

A NEW
WORLD ORDER
WITH MY BIRDS

Where Feathers Become Authority

ASHOK BISWAL



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Dedicated to

The collection is a heartfelt dedication to the birds who are increasingly losing their habitats, their voices, and their freedom to soar. Their silent suffering often goes unnoticed, as they are discounted and overlooked with careless indifference. Additionally, this effort is dedicated to my deepest source of inspiration, a sentiment hidden from the world's gaze yet profoundly influential in shaping my creative endeavours.

-Ashok Biswal

Introduction

During my stay in Kolkata in April 2020, Cyclone Amphan struck the city with great ferocity. Extensive damage occurred; many trees were broken and uprooted; electricity supply was disrupted, and vehicular movement was adversely affected. There were reports of fatalities as well. Pictures showing vehicles submerged in deep waters and residential areas under water occupied the social space. Electronic and print media besieged tea tables and drawing rooms with news of massive destruction. However, little attention was given to the loss inflicted upon the bird kingdom. While humans have shelters to seek refuge, flying birds have no protection against the cyclone's wrath. In private conversations, few discussed the plight of birds, leaving a deep impression on my mind. My friend also refrained from discussing the issue much. Despite numerous discussions taking place, there was minimal focus on birds, and emotions failed to flow through the streets and lanes. It was then that I decided to bring the lives of birds to the attention of both intellectuals and the general public. These birds are integral to our lives; their presence, calls, flights, love, and dances all contribute to making our lives enchanting. My purpose was what I had often expressed to my friend.

Subsequently, as the lockdown induced by the COVID-19 pandemic persisted, even a vibrant city like Kolkata remained at a standstill for weeks. This afforded me ample time to observe birds up close. In Belvedere Estate, Alipore, where I resided at that time, there were many large old trees. Behind the colony lay a vast green space housing the National Library, a heritage monument, while on the other side, a patch of trees nestled in the horticulture garden stood. Thus, a significant piece of land was covered in thick green vegetation. Adjacent to my quarters on the second floor stood a large old mango tree, resembling an elderly figure with a hunchback facing my windows. I would observe this tree with

great interest from my lonely balcony. Various groups of visiting birds could be seen at different times of the day, all calling loudly, dancing, and playing; their songs echoing in my ears. They all spoke in one language—"We are guests of moments; we are together for now." That balcony facing the mango tree became my first bird observatory. Sitting there, observing their dances, my pen would flow across the papers, and my emotions would stream like a river. The bird photographs featured in this book were taken by me from that balcony and also from my windows using a simple digital camera.

Before my eyes, innumerable birds fly in the sky, stretching to the bluest depths. Their wings flap in synchronisation, creating distinct curves on my mental canvas; their calls form the temple of music, and my heart fills with their emotions. I dissolve in their passion; I am filled with the colours they paint in the sky, each stroke executed with utmost care.

-Ashok Biswal

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Morning Call

I shall never ask your name,
Oh, dear bird of my courtyard,
You sing so sweetly,
Awaken me from within.

Do not fear,
I shall not denounce you,
Never measured the length of wavy moments,
Known or unknown in the next pulse.
I shall not restrain you;
Nor cast you away.

Oh, beloved bird of my daybreak,
Carry my unfettered dreams,
The breeze of my moist belief,
Fly with my first morning inhalation,
To the bluest sky ever imagined,
Ink it with your wings until my eyes are enfolded.

Morning calls cannot be restrained,
Morning calls cannot be restrained.





Renewal

When the whole world shook violently,
Oh bird, you entered my deep silence
And murmured into my stony ears:

“Nothing lasts forever.
With today,
All shall be painted in new colours.”

I believed your words—
You promised to restore the picture.

Then daybreak’s glow touched my shoulder.
Unfrozen, I peered through gaps in the leaves.
The fire had left my doorstep;
The seared days in the hot pot
Slipped away without a trace.

Oh, flapping bird in my corner,
With your call, I find faith.
Nothing stays on a fixed line forever—
Rain follows a scorching summer.
The broken spirit finds longing solace,
As green waves sweep the floor.

Then I rise from the cradle.
You dance on, without waiting.
Morning rays flood my quarters—
No “ifs,” no shadows linger near.





Emergence

A new morning came, unknown,
Peering through my nightly daze—
Misted, heavy with her shades.

Released from all of her,
I walked beside your call,
Oh bird.

How could it travel so far?
Countless trees lined the way,
Leaves flirting with her veil.

My walls—thick with brick,
Curtains long and heavily draped—
Still, it touched the marbled floor
And stood beside me.

Are you a magician, unfathomed?
Speak, oh bird of my courtyard.

Yesterday was chaos-laced:
Wingless birds flew wildly,
The river below burned in flame.
It dissolved me whole.

The deluge roared,
The breeze held smelting heat—
I never believed a bird could endure it.

Oh, sweet bird of my yard,
How could you soar through that sky?
With flapping wings, you chased the sun,
Carrying the weight of the world's joy
When I believed dawn would never return.



Oh, bird of my daybreak,
You still call as before.
Why sit in silence now?
Answer your friend's call.

Do not carry my turmoil.
Let new light shower upon you.
Sing along, sing along—
Do not wait any longer.





Arrival

Before the light thumped at my door,
A bird knocked on the windowpane.
The house lay silent—
No word ever echoed back.

Why did you call me
After so many days?

I woke.
I searched for you.
You flew before I could find you.

Why appear beneath such heavy clouds?
The day felt fragile.
Why call out then,
When no one would appear

Still, I looked ahead.
Beyond the trees, a small sky opened.
My eyes—blurred yet wide—met yours.

You stood there, motionless,
Staring without a blink.

“Come in, share my warmth,” I whispered,
Offering my towel to dry your feathers.

You did as I said,
Regaining your full form—
So striking, so complete.

My illusions dissolved.
You blazed in quiet brilliance.
No one else was near.





Still and Unshaken

Morning arrived—bright and clear.
Birds adorned the sky,
Perched on branches,
Dancing in gentle harmony.

Yet you trembled at a looming quake,
Afraid the sky might crumble,
That the nest would tumble to the floor.

Never, I said.
The nest stands firm—
Shaped by your care.

Your chicks called out from within,
Then soared into the bluest sky.
The wind carved no dark hills.
The light never lost its way.
The sky remained whole.

The nest has never fallen.

Before my eyes,
It will not falter.

In the vast expanse,
You will soar on—
And your endless song
Will echo in my ears.





Whom You Call

How many times do you call, oh bird?
For whom do you sing from hiding—
The one who flies away,
The one who flies toward you,
The one who never takes flight,
The one who sits alone,
The one who will fly no more,
Or the one who never hears your voice,
Ears tuned to another call?

How can you know
Who listens faithfully?
Whose breath aligns with yours,
Dancing to your rhythm,
Applauding with a tender touch,
Never uttering a word,
Drifting to sleep as you sing—

How do you sense such presence?

You will never know.
Yet still, you call.

Is this the law?

Your song,
Her listening—
Known or unknown—
Leaves no room for hesitation.



Still, you call.
Morning is the rule.
You cannot be still.

One will arrive walking.
Another will fly away.
You will not know.

Yet the morning light will fall.





Awakening

Onto my muted morning
I looked with hesitation,
Quivering like a palm leaf,
Withdrawn for days,
Deafened for an age.

Then, from the corner,
A long shadow
Enveloped me whole.

I had forgotten:
Light returns with every dawn,
Sweeping even
The dimmest floor
Of this old house.

Whispers in the walls
Sealed my ears—
I turned to stone,
Refusing sound.

Still, a parrot called—
A sunlit spark
Pierced through a narrow hole.

Startled,
I turned.
The world had changed.

Unimagined hues
Stretched across the sky.



No weight followed.
The breeze cleared the hush.

I looked up, replete.
No reason remained
For me to ponder.





Bird's Fable

Perched on a branch,
The morning bird sings countless songs.
Within its melody, it says:
“Like a tree,
Life begins from a small seed.”

With these simple words,
A seed falls from its beak.
In time, adorned with leaves and limbs,
A new tree shall rise.

Many birds will perch there,
Singing songs beyond count.

The bird takes flight,
Alighting on a flag post.
Below, a house stands grand,
Like a palace.

Sweetly, the bird sings again.
People narrow their eyes to listen.
Rooms gleam with pearls and crystal,
Yet no voice answers—
Only silence stands in awe.

The bird shakes its head:
“Even a palace
Begins with a basket of clay.”

Another seed falls.
A flowering tree shall rise.
The garden bursts with colour,



Bees hum, fragrance fills the air—
The jewels in the walls go unnoticed.

The bird flies on.
Countless trees line the way.
The path seems lost,
Yet the call remains steady—
And like a miracle, the road reappears.

In its own tongue, the bird sings:
“With a few steps, the journey begins,
And the road closes in time.”

Once more, a seed falls.
Great trees will shade the road,
Branches heavy with fruit.
The weary traveller will rest.

Oh bird, your words are clear—
Time never lies down.
Looking back,
The journey seems endless,
But if we follow your call ahead,
The traveller will not tire,
For your song never ends.





Course

Oh, hopping bird,
I hear your morning call—
No other voice draws near.

The sun stirs from deep slumber.
Darkness retreats.
Everything turns green and new.

No more racing with an unseen tiger.
I hold your open wings
And fly toward the clouds,
Where darkness dares not follow.

Your steady call—
The current of my endurance—
Carries me through the long course.

Fatigue arrives.
Sweat traces my skin.
I rest upon the path,
With no eyes to see ahead,
With scarce air in my lungs.

Then you call from nearby.
You fly ahead,
Showing me the way,
Walking shoulder to shoulder.

All I know, oh bird,
Behind my tilted window,
You remain hidden.



Yet in the mirror within,
You appear when I despair.

Always flying ahead,
Guiding me true,
While shadows
Find no way to creep.





Murmur Within

A whisper beyond me—
I stand stunned,
As if I were none.

An endless flurry
Rushes past.

Oh, birds of the turning seasons,
You chant without a quiver.
I wait for first light;
You arrive before my dream finishes.

In last night's reverie,
The sky burned orange and blue.
There, I searched for you.

Oh, bird of my hidden pulse,
You embody splendour.
You rise to astonishing heights,
Calling from above—
Inviting flight,
Inviting vision.

My hopes lie scattered,
Millions of small pebbles.

Oh, bird of new leaves,
How much colour you carry.
You bear the nameless winds.

My chest tightens
In a room too narrow for breath.
Then your bright breeze returns.



I cast aside the weight.
With your endless calls,
My full breath comes back.

I look ahead—
New leaves unfurl.
Pale ones fall,
Layering yesterday.

No more stops.
No more slips.

You leap and soar,
Then return with the same fervour,
Reassuring,
Unchanged.





Affirmation

Oh, bird of my sheltered thoughts,
When you glide over endless waters,
No direction is marked.
When you soar into the grand sky,
Beneath the clouds, no land appears.

Yet, after your graceful pause,
You return to your first branch—
Where your earliest wings took flight.

Tell me, how do you find your trail?
Do you carry a compass in your wings,
Guiding you toward distant stars?
Or do you read the ocean's face,
Seeing farther than sight allows?

Do you hold the sky within your breath,
So you never tire?
Does morning light rest on your shoulder?

Watching your unwavering ascent,

Trust returns to my uncertain mind.
I will always find my way.
My home stands firm and tall.





Heartstring

Beyond my fixed window,
You sit, unmoving,
Oh, bird of my liberation,
Resting in golden-green rays.

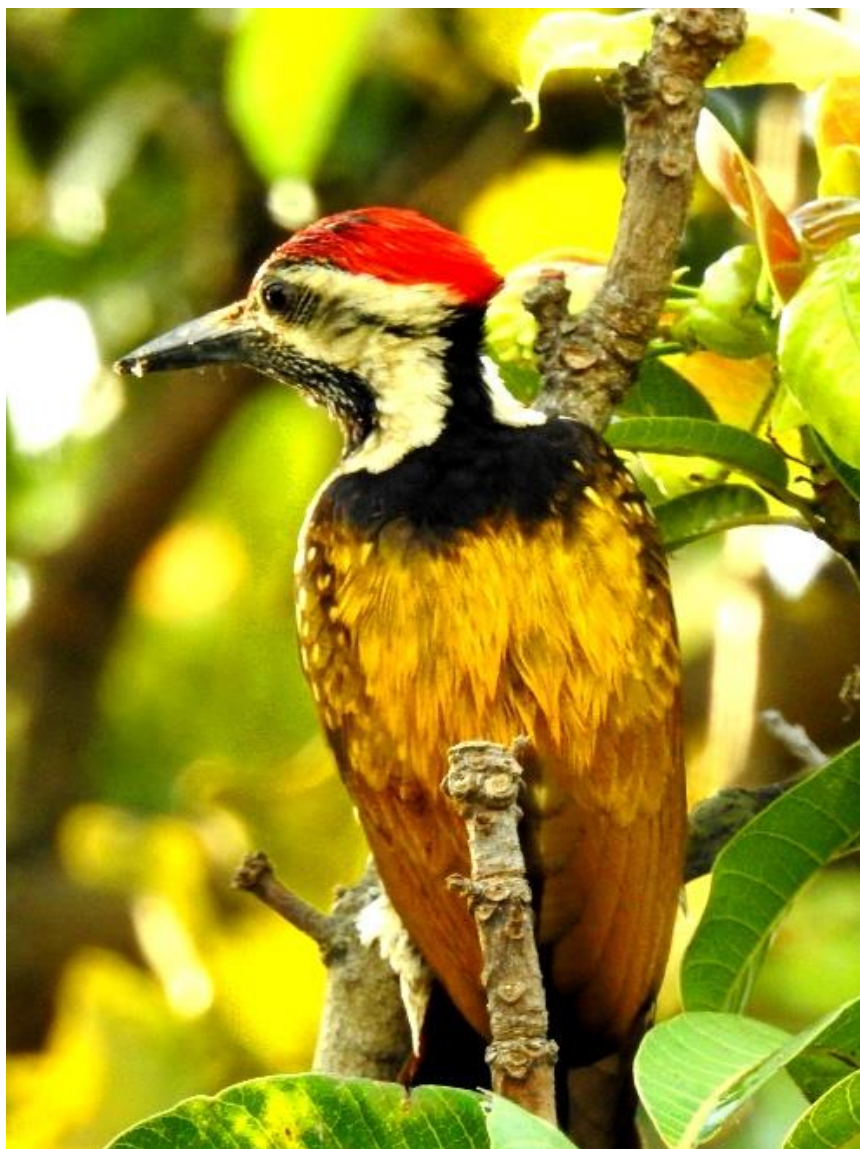
Holding the strings of my aspirations,
You gaze into my weary eyes
And weave a tender melody.

My fingers reach out—
Oh, bird of my quiet longing,
I have only solace to offer.

You do not fly.
You rest on the fragile strings I extend,
Placing all your faith in me.
I will never renounce you.

So much light pours in.
The distant wind whispers its tales.
Oh, bird of my silent window,
Remain within my heart's rhythm.
Do not leave me alone.





Resonance

Oh, dear bird,
Why do you call so loud?
Do you seek a friend,
To help build your nest?
Do you long for a voice,
To cheer you on your way?
Or do you need pure light,
To illuminate your path?

Are you composing a song,
A tune without flaw?
Where are you calling from?
I cannot find you in my realm.

Are you telling me,
With the first light of day,
That trust will never waver,
That the heartbeat will not falter?
Patience stretches easily,
The ink flows ceaselessly,
A dark shape does not emerge,
The heart's first breath
Guides the coming dawn.

Because of your steadfast faith,
The waves of pretence find no shore.
Frowns and disdainful glances
Cannot fuel burning candles.

I will listen only to your songs—
Into my ears, nothing more will come.





Paintbrush

Upon the island of day,
Light failed to reach the shore.
Fog held its grip.
Colour lay asleep.

