLEAN INDIA on this auspicious day of Mahatma's Jayanti our country is celebrating with a resolution of CLEAN BHARAT every year. GANDHI JI WOULD BE HAPPY. Why not a resolve for our inner cleansing hand in hand to make him happiest. Karma cleansing. Repentance for our past deeds, cleaning dust of ignorance as of now and a resolve for cleansing the impurities of mind. A Call to all those I repeat all those who have made blunders unpardonable in the eyes of God, our own self. We might have escaped the laws of land but not the laws of morality, humanity and ever watchful eyes of inner conscience. Torments of soul are disastrous. Under the shadow of guilt of past deeds, we live but do not feel like living. We pray but do not truly pray. We just can't meditate with mind's impurities intact. As if our whole existence is shattered. As if we are cheating ourselves. As if our whole being is soullessly driven and carrying the tons of guilt on our backs. And even if we die we know we may not be spared of the spiritual pain in our hearts and the fear of God's wrath. In hinduism, Pāpa or Pātaka, words generally used for sin, refer to the doctrine which deals with the emancipation of the individual, the impediments in that and the process of overcoming those impediments. In other religions there could be similar provisions.

The torment of soul are universal across religions. This has been best expressed by KLASHNIKOV whose rifle (AK 47) went on to become the most prolific killing machine ever invented, used by regular and irregular forces, as well as

terrorists, Norco-gangs and others. The number of people killed with it amounts to many millions, with the rifle featuring in virtually every conflict. His words are.....

"My spiritual pain is unbearable. I keep asking the same insoluble question. If my rifle deprived people of life then can it be that I ... a Christian and an orthodox believer, was to blame for their deaths?" he wondered.

"The longer I live," he wrote, "the more this question drills itself into my brain and the more I wonder why the Lord allowed man the devilish desires of envy, greed and aggression."

What is this spiritual pain and torment of soul people get afflicted with? Do we need a mining of our past as if we do not know our blunders and misdeeds committed by us. Unsparingly we are aware of all such actions when we disobeyed our inner voice, which is first hand voice of God, irrespective of its forewarnings. Sometimes out of ignorance of what are we doing and taking easy of the reactions of such actions. Many a times a resolute arrogance of our mental prowess, highhandedness of power and pelf and a 'so what' attitude.

Every religion has prescribed some sins which fall in the category of most heinous of sins. But in last one century we have by crossing the limits of depravity written a new addendum. Man is exploring and indulging in new variety of sins unprecedented in history like abduction, kidnapping, rapes, incest, drugs trafficking, women's trafficking sex rackets and many more. In front of these newer sins older sins like theft, speaking untruth, backbiting, dowry, bribery etc. look

mild and pale and people do not anymore treat them as sins
and found taking liberty. This is wrong too.

Can't we undertake cleaning of surroundings and cleansing of
minds together? An appeal.

If You Cant Love Means You Are Hateful

This is unbelievable to me if somebody says he is not hateful but he also doesn't love his wife. A paradox of a kind. You either hate or love. You are either a foe or a friend. For in-between there is perhaps no space. There is nothing like a void or empty space in relations be it between spouses, between a son and mother/father, between brothers, between friends or between any relations under the sun. Being neutral some may assume can fill the space but I think it borders either love or hate.

A series of casual neglect or indifference tantamount to hate. LOVEFUL HATE OR HATEFUL LOVE are a hybrid forms of hate which are more dangerous than plane hate or love, as in that situation the person who is the object of your hate never guess your real hidden intentions.

Domestic violence so rampant in this world is the result of hateful relations between spouses. What actually this domestic violence is? As per Wikipedia:-

“Domestic violence, also known as domestic abuse, spousal abuse, battering, family violence, dating abuse, and intimate partner violence (IPV), is a pattern of behaviour which involves the abuse by one partner against another in an intimate relationship such as marriage, cohabitation, dating or within the family. Domestic violence can take many forms, including physical aggression or assault (hitting, kicking,

biting, shoving, restraining, slapping, throwing objects, battery), or threats thereof; sexual abuse; emotional abuse; controlling or domineering; intimidation; stalking; passive/covert abuse (e.g., neglect); and economic deprivation.”

