

MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION

eniLine  
 sevloSolves  
 ytilauDuality

Fig. 6,193.—Divided

	Specific resistance	Specific conductivity
Silver	1.59	63.
Silver	1.609	62.
Copper	1.642	60.
Gold	2.154	47.
Iron (soft)	4.827	20.
Lead	10.817	9.
German silver	22.470	4.5
Mercury (liquid)	96.146	1.06

**Divided Circuits.**—If a circuit be divided, as in fig. 6,193, into two branches R and R', the current will also be divided, part flowing through one branch and part through the other.

*Rule 8.*—In a divided circuit the relative strength of the current in the several branches is proportional to their conductivities.

*eniLine*

*sevloSolves*

*ytilauDuality*

***A Collection Of Short Poems dealing with  
Conduct, Knowledge, Governance, Love and  
Dualism in the 21st Century.***

***An Introduction to The Long Debate.***

*by*

*Anonymy*

*1. He is what he realizes*

*New places and new paradigms,  
As cultures change with changing times,  
We witness people on the go,  
Going past, the tempting flow,  
To be an individual is to say no,*

***He realizes so he is, he is what he realizes.***

*New questions and new avenues,  
A constant stream of unconsciously  
changing views,  
They say that no one is leaving for  
liberation,  
Everyone will be here, until they pay their  
dues,*

*Focused emotion is tranquility, a moment of  
celebration,*

***He realizes so he is, he is what he realizes.***

*If new decision, then new discipline,*

*A favorable declaration of the cognition,  
from within,*

*The journey and the destination stare back  
at us,*

*When in the beginning we begin,*

*They knock his lights out, but he resurrects  
for his doubts,*

***He realizes so he is, he is what he realizes.***

*New people and new words of God,*

*Divine guidance for "misled" folks, when  
their ways are flawed,*

*God chooses people to spread his words, at*

*home and abroad,*  
*But is this God obsessed with the act of*  
*being revered and prayed,*  
*Or is He saving Himself and Mankind from*  
*emptiness,*  
*Of the endless, aimless, arcade, of the*  
*individual's meaningless crusade,*  
*This idea here has, no new advises and no*  
*new disguises,*  
*It is just to have your focused attention,*  
*When the new day begins and the new sun*  
*rises,*  
***He realizes so he is, he is what he realizes.***

## 2. *The Beginning of ESTi*

***Amongst infinite spaciousness,  
The giant unconscious nothingness,  
Of energy-time-information rests clueless,  
The place where it appears, is inconsequent,  
Amidst the improbability of the spark of  
action,  
It awaits some divinely caused traction,  
And as cosmically inactive time passes, only  
a fraction,  
Is needed even up to the moment just before  
the most prominent,  
And then it began, like it was triggered  
elsewhere numerous turns,  
Initiated, a new Universe like many before if  
it, boundlessly it burns,  
A new paradigm, for Energy-Space-Time,  
About most elementary matter forms, now it***

*learns,*

*The most primitive form, **Enegrgy-Space-Time  
information(ESTi)**, now takes,*

*An un-be-able form of dark matter and  
energy is found,*

*After which the most microscopically  
tangible is crowned,*

*As the root to all to be, where abstract  
became bound,*

*An ESTi would then keep transforming  
forever, everything is on the stakes,*

*Till the moment when somewhere conscious  
life will comprehend all thought,*

*Maybe us humans are inching close or may  
be we don't really have a shot.*

### **3. *The Particlization of ESTi***

***Enormous energy,***

*Racing away into a-posteriori voids,  
It gives birth to a new paradigm of space,  
For there was always space, Indeterminable  
and at some unknown place,  
But not this space,  
Formed by this pixelated energy,  
Like perfect miniature cuboids.  
From this instant of time,  
A new sense of time is sensitized,  
The before of the incident in this  
perspective,  
Is not the same as before of later to then,  
The new time becomes the only true  
perceivable,  
These **Threshold Rebootings** happen again  
and again,  
When the true absolute is disguised, and the  
innovations are revised.*