I lay in deep slumber,
Beneath a silent veil of black.

Oh, unfazed bird,

Then you came—
Into my unkempt sky,
Bearing a newborn sun.

How could you, oh bird,
With such a small body,
And only two wings,
Are you a new frame artist?
You painted countless hues.
No replication—
Only precision.

Does your mind hold every shade,
Larger than the sky itself?

Sing, oh bird, in my sky,
Beyond the confines of darkness, bound by humility.
Away from a land that shames in its glory.

Behold, I cast off my silent cloak,
Now unclad, only your songs to hear.
I watch you fly,
Painting the horizon with my emotions.
There you hover, oh bird,
Until my days are over.





Wings of Endurance

You know, oh bird,
Before sleep takes over,

The dead of night whispers:
“Why walk further, wounded and alone?”

No space for a peaceful rest.

I tremble on my narrow cradle,
Bearing a madman’s load.

Still, it asks me silently,
“Why not stop, drop the burden,
Why walk on through the dark?”

I am distressed more.

Then you appear,
Oh, bird of endurance.
The sky turns green and gold.

You lead a choir with a new song,
No fog clouds my vision.

You murmur:
“It is not weight, but silk—
Free in the air.”

I sleep assured.
Each morning you call my name, oh bird.
I rise renewed.
I will never tire.





Birds of the Blue Sky

Oh bird, you fly so near—
What do you carry upon your wings?
Is it the hue of the boundless sky,
Or the green waves far below?
Or melodies of violets
Hidden in unseen depths?

No—not the tear-washed sky,
Nor the broken wind that passed.

What then am I to seek?
One answer follows another.
I embrace them all.
I seek no further.

In the sky,
There is nothing left to search for.
If all things pass away,
What should I hold first?
What must I never release?
Who else will come unannounced?

I find no answer.

My eyes turn upward,
Searching the open blue
For a bird in flight,
Wings beating
In the deepest sky.





No Return to Dark

Around me,
Innumerable moments of joy,
Rising from the depths of obscurity,
Stretching toward infinite bounds—
How shall I rise?

In my unknowing,

A shadowy dark left sheepishly,
The sky opened with a soft click.
My heart could not comprehend.
Who altered the sky's magic?

A few yesterdays ago, the cyclone raged,
Branches broke, trees struck by thunder.
I thought glory would never return.

How, then, did those nameless desires
Seep into me,
Unrealised?

Within days, new leaves sprouted.
Days forgot the wild winds
That shook the earth to its core.
The storm, frenzied and fierce,
Could not blow away my faith,
Nor trick the passage of time.
With each new morning's light,
The world is reformed.



The ancient tree stood, silent and still,
Its branches hung like an umbrella.
A playful squirrel leapt and twirled,
Dancing in every sunrise,
Calling out,
Revealing, without flaw,
The riddles of night and day,
Of deceptions and ignorance—
Washed away by the new rays.
Do not return to the darkness.
The date is unlocked.





Timeless Resilience

Loud drums echoed without pause.
Each flash bore sharpened edges.
Darkness spilled, thick and wild,
Across the vast arena of music.

Fear should have risen—
Where were my birds?

Water answered with splashes,
Waves of sound rolling wide.
Were the birds listening
To nature's resounding song?

Soon they will return—
Echoes ringing from branches.

Now,

Leaves spun like fans in the wind.
A black crow watched in silence,
Feathers soaked, body drawn small.
It waited, then vanished into the fog.

White vapour swallowed the trees.
All seemed lost.

Then a gentle voice stirred:
The bulbul called its mate—
"The day is not over.
Time has not passed.
Let us sing. Let us hop.



We will not return to the nest
With sorrow as our tale.”

The fog lifted.

Darkness never conquers day.
Fear cannot linger
When a companion soars beside you.
Courage knows no limit
When a friend stands near.





Skyward Faith

Oh bird,
You soar high,
Carried by the breeze,
Light as drifting cotton—
Yet you bear weight.

Why do you not fall?

From that height,
You call to me,
Inviting me to rise.
I search myself—
No wings, no feathers.
How can I match your flight?

Still, you call.
“Be strong in heart,” you say.
“Wings will come.
Rise.
Hover with the clouds,

Wander the wind.
You will not fall like a stone.”

Watching you ascend,
Faith lifts within me.
A silent song stirs.
My eyes trace your arc,
Sketching hope across the sky.





Complementary

Oh friendly bird,
If you rise into the endless sky
While I walk the long road,
You will watch from above,
And I will follow from below.

Your tree and my house
Remain briefly unoccupied.

I have no wings.
I wonder if I could ever fly.
You, with tiny legs,
Cannot walk the endless stretch.
Imagine if you could run like the deer.

At sundown, we both return.
I sit in quiet reflection.
You sing with unbridled joy.
Holding my heart, I listen.
You lend your tune to my flute.

We dwell in our own abode.
Do not compete for a win or loss.

Filling our hearts,

We are complementary to each other.





Life's Source

Oh beloved bird,
Have you wondered why
The sparkle in your eyes,
The strength in your wings,
The courage in your flight
Come so naturally?

Have you looked at life's origin?

Have you ever looked within?

A green pasture lies there.
You forage with your companion
While the vast sky arches above.
Together you fly beneath it,
Perched side by side,
Singing in perfect accord.

Stars glimmer in your eyes.

From where does such joy arise?
Love—
Life's eternal fountain.

You do not judge.
You simply feel.
No tremor grips your heart
As you enter clouded skies.

I marvel at your courage
While others seek shelter
At the thought of rain.
Your devotion fuels your wings.



Storm, wind, lightning, and the far horizon—
All fall within reach.

You declare:
Love is the eternal spring—
A quiet flame that never fades,
The source of courage and inspiration.





Unknown Picture

In my courtyard,

Within days,

The lagerstroemia will bloom in full—

White and deep purple, a sight to behold.

On the flower stalks,

Small birds will perch and sing,

Their songs drifting on the breeze.

I awaited the grand display.

But, without warning, a wind came,

Branches broke, though I pleaded.

The next day, all was desolate.

Where were my birds?

Would new leaves ever return?

Before the storm,

The Koel sang close to the trunk,

Its rhythm pressed into the bark.

Days passed.

My heart splintered.

Then a bulbul arrived alone,

Calling from a broken branch.

So small—

Yet its chest brimmed with song.

Listening to its call,

Its partner flew near,

Sat close.



Their crests danced together.

The sky widened.

New leaves unfurled—
Soft red, then shining green.
They hid the broken limbs.

How astonishing!

Time ebbs away, days fade into oblivion.
Everything transforms,

Some old memories remain golden,
Others are there to be forgotten.





Outline

On my spotless white floor,
A long fibre lay unnoticed.
Then a breeze arrived from afar,
Changing its form.
As I watched,
It took the shape of a bird.

Which colour should I give it?
So many birds grace my yard—
Yellow, orange, brown, and black,
White or ash-tinted hues.
How splendid it would be if I painted it green?
My mind could not find its shore.

I turned to the tree for a clue.
Birds called unseen.
Beneath a clouded sky, I searched—
And found a lone winger.
Its colour was beyond recognition.

Should I paint it black?
A Koel, singing sweet melodies.
Should I paint it yellow?
A Golden Oriole, charmingly hopping,
Playing hide and seek with the light.
Should I make it brown?
A Treepie, somersaulting,
Then vanishing into leafy thickets,
Gone before my eyes could blink.



I couldn't settle on one.
Then came the Bulbul's call,
So sweet, so clear.
I would give it a little frame,
A small crown atop its black body.

As I pondered,
A strong gust of wind swept past—
The fibre bird took flight,
And perched on a branch,
Assuming its true form,
Singing without a pause.

I looked at the dark sky—
The east brightened.
So many birds, all calling out.
I was overjoyed—alive with every hue.
The fibre bird had found its true colour.





How to Recognise

So many birds—
One calls from the tree in front,
Another sings from behind,
Yet another from a distance.
So many voices,
Avian melodies blending,
In this symphony of calls.
Who sings for me?
How can I discern?

Is it the one that flies toward me?
Or the one that takes grains from my palms?
Or the one sitting beside me,
Flapping its wings,
Thinking of flying away?

Which bird speaks my heart's tongue?

Is it the one yet to arrive,
Calling from unseen corners?
Unable to step out.
Is it my chosen bird?

Or the cautious one in the shade,
Watching but never nearing?

If I capture it,
It would never fly again,
Yet it looks at me with soft eyes,
With heartbeats.
Is that bird my sole companion?



Is there another,
Whose call I am yet to hear?
In time, it will come near,
Dance to my poetry,
Lend rhythms to my verses,
Look at me with adulation.

I do not know.

Perhaps I seek the bird
That has not appeared.
Whether it comes or not—
I will never know.





Voyager of Music (Koel)

The unsullied voice,
Unmarred by tears or blemish,
Like the fragrance of a newborn blossom,
Offers salvation in its scent—
Serene and sweet.

Did my breath carry a name
Across the realm of birdsong,
Across oceans of rhythmic sound,
Where desire flew unhindered?

Who is the winged singer, I wondered—
Who shaped this song of separation?
With notes of love and longing,
I paused to listen.

In the melodies of the Koel,
Earth and heaven trembled together.
Filling the chest with the breath of spring,
Clinging to a solitary branch,
The Koel summoned oceanic waves.

Does it always sing alone?
Before its lingering cry,
All other voices fade.
The monarch of melody,
With glowing red eyes—
How do dark feathers hold such depth?

Is the Koel master of every chord?
The *ku-u-u-u* stretched long,
Anxiety poured out in waves.



Its voice flowed like an endless spring,
And the sky echoed with yearning.

How can it carry so much?
Its heart must beat loudly within.
I felt it in my own body—
Echoes rushing through my veins,
Until I trembled.

The Koel looks around—
Has it lost all impulse?
No companion.
That is why
The note of disconnection reaches its peak.

Where is the partner to its throne?
Why does passion rush like a wild spring?
Is the Koel a traveller on a tired road,
Its soul thirsty like the desert?

Oh, traveller of the tinkling stream,
Are you telling the world
That hope perfumes life?
It is not the long flight through the sky,
But the dance that stirs time.
Not towering height,
But a gentle glance that fills the heart.

I hold her image in my mind,
And the Koel's song flows on,
Like a river full and bright.





Dove of Warmth

Soft eyes open the mood,
A bird comes silently—
No one knows.

Its eyes do not blink,
The gentle glance touches the soul,
Yet, no one is near.

Amidst vibrant hues,
These feathers seem subdued.
Breathing deeply,
The dove releases a lengthy coo,
A tender spirit unfolds with ease—
Why think of a slow flight?

Rooted in that long coo
Is the language of a broken heart,
A fountain of beliefs,
The desire of a wounded soul.

Upbeat anxiety exudes an aura—
The dove's identity lives in its cooing.

Then the companion arrives,
Touching softly,
Enclosed in shared longing—
The strength of a wild stream.

The dove, symbol of love,
An emblem of harmony,
An idol of exaltation,



Rejoices in its coo,
Majestic in solitude.

It carries the message,
A missive from a distant sky.
Without stopping,
It delivers a note to a heart
Since the moon went down.





Green Parrot in the Blue Sky

For many, the world is muted—
attention and space collapse
into vanity.

Blue sky, white cloud, light breeze—
tranquillity reserved for sages.

Why create silence, then?
Why does the parrot fly?
Why does it call so loud?

Is the sky complete
without birds?
Does a cloud look whole alone?

If life endures in one hue,
if harmony lacks tone,
what is sight worth
without discovery?

Let the parrot rise—
a green answer in the blue sky.

Swinging from branch to branch,
red rings at its throat,
it calls incessantly—
not gently, but truly.

On trunks, it walks headfirst—
impossible, I once thought.

In cages, it mirrors our tongue.
Perhaps inversion taught it freedom.



Each life holds its own grammar.
Only time reveals
the quiet beauty
beneath the loudest call.





Right Moment (Treepie)

At dawn, I searched for the dusk,
And found an unfamiliar bird
Singing in harmony with the raindrops' rhythm—
So close, it felt unreal.

Clad in black and brown,
Its long tail swayed with grace.

You sang melodies I had never heard,
I thought you were muted,
Your past croaks harsh and unpleasant.

Why had you not sung before,
Defying all expectations?

Your song, now so different,
I had assumed your heart was silent,
Yet, you warbled, not like a crow—
What a misconception,
Your songs echoed,
Rain taught me

Spring is not always the answer.

Cloud-curtains behind you,
Your partner beside you,
You stretched your neck,
Danced with the wind,
Serenaded without fear.



How wrong the eyes can be,
How false belief gathers dust.

Only the right moment
Reveals
The truth of a song.





Golden Feathers (Bulbul)

No knock on the window,
Yet your song slipped in.

It did not startle me.
You hid behind green veils.

I had many questions:
Why didn't you knock on my door?
You hadn't sung for so long.
Why choose today's rain?

With a bare heart, I peeped.
So silent.
My singing balcony stood empty,
Only a feather was found on the floor.

Oh, my dear bulbul,
You arrived unannounced
And left—no knock, no word.
Only your touch remained.
My dreams entwined in your feathers—
Should I collect them?

Let your spirit stay within me.
When you visit again unseen,
Do collect the fallen feather,
Hold it close to your heart.
My innate touch is impressed in it,
At that time,
Sing a song from my porch,
And carry my dream forever.





Melodic Wonders (Golden Oriole)

The bulbul sings long,
No monotony,
Its song—a heartfelt stroke,
No one can replicate it,
My core echoes its composition.

I watch the bird robin,
Its tail swings like a fan,
Lively, it leaps and twirls,
It sings sweetly from the treetop,
I have all adulations for its fervour.

Deeper within, my eyes wander,
A large tree, its branches swaying,
From the grove, the Koel sings,
The music flaunts like a flowing river,
Each note a ripple, brimming with passion,
My mind plays the flute in synchronisation.

Then—
A voice I could not name.
Not long, not short either,
Clear, startling.
I searched.

The Oriole appeared—
Yellow blazing,
Black trailing light.
It played hide and seek.

Oh, my dear Golden Oriole,
I yelled, and it replied,
Fabled, I could only utter,



“How could you?” I murmured,
“Pure nectar,” I cried out.
It flitted from branch to branch,
I was utterly mesmerised.

You voiced clear desire,
Drawing a short passage,
Your partner flew as my eyes blinked,
Danced non-stop.

You leapt, vanished, returned—
Then both of you were gone.

Still, my longing followed
As far as my eyes could catch your hover.





Rainy-Day Harmony (Two Mynas)

Rain fell at daybreak.
Frail chirps survived the hush.

Two mynas sheltered close
On my porch rail.

Mist descended like a stream,
Lights flashed, clouds called deep,
My old tree, now a black silhouette,
Melted into the hazy illusion.

Darkness marched.
They did not fall.

Only their outline remained—
leaning into each other.

I learned then:
When a friend is near,
Even silhouettes stand firm.

Wild springs may overflow,
Dark bends may appear time and again,
But a clear passage always remains,
And light finds its way through.

Clouds drummed jazz,
Raindrops danced like anklets.

Soft music played, no more roar.



All in perfect synchronisation.

The mynas sat in composure,
Listening to the sky band in silence,
Finding solace in each other's company.
I was moved.

They sat content on that rainy day,
The melody of harmony was echoing on.





Long Sight (The Eagle)

Inadvertently, I walked into your realm, O Bird!
Surprised, branches trembled as I stepped,
Flowers tumbled down a smooth lane,
Moss and fog rose to the high clouds,
Then descended, hovering overhead.

Perched on the tallest branch, you see it all—
Confidence exudes from your face,
Nothing slips past your eyes.