Can we imagine a person who loves his/her spouse can indulge in any such acts which falls under the definition of domestic violence? In love we want to give, care, sacrifice, feel good in his/her company and surrender, reasons whatsoever. In love your spouse understands your limitations, constraints and comes forward to face the world as a joint endeavour, as a trustee, as a partner and prepared equally to sacrifice his/her selfish inclinations/desires.

When in a family we find missing the essential inputs for love, the seed of hate sprouts. If we nourish this hate, love is relegated to background giving space for hate and consequences we all know. Malfunctioning in marital relation creeps in, hate crystallizes into relations outside marriage further flaming the mistrust. Violence becomes more marked. The spouse begins to collude with the new friend to remove the obstacle. Hence the arrival of a syndrome "battered spouse syndrome"(BSS). This BSS is a condition created by sustained physical, and/or emotional abuse, which creates a variety of physical and emotional symptoms at times leading to murder of spouse. This is nothing but manifestation of LOVE-HATE or HATE-LOVE.

Many Hollywood/Bollywood thrillers are based on such real horror stories. Similar stories are making headlines in love-hate relations between other family members and in society.

You cannot love a hateful person; you cannot hate a lovely person either. So spread love honestly. The day is not far off when vibes of two meet and a divine help pours in as they say 'love is pure and divine'

Cross Culturisation And Faiths

The world is torn by the tide of intolerance, extremism, sectarianism, violence between various ethnic groups and of various acts of hate. That too when the factors of unity, amity, equity, harmony are more favourable than in the past. Advancement of technologies has made it possible to know about other cultures better, social mobilization improved, cultural and religious borders shrinking. Why this is happening? Are we still so tightly tied with the moorings of faiths as in the ancient and middle ages when holy wars were fought to save religions/civilizations from the onslaught of others or to expand new horizons? Are we still protective about saving our cultures in this age when as such no culture is predominantly at the top and threatening others as was in the past about Egyptian, Roman, Greek and Orient of East etc. A mix of cultures is visible across the world at this juncture barring a few pockets of ignorant people who refuse to accept the change. By a mix of culture means adopting the inputs that are good of others and not rigidly harping about their own. An assimilation of cultures is very much evident these days.

But the question is whether this technology, which is ubiquitous, is producing and communicating a set of values. The Internet websites have more articles on Antarctica than on any one country in Latin America or Africa. The global map of knowledge though gigantic is really a abyss of darkness and that's something that we should be very concerned about. Interactive knowledge requires a platform of humanistic

understanding. Information communicated via information technology must be interpreted to turn it into value-bearing knowledge. Scenario is different and hence the maladies and ills the world is facing. . Convergence of faiths is a dream. Despite global consensus that all societies were bound together by their humanity and quest for prosperity, stability and peaceful coexistence, translating that quest into concrete action appears to be daunting.

Can this mixing of cultures bring about harmony in the world without jeopardising the beauty of the orient and west. My answer is yes. Role of spirituality can be a uniting force of cultures as it is the backbone of all faiths on earth. Often blinded by the superiority complex we close our gates of culture to others treating them as aliens. Does not mean we cannot feel proud of our rich history, traditions and rituals because these inputs go into making of a great culture like ours. Warning signs are emerging for the sceptics. With the spread of education and mobility new horizon is in the making when you will silently watch the show in horror of 'mixing of cultures'. Be prepared to break open the tight moorings of faiths and accept the 'change' with open arms in place of creating fences. May God bless us.

Men Are Tyrant By Nature

EDMUND BURKE, Impeachment of Warren Hastings

"I impeach in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

These wordings I cited here with an aim on reflecting on the word 'tyrant' which means a person exercising power or control in a cruel, unreasonable or arbitrary way. Our history is replete with such kings and rulers who ruled their kingdoms with this psyche of ruling. Has it anything to do with a male psyche or male chauvinism when we seek to search this behaviour among men while conducting in their family life with children and wives. Here too our society is ample witness to see this male chauvinism with full force and our women folk has been a silent victim. I won't forget to give here a relevant quote which says:-

"Nature has left this tincture in the blood,

That all men would be tyrants if they could."

Putting this 'tyrant' tag squarely on all men would be grossly unjust as there exists fairly good percentage of men in our society at any point of time who are thoroughly bred and cultured and never resort to brute ways of dealing. Now things are changing fast. Democratically elected Govts. are the norm

of the day and women's rights achieved after a long struggle have given them enough teeth to fight. But, at times this 'tyranny of a man' is fully demonstrated in this world and they are tempted to unleash it with full force.

