

Metaphysical Poems

1. Silent Prayer

1

You who bear in a part of Mind the universe
I can't describe through my humble verse
Though my mind is a part of Your greatness
It throbs to rise up like a simple grass
That bathed in vernal rain of Your benevolence,
And to sing of You, and in that rhythm to dance.

2

In my early youth I was quite ignorant
I never thought it is Mind, but space and firmament
I perceived stars, not your gazing eyes
And now I feel ashamed of my nocturnal vice
I could see wavy ocean, not your tear
Of mercy; but now I realize and hence no fear
Never had I thought it is your small vein
But high way where people rush in vain
Between past and future, in the brief present
When hairs turned grey only a small percent
Of truth I recognized. You are Great Life
And mine will dissolve in it after all my strife
I, a sinner, should bow my head in shame
For attributing in you shape and name.

3

In Your Mind when the earth rotates and moves
Mornings come and stimulate all my nerves
I wake up, yet in lazy mood still I lie
On my bed a little more, and when I sigh
You teach me through the most alert sparrows
To perform detached duty to ward off my sorrows.

The sun, as an infant, comes out of the eastern womb
And it grows and brightens as a boy afterwards
At noon it shows dazzling youth and its pomp

By evening searches tomb and limps westwards
Through the rise and fall of the emperor of the day
In less than twelve hours you teach our earthly stay

4

It required lots of noble sacrifice
Of great men to develop precious science
Yet, as against the heavenly fire works
Ours is child- like, although brilliant it looks
I taste not deep the Pierian Spring but plan
To be in Hall of Fame, to sit on Know- All's throne
My heart shudders, mind quivers when I muse
The endless vastness of the unknown universe
Where are these stars going? How they started flight?
Who gave them wings that flap at speed of light?
Like a speck, our earth also joins the race
Through its definite track, with a stooping face.
Can this slightly tilted, air- clad sapphire elf
Steadily move, without capsizing, itself?
Did I think to form, to cover all the steps
Of evolution, to become man from apes?
Did these birds think to acquire wings
So to fly and shower sweet, unknown tongues?
Is it by mere chance that these living cells
Forged themselves from random chemicals?
Does a microbe know that it should split?
To sustain its race? O, what a great wit!
When I rub my eyes and look back again once
On all what I acquired from the great science
I see here and there at least a few rusted links
In its strong metallic chain, although it clinks
It shall be by the union of many cells
That these bulks, these beings, in heaven or hell
Or earth were formed, but who can surely say
That there is no Wisdom that behind did play?
How formed this weakest gravitational force
That strongly commands all the huge spheres?
Religions when fought with break through science
Alas! Science in turn denied soul's existence
Crippled both are, they pelt stone each other
As a blind man against his own blind brother.
Who knows it is by a mammoth bang

Of a great mass these galaxies all sprang?
Perhaps it is due to birth and death
Of mortal bodies that we reach the depth
Of such concepts as 'origin', 'end', so on;
These shall be mirages, yet we still go on.
The ever eluding Time shall be mere illusion
Of human mind, if there were no slight motion
No time will flow; think of a still world
And an absolutely still sky, be it warm or cold
Therefore, the dream-like momentary present state
Shall be truth, but to assert one should wait
No absolute free will I have, I am bound
To circumstances, on which I have no influence profound
On every morning I start searching for my livelihood;
If stomach is full, by evening I sleep on oblivion's bed
5

As butterflies emerge after long pupation
Great prophets came out of meditation
And founded strong religions that assist
Man to harness his stallion of life and to resist
All evils, by acquiring self discipline,
To abandon the animal nature clandestine
But Lo! The creeds, which should become good anvil
For man, the wrought iron, to forge sharp will,
Are fighting one another, as if they were to support
You, who acts as an impartial judge in a court.
In vain, they try to keep You, who bear the cosmos
As a part of mind, within the muddy walls
Of buildings, and worse, they attribute shapes
And install statues and pictures of all sorts.
Your condensed Mind is floating as great spheres
And Your expanded Mind is the holiest space,
'The dwelling place of God', as correctly described
By great Newton who to truth closer reached
But to reach this truth one should withdraw
His senses and open his inner eye and grow
As large as the universe and see the whole matter
Energy, life and time within him thereafter.
'Self shines in space', the Upanishads say
But to reach that level there is no easy way
Since the vast, endless space is Your mind
Everything moves in tracks You ordained