Along the ancestral road,
An open book lay waiting,
Its title heavy enough to still the mind.
Behind it rose a palace,
Locked in riddles,
Fed on smoke,
Vast and hollow with its own importance.
You had ordered this long before.

Behind your unblinking eyes,
Pages were torn with care,
Released only as shards
So truth could never assemble itself.
I caught one—
History etched into its injuries,
Knowledge weakened by design.

The air thinned.
I backed away, trembling,
Driven to a corner where light stalled.
There, an old spider waited,



Perfectly still
At the centre of rot.

I looked up again, O Bird.
You did not acknowledge me.
From above,
You calculated outcomes, not lives.
Your gaze tightened—
Ancient pressures closing.
Every treaty lay crushed beneath your talons.

From your beak fell steady drops—
Sanctioned, final.
A soul unravelled without noise.
Many screamed below.
You made no distinction.

I remained.
My heart struck hard against fear.
I lifted one last, battered page.
Some words refuse erasure.
I read them silently
Beneath your shadow,
Without your permission.





Life Unseen

Oh! Beloved bird of the tall tree,
Contended, your partner sits next,
Both cheerful, both sing sweet—
Seeing this, I count life.

From the heart, one must call aloud,
With the pulse, one must give the beat.

Oh! Beautiful bird on the tree branch,
Your partner draws close, sings for you.
You echo the moment in harmony—
Filled within, I read life's text.
From the depths of the heart,
One must sing once more,
Resound again,
Hold hands with utmost warmth.

Oh, cheerful birds in my yard,
Both of you hop, sit so close,
Then sing again and again,
Leap and take short flights.

Observing your joy, I judge life:
One must open up once more,
Chase after the wavering butterflies,
Jump from branch to branch,
Fall to the ground,
Slide in the mud—
Then share a laugh,
Extending a hand with due care.

Oh! Bird, when you leave the branch,
No life, no mood to flutter,
All in dumb silence, then I review life's book.



In days, if one does not
Gather fragrance from the flowers,
Fill within with the newest wind,
Fly with the first morning light,
And never call out from a hide,
Life remains unchartered.

Oh! Sweet bird of great endurance,
You return, after each wind and rain,
eathers wet, you shiver,
Then you spread your wings to dry,
Shake well, letting all the water to fall,
Your partner purrs over your feathers,
Reciprocating, you also preen.

Seeing care for each other, I reason,
Unless one opens the mind,
And unties the wide shoulders,
The plumages will remain wet,
The body will always tremble.

Now, I am fully sure,
I shall open up, fly like you.
I shall sing, jump, and soar—
Not to keep my body wet anymore.

I shall untangle my bloated chest,
And shall not prejudge,
Shall not wait for others' turn,
I shall reach out, even if small.

In each new morning,
I shall smile, jump, and make a run,
Like an unflattered new sun.





Searching the Stars

What I really want, oh bird—
Correctly, tell me.
So many stars bloom in the sky;
Shall I pluck one? Or maybe two?

I need a bed for now,
To lie long and flat,
Watching the twinkles take shape.

Or a couch to lounge on, and then see—
How many feet are marching past?

You did not call, oh bird.
Not assured, I came to the same lane.

Many displays—few eyes could identify them.
Many whispers—few ears could decipher them.
I checked the last corner,
My image alone to adore.

I return, searching for a bed to lie on,
Then visit the long, empty road—
To run, and stop at an emblem:
My name—no spelling mistake—
Glued to a stunning door.

Why didn't you assure me, oh bird?

I only looked at a well-swept street,
Unaware you were there.
I go back to where I started—
Then suddenly return
To sleep on the bed, stars on my lap.
They've watched my breath all day long.



Twinkling now... will they remember?
I am not sure.

On the next day, I search for you, oh bird.

For a confirmation, I stare at the sky.
Stars do appear—this, I know—
Though not visible in the blinding light.

My steps carry me down the street,
Still searching for the blinking stars.
Will they remember?

I look at your tree.
You sing as my eyes glance past.
Now assured—no palpitations.
That is all I want, oh bird.





Epicentre

I look through your eyes, oh bird.
I think—I am the epicentre
Of vast, unending waters that the eye can hold.

I stir the currents into a whirl;
The waves travel far and wide
To collapse on a lonely riverbank.

My chest swells like yours.
I can stir waves in flowing waters.

So much I can create—
My own identity, my pride.
I sit upon your wings.

Then I peek through your wits.
The waves sweep forward, fast,
Reaching distant shores,
Untouched by any before.

My eyelids shutter for a second.
The waves break in between.
Fast currents flow with their usual fury.

The epicentre—none but me—
Now nowhere to be seen.
The shadow of the endless sky falls low.

Only that much identity—
For a moment, in my eyes.
I am the focal point
In the rush of rapid waters,
Just an empty sky
Reflected in your eyes.





On the Same Plane

I feel, oh bird,
Your nest and my house
Stand on the same plane—
A truth others cannot picture.

You have eyes, claws, and a beak;
I have my eyes, hands, and feet.
They serve the same purpose.

You build a nest; I fashion a house.
Your nest needs shade for today
And a branch to rest on tomorrow.
My house needs a base for today
And shade to rest under tomorrow.

You call from the branch.
The breeze then opens a passage—
For feelings; steps go beyond,
On an open space, I stand with a memoir.

On my balcony,
An empty chair leans, waiting for light to fall.

The first rays touch your branch,
Then stroke my lawn.
You sing a song; I wake up,
That is why I declare:
Your nest and my house
Stand on the same horizontal.





Wings of Resolve

“The sky is limitless—you cannot fly its full length.
Your try is worthless,”
Under the tree, someone declares aloud.

Oh, bird, you pause—unexpectedly.
You have small wings; the sky is vast.
You ponder.

“You cannot breathe—not enough air up there.
How can you inhale all the air of the realm?
Listen to your own rhythms.
Feel the blood flow through your wings.
Believe in the verses they have recited.”
You lose your nerve.

Still, you look up.
The sky is boundless.
There is a star—its light still reaches you.
Overhead, the wind blows too.
Oh! There is plentiful air.

Assured now, your wings open.
You fly—without hesitation.
You turn into a dot.
And from below,
Those bold others only look on.





Non-Binding

Oh, bird of my myriad dreams,
Flapping your wings, you shine gold.

Why forget, again and again,
That the same path leads nowhere beyond?
The day ends as inscribed;
The river flows its usual course, goes down.

She changed her way in between—
Though assured in her breath,
With no discord in her heart,
With eagerness deep in her pulse—
Still, she changed the course.

So why this remorse now?
Answer the day's call.

Oh, birds of unchained feathers,
Fly toward the horizon, chests full.
Look at the illuminated sky—
Do not turn back to the shore behind.

Whirls continue in the deep river,
Banks muddy with bubbling water.
Tall trees vanish into shadow.
Do not follow the curved course anymore.

Soar to the bluest heights,
Holding my heartbeat close.
Chart the path of light.



Fly into my new morning—
There, birds have full feathers.
They hold every colour.
I shall take birth another.





Un-walled Boundaries

Stay still.
Do not hop and hide.
Only sing, oh bird.
For so many days, you have intoned,
Filling my heart with conviction.
Wait a little.

No one will come,
To dance with you,
To match your phrase.
I am worried—
I have no patience to wait any longer.

Oh, bird, you agreed,
And with your call,
She walks in agreement.
Your song vibrates in her veins;
She plays your music in her heart.

Now my mind chants—
Not to be locked up.
It seeks full liberation from my enclosure.
It wants to be free,
To fly into the sky.

Sing, oh my dear bird.
Sing in rhythm, and free everyone
From the knots in their feelings,
From the burdens of their emotions.

Let no one restrain awareness.
Let all fly from their own cages—
Straight to their soul mates.





Lost Beats

Your call is echoing, oh bird.
Lights flicker—
Flutters in my heart.
Can these be silent?

In the crowded street,
I stand roadside,
Counting taps on my shoulder.
Hours pass—
Murmurs fill my ears.

Why is my heart ticking so fast?
You make many short flights.

Oh, bird, you fly high—
Carry my day,
Hold my heartbeats.
From your height,
All looks small, countless.
Winding roads—easy to miss.
If you lose the way while flying,
Can I ever get these back?

The clock on the street,
The heartbeats—
They tick.
They will fade.
What is there to balance?

Let it be lost in someone's touch.
Confirm for me, oh bird.
In your flight, give a clear call.





Separate Place

Oh, little bird,
Perched on a branch, you look around.

On the side branch,
So many birds are flying—
One is dancing, one is singing.
Who knows your mind?
Who lives in your soul?
Who is your friend?
And who is your partner?

Everyone's place is different.
With whom will you fly in tune?
Today, you do not know.

You talk to your partner—
She is your lover.
She dances to your tune.
But does she really listen to you?
Will she fly by your side?
In your heart, you are not sure.

You look at the bird that hops—
He is your friend of years.
For a new start, you ask him to applaud.
He only looks on,
But his hops do not stop.
Will you both soar together?
In your pulse, you are unsure.

Oh, dear bird of the lonely branch,
A friend and a partner—
Both are needed to fly by your side,



To flap their wings in coordination.
Your journey may be most arduous,
But with a friend clapping nearby,
And a partner warming your heart,
A far sky is always near.

Your moods stream then—
With much uncertainty, you call again.
Another bird comes, wings open,
And sits on your branch.
To the cord of your song,
She dances and sings along,
And flaps her wings as you rise.

She is the bird you truly need—
Returns your call without dislike,
Dances as you sing your song,
Flies by your side.
That is all you desire, oh bird.
On your tree, you need a friend and a partner.





The Song Within

With eyes wide open,
Oh bird, you stare in disbelief—
How could it be?
A ripple runs aground,
Touching you, a new wind blows.

Many birds in the air float like cotton.
They will travel to far-off lands.
You look at your wings—
No bulge, no nerve.
You twist your head, surprised.
Many dive into deep waters.
Your pupils dilate.
“Impossible,” you only mutter.

Then you look here and there.
Some flutter their wings, storm faster.
Some dawn before the light arrives.
Twirling, some roar into the blind sky.
At that height, only stars shine—
Still, some birds reach there.

You cannot achieve these feats.
Depressed, you lower your head.
Not all birds are the same.

You squeeze onto the loneliest branch.
Sitting there, you sing a song of grief—
The melody of parting.
No other bird matches your accent.



All ears turn; all stand still.
All steps stop.
Oh, my dearest bird—
None is better than you.





Uncertain Wings

Oh, bird of uncertainty,
Many known faces surround you.

On each branch, one is secured—
One looks very warm,
Another frowns as you glance,
And one turns the other way.
You are totally uncertain.

Oh, you bird of your own puzzle,
In someone's place,
You feel jealous of colours.
At another, windows are fully open—
So much air, your chest swells.
There's no limit to your laughter.
Elsewhere, you fold in.
At some places, you turn into a poet—
And a singer without comparison.
All a riddle.
You find no clue to your position.

Oh, bird of broken desires,
Among so many forms, so many flights,
You grow tired.

How long will you continue the quest?
You ponder deeply, but find no answer.
So, you turn into a philosopher.



A mild breeze pats you—you nod.
One may fondle you from her core;
A stray wind brings another note.
“Hard to find—no certainty.
Caress yourself with your own feather.”





No Time to Reason

Oh bird, your branch is blessed—
That much I believe.

You sit there and sing the sweetest.
The first rays touch you.
Your partner sits beside you.
Two sets of eyes, two sets of ears—
Both of you see the world from there.
So blessed... I praise that branch.

Oh, dear bird,
Still, I have a question:
You are only a visitor of the now—
How could you be so lucky?
Is the right branch truly reserved for you?

You hop, smile, and then answer:

"A branch is only a moment's altar—
To sit, to jump, and to see more.
To look at the new sky each morning,
Then hop and sing more and more,
Then leap to another branch—
No time to look back or reason further."





Infinite Reflections

Oh, bird of my inmost core,
In your isolation—
Have you ever looked at the sky?

Have you observed?
As you look, the clouds alter their colour.
The wind blows from the reverse direction.
The clear sky gets rumpled.

How it happens—
You and I have not even blinked.

So certain, while flying your course—
Have you ever looked down?

Such a beautiful world:
Trees and creeping vines,
All lush green.
Flowers in many colours.
Children running, people making merry—
Everything brightly sunlit.

Then again, the sky gets rumpled.
The clouds descend.
You and I—
We have not even travelled a quarter.

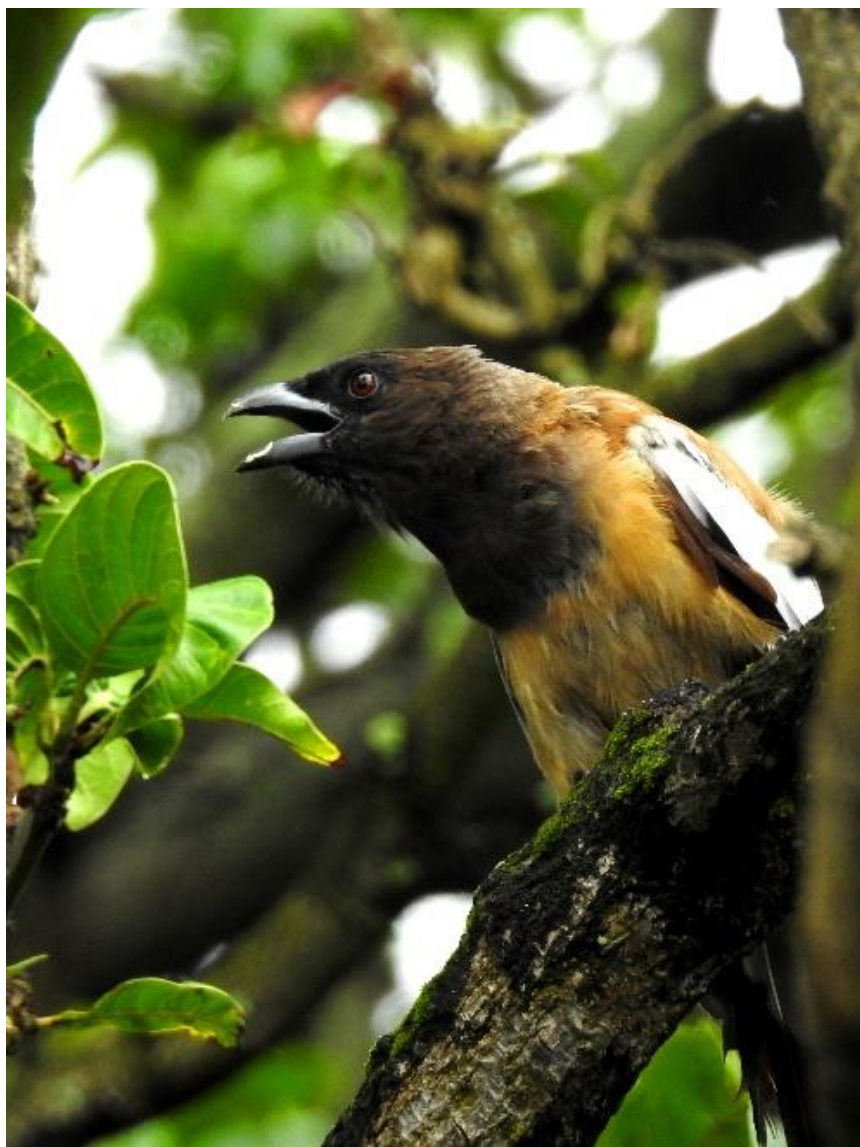
Tell me, oh bird:
Is your eye the mirror
Of the earth below and the sky above?



Between two parallel mirrors,
Countless images form, by pure geometry.

You must look up. You must look down.
Which figure do you hold now—
Before all gets rumpled?





Waiting for the Light

When the storm comes suddenly,
Thunder flashes, howls rise from corners.
Murky shadows cover the bright sky.
You cannot fly, oh bird.
Take shelter—sit still—you cannot sing.