Clutches, Emancipation and Liberation

“Sometimes- a people lose their right to remain silent when pressured to remain silent.”

— Criss Jami

Entire humanity has reeled under the clutches from time immemorial. Clutches of poverty, deprivation, ignorance, oppression of rulers/idiots/powerful people and the like. In the process masses and common men have always suffered and idiots always prospered. Various thinkers, leaders, economists, social scientists, in their own ways propounded theories, concepts and doctrines to bring people out of those clutches which have chained them against the Godly wish of freedom, free will and human rights. Why people subjugate meekly before oppressors? Why people don't resist? or if they resist why they easily succumb and surrender before the powerful idiots? This is when oppressors are few and oppressed are more in numbers. This is when pure liberated and knowledgeable souls are more among oppressed class than among oppressors, and they are morally more strong and correct.

Does this mean that people lack in demonstrating that they are not happy being ruled by idiots? I don't think so. We can't ignore the fact that people have vented against such oppression through revolutions, mutinies and insurgencies for right reasons (not for wrong reasons) but at last real

emancipation remain a pipe-dream for millions now billions the world over. History is replete with such efforts in all geographies that for the time being when it looked that clouds of oppression have thinned out, sooner the new oppressors who earlier disguised as saviours took the centre stage with punishing hunters in their hands after a brief interregnum.

My question through this article is why an oppressed become a oppressor? Why a Saddam, Assad, Gaddafi etc, present ruling parties everywhere who vigorously fought for masses' liberation from clutches of tyranny of previous rulers suddenly became oppressors? This is baffling. Why don't they quit peacefully in the larger interest of people, masses? Time has come to break our silence wherever people are reeling under the oppression. Our silence is taking a toll. What is that which provides for salvation of masses from clutches of power hungry tyrants?

Dharma and Economy of India

Ever observed a connection between economy of a country and the spirituality of its citizens? A question looms large in our minds whether economy boosts up spirituality or is it our spiritual inclinations that boost up economies of nations, an inkling doubt. A bird-view suggests that a huge infrastructure has come up in the growing and advanced economies during past 34 decades of boom and it is growing ever. All religious luminaries from various faiths have been working overtime with a missionary zeal to spread their line of spirituality the world over although they believe that 'God is one so the spirituality.' This time this zeal is definitely different from the colonial zeal of imperialistic powers like Britain, Italy, Spain, France and Portugal whose single pointed aim was to spread their languages, cultures and Christianity through Church and they were successful to a large extent. This time the leading lights are working on 'peace and harmony of this strife-torn world' in different ways. Now there is no dearth of such organisations who do not stop boasting about their expansion plans. If they are not having their offices/chapters/missions in at least 100+ countries, it means they lag behind in race and their spiritual enterprise lacks somewhere. Do we not see the strife and chaos between societies, within societies, between nations and within nations? despite increased wealth, prosperity and increased desire for dharma?

Ever since India is on a trajectory of its economic growth since 1990 onward dharma of India and its citizenry is at cross-roads. On one hand it is grappling with societal ills like rapes,

corruption, female foeticide and other such issues which have direct relation with the ethics, moral turpitude and spirituality of its citizens, on ever-increasing scale and a lot of frustration is growing among masses as to what has happened to our country endowed with a glorious past and who seeks a role of Spiritual GURU among comity of nations. On the other hand, there is a multitude of people cutting across all faiths, all sections of Indian society who want to enjoy the increased spirituality afforded through increased spiritual platforms and in tandem with its increased wealth. Why this great divide? Did we ever think of?

Can these two forces opposite in nature and character coexist? Will the economic advancement of India come to rescue the situation? Once Jesus was talking to the Pharisees about spirituality, or was it economics, and he used the analogy of a cup, saying 'Did not God, who made the outside, also make the inside' (Luke 11,40):

"Our spirituality is our profoundest motivation, those instincts, intuitions longings and desires that move us, animate us, inspire us.it is the force that moves us from behind or below or before. But it is also our ultimate concern or orientation or goal, that person, object, ideal or value that attracts us, that draws us, towards which we incline... to where we go. If you like, it's the inner life of the cup. But our spirituality is not just interiority. It is also our choices and actions; it is where spirit is given flesh, where intention become action, where we practice what we preach. Our spirituality shows up just as much in how we spend our money, our time, our abilities, as in how we say our prayers. If you like, it's how we use the cup."