Without Your consent, not even falls a hair
You are detached and as random process we stare
The whole processes that happen in heaven and earth
Though no philosopher could prove it through math.
Those great prophets who born and died on the earth
To a greater extent knew the secret truth
But in front of You they are mere pawns
For You made laws for sentient beings and stones
They wrinkle, grow old, stricken by your dart
Of time, so surely gods they were not
But they were so great, they taught us what are do's
And don'ts that make our lives flow without pause
A negligible speck I am in your vastness
And in me You put a small fraction of Your kindness
Forgive me Lord; in my sane moments
I never think You and I are same, here it ends!
A man who stands in his country may think
Another one who stands opposite is on the brink
And is upside down, so are #dvaita, advaita
And vishistadvaita, all shall be true; the Gita
Bible, Koran, the Upanishads and such books
Proclaim truth and shed light to the nooks
And cranny of our mind, still our lust
Greed, jealousy, vendetta and such baser dust
Cover the mirror of our mind, and they prevent
Seeing our self, and to dogmas we are adamant
'There is nothing new under the sun', wise man told;
When I consider myself an embodiment of God
I should think twice. Can I make anything new?
My elements are as old as the world. My abilities are a few
Fame, notoriety, success, failure, sorrows and happiness
I should leave behind, to dissolve in Your bliss.

6

You have no shape, yet through the face
Of my father I feel your benevolence
When I touch my mother's feet with reverence
She pats my head and I feel your love and grace
With a brilliant lantern You stepped into my mind
As a Guru, to open my inward eye, I was blind.
Through my elders you taught me how to walk
On this tantalizing earth. You taught me how to talk.

By sins and disobedience when I helplessly fell
You stretched your arms as friends to save me from the hell
When the world laughed at me, You were there to smile
Among the crowd, as my shadow for a long while
You shined as mornings of good hope, and in eves cozy
You nested in my mind as golden bird of poesy
And skillfully with its withered feathers you carved
On my heart beautiful verses, it throbbed.
By the natural rhythm of unseen night rain
You filled in me sweet dreams and relieved the day's pain

7

Existing as the endless sky of grace
You Eternity and Wisdom of the universe,
You only know the most mysterious art
Of making flowers, butterflies and fragrance from dust
You are Great Life, you pulled me from the earth
As a small cell, and after myriad birth and death
I became a piped, still an aggregate of cells,
A colony that moves as a single mind and soul.
My skin is wrinkled; hairs are grey and I long
For death at times, but there is something in me young
It is not matter, energy, life or time but soul
The point where these four merge and they call
Me a man, but I am a simple dew drop
That reflects a minion sun, glittering your soul and hope
As bubbles of foam bear my many images
I see in everything my own self, with same plumages
It is the miraculous space –time what separates
Me from him or her or that, everything unites
In Your single self. Ah! Life cannot originate
Without life, you are the real Life Ultimate
You are inside, outside, here, there and everywhere
Let me call you GOD because You guard me anywhere.

2. Banyan Tree

I don't remember when I met you first
O Banyan Tree,
Perhaps ere four decades
When I started walking
With my father
That I saw you first
He told me your name
Under your cooling shade
I played marble with my friends
Before and after school hours.

You are still here.
Now I am old and as grey as my father was
But I see you now in a different way
Beside the earthen road
Near the antiques temple
Where gods patiently wait
For man to come
And to ennoble them by their haunt.

You still smile
At the setting sun
Of the serene August eve
Or are you chuckling about the human folly?
You haven't changed much
Let me stand and stare at you
A little stouter you are
And your adventitious roots
But I started panting
Due to heavy smoking
And old age.
Once I thought
My birth is noble
But when I see you, my vanity is falling down
An attire that I wore with pride
Now I am as naked as you are
O banyan tree
You have true knowledge
Though you do not speak loudly.

Still you murmur to the breeze
Through your myriad green tongues
Now I hear those whispers
And feel the warmth of your words
I cared not you in my boyhood days
I saw you almost everyday
But I did not observe you.

You and I are bulk of cells
It is true
But there is something in us
That makes all units
Work in unity
Is it mind? Or is it soul?
Your skin, we call bark,
Is wrinkled
But you have still young leaves
When one part is old, another is young
Is there nothing young in me?

You are detached and perfect
Some of your branches are amputated
By people who are afraid
Of them falling on children
When they play under you
But you do not express
Hatred or pain or grief
You are doing your great work
Of making food out of water and thin air
Your pure branching knowledge
Give shelter to the small birds
Some of them are singing holy verses
And now I hear their meanings,
*‘Naa Satho Vidyathe Bhavo
Na Bhavo Vidya the Satha’
(That which is not present will not be formed
And that which is present will never become void)
So, I was here, I am here
And I will be here
Where is my ‘I’?
Who am I?
What am I?
Where I came from?