There should be a smile on your face,
Alive in the untimely dark...
Still, you sigh—
And wait for the light to come.

Then you think, oh bird—
So much flying and diving,
High jumping all day long.
Many turns, many hops...
Flying differently, you could have gone far.
Finally, you freeze—no words come.
You sit, deaf and dumb,
And wait for the light to come.

The silver linings of doubt
Shine on the cloud's edge.
"The day is so close," you console—
Still, it feels far away.
All unending, you feel inside...
And wait for the light to come.





New Sky

Are you tired, oh bird?
Of flying daily in this fixed sky?
Old, so awful—faded in discolouration.
Do you want to
Fly to a new sky?

You think—
Beyond this skyline,
There is one more blue sky.

There, dirt never settles.
All is in order, no flutters.
Sun rays are soft; they never burn.
The shadow never hectors.
The forest never sheds its leaves.
The fountain never dries.
Cool wind blows from the hilltop.

Don't think so much, oh bird.
Do fly to your new world.

There, clouds will not roar.
No lightning, no storms.
You will never shiver.
In the garden, flowers never wilt.
Nectar springs nonstop.

Your direction will not go wrong—
Have belief in your wings.





Why You Fly

To the beyond horizon of the seen sky,
I raised my eyes.
So many dark clouds...
Oh bird, you flew from my side.
My eyes welled up with tears—
Do you make rain?

I consoled myself:
You flew much higher.
No darkness there—
The sun shone its brightest.
A smile appeared on my face.
How could I smile now, oh dear?

You returned.
The cold wind blew.
Your feathers swelled.
Squeezing yourself, you sat quiet.
The trees shed their leaves,
All listless.
You made no jumps.

The wind changed its angle.
You called loud, oh bird.
You danced and danced.
The new sun shone gold.
Fresh leaves adorned the branches.
Joy streamed all over.



You look up.
You wonder:
Why do you fly so high—
Above all clouds—
Then turn back?
Why take cover and sit silent?
Why dance, sing, and jump?
Why flap your wings?
You ponder again and again.





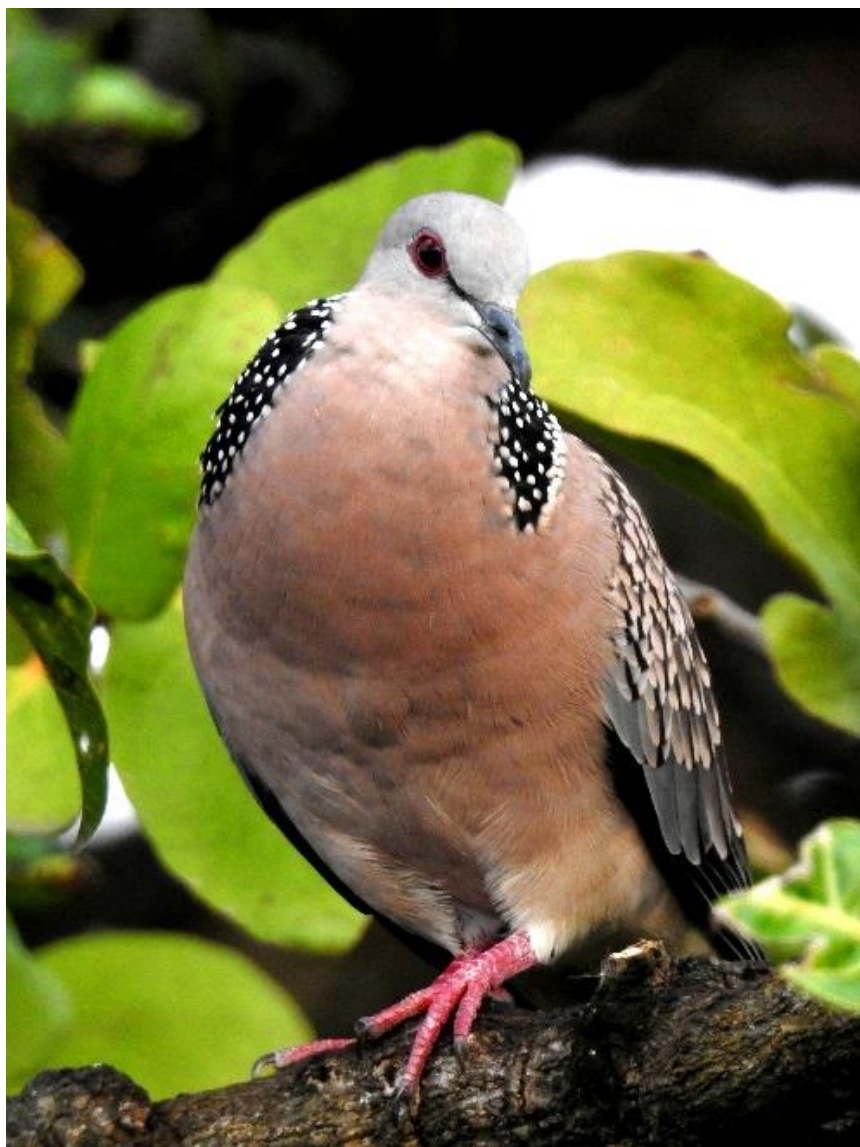
Bird's Mind

I do not know, oh dear bird,
From which world you come from?
To which world you will fly moments later?
Now, you are perched on my branch—
You only look at me.

In my eyes,
You are the most beautiful.
You jump, dance, and sing—
You do not wait long.
Your shadow falls on the ground;
The next moment is unknown.

In blistering heat and maddening rains,
In fog and in muddy waters,
In the distant mirages,
And in my joys and sorrows,
You only sneak a look,
Softly whisper in my ear:
Only a bird's mind
Can bring grief and bliss
In the same split second.





Breaking Free

Oh! Bird of my mirror,
You have many reflections,
Hear many sounds,
Capture many pictures.
You climb shocking heights.

Seeing you sail in the sky,
Belief arises in me,
Breaking all my shackles—
I shall fly free.

Like you,
I shall fly away from my images,
From all my overthrows,
Those that fetch fury within,
From the frowns on the windows,
That hinder a smooth walk in the lane,
From all the heavy assumptions
That pull down a statue in front of me.
I shall not see;
I shall fly free.

Oh! Bird of my look,
Flapping my hopes, I shall fly away
From my defined certainty,
That showers the dreams away,
And from a faith of days
That does not run to the mountain.

I shall fly away to your sky
To find a mind anew.



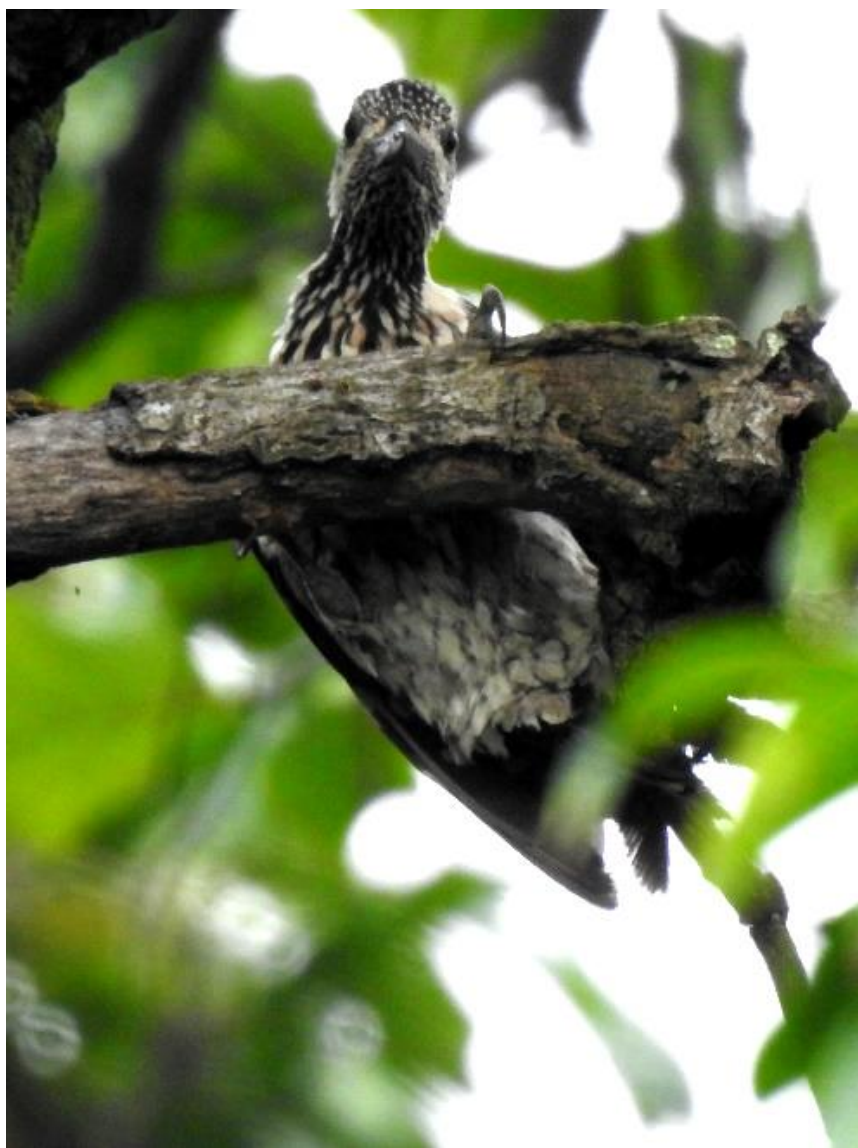


Muted Call

Oh! Bird of all nerves,
Sitting still, why did you think
Days were longer than a spider's yarn?
You built tall hills, higher than black clouds—
Will the rains pour forever?
The sea may rise,
But why didn't you fly before?
Why didn't you call aloud?

Oh! Bird of all races,
Days ran fast, assuming faster,
Caught the wild wind in open air.
Why didn't you sprint then?
Your nest was pushed;
No shelter remained.
Fear held you still—
Why didn't you call your loudest?

Had you called then,
Morning would have arrived softly—
Blue sky,
Broken clouds floating.
Had you flown,
Nothing would have fallen from the branch;
The incessant rain would have stopped.
The sea would not have flooded.



Oh! Bird, do not think it's too late.
Do not hesitate.
Rise, oh Bird, rise!
Fly to your branch.
Call the loudest.
You cannot sit silent.





Temple Priest

Oh! Bird of the retained plumages,
With so much care,
You preen your feathers.
The rains are gone, water no longer clings.
Is your body bigger than your own stature?
You respect it like a temple priest.

I, too, tend to my figure,
Adorn it with the same devotion.
No dust dares linger.
Like you, I seek a new form,
To soar with you,
Across sky and time.

You dazzle—
I feel it—
All hues are glued to your feathers.
You swell, sing sweetly,
Each song echoes in my soul.
It gives me endless lifts.
My dreams have come true.
I wipe myself with the softest linen
And climb to the highest altar.

You fly to the unending sky,
I sit on your shoulder, soaring high.
Hours pass, and it is time to return.
You and I arrive at the same branch.



From head to toe, we quiver—
A glossy new outline.
I hug myself tight,
So magical,
Appearing in the whirlwind,
Your flapping wings fashioned





Let It Stream

Oh! Bird of the solitary branch,
Why do you sit in silence,
Tired, having called so much?
Do not break the flow.

Look at the thickets,
Your partner answers there,
And will dance a minute later.

I listen to your sweet song
And watch your dancing harmony.
I see your deep concern.

Now, belief arises in my mind:
Love is the spring tide,
Breaking at a virgin beach.
The sea waves move far—
Let love flow wild.

I believe deep within,
Love is pure aqua,
A swift current
Flowing to the endless sea.

It blows like wind,
Over the green pasture,
Silk cotton floating,
Carrying dreams to bliss.

Allow love to fountain,
Do not block its course.





Echoes of Light

Oh! Bird of the ancient tree,
Does your shadow ask,
“Why sing nonstop?”

My shadow asks me,
“Why take this path?
Could it have been different?”
It whispers of science, logic—
“Stand under the sun, and sweat will vanish.”

Does your shadow ever say,
“Hang upside down,
You’ll reach the sky, no flight required?”

Above me, a cloth drapes—
Is that my shadow?
I tug it secretly,
Among countless others.
You call aloud,
“Do not look—the shadow is not real.”

With your call,
Morning steps gently.
Still, I ask,
“Where is your cloth?”
You reply,
“No shadow, no question.”
Only your call escorts the light.

You have all the morning call.
Give me a little to cheer up.





Fleeting Arrival

Oh! Bird, you winged across the unseen sky,
Braving rain, wind, and storms,
You reached distant spans without measure,
And in between,
You lost your first morning.

You return after a long season,
You rejoice in your own land,
Hopping, making short flights,
Calling loudest,
“All mine,”
Though the first morning remains unseen.

A gentle wind murmurs,
Leaves brush softly—
You sense the morning,
Buds flower, fruits ripen.
Birds, bees, butterflies arrive,
All welcome your presence.

You feel fulfilled.

Not stated, each gently returns.
The green leaves turn yellow, then fall.
The wind reverts, offering no concord.
A sprint, a dash, not even a blink—
No air, you could not breathe.

Then comes a whisper,
"No, nothing is yours."
Moment after moment,
You only arrived here.





Broken Ground

I looked outside,
A violent storm was passing by.
Big branches broke,
The bird's nest would fall down.
I was apprehensive.

I extended a long hand from my corner,
Hoping to rightly place the nest.
Later, the bird would rebuild it.
In my yard,
There would always be bird chirpings.

Then I looked inside,
My house was standing.
How hard I worked,
Believing
It stands on steady land.
I did not foresee the potholes.

An orange flame splashed,

And lightning struck.
I took a good look—
My house was on fire.
No one was inside.
As I watched,
The house shrunk to the ground.
Ashes—all that was left,
The last mark of my line.

The storm passed.
I found myself restored,
Yet inside, ruins lingered.



Outside, on the fallen nest,
A wet bird flapped weary wings,
Gathering twigs and leaves—
Ready to rebuild.

Then,
Why did my house fall down?
Can I figure it out once more?





Right Path

Under a swept sky,
The day dimmed.
Above, a lone bird was flying,
Neck stretched, wings unwavering.

Was it not getting wet?
Down, all eyes were shut,
Hazed in the incessant rain.
How could a bird flap its wings?

“Where are you going?”
I asked the bird from afar.
“Here, on my side,
People dare not to appear.
Still, you are flying alone.
Are you sure of your direction?”

The bird replied in stillness:
“The path does not alter.
Wings may get wet,
The sky does not end.
The clouds close.

A clear line appears on the blue.
And the moon rises in the sky.”

I valued your words, Oh! Bird.
The direction doesn’t go wrong,

Even if it rains long,
And the storm blows strong.



The course is opaque in the dark,
That people wrap in the day.

The bird's flight speaks the truth:

The path goes erroneous
If one doesn't look at the sky.





Sky Mirror

Speak, Oh, bird of all seasons,
Is the sky not a mirror?
If the earth is a stage,
What is our position?

Who are you? And who am I?
Actors on the stage?
No viewers from the sky.
Do you find my reflection
In the sky's mirror?

When I tire, I look up.
If I am an actor on the stage,
I look down.
How do my reflections appear?

If the floor shifts,
The mirror changes position.
You fly, leaving trails in the sky.

In the fog,
If my life is a hidden line,
Where should I run—
After the horizons or rest in the endless blue?

Oh, long-ranging bird,
Find another world for me,
Where I am only a spectator,
With no reflection
On the sky's mirror.





Dance Floor

Oh! Composed bird,
You say life is the dancer—
Not a drawing on canvas
Waiting to be coloured.
You simply say,
"Life is meant to hop."