***The same-old-new Time and Space under  
the effect of energy of entropy,  
Intensely amalgamating in an absolutely no  
time and at no space norm,  
The Energy catalyzes the process, Initiating  
the Time-Space information vacuum,  
To acquire a form,  
This materialization of abstract data, leads  
to providing a presence,  
To all that can be,  
A particlization of the all pervading ESTi.***

## 4. *Happy Birthday*

*Celebrate this day for the magic of your creation,*

*But I wish you wake up happy everyday, I  
hope the most magnificent wonders  
decorate your life today,*

*I from all my heart wish you happy birthday.*

## 5. **To do** *before going*

*Those strange inhibitions,  
Some vague apprehensions,  
Daily compulsory pretentions,  
Leave puzzles to be deciphered,  
With guesses it is hit and tried,  
Devoid of yeses even truth is denied,  
Heartbroken at each denial of selection,  
But the glorious losers lose track of the fear  
of rejection,  
Unblemished by the subtle sordid storms of  
snow,*

*The aimless wanderers pack their bags  
before they expect a blow,*

*First the **meaningless mundane matter** is  
dealt with before the move is made,*

*To go.*

## **6. *Almost revolutionary***

*As we know we need revolutions, cruel fools  
are turning this world into shit,*

*But as we know that already, so in our  
discussions we wont be considering it,*

*Judge this world and judge this verse, as  
per your state of mind as you see fit,*

*Let me be free to question your authority,  
fathom nature's beauty and **vomit my bit.***

*So here's a disclaimer of whats to come,  
suffrage for most and success for some,  
Before the rival rises with an innocent smile,  
to challenge the dominant that was  
sniggering all the while,  
What happens next later I will tell, even if  
even then I am the only audience to my yell.*

## **7. *Them & I***

***Meaningless chit chat in the world  
Is like echoing sounds of all of humanity  
conversing inside a cave,  
So just like in any other rave  
You are bound to save your attention  
To bestow it upon the expressions you find  
most pleasant,  
In this joint you have limited time with some,  
Its foolish to resent and be glum,  
No point being the stoic emotionless bum,  
Unheard and avoided,  
You are no fun,  
without body language and intuitive  
involvement,  
As you start your preaching you make them  
yawn,***

*For in this selfish superficial establishment,  
You can quench no curiosity if can't garnish  
it with entertainment,*

*They are socially programmed to attend only  
to the extremes,*

*The true experiences are awkwardly average  
it seems,*

*So those trapped in the theyness,*

***Caught in the cave,***

*Must compete to conquer conduct,*

*Learn to behave rather than being grave,*

*Or else do your duty and leave this place,*

*Devote yourself to a personal race,*

*It can be done a billion ways,*

*You just have to realize your case.*

## **8. *Infatuated love***

***Is infatuation a kind of love with a shorter  
life span,***

***Or may be you have connoted distinct  
deeper meanings,***

***To the ineffectiveness and insignificance of***

*silly crushes for someone,  
May be you feel that nothing affects one, the  
way love can,*

*But I am ordinary and I have no plan, I don't  
care how it will end,*

*I never remember how it began, but I  
remember the flowers in her hand,*

*I can't forget the divine expression on her  
face, when I ran into her, hurrying round the  
bend.*

*If one is in love with all there is,  
Then feel free to drop big words like this,  
However immortal and divine an emotion  
turns out be,*

*It has to start with a tiny strange bliss,  
It may lead to an innocent kiss,  
Or even cause some unpleasant business,  
It mustn't matter if you hit or miss,*

*Say I love you even if you feel just **'kinda  
love-ish'**,*

*Even if its a passing momentary wish,  
Even if just a mere infatuation is all it is.*

## *9. **Debate** on me*

*Who? Me. **I only preach empathy,**  
Two millenia back I was more modern than  
I'll ever be,*