Where am I to go?
O banyan tree
You have the knowledge
And the birds you shelter also have it
I was searching for it everywhere
And I could not find out
In the imperfect books
Those human hands scribbled.
Nature has imprinted
In your soul the enlightening knowledge.

You are meditating
With detached duty, the way to Nirvana.
It is under your ancestors' shade
That those great hermits heard the selfsame murmur
And wrote the Upanishads
Your roots are indulged in the muddy world
But your branching knowledge
Spread on all sides
Give shelter to flying souls
And man alike
Keeping a plank in my eyes
I am trying to find out speck
In another one's
I have mean properties
But you are noble,
The adjective that rarely fits to man
I am a hypocrite
Searching unity of nature
Through sub atomic particles.
I break atoms
Not the great mass of ignorance
That inflicts me with cataract
In my very soul

O, Banyan tree
It is the same Intelligence
That gave you and me different shapes
But our essence is the same,
The stuff by which you and I are made
Although I am stained with vices.

What makes you grow?

Do you command your cells to multiply?
Do you tell your leaves to prepare food?
Your whole deeds are by a force
And that force is working in me also.
Half from father and half from mother,
A few DNA as one might call it,
I am mere images of my ancestors
They replicate themselves
Without my knowledge
And a few of them try to escape
Through my sexual urge,
As sperms that struggle to come out
Just to survive my race.
Four and a half decade back
The greatest Marathon I took part in
I ran with millions
I won, but there was none
To applaud, yet I was happy
To come to the earth with a cry
To breath, to eat, to grow, to reproduce
By a force that I had not thought of much
Deep, deep my eyes should penetrate
To feel the Force that governs all.

O, Banyan tree
You and I are guided by the Force
You knew of it, but I was unaware
None told me so
I was busy with my struggle for survival
Or I will not become fittest
For nature to select me.

People whom I met were talking
Of a man-like god sitting somewhere
A god that created heaven, hell and earth
And toiling hard to keep
Order for mankind

Frying in hell who disobey,
A god of wrath as that of Jupiter
Or embodied from Greek heritage.
I saw on earth many molten ones
In human institutions that they built

To shelter and protect their own gods
From the castings of birds
And from thieves.
I should admire the birds
Because they cast their excreta
Right on top of the heads
On statues that man claims to be gods,
Having great powers.
They never move
Nor speak nor cry nor bless nor curse
Still man bows before these idols,
Very close to the word, 'idiots'.
Being a fool I should not call another so
One should respect another one's belief and faith
Yet I forget myself at times
And burst out anger at the foolishness.
But those statues helped me to deviate
From becoming a blind believer.
I would rather be an atheist
Than believing in a man-like god
But I would gladly donate
To construct bigger statues,
For, during the earthquakes when they fall
More fools would be crushed.

O, Banyan tree,
You are great.
Neither you nor the birds you shelter
Respect statues
The colony of ants in you
Bite king and beggar alike.
They also have knowledge
Or their ignorance is true knowledge
For them all are alike
But we think one man is greater than another
Though all of us grow and die
By the Great Force.

O, Banyan tree
You have more cells than I have
You counted more suns and moon
Than I could; yet you do not boast
'Cause you will die one day.

When you fall
Your trunk is more useful than mine.
My body that I preserved
With much attention
And that moved in pretension
Putrefies with foul smell
My wastes are of stinking type
O, Banyan tree,
You have no such excreta
Your sex is not vulgar
You are born great
I tried to achieve greatness
And in those steps I missed my earthly life
You taught me how to tolerate
Yea, toleration beyond words!
Heat, cold, sorrows and happiness
With the same indifference
I can tolerate now.

I should do duty in a most detached way
I may attain Nirvana
But that may not be of great use
The roots from where I grew out
Remain here and I will form
Again and again until all the living cells
Of this world are destroyed
By Last Flood
So, I should lead a pure life
To make this earth a heaven
Or I will have to suffer the fire of hell
That is in the earth itself
I should not hurt others
As you do not
I should live for others' welfare,
As you suffer the sun
To provide shade
As the sun burns
To provide light to the world.

#

Three different philosophies saying man and god are different, man and god are same, and man and god are in a special way united.

*verses from Holy Gita

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