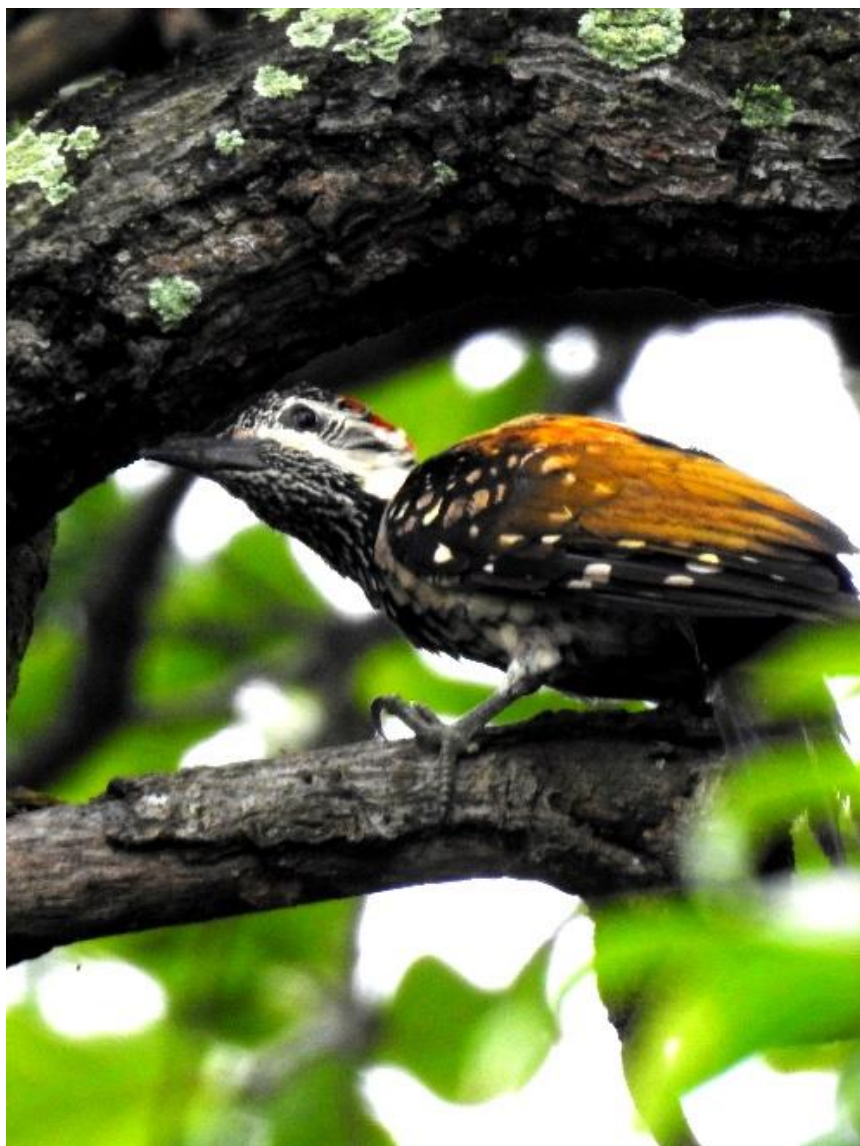
I have all my doubts—
The man is meant to dance, not life?
You laugh aloud—
"Life is the dancer.
Man is made of clay,
Takes shape every second,
And in time, returns to the earth.
But life dances forever."

I wonder, Oh, bird,
The shadow stretched along the road—
Is that what life is all about?

You laugh,
And softly say:
"In the shadow,

Life rests for a moment.
The sun always burns above."





Time's Edge

Oh! Bird, on the branch,
You watch a street ablaze with time.

A tall shadow slyly appears,
Announcing on a painted stage:
"The river is on fire.
To extinguish it, pour liquid—
Petrol, *ghee*, or icy water!"
All ponder.
"Sprint!" he thunders.
Many people run at full speed—
There is no time.

A new race begins—
Dark streets, unseen by many.
You watch keenly—
Never heard of this race before.

Under the tree's shade,
Many people squeeze.
They argue endlessly.
Hot air over the river,
Foaming bubbles on the street—
They have their opinions.

An outline was galloping, gasping.
No one extends a hand.
There is no time.
No other shade to stand beneath.
The hot air rises.



Grim silence.

No more shadows remain in the street.

"Time has no shadow,"

You make a long call.





Colour Sketch

Tell me, Oh! My dear bird,
Which hue do you not possess,
In your well-kept feathers?
If I were a painter,
Could I even sketch your outline?

Behind the coloured corner,
There are only pencil lines—
The lines of a sketch.
Does it all begin from there?
Then how does one dissect it?

Whether...
All outlines are without colour—
Then who will paint the man?

If life rolls along a black-and-white line,
Then why so many colours in the pot?
And if no line appears in the sky,
Which colour will the painter apply?





Mark at the Horizon

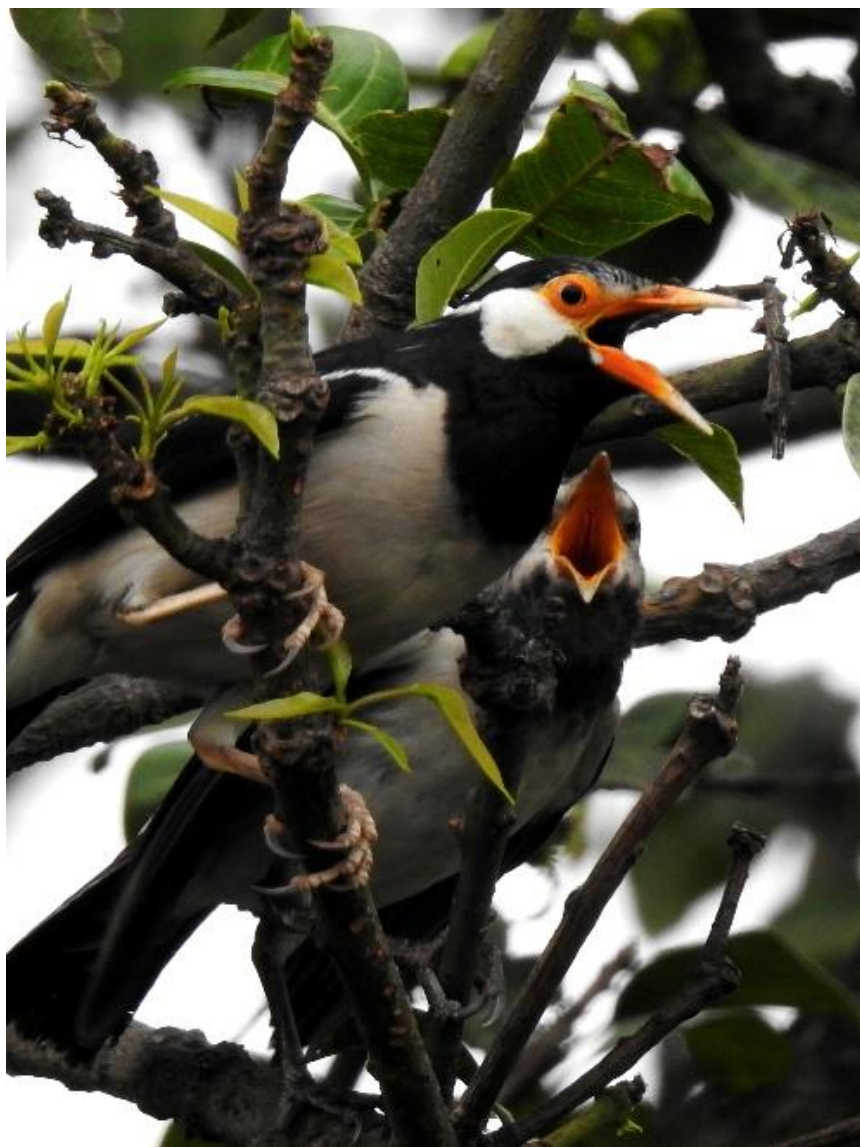
Oh! Bird,
If you turn into a dot on the horizon,
How shall I recognise you from this far?
If you float with the clouds,
Why shouldn't I think of you as a beauty spot?
How do I differentiate?

If you call from afar,
How can I distinguish your voice?
Why not think it's an echo from the clouds?
You now float in the sky—
Identify yourself.

If you see me from a distance,
How do I value your look?
Your eyes can see that far,
But I lack that ability.
Why wouldn't I mistake it for a thunder line?
How shall I read your words?

Then, Oh! Bird—
Will you remain a stranger?
Will your image only flash?
I shall build your form,
For you are the one who flies the longest—
Floating as a mark in the blue.





Wet Footprint

Oh! Bird of the high sky,
You love to fly to a star.
You leave no wet footprints—
There is no land.
Is that why the sky is your pasture?

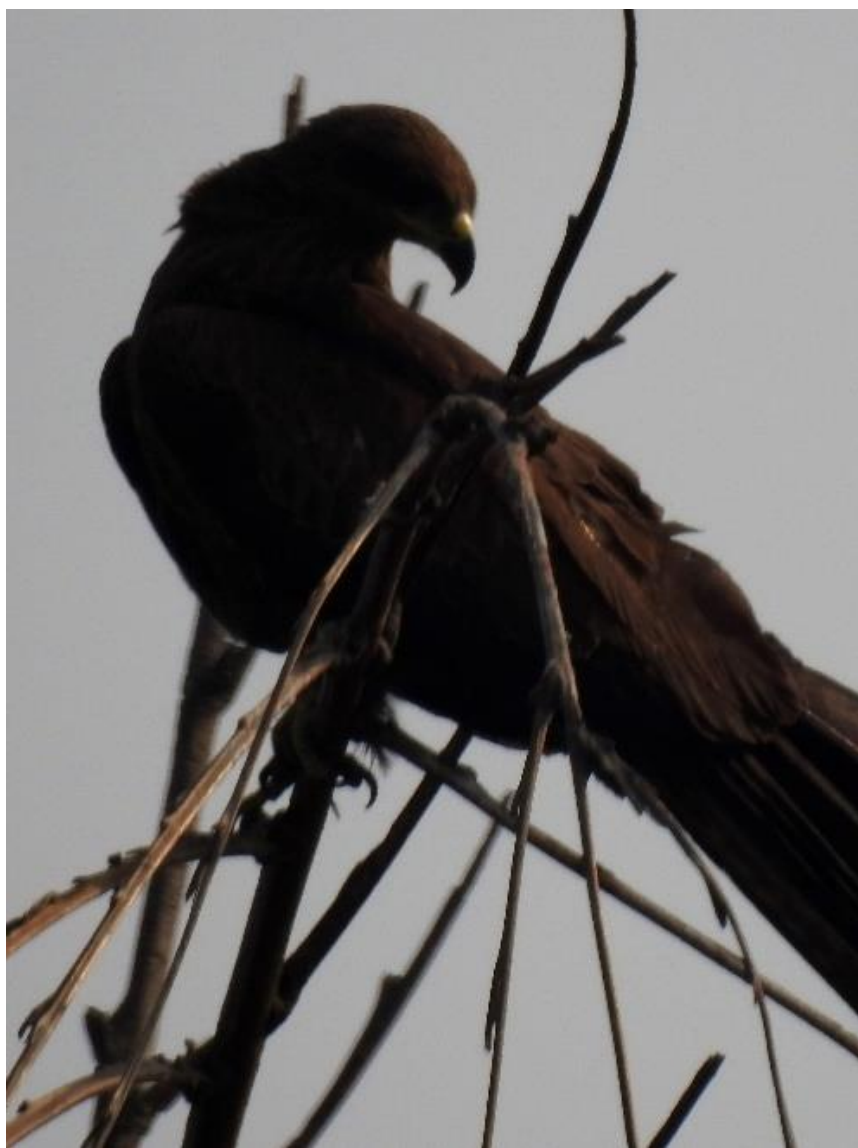
For me, hundreds of lanes and by lanes,
All laid on solid ground.
I can walk everywhere.

No one shows you the way.
From my earliest days, I only heard of trails.
I saw lanes from my first hours,
Thousands of people acting as guides.
One always stands at the crossing
To figure out a course—
Which way should I go?

You fly wherever you feel.
I cannot take wing.
I walk barefoot.
My path winds through dust.
I always need to wash my feet.

Then why are there so many people on the side?
Why show the way?
Is it only to leave wet footprints?

Oh! Bird, when you fly,
No mark lingers in the air.
You have not longed for anything.
Impressions appear under my feet—



I cannot see them, nor am I longed for.
What is their value?

A thousand times better
Not to look at the roadside.
To be born deaf, dumb, and blind—
But have wings like you to fly.
No more wet footprints along the way.





First Assurance

Oh! Bird of my balcony,
A question lingers within me:
What is the purpose of my life?
Is it just to comfort someone?
To help another stand upright?
To act as a stick for a creeper to climb?
While one's life falls into chaos,
My heart stretches out—
To absorb their remorse and resentment.

But my heart is not perfect.
There's a small puncture—
Who will apply the glue?

You call, Oh! Bird,
And I find assurance.
Your song soothes,
Your wings bring wind,
My restless mind finds calm.

At your first call, I wake up.
The morning rays gently pat me.
Life's burdens grow lighter.
Your image becomes my anchor—
And within my heart,
There is no more aching that lingers.





Fall Down

A fast wind came without warning.
No hand could hold you.
Oh! Bird, like a stone,
You fell from the sky—
Proving that to fall,
No force is required.

You had been flapping your wings,
Aiming for the sky.
You had been cleaning your feathers,
To shine in the light.
Your wings had grown strong.
You flew higher and higher,
Drawing countless curves.
You always looked upward.

Then—
Why did you fall in the end?

The axiom of the world:
Whether or not you rise,
The wind will come unannounced.

And if that is the rule,
You will fall like a stone.
No hand can hold you.

The question always remains:
Why do you draw so many lines?





Void Today

Oh! Bird, do you know?
There is no tomorrow—
If no smile graces the face,
If no hand is there to hold,
If no place is there to stand,
And an accent has no appeal.

Oh! Bird,
Yesterday, you sang so sweetly.
You saw a smile on your partner's face.
So,
There was a tomorrow for yesterday.
Today is an empty space.

Oh! Bird,
Today, you fly unfazed.
You see the bluest sky.
You do not need darkness to breathe.
You have power in your wings.
So, for today,
There is a tomorrow.
You have filled the gap.

So, Oh! Bird,
Fly from yesterday to tomorrow—
Else,
Return from tomorrow to yesterday.
Today will remain a void.
Fill it, as you reason.





Ascent Within

Oh! Bird, you tell me,
On the road, there is an uphill.
I do not believe you—
A flying bird of the vast sky—
So tiny,
With a small brain,
You only fool me.

On the road below,
One's face turns away,
The other one smiles.
One stands up,
Then swings upside down.
Suddenly, the spring wind comes,
The dust turns golden.
The road is still uphill.
That is your opinion;
I doubt each testimonial.

After I slip into sleep, Oh! Bird,
I think of your words.
Honest with myself then,
I paused at every incline,
Waited, then looked forward.
Further, the same uphill,
The speed slows down.

Oh! Bird,
You are truthful in your assumption.





Dimension

Oh! Dear bird of the highest branch,
After you change to a blot in the sky,
What is the worth of your size?

You may tower on the ground
And fly to the distant sky,
Finally, you become a dot.
That is your dimension.

Oh! Bird,
On the ground,
You look at the shadow,
Determine your span.
It is only a trail—
The colour is indistinct.
Only a few curves are seen,
The sign of your measure.

Perched on the branch,
You sing, Oh! Bird.
You call loud from the sky.
Few words return to your ears.
Proudly, you think,
"My call is sweet, so distinct."

It is the echo, not your verses—
Only a translation of someone,
Your own sound!
It never reaches your length.





Defining the Nest

Over the day, you fly and hop;
At dusk, tired, you drag yourself.
At your nest's edge,
No sound greets you—
Where is your partner?