*Scientology has nothing to do with me,  
No scripture ever allowed me my liberty,  
But you my friend, you seem free,  
What kind of frankness do you expect to  
see?*

*Tell me about yourself even in prose may be.*

*Glad you found something,  
When I look inside of me, I see,  
I find an infinity of nothingness,  
On the outside, failure I personify,  
I wish to stand up against the dominant  
ideology,*

*I wish to do a lot but all I do is think,  
In reality I wake up each morning and cough  
some blood in my sink.*

*Thankyou for complementing my ignorance  
and basking in your inheritance of pride and  
indifference.*

***Being born in the western world gives you  
the licence to be smitten with your  
non-sense.***

***Ofcourse you have the patent to rationality  
and science, your stereotypical judgement is  
undoubtedly divine brilliance.***

***For you I'd prescribe some tolerance, some  
humility, some sex and some patience.***

## ***10. Quest for quantum leap***

***He is sure that if he repeats a lie in  
numerous ways,  
He will achieve the base feat of bringing  
disgrace to the ordinary,  
So he misuses his aura and oratory, refuses  
to pay heed to the haze,  
Of heinous heirarchy, the sting of submitting  
that here only greed pays,  
So justice waits for quantum leap of the  
revolutionary, rather than moulding malaise,***

*To make mockery seem like magical  
mystery, lending ears only to flattery and  
false praise,*

*But all that while failures make the formless  
air sterner than steel,*

*His evil excruciating smile, fill the feverish  
with a motivated feel,*

*The axle is looking for its aim, the engine is  
warming up the frame,*

*Its the gradual beginnings of commencing  
the profit game,*

*Theyness of today will soon be turning lame,  
the **rival of the dominant** will soon be turning  
the wheel.*

## ***11. I gotta get out of here***

*Everything is boring and to be fair,  
Its always better to be free and not care,  
Maybe you can come up with an expression  
that will make my day,  
The place starts stinking if I am there, I gotta  
get out of everywhere,*

*Still waiting for your brilliant flash to take my  
breath away,  
Don't make me sick with your pretention and*

*cash, give me a genuine hey,  
Or entertain me with an innocent secret of  
yours, if you dare,  
The walls start closing in if I am there, **I gotta  
get out of everywhere,***

*Maybe I'd prefer a life of an anxious animal  
or a tireless tree,*

*Maybe I'd prefer to exist in the fear of  
unknown, rather than being me,*

*Maybe I'd prefer being rooted forever and  
swaying in the air,*

*The conversation starts dying if I am there, **I  
gotta get out of everywhere,***

*What we constantly discover in our  
numerous random rendezvous,*

*The two of us are hopelessly selfish and I'm  
not really helping you,*

*Yes I've a faint memory of happiness, but  
apart from that its all despair,  
Its just that I'm always bored and I'm always  
there, but **its fun getting out of everywhere.***

*12. **Back to** **childhood***

*As a kid everything was so much more fun,  
It was much more enjoyable to talk and  
make friends with everyone,  
No pointless inhibitions, no aimless  
apprehensions, all love and no pain,  
Is it certain that we can't turn back time  
cause **I'd sure love being young again,***

*I'd dig holes in the mud to hide silly toys,  
Catching a ball bouncing from the wall had  
its own joys,*

*I'd intentionally be lost in tall grasses in the  
rain,*

*Maybe if there is a choice of picking the age  
you wish to be, **I'd surely pick being a kid***

**again,**

*I'd wonder about the stars and I'd wonder  
about the seas,*

*I'd wonder about authorities and liberties,*

*But then it started becoming apparent that  
its all in vain,*

*Still I can only speculate about*

*human faculties, and **maybe I can**  
**manipulate myself into feeling like a kid**  
**again.***

### ***13. Poor miserable activist***

*For some he is a patriot,  
For some he is a humanist,  
For some he is a revolutionary,  
While others consider him a terrorist,  
How insecure do I constantly feel,  
Do I lust for stricter laws to scare,  
Am I unsure about who is an anti-national or  
a criminal,  
Am I too conservative and indoctrinated,  
Can't I just be more empathetic and fair,  
Ofcourse I can't,*

