



To Be Happy

We have to learn to live with the vagaries
and infirmities of time's tide that dog us.
Dissentions, resentments and protests too
won't take one anywhere but for the vale
of despair, despondency, helplessness,
perhaps, cynicism too here in life's dale.

We're like a speck of dust flying in air
before Time and Nature – make dance to its tune
and left as insignificant dot on globe.
Neither Spring, nor Summer; neither sun, nor shade
bring comfort and exuberance in man's doom
when hailstorm ravages harvest without,
and farmer sits with blood in his eyes and gloom.

To be happy and cheery on this Earth
look at the objects of Nature— plants and birds:
nev'r protest the vagaries of fluid Time.
These dog ev'r happy and loyal to master
whether it gets something or not from him.
It ever welcomes him with flowers in eyes,
rainbows in heart even in days slimy and slim.

No Tears

Head and heart
hurt stood stunned
to hear the death.

Eyes stare in void
search for five elements
Earth to sky.

Emotions stilled
tears reluctant
lake lies frozen.

Sojourn short
toil for fruit
covet proximity.

Shed no tears
hail karmic crafts
when enjoyed this earth.

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