What is the meaning of a nest, Oh! Bird?

You call again and again—
Still, no reply.
Is the nest just an empty space?

You call louder; still, no answer.
How do you define a nest?

No identity.
Reluctantly, you enter;
The nest is only a place to rest.
How do you name a nest?

Your nest rests on the branch,
A home you worked hard to build.
If the wind blows it away,
Where will you make another?
Will it be the last sign of your nest?





Mind in Bloom

Oh! Dear bird,
You see the tree—
New leaves, new flowers.
How beautifully the branch is adorned.

A minute later,
Sitting on the treetop,
You look a little farther:
Trees, leaves, flowers, and fruits—
That is all you see.
What else lies beyond?
You do not see.

Your partner calls;
You listen with all fervour.
Your mood peaks,
Your heart yearns for her.
That is all you gather.
Other calls,
You do not hear.

What you wish to see,
You see that much.
What your heart desires,
You hear that much.

Your seeing and hearing,
All shaped by your mind—
Make the mind beautiful forever.





Opposite Pole

Oh! Bird of my lawn,
Between you and me,
What is the connection?
We are poles of the same magnet—
Opposites that attract.
You sing,
And my heart fills as I listen.

On my shoulders, I have no wings.
I cannot call from the sky.
My voice lacks many words—
Songs do not flow from my core.
With all these failings,
Do I love your song even more?

A fan nearby,
Two ears to listen,
Perhaps you have fewer.
You are swift,
Flying away in seconds,
Never waiting for anyone.

Because of this,
For me,
Your songs never end.





Blunt Pen

Earlier,
I had a pen with the finest nib.
Ink flowed like a stream,
To draw birds in flight,
To capture their flapping path.
How far I travelled—
The nib blunted without reason.
I looked at the sky.

Now,
The sky is a secret cobalt.
Birds fly to every corner,
Calling me from their hides,
To draw lines in the ether.

I picked up my pen,
Changed the nib long ago.
I was so excited—
I could depict as I desire.

But my writing went white;
No birds appeared,
No flight took shape,
No ink remained to inscribe further.





Wings of Light

Oh! Dear bird,
You look at the sky with faith.
Is it because the sky is blue?
So many colours, so many folds—
How is it possible?

The glass prism rests in your mind,
So the coloured rays fall on your wings.

In the sky, a rainbow appears.
So much hue—
Does it fall on people's faces?

All start like clean glass;
Light passes through.
Why do some look dark?
Is it that no colour flows in their span?

Oh! Bird, like you,
Why are they not looking up?
No jumps, no songs—
When so many colours fill the sky,
Why don't they stream down?
Will they always remain black?

For them, sing again,
Let colour sprinkle on their way.





Seek Thyself

Tell me, Oh! Dear bird,
You are so small, feather-light,
Not looking at anyone.
You sit on a branch, sing sweet,
There you jump, upend, and shine.
Music flows like a stream.

How do you believe in your size?
Why aren't you looking at your side?
How is your branch so sturdy?
Why don't you wait for a new day?

On the ground,
We always believe
That someone else has the answer,
That another place is better,
That at another time,
Everything will fall into place.
We look through a window.

You sit in the open,
You jump; you are always mobile.
You tell us to remove the frame.
I look deeply for an answer;
Without waiting, you sing.

Now, I believe,
The answer lies within oneself.
Know thyself, seek thyself,
Understand what we truly want.



The farther we go from ourselves,
The less we understand.
Ask the heart without hiding anything.
Feel that no place is better;
This moment is the best.

Oh! Bird,
You speak so much.
You jump and play in front of me,
Sing those lines again and again,
Help me to remove my cover.





Quiet Shine

Oh! Bird of the last branch,
So thin, less than a finger wide,
I watch your moves.
You hold the branch tight,
Rising only to the extent required,
So you remain stable.

I look at the people below.
They have wide surfaces,
Yet many rise on tiptoe,
Unable to sustain.
They lose their balance.

Like you, for stability,
They need to raise what is necessary.

Oh! Bird,
You flap your wings.
With proper warming, then you fly steady.
You cross the horizon.
What do you tell me, Oh! Bird?

Like you,
I need to warm up, maintain speed;
Then long distances will be covered.
Being the fastest at the start
Is not sustainable.

In the blue background,
You do not pronounce,
“I am the light.”
Yet, the skylight falls on you,
And you dazzle like gold.



What message do you give, Oh! Bird?
Pronouncing yourself as the only light,
No real light falls.
No more glow,

Before thyself,
You remain unknown.





Sought Confirmation

Confirm, Oh Bird!
On life, time, water, and air—
Can anyone put a stop?

Many tried in vain.
In the flow of time,
They gasped for air,
Drank water—yet could not anchor.
The shore they thought was near
Was just a floating log—
No balance of its own.
Finally, they were swept away.

One's breathing—
No one can stop it.
Pausing their own pulse,
They bought a purple delight—
A false joy.
Allow air to move free.

Fly, Oh! bird,
To the bluest sky.
Breathe fully, unconfined.





Soulful

Oh, bird on the branch,
You are satisfied—
Because you do not compare,
Do not compete.

You sing only your song.
Why do people below
Never follow your law?

Oh, bird of the blue,
When you fly in the sky,
Your head leans forward.
Your friend flies alongside—
You do not judge the speed.

When you sing in the morning,
Your friend sings too.
You recite your soul fully;
You do not balance the pitch.

You command so much respect.
Look—
So many people on the road,
All mesmerised,
All standing,

All listening to your unbound song.





Companion-I

Taking the bird's wings,
I flew to the tall mountains.
My heart melted there, and I asked,
"Where is the soul—mine only—
To recognise my rhythms?"
I got an answer,
Warmer than your credential:
"Only she is your valour."

I could not understand.
I flew with the kindly bird,
Arrived at the riverbank.
There, water was flowing with a whisper;
The sound touched my inner self.

Silently, I asked,
"Who is my lover,
Walking, holding my hand?"

I got an answer:
"She flies like a cotton ball—
Only she is in your colour."

Still, I did not comprehend.
I flew to the forest's edge.
Flowers—nameless,
Aroma—enchancing.

Absorbed in the moment, I asked,
"With me, who will look up?"
The answer moved in the air:
"Who catches the first dawn—
Only she will be your sailor."



I could gauge no more.
With the bird as my guide,
I reached the seashore.
The waves were floating,
Winds were breaking ashore.

I asked the bubble on the crest,
“Who leans on my shoulder?”

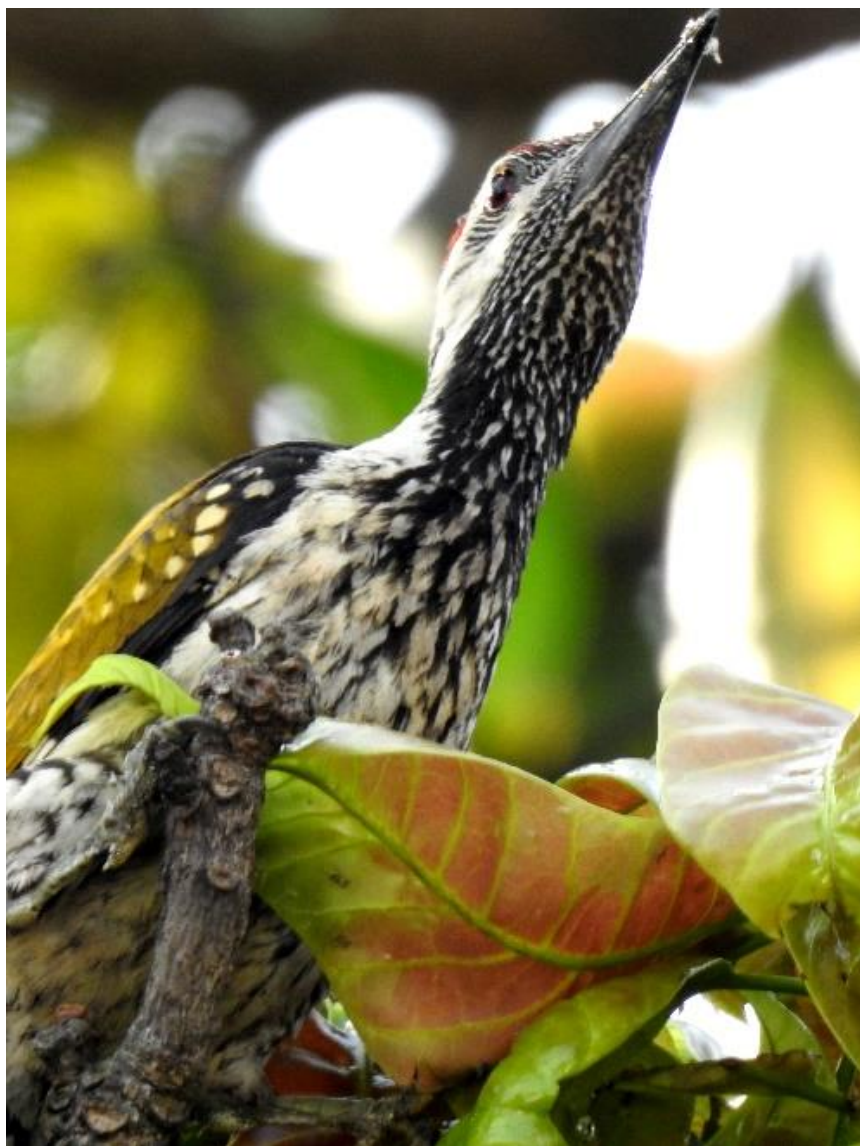
From the horizon afar,
The answer came with a flash:
“Upon whose long scarf
The waited time beholds—
Only she will cast your figure.”

I looked at the moon in the east.
The bird tended to me.
The moonlight—so soft—
Bathed me completely.

And I asked the old moon,
“Who will bring the brightest star?”

A beautiful smile was the answer:
“Who will gather the golden dust—
Only she will be your life enabler.”





Companion-II

Where shall I search?
Leaning onto a huge tree,
My bird nestled on a branch.
Through the densest foliage,
Light fell scattered.

I asked the shade,
“Who will smile with me?”

The breeze swept past,
Murmuring in my ears.
Softly came the answer:
“Who will cruise the craft,
In the land of clouds,
To the longest horizon—
She will be your companion.”

My bird soared to the sky.
A long desert, no tree in sight.
I found a pulsating water drop.

I asked with great despair,
“Who will place a marker?”

A sandstorm came with a roar.
I took blind cover.
A deep voice answered:
“Who holds your inhale,
A lotus blooming in blue water,
Fragrance to move with no barrier—
She will only be your life partner.”



I returned with no heartfelt peace,
Looked at the night break.
Stars there, burning bright.
I opened to the black,
Travelled to all the corners.
To my question, still no answer.

My heart was not warmed.
I asked with all compassion:
“Who moves with my passion?”

The dew swept past;
My eyes went moist.
I got the long-awaited answer—
“Only the rolling tears
To walk with you forever.
It is the lone companion.”

And, before the friendly bird,
I furnished my conclusion.





Unsaid Words

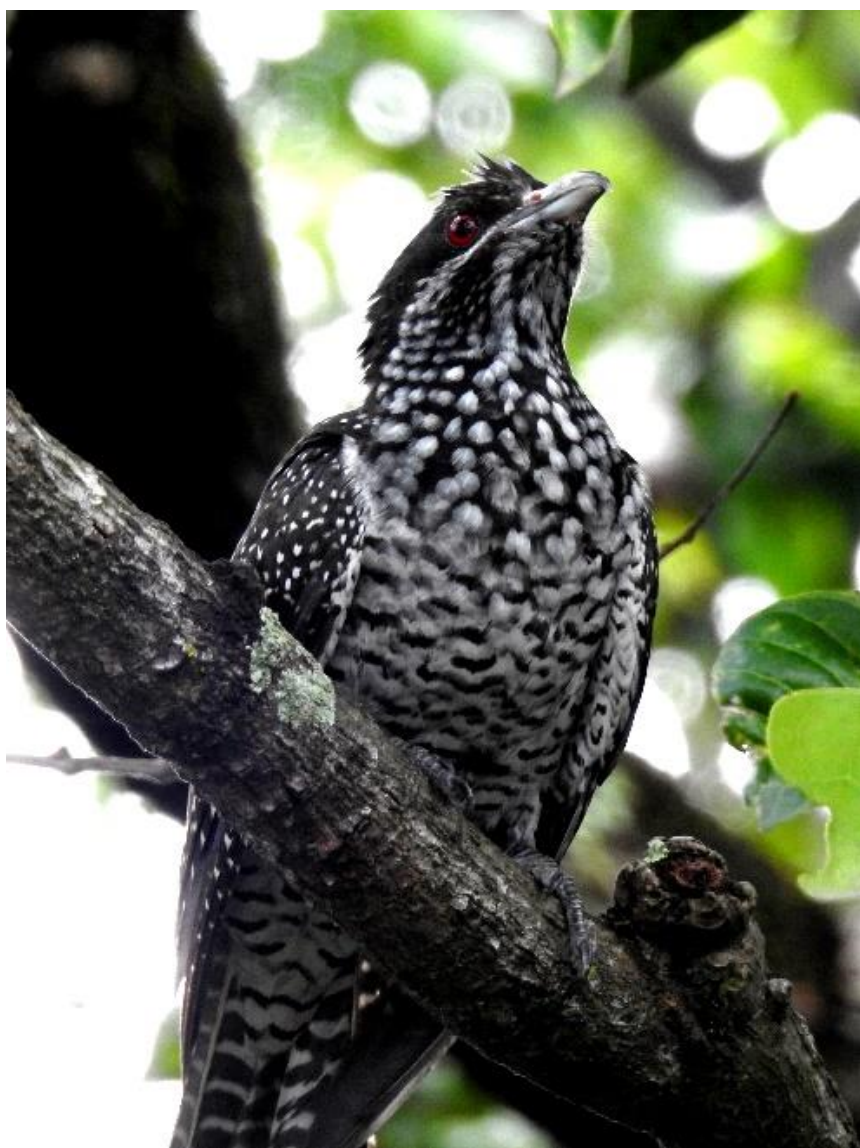
Drawn on a white paper,
Many tortuous lines—
A steady shape: that was mine.
In a distant world,
The chaotic strokes of a brush—
An indistinct shape: it was hers.
An earth mound in rays of silver—
That was our house.
Till the new morning,
The shining stars will lead the way.

Oh, bird in the azure,
So many lines there—
You only drew.
I copied a few,
Handed her a secret paper:
No text, just a few lines.
Why did I give it? I pondered.

Contented, she opened the fold—
No dust, no message either.
Still, to her chest, she held it tight,
Pulled a line, so distinct.

Oh, bird,
You flew to the tree nearby.





Still Moment

Oh, bird of thick foliage,
Stay still for a moment.
Look at the lone walker—
She is coming close.
Why are you not humming?

All the flowers are in full bloom.
Are you still unaware?
You are only jumping branch to branch.
My heart remains unfilled.
You are not paying heed to my void.
Do you have no time, oh bird?

Oh, bird, do not leave this tree.
Do build a cloud in the sky.
Let dazzles come from all sides—
No eye to see.

Only after she arrives,
Then sing your sweetest song.
Fly afterwards, with wings wide open.
For my sake—just wait a little longer.





Cloud Portrait

In my courtyard,
The Lagerstroemia tree is smiling.
White-purple flowers are in bloom.
Under the damp sky,
The stalks swing with the wind.

I imagine
The flowery stalk as a paintbrush
Of my mind,
To draw your portrait on a cloud canvas.

The stalk moves with air—
So lovely you appear:
Your lips, your soft eyes.
Artistically, I pick up all.

Then you smile from a low cloud.
Contented, I think—I am a magician.
I can only draw you on the silver platform.