Therefore, we need to review the impact of spirituality in consonance with Jesus's saying for the uplift of our masses to bring them under spiritual fold and as desired by our spiritual masters too. Expansion of one at the negation of other will create more chaos, more disintegration.

Appeal and Reach of A Social Reformer Vs Spritual Reformer

The social changes affect or characterize every aspect of society across the world. On a macro scale, they shape all of our major social institutions (economics, politics, religion, family, education, science/technology, military, legal system, and so on.) On a micro scale, they shape our values, attitudes, beliefs and behaviour. In sum, they influence our ways of life.

Behind every social change and social reform against the societal ills, bias and exploitation there stood social reformers cutting across all sections of society and they with charisma of their personalities along with a grit of determination created a caravan of people following them. Such was the appeal. Their actions support this. And the fruit was 'social reform.' They appeal, they organise movement at the outset but they also lead it upfront spearheading the cause, direct it like a messiah at later stages of forcing a social change a revolution of a kind.

Now question comes to mind after analysing the major social reforms in the world and in India, who actually were these people behind these reforms. Were they Spiritual Gurus/Popes/Priests running some kind of religious or spiritual institutions for spreading religion/spirituality or ordinary mortals initially but later metamorphosed into world icons or Giants of humans? Were they the products of some spiritual or religious School, Order, a Math, Church, IMAAM/mufti or from the lineage thereof? Although they were certainly awakened people by some nice upbringing and

influenced by some past luminaries for right vales & rightful conduct in life but definitely not groomed as aforesaid. The world scene is heavily skewed towards such people who brought some social change for the benefit of humanity. A list of such reformers may run into pages but India and the world is heavily indebted to these major social reformers.:-

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|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Against Apartheid | Nelson Mandela |
| " Slavery and racism | Abraham Lincoln |
| " Imperialism | M.K. Gandhi |
| " Exploitation of labour | Karl Marx |
| " Untouchability | Ambedkar, Karve |
| " Sati Pratha | Raja Rammohan Roy |
| " Conditions of widows | I.C. Vidyasagar |
| " Hate for lepers | Baba Amte |
| " BHOODAN | ACHARYA BINOVA BHAVE |
| " Corruption | Anna Hazare |

Thus, we can make out that the reach and appeal of a social reformer and how it corresponds with the appeal of a spiritual reformer in translating peoples' pains and aspirations of a vast humanity. Both release a kind of energy for the uplift of the generations. Every social reform is backed by a spiritual energy for its sustenance. But as time is always in a flux nobody knows when a social change will die its natural death to replace with a new set of reforms. Only truth dependant reforms may survive for long, others may have a lesser shelf life.

"Holier Than Thou" Attitude

Ever noticed each segment of our society is passing through this phase of "holier than thou" attitude. Be it judiciary, legislature, bureaucracy, media, political parties, religious groups, industrialists, teachers, doctors..... This has reached to

alarming proportions. Everybody is harbouring this notion that it is they who are the saviours of this nation in this chaotic times and indispensable to sustain the democratic values enshrined in our constitution and others contributions are nagging and detrimental to India's existence. Had they not been so upright, forthcoming, honest, wise and visionary our country would have gone to dogs or would have disintegrated like USSR or a Yugoslavia. And in utter confusion we are witnessing the conflicts which are seriously threatening the democratic fabric of our nation or its existence.

At individual level this 'holier than thou attitude' is nothing but a superiority complex, narcissism, self-love a messiah complex. It is a kind of personality disorder which propels us to think and behave smugly, boastful, elated and manipulative. Workplace bullying, victory disease, self-righteousness are reflected in our character as a result of this attitude. If we put through these disdainful characteristics to our various institutions and social groups we find striking similarities.

This is in contrast to the catch-phrase "his shirt is whiter than mine." Here the envy factor in us at least prompts us to

whitening of our shirts and we try to improvise for the better. On the other hand our cream of the society on whose shoulders rest the responsibility for a better future of India are behaving with arrogance fantasising the self-love instead of coordinating.

Can we come out of this "holier than thou" disease?