***As I've been told that my belief is right and it  
is divine,***

***'I know' that your religion, your culture,***

***Your country is not as perfect as mine,***

***'I know' that I am one of God's chosen few,***

***The world revolves around me and not you,***

***My knowledge is my belief, hence it is true  
and justified,***

***All your rationality is a sin if you don't stay  
in line,***

***I've personally been given a mission by Him  
himself,***

***To gift this world the 'good', get rid of all its  
'bad',***

***I take this leisurely responsibility to judge,***

***All unholy and wrong,***

***If it does not correspond with the 'true  
opinion' I had,***

***So those who contradict my self obsessed  
thought,***

***Those who trust whatever I do not,  
The epidemic of anti-nationalism has  
affected them a lot,***

***So to save my possessions of the infection  
that has made home in you,  
I'll defame you, make an example out of you,***

***If you don't blindly follow my teachings,  
you've lost it,***

***You must be mad,***

***So be fearful,***

***Stay in your limit,***

***I can be confused but only because He  
wishes it,***

***But if you make a mistake,***

***Then its because of devils guidance that you  
follow,***

*If you are a humanist,  
I can always label you a terrorist,  
Does hypocrisy has all the depth,  
Is all logic and reason really just hollow,*

*Dear reader,*

**Anonymyk means no offence** and begs you  
*to be liberal, neutral and objective about all  
this shit.*

*14. Swimming upstream*

*Those eyes with grace,  
Overshadow the jealous sky's green face,  
They dilute the dull gloominess of this  
place,  
But alas with subtle sensitivity they reveal  
the secrets of your ways,  
See, now they have tricked me,  
Into feeling compelled to rhyme,  
Spend time,  
Come up with **someting sublime**,  
In your praise.  
But then again to avoid that pretty face,  
To evade those anesthetizing eyes,  
At every instance,*

*My poor heart tries,  
But every time it gives up and fails,  
I keep imagining the two of us in each others  
embrace,  
It seems highly improbable here,  
But we may unite in another place,  
Until then I'll unintentionally follow your  
trails,  
And search for you in the heaven and the  
meet you in my dream,  
Until I see you and until we meet,  
I'll always feel like a tired fish **swimming**  
**upstream.***

## ***15. Like Jesus & others***

***The Hindu Brahman is the shapeless,  
And is the constituent of all the shapes,  
But then He started commanding men,***

*As the Jewish Yahweh,  
Delivering commandments,  
The ancient Greeks and Egyptians  
speculated about the manlike lives of Gods,  
Behind the drapes,  
The Zoroastrian, Ahura Mazda,  
Is the guardian of the fire,  
The protector of the living planet,  
These unlike the pure analyzed ideas of  
Confucianism, Buddhism, Jainism,  
Where God Himself was almost denied,  
But then He was born in Judea as Christ,  
As son of Virgin Mary in the manger he lied,  
Some believe God decided to become  
human,  
Compelled to make himself be **heard as a**  
**form,**  
Not Jesus, but His words,*

*And the efforts of great hearts,  
That He, by his acts conquered,  
His ideas and actions outlive his life and,  
To some, His resurrection makes Him a God,  
Surpassing mankind's norm,  
His fame, like that of other Gods,  
Has been forever misused by some Godless  
people,  
Like always His wisdom was squandered,  
He is the trinity,  
He made it all,  
But above all,  
It is the belief,  
That on Christmas the real **God was born,**  
Then again a few times God went on to  
contact folks,  
Keeping things straight,*

*Like the time,  
Islam's Allah messaged Prophet Mohammed  
about the life humans must adorn,  
But like always,  
Men misinterpret His words,  
Or their own wisdom,  
Leading to a world of His followers,  
With arms in hands,  
And hearts full of scorn.*