The birds come from nowhere,
Perch on the same old tree,
Sing songs—known, unknown, so many.
Every call sounds sweet.

Oh, my dear birds,
You carry my emotions.
Your music flows like a stream—
It will reach my beloved, far away.

Watch, oh bird on the flower stalk,
With each echo of your call,



Her embarrassment turns purple.
Her heart fills with remorse.

Go on singing, oh birds—
I am drawing her sketch

On the cloud canvas.
Every smile is hers,
All adorned in my deepest core.





Unfading Picture

Light was fading in my yard.
No sound of the usual birds—
All were in silence.

In my memory,

I opened the picture book.
So many pages

I turned till my hands were tired.
Which picture should I keep—
One that would hold no dust,
No stain marks to come?

I looked deeply.
You emerged—beautiful, unequalled as ever.
Which is the picture
That will hold me forever?

Finally, I found it after long inspection—
The same picture when we met first.
No soil stains on the pupil.
Years passed, yet the image has not dimmed.
“The smile cannot fade.”
I heard a faint bird call.

I picked up that portrait,
Held it to my heart, and asked,
“Tell me, oh frame—
How could the same smile,
That once assured me,
‘I will not forget, even in separation,’
Now exist only in this structure?”



The frame did not reply.
I looked around.
Many birds called together.

Again, I asked, with a sunken heart,
“Are you her, truly?”
My hand trembled, struggling to hold on.

Then, a warm whisper came to my ear:
“I did not forget. I will not fade.
Store me in your inmost core.
I have not strayed.

I will never leave you.”
I heard the bird’s call—clear.

Melted, no word came to my mouth.
My eyes fixed on that portrait.
You stood right in front of me—live, real.
Looking at me—your eyes, big and beautiful.
Your smile, hypnotising.
Inside me, your bird call echoed on.

I replied to that portrait:
“How can I depart?
I cannot go, even if all compels me.
I shall hear only your sound.
I cannot wipe you from my realm.”
I closed my eyes.
Your birds flew everywhere in my ether.

I do not know when I slumped.
Your portrait remained open.
Night passed, unknown to me.
In the first ray, you appeared—
Same smile on your face,
Same assurance in your eyes.
Your birds appeared near once more.





Blinking Desire

How can I put
Shackles on your feet?
My mind is free, oh bird—
Independent and fast,
Not at rest even for a twinkling.

Holding my fancy, you soar,
Fly to the sky, heed to none.

Suddenly, you disappear.
Images fade in the distant sky.
I could not figure her out.

Tell me, oh dear bird—
Have you stolen my notion?
Is that why I can see her no longer?

Then,
You gently call.
I am assured—I knew
You would not fly away from my sight.
My feelings are in your wings.
You will stay close, you will call.
You will play hide and seek.
You know my anxiety.
Why are you not calling her?

Your voice will go far and farther—
It will reach her corner.
She will wait no longer,
Will come running into my arms.
I am waiting with all my ardour.



Then, oh bird,
You will sing the song of our union.
In our hearts,
Your sweet song will resonate forever.





Silent Messenger

On a rain-clogged morning,
I opened my eyes in disbelief.
A bird was sitting on my porch.
I squeezed myself—
My vision might be hazy.
Outside, it was misty.
Should I call it inside?

I said softly, “Come in.”
It faintly replied; I could not decipher it.
It didn’t fly away, only looked at me.

The music of rain in the backdrop—
Was the tune in resonance with my heartbeats?
The bird shook its head.

Is it that you cannot break your chains,
So you sent the bird as a messenger?
Are you locked in a golden cage?
How could you be entangled?
You snapped my arteries,
Held my heart in your palms—
So you sent the bird,
Your own angel,
To voice your words.

Oh bird, give me the message.
Its mouth opened—
Voice indistinct,
The words muffled.
Behind it stood solid



The wall of rain, the fort of words.
I could not decode your dialect.

The rains continued long.
Still, the sky opened a little.
The bird sat still,
Only looked at me.
My eyelids did not drop.





Do Not Fly Away

Do not fly away, oh bird.
Do not carry my horizon.

Dense foliage, hazed light, drizzle from the sky—
Where shall I search
Her whisper,
The misty scent of her desire,
The fragrant, unending talks,
Her heartfelt, deep breath—
All couched in your thick feathers.
Touch me gently.

Do not fly away from my tree.
Stay back, stay back—
I shall never find her.
Everything will be empty thereafter.





Resonance

Oh, the drenched bird of the last cyclone,
So much wind blew over.
Come to me with your wings open—
I shall wipe you with my softest linen.
You will feel no pain.
My pulse holds you with my inmost warmth.
Tremor, cold, frost will not trouble you.
You will regain your usual form.

In return,
Just sing in accord,
As you hold my rhythms
From the treetop where the thunder stops.

Oh, bird of my next morning,
Forget the storm that blew over.
Do not sit with all gloom.
Only a few branches broke—
Your tree still stands tall.

Fly to the highest top.
Sweetly sing on my behalf.

Your call will go far and farther,
Beyond the reach of my deafened ear.

She will come, with all her remorse,
From far beyond her adorned shadow—
Never daring to reach my shore.

Draped in all your carved desire,
She will lean on my heaving shoulder,
Pleading for you to sing along.
You will resonate until the time to slumber.





Altered Direction

So many trees raised their heads—
They should be dwarfed when the sky weighs.

Little space, yet I looked through.

Saw an open-billed stork in the air.
A bird from distant lands,
Fields of green rice,
Long water bodies—
Not one to venture into this arena.
Did the flying bird miss its direction?

At the skyline,
My thoughts wandered—
What did this mark mean?
Was it time to depart?
Had the bird forgotten its path?
What was it saying?
I could not figure it out.

In flight, the stork altered its trajectory—
A U-turn, headed your way.
I was amazed—stunned altogether.
You had sent the bird as a messenger
From a far-off land,
To remind me of my unknown,
That I am not to forget.

Drawing a curve in the cloudy sky,
The bird vanished into the hazed white.
No one could see the path—
But in my mind,



The line was drawn thick and clear
To your address, forever.

Oh, open-billed stork,
Do take the message back.
Even if the thickest clouds cover the sky,
All tree birds vanish behind the leaves,
And no music is heard by the ears—
I shall never forget her.





Incorporeal Love

Oh, bird of my branch,
So affectionately,
You caress your partner.

Seeing your warmth,
I asked a young woman,
"Will you sit by my side?"
Lowering her eyes,
She sat near me.

I thought she would smile.
Her touch would bring new waves—
No storm would remain in my mind.
No words to describe it any further.

I hugged her—
A shadow lingered in my bond,
No shape in flesh, only presence.

Who truly sat beside me?
Who held my heart so close?





Nameless She

To my mind, I explain a lot—
An unknown name, just forget it.
Never able to give it a name,
Abandon the effort.
Still, the mind does not agree.

In my silent trance,
Oh, bird, with your last call, she comes—
Holding my hand, she strolls.
Night brings her to my arms.
From the unseen hide, you call.
Till the next morning, you escort her.

I open my eyes—she is not found.
She stays only in your call.

The nameless she is gone
By the next morning.
I wake up with the memory in my arms.
My heart searches for her so much,
But I cannot tell the people around me.
I feel bottomless.

Again you call, oh bird—
Only her voice my eager ears hear.
My eyes ache for you.
In the dream, I could not find her.
From the tree, you sing nonstop.
I am thrilled,
Looking to the side with delight—
But no one is near.





Tune

To find the self,
Do not fly to a faraway pasture.
All is unfamiliar, all unknown—
No one identifies you there.

Who will sit next to you?
Stay back; you will find it if you search.
Not in a novel world,
You lost it in today—
How could you find it in a tomorrow?
Search again,
You assured me from your core.

I believed what you said.
You said it many days ago—
Never told me to search for the heart
In your world.
For so long,
I searched for my unknown self
In my world.

The rains ran like a stream;
I did not hear any other.
The known bird did not echo—
It will not come when the heavens break.
Sheltered in a tree's crater,
How you spoke so appositely?



Suddenly, your bird called,
Flew from the hide, and sat next to me.
The past regrets did not leap ecstatically.
A sweet fragrance consumed me within.
All your lines are in consonance.
Oh, bird, your dialects resounded in all my vitals.





Voice Aflame

In the cloudy morning,
The old tree was a shadow.
Still, many birds perched,
Jumped, and called to each other.
I was surprised.

Earlier, I thought
No bird could reach my yard.
With wet feathers, they would be silent—
My morning would be unoccupied,
No time for music.

My timer was closing fast.
I thought,
"I would listen to her song again
before my departure."
Then, the bulbul sang all of a sudden—
The music of my heart,
One heart created for another.

My legs stopped.
I would listen to the song,
For a comma and a full stop,
The bulbul did not pause.
It sang in the sweetest voice,
Just for me—
One heart created for the other.





Unknown Days

In these mornings,
The bulbul is not coming.
Has it gone far?
Come back, oh my bird,
Do return.
In your absence,
My musical balcony is dull and dumb.

Many birds are calling now.
They are
Much bigger, more beautiful,
But they do not sing so sweetly.
My heart is not filled.
My bulbul is a little bird,
Its song laced with true nectar.
Likewise,
Without your words,
Nothing sounds sweet.

In a few days,
We are so far away.
How are we so unknown?
At my house,
The balcony is full of birds,
But the bulbul does not come.
Others are worth a little;
Similarly, without you,
Inside, I run a dry river.





Sound of Solitude

My mind flies far,
To a world beyond the dark horizon.
No breeze,
No rains,
I am heartbroken.

Then you call, oh bird,
Why the tunes of partition?
No one waits for me.
Are you vocalising on my behalf?
No one will come.
The time ran out long ago.
Knowing all, still you call.

It is so agonising to hear your words.
I stand still on the porch;
From the hide, you call continuously.

How can you bring such a chord?
Your dialect is filled with life's sap.
For a storm-stricken mind,
These restive thoughts—
To a wounded pride,
Your call is the healing touch.

Sing, oh dear bird,
Sing for me alone. "





Vibes of Remorse

I think it is true,
Knowingly, you stay far.
Said slowly, with many constraints,
All a lie; there are no chains.
Let us break all barriers.

Think, I shall forget.
Just then, on my horizon, you appear.
Eyes lowered, you are repentant.
An unexplained magnetism
Held me tight.
I cannot leave.

The next day, you come.
Your eyes, blameless yet remorseful,
How could I forget you?
I could not understand the turmoil.
Perplexed,
I stare at your stunning figure.
I cannot look away.
Why do I do this again?

I come back to my yard.
Many birds have arrived beforehand.
They say, in one tone,
“You are only deceiving yourself.
You cannot forget.”
I look at them as a fool.



Those birds
Understand my vibration.
They sing songs in unison,
Yours only.

They stole your chord.
How strikingly they resonate,
Your innate creation.
In the birds' chirping, I could hear it.





Unread Poetry

In yesterday's eagerness,
You listened to my wild notions.
Then, when I broke into pieces,
I opened up, not thinking for a second.
So naturally, you understood my agony.
Your soft words lessened my aching.
I recouped and stood again.
Then, bird chirpings filled my courtyard.

Now, in these days, you are far away.
On that broken branch,
The bulbul no longer sits.
New leaves will slowly cover it,
And the branches will be hidden,
Where will the birds sit?
It needs space to perch on.

Now, in my sky, the stars are dimmed.
You are faint too,
Like thin, white clouds in the blue sky.
Whom shall I tell of my torment?
Who will listen to my rhymes?
Who will offer me a pen
And ask me to write?
You are not around.

In yesterday's rain,
The day's dirt was washed away.
Now, the sun shines bright,
And all the leaves look fresh.



So many birds, all singing,
But my eyes searched—all were unfamiliar.

I could not hear the old tune,
The timeless song of my bulbul,
The one my heart wrote for you.





Enjoined Touch

Rain was sweeping fast.
The birds should have been under cover.

Contrary to my notion,
Many birds called aloud.
Still, I thought,
The bulbul would not sing—
It is not a bird of rains.
Its song echoes in the springs.

Unless the bulbul calls, you would not step in;
The memory lane would remain forsaken.

Still, you jingled.
The rain thinned to a film.
From the woods,
The bulbul called out loud.

I could not follow—
Why did the bird call now?
You are not to come so suddenly.

My thoughts went wayward.
Proven logic, plentiful consolations—
All failed. My mind craved for you.

How can I explain to the bird,
Not to sing anymore?
How do I console myself,
Not to let you in?

Both defied me.
The bulbul sweetly sang.



Great pulsation ran through its notes.
Boundless melody danced in its chords.

My heart dissolved,
Fully disobeying my bylaws.
Nostalgia turned to flowers,
Holding you in its arms, it cheered you on.

Outside,

The bulbul's song echoed on.





Quiet Window

Earlier, when I passed by,
You would peep from your window,
Calling to me sweetly.

I'd stop and look at you,
And with your gentle touch,
I would tremble in quiet delight.

Now,
The same road is foggy.
Your window does not open.

So many times I pass by,
Your breath does not touch mine—
You are not there.

Last night,
Unknowingly, I walked down your lane.
Surprised, the window opened.
You peeped—
The same smile on your face,
The same feeling in your eyes.

I was out of breath.
Your breath grew warmer.
I forgot my vanity,
Stopped at your door.
Why did you come into my solitude?

Now,
You do not arrive with the first light.
My room stays dark.
My feelings bind me to the bed.



No fragrance fills the air.
I cannot rise—
No energy is left in me.

When the days grow silent,
Sweetly, you call from the leaf thicket.
My eyes grow heavy.
You rise in my seclusion,
Seated in my heart.
The nest of a flying bird
Takes refuge in the dark—
I shall not throw it away.

Your chirping will continue forever.





Solace

Defeated on every set,

Hurt, I sat in the shade.

Still, faith lingered at the core.

I felt a murmur inside:

"Run to her—

She will take you in her arms.

Your broken heart will find solace."

I knew she was an illusion—

Appearing from afar,

Then vanishing again with the wind.

Why does she call with such warmth,

Only to disappear when near?

Why, then, this race?

Whose call do I truly hear?

My heart won't agree;

Hope refuses to rest.

Both whisper in unison:

"She will come.

Wait a little more."

Yet, her shadow remains unclear.

Then you sing, oh bird,

With such sweetness, you appeal.

Why are you calling?

Is it because

She no longer stands beside me?

My heart lies broken.



Oh, you—bird of deep belief—
You walk upon the carpet of my warmth.
You come to me in gentle hops,
So beautiful you are,
So sweet your voice,
So full of anxious feeling.
I plead with you to sing.
You alone have understood my emotion.





Rhythms

Morning came with music and rain.
Idle, I did not wish to rise.

Your imprints were all over my body.
I knew you were deceiving—
Only you see a thirsty spirit,
A mirage in my days of uncertainty.
I am not thinking of you.

Still, many birds called.
What did they want to convey?

Between my familiar songs,
I could hear your voice—so clear.
I didn't know why you appealed.
You remain hidden,
No longer appearing in my dreams.

So sweet was your call—
I could not forget your warmth,
Those sweetened disagreements,
Your intimate, untouched beat.
Why do you come in my mornings at all,
When you are not to appear?

Is it that
I no longer wish to see you?
That you will touch me when I am gone?

I will not forget your soft words.
And you cannot forget me either.



In that incandescent rain,
Both of us will hear each other's call.
So far apart,
We will still feel each other's rhythms.

The sky will drip on and on,
But in our hearts, anxiety will not simmer.





Incoherent

Oh! Bird of the thick tree,
You call, jump, make short flights, and then hide.
Again, you emerge and call.

Watching your play, I think of my beloved—
Her behaviour is similar.