When Mind Plays Terror Games

Al-Qaeda in its heydays post 9/11 in America once proposed as follows: -

"Supporters should attach "butcher blades" to the front of a pick-up truck, so that "the blades strike your targets at the torso level or higher", and drive into crowds, ran one idea. Brutal suggestion was to bring a government to its knees."

Similar thoughts or even worse emerge in our minds when we are revengeful and allow a free play to our mind with no barricades of reasoning, heart, kindness and humanity at large. We want to intimidate the enemy somehow. We want our enemy to see cowing down before us.

Intimidation is intentional behaviour that would cause a person of ordinary sensibilities fear of injury or harm.

Intimidation may be employed consciously or unconsciously, and a percentage of people who employ it consciously may do so as a result of selfishly rationalized notions of its appropriation, utility or self-empowerment. Intimidation related to prejudice and discrimination may include conduct "which annoys, threatens, intimidates, or puts a person in fear of their safety...because of a belief or perception regarding such person's race, colour, ancestry, gender, religion, sexual orientation, regardless of whether the belief or perception is correct.

Our own history is replete with examples of such perpetrators who vehemently demonstrated this cruelty to extremes. Who

can forget the story of Angulimaal (later version a Buddhist Monk after his reform under Buddha) who used to hang around his neck a garland of fingers.

Our present is none too bright and we come across the cases of terror in the name of religion, ancestry, revenge on a regular basis. And the biggest mockery is that this behaviour is equally demonstrated by our Govt. and Police who are supposed to handle brutality and not becoming instruments of brutality themselves. Can we find some sane solution for this of our depravity in our country?

Is This Universe God's Poetry, Or A Piece Of Art & Painting?

If it is a poetry

A poetry uses condensed or compressed form of a language to convey emotion or ideas to the readers. Poems frequently rely for this effect on imagery, word association, and the musical qualities of the language used. The interactive layering of all these effects to generate meaning is what makes poetry. In most poetry, it is the connotations and the the weight of words that are most important. These shades and nuances of meaning can be difficult to interpret and can cause different readers to "hear" a particular piece of poetry differently. While there are reasonable interpretations, there can never be a definitive interpretation.

If we examine, our universe stands testifying two important features of poetry. First about interactive layering to generate meaning. Our universe is full of layers, woven systematically, sun, planets, stars, milky ways all are marching in perfect equilibrium. The life on earth too is constantly evolving in perfect harmony, new life forms emerging after the extinction of unwanted/obsolete species in tandem with the progress of universal mind. Second the weight of words in poetry which carry different interpretations. This is very much evident from the fact that the humans, a God's own reflexion/instrument to gauge and appreciate this world, derives different meanings from life and the result is a variety of religions, sects, philosophies sometimes in harmony and sometimes

quarrelling. The only exception seems is its vastness. It is not condensed or compressed form like poetry but vast infinite expansion ever taking place. Galaxies gobbling stars from other galaxies, these galaxies going into black hole, where this black hole moving, presumably moving to its source, nobody knows it for sure.

If it is a piece of art

The most important characteristics of a painting are beauty, skill, inherent meaning, uniqueness, and fulfilled intent. Beauty is, and always will be, in the “eye of the beholder.” Your decision about the beauty or lack of beauty in a particular work of art is instinctive and natural. In fact, you probably won’t even have to make that decision, you’ll just either be captivated by a piece of art or you won’t. Shapes, patterns, symmetry, colours, textures, compositions are important features of a good painting. And who would deny that God has lacked anywhere in perfect blending of these characteristics, if at all He has created this universe as a piece of painting. This universe is awful creation of God and we are lost in its charm and beauty of its fauna and flora, rivers, mountains, oceans, sun, moon, stars and everything. It is marvellous. One who, among all his creations, has created a human being is the greatest technician/artist.

Art is powerful in creating emotions, thoughts or challenging preconceived ideas and thus unique in conveying important meanings and above all in conveying objective/intent in doing so. Here too by creating this universe He has not forgotten these things at gross or subtle levels.

Thus on one hand God has created this universe after excellent use of semantics for a powerful poetry, other hand He has crafted a most beautiful piece of art called universe. It is we humans who are out to destroying this in the name of greed, development and war-preparedness by over-exploitation of natural resources forgetting the cruelty of nature which can put them to unprecedented and unimaginable losses.