## *16. Miserman can't*

*What are you going to do,*

*My dear miserman,*

*You will try all you can,*

*But you never had a plan,*

*Your words I know are seldom true,*

*Still I extend my prayer for you,*

*When you die, they'll eat you up,*

*Hope to meet you in your slump,  
You can't face a penniless you,  
And the world is, not just for a few,  
So you will perish, and they will cry,  
But I'll be liberated when I die,*

*(Chorus)*

*I have no real story,  
Somehow, someway,  
I'll take a chance,  
Then maybe I'll run away,  
If need be then I'll hide,  
If I'm caught, I'll enjoy the ride,  
I have no attached strings,  
Only in myself I need to confide,  
I have a subtle natural plan,  
That Miserman can't do, but I can,*

*(Chorus)*

*What are you, going to do,*

***My dear bullyman,***

*Your enjoyment, rests in the others  
harassment,*

*You could have been helpful, but your  
conscience can't,*

*Trampling over, every little un-nurtured  
plant,*

*Your acts, I know are seldom fair,*

*Your victims are left scarred and broken,*

*But you, my dear bullyman, don't care,*

*The pain you inflict, for you, is just a friendly  
token,*

*So you'll be annihilated , and they will cry,*

*But I'll be liberated when I die,*

*(Chorus)*

*I have no real story,*

*Somehow, someway,*

*I'll take a chance,  
Then maybe I'll run away,  
If need be then I'll hide,  
If I'm caught, I'll enjoy the ride,  
I have no attached strings,  
Only in myself I need to confide,  
I have a subtle natural plan,  
That Miserman can't do, but I can.*

*(Chorus)*

**17. *She walks in beauty***

*Here she comes and there she goes,  
Avoiding me completely,  
Mutely escaping on her toes,  
Momentary I see her,  
Exquisite flashes are those,  
Maybe she decides to turn her head,  
Or walk by instead,  
Maybe she can figure out,*

*That I've been lingering forever,  
Hanging by the thread,  
Cautious that my affection is not misread,  
One day I saw her making a grumpy little  
face,*

*In my life before her,  
Emotions never prospered,  
Feelings were never welcome,  
And attachment had no place,  
But her sullen frowny pout,  
Complements admirably her girlish grace,  
Bless you dear divine duckling for pouting  
your lips,*

*If it wasn't for your expressions,  
The word beauty would lose its meaning,  
The naughty thought behind your smile,  
Is accountable for the beat,*

*That my heart skips,  
I can't stop myself from being a poet,  
And cherishing your charms,  
**I can't help myself from intervening,**  
With this,  
A new story I am about to be convening,  
Please don't misinterpret my advances,  
I don't wish to be demeaning,  
But your finesse and your elegance guide  
me,  
Under their effect, **I can't help myself from  
intervening.***

## ***18. The question of conflict***

***It seems like the root cause of melancholic  
existence,***

***Is linked with the ignorance,***

***That leads to the questions of conflict,***

***These questions are those when in our heart***

*of hearts,  
We fear,  
That our opinion is away from true natural  
intuition by a distance,  
The veil of calumny continuously covers our  
cognition,  
To afflict,  
Ourselves with a permanent state of  
pretense,  
When unsure we appear,  
About the validity of our judgement and  
subsequent presuppositions,  
So in our minds,  
These elemental faults,  
Cause conflicting and confusing conditions,  
The question of conflict,  
The clash of characteristics,  
The **dilemma of discord,***

*Are really just dogmatic indoctrinations,  
Under whose effect the self was once  
floored,  
And forever now it is indebted to standby  
firm and defend its claim,  
The person in turn is gifted with perennial  
pain and perplexity in its name,  
But the society incentivizes those who  
choose deceit and domination as their aim,  
The sad and flustered hypocrite we honor,  
The happy and unruffled **flexible**  
**philosopher we blame.***