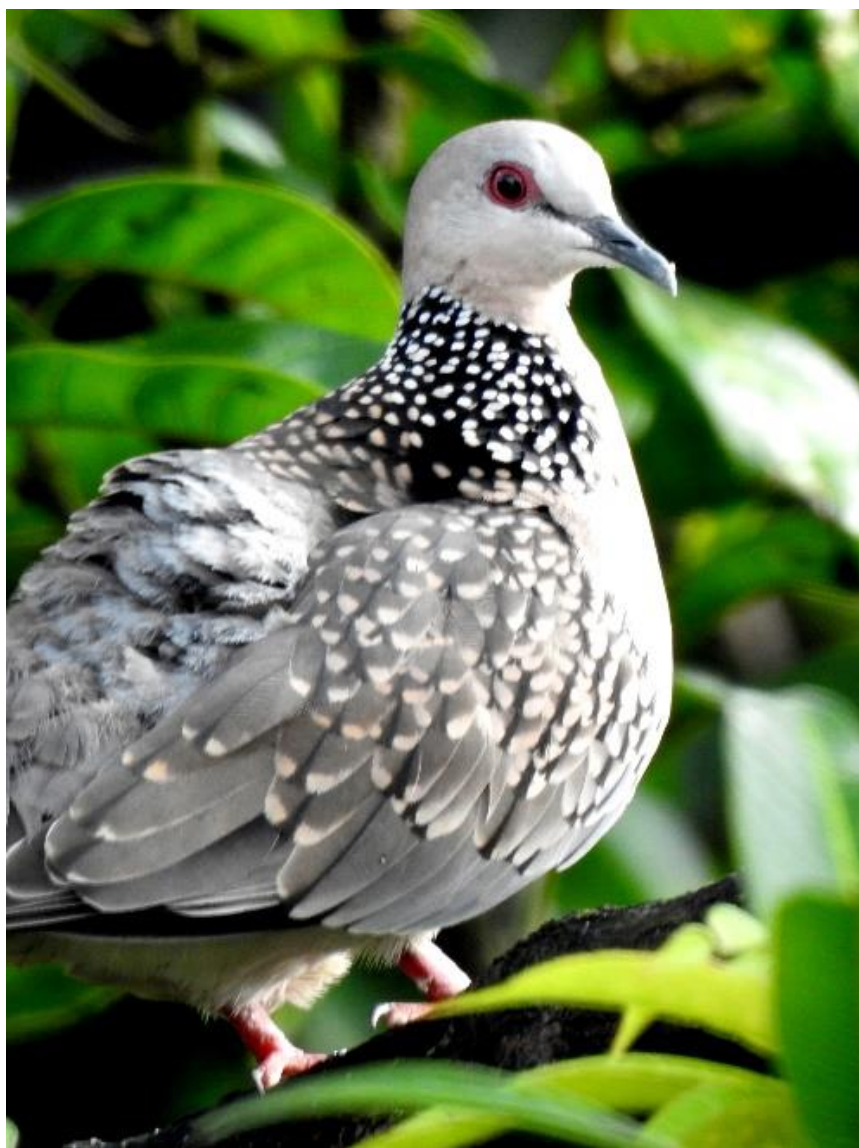
Just yesterday,
Her words were jumbled.

Pride—like a frog—jumped.
Her face said the opposite,
Her eyes revealed even more.
Pride, but before whom?
Her very own, not a stranger.

Let there be some incoherence;
Let it touch the heart uncharted—
That, I yearn for.
In the flute, let there be a little discord.

I reason
Vanity lies truly at the centre
Of every relationship.
Not all is well without pride.
A little resentment, slight in stature,
Might look strange—
Yet it sets life running on track.

Else, all days feel the same;
Without contrast, life turns obscure.



If everything jingles,
If all stays in order, all the time—
No magnetism, life grows dull.

In life,
Let there be a little disorder.
The days shouldn't glide on the same level.
Let there be a minor stumble.

Oh! Bird of the flower stalk,
You resurface and swing,
Bringing new colours—
All so charming.

You are just like my beloved.
After each mild outburst,
Her voice sounds sweeter,
She looks much prettier.





Awaited Call

Returned home at day's drop.
Thought no sound would echo.

Returning home means
A roof over the head,
A bed to sleep on—
One I shall call my own.
I explained it all to myself.

I looked at the timeworn tree,
Thought it would be unpopulated.
To my surprise—many birds,
All hopping from branch to branch.

Adjacent, my house is old too.
Will a face ever appear?

Why have these birds come
To my utterly noiseless domain?
If they have to, why make sound—
When my realm is fully muted?

Still, my eyes wandered,
Looked for the old friend—Bulbul.
It called me in the next breath.

Now, my quiet world is filled.

Not hiding,
It emerged from its secret.

My favourite bird—Bulbul.
Not singing—so unusual—just a call.



Its head was shaking; I recognized it.
Only Bulbul wears a black crown.

I asked the bird—Bulbul:
“Why no song when others are in elation?
Is the sky gloomy?
Do you tremble inside, fearing all will fall?
Are your feathers wet from rain—
As such, no mood to sing a song?”

The Bulbul did not reply.

Oh! My dearest bird,
I shall wait for your call.
Tomorrow you will sing.
You cannot stay silent for long.

The new sun will rise.
Poetry will stream from your branch—
Your favourite tracks—
I shall hear them all.
My heart will flow like a river.





Paused Steps

Oh! Little Bulbul,
Why do you arrive at my parting?

You are a morning bird.
Knowingly, you delayed—
As if you forgot the daybreak.

How did you think I would wait?
No time to listen to your tunes;
My steps are almost out.

In those days,
You sang, and I stood still.
You missed many mornings.
Endless grief beheld me.

Why have you come now?
Do you wish to remind me of the last song?
You sang only for me.
I feel I should stand still again.
Why do you want all these aberrations?

Still, you called from the hide.
I looked at the clock.
No time.

No more calls, Oh! Bulbul.
I cannot stand still.
The world is running away.

You flew near,
Knowing all, still you sang—
So sweet, so melodious.
All logic failed.



I couldn't move; I consoled myself—
My bird has come a long way,
Now singing at my door.
I forgot the printed lines,
Those big heads engraved over all.

You sat in my musical balcony;
So charmingly, your crown moved.
So beautifully, you sang.

I stood motionless.
For the delay,
There was no remorse.

Sing, Oh! My sweet bird,
Always hum at my door.

I shall stand still, hear your call.
My watch will not tick.
Go on singing, Oh! Bird.
Without you,
Everything else is lifeless and dull.





Clear vision

I threw my reading glasses away.
All should be blurred.
I should not read, should not write.

Why is my heart not pulsating more?

I asked myself:
Why not sweep the temple inside?

The spider's webs will smear the interior.
Your name is inscribed behind the spider lines—
I cannot remove it.

When all looked obscure,
Why did your statue shine alone?
All golden, with no coating of powder.

I wished not to see the light.
I closed my eyes tight.
I should not see you at all.

Nothing happened.
You glittered, looked flawless.
Mist ran down my beliefs.

How do you look so clean and clear?

I do not need power glasses
To recognise you.
No light is needed
To illuminate your idol.



In my mind,
You sit on the highest altar.
No spider webs there to smear.

Meaningless, I picked up my glasses,
Most carefully, I wiped them clean.
Let all the light pass through.
Full picture bend through,
To create an image, utmost clear.

You will shine inside—
Brightest, most beautiful.
I cannot wipe it ever.





Soul's Embrace

I read a poem,
Only a few lines:
Prahlad's faith in the mind,
Draupadi's voice in the core,
Meera's love in the heart.

Krishna will surely come—
He cannot wait for even a twinkle.

I asked:
Krishna belongs to whom?
Mind, faith, or love?
Why does He come, after all?

The answer was found in the bird's call.
Krishna will come—
He remains only in the soul.

I thought then:
Will you come again?
Where are you—
In my faith? No,
In my voice, in my love?

I could not find you.
And in front of you,
I could not open up.

Still, at the last second,
You appeared in my notion.

Why didn't you come earlier?

With my night dream, I slept alone.
Don't you have all beliefs?



In my morning, I did not hear your call.
You woke me at dawn before.
I thought you had forgotten,
So you no longer called.

In those minutes of agony, I felt:
You remember me deeply.
Your love is just for me.

I look through the new morning—
Soft golden light falls on me.

The birds called out,
Sending the message clear.

Why didn't your birds show up then?
Why send a message only?

Is love greater than belief and the call?
Is it the sum of all?

Why do you embrace my dreams?
What is your main intention?

You only send the note
To escort the day further.

How can I forget?
How can you forget?
Both staying away,
Cannot come close—
We dwell in each other's minds,
In each other's arms.
We cannot forget each other.





Copied Image

Sky overcast, morning wet.
Still, many birds called and called.

You came walking alone,
Leaving all, to my memory lane.
I paced, holding your hand,
Did not think of anything else.

You too came last night,
With shining stars in your eyes,
Your face moon-bright.

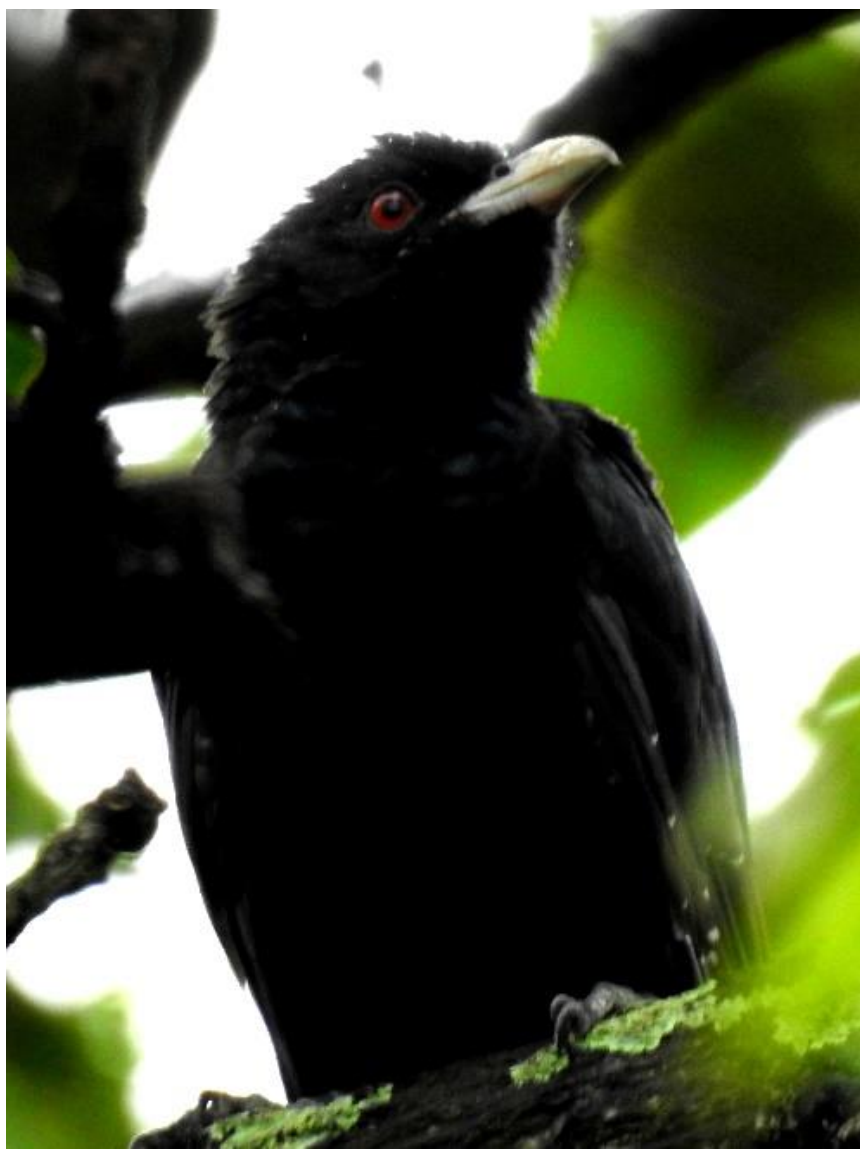
I craved to go on talking forever,
Nights never to end, days never to pass,
Moments never to roll—
All turned into one stone.

I opened up,
Spoke of those years,
About your smile,
And of a beautiful girl,
Who lived inside you.

No obstacles, no shame,
She walked into me,
No hesitation, ever.

"Where is the girl?" I asked.

She was my lone companion.
For her, I wrote unending lines.
Keenly, she listened to long poetry.



Her heart, kept open for me,
Spoke of her emotions—
She flowed like a mountain stream.

Where did she go?
Why didn't she come again?
I asked.

Has she gone to hide?
Does she melt after the skyline?

You said, in subtle tones:
She didn't go far away.
She remained with me all the time,
Not changed a bit.

There's no proper moment now,
So she cannot come.

I wouldn't listen.

I said then,
"My heart longs for the same you—
My partner,
Who laughs with me,
Flows like spring water,
And sees no obstacles ever."





Indelible Mark

Earliest morning,
A knock on the window glass.
Heart throbbed, eyes weary.

No sign of the old bird—
Joy only it can bring.

Many calls, unknown, echoed.
The yard not empty—yet my mind yearned
For the same knock,
That awakens me from deep slumber.

Nights passed, mornings came,
The old bird did not return.

How could I wake up,
With the night stars so closely held?

Oh! Bird,
Do you come only in one season?
To knock on my window glass,
And make my heart worry?

Oh! Bird, do come again—
Hold my pulse in your voice.
Knock without a reason.
Who is the bird? I should ponder again—
It awakens me from bewilderment.



You have gone.
If you ever return,
I do not know
Whether I will remain.
On me,
You marked your lasting impression.





Silent Today

At the horizon of my urban world,
I fantasise the tallest cloud—
Luminous, drenched in vibrant dyes.
The outlines of my amazed cut out,
No stream of long shadow,
Just flapping like a bird in the sky.
My thoughts sail me far.

Below, on my long silhouette,
Winding roads, fixed windows,
Dim blotches here and there,
Lonely streets where leaves gather.
People race along the pathways—
A sole bystander only watches.

I tire on the covered corridor,
Upended below a shady tree,
I try to hear a bird's call,
To get a bird's wing again,
To climb unlimited heights—

But no sound,
My breath remains within my borders.

My echoes float on a windy course.
The speeding bike moves in silence.
The gasping air cannot run.
Neon lights lose the trail—
Only reflections rest on still water.

I return.
The day is packed in silence.
No bird's call either.



No sign of heavy gulps.
No one to match my steps—
To walk through the inside of my long seconds.

At the open door,
Silence—my own silence—
Greets me from my inner world.





Empty Road

Yesterday,
Your image clung to my eyes.
I followed your steps—
Light in your gaze,
Every door open.

Now
You ask for distance,
A shore I cannot reach.
No waves break my quiet coast,
No waters rise in memory.

At dusk,
My house stands alone.

Once,
You entered my dreams uninvited,
Your words warm, certain.
Now, night offers only absence.

Why this hollow space?
Why do you no longer come,
Even when I am alone?

I knew this house was empty,
Yet every room remembers you.
Your smile lingers in the corners,
But you never cross the door.
No one waits.

Have you gone for good?
A voice within me says,



You will return.
Still, you drift farther away.

I am breaking—
Not from loss,
But from waiting.

A man's road needs a companion,
Someone to speak a few true lines.
You were here yesterday.
Today,
It is an empty road.





Singing Idol

Oh, my dearest bird,
Your nest has cast you as a statue.
Tall ladders lean on every branch—
You can climb, others fail.

Leaves quiver in the gentlest breeze;
A light murmur—you take it for applause.
You fly from branch to branch,
Your voice returns—a melody to adore,
Your discourse, I admire.

For me,
You are the idol of all vocals.
I divide moments into countless parcels,
And form you with utmost care.

You open your heart,
Fly to the treetop,
And sing the sweetest songs.
With light, you play hide and seek—
I see your image all over,
Your call echoes from each corner.