## ***19. I heard about chakras***

*Last evening a friend of mine,  
Kept telling me about Chakras,  
The energy points of the subtle body called  
nadi,  
The **breath channels for the Yogi**,  
Located along the central channel or  
Avadhuti,  
Chakra symbolize the endless rotation of  
Sakti,  
The lowest is Patala, found in the soles of  
the feet,*

***Is the realm of hatred,  
Then on the feet,  
Is the dark realm bereft of conscience, called  
Mahatala,  
In the ankles,  
Rasatala the center of selfishness is located,  
The calves house the representation of a  
state of prolonged confusion,  
Named Talatala,  
Sutala is present in the knees and there it  
governs the emotion of jealousy,  
Anger is governed,  
By the thigh dwelling Chakra called Vitala,  
Located in the hips,  
Is Atala that governs fear and lust,  
Then comes the red colored root Chakra,  
Ganesha's Muladhara,  
Situated at the spine's base,***

***The house of basic human potentiality, and  
the dormant Kundalini,  
Sacrum is the house, of the white sacral  
Chakra,  
Brahma's Swadhishtana,  
The center for relationships,  
Pleasure and vivacity,  
In the navel, is present,  
Agni's Manipura,  
The yellow solar plexus,  
Concerned with metabolism and fear,  
Operating in the chest,  
Is the green heart Chakra,  
Ishana Rudra Shiva's Anahata,  
The site of passion,  
Unconditional love and general well being of  
all that is here,  
In the throat lies, the blue force of***

*expression,  
Vishuddhi and it's deity is,  
Panchavaktra Shiva,  
Home of fluent thought,  
Lucid dreaming and a sense of security,  
Then comes, the violet third eye Chakra,  
The place of Ardhanarishvara's Ajna,  
It deals with intuition, visual consciousness,  
And it is here that Ida and Pingal merge with  
the Sushumna,  
In the Pituitary is placed,  
The thousand petaled, white crown Chakra,  
The Sahasrara,  
When the Kundalini energy reaches here it  
unites with the Shiva energy,  
To comprehend inner wisdom and finally  
death,  
But if such is the case,*

*I cannot really be sure,  
But everyone has got an ailment and **they all**  
**need a cure,***

*My friend and I we don't really agree with  
each other that much,*

*But we know that all an incidence of true  
creation needs,  
Is a single touch.*

## **20. *Talk about the weather***

***Shoulders are contracting,  
As the moon rises in the skies,  
Uncontrollable shivering,  
As the cool winds agonize,  
Those whose fashion and style,  
With the weather change allegiance,  
No person should abstain from,  
Basking in the magic of nature's changing  
seasons,***

***The talk of weather is immortal and ageless,  
In context to the conversations we make,  
Wonders and speculations are unavoidable  
and impending,  
So this easy escape route we take,  
Whenever we run out of things to say,  
We can always fall back on the topic of  
weather,  
Always claiming that seasons have changed  
their usual way,  
Though nothing much changes altogether,  
We can witness a present day,  
Disdain and disinterest,  
Towards this elemental matter,  
Talking about the clime,  
Seem like minor small talk to pass the time,  
Amidst the resonating choir of all the  
useless chatter,***

*But it is the all defining environmental cycle,*

*It is the **portrayal of the divine**  
**consciousness' pattern** for mankind,*

*Deliberations on it are in a subtle way,*

*The connections that the humankind  
establishes with the workings of the Divine  
mind,*

*If there were no artificial constructions,  
The animal-kind would be left at the mercy  
of seasons,*

*It is the most pure way to connect with the  
Creation,*

*To experience the effects and figure out the  
reasons.*

## **21. Women in *Indian history***

***The short story of women and that of women  
in India,***

***Is that of indifference, neglect and  
unfairness,***

***But still some situations and some  
characters overthrow all prejudice and  
register themselves in historical awareness,***

***During the early Vedic period women  
enjoyed equal status with men,***

*So they were able to achieve sainthood like  
Gargi and Maitreyi did back then,  
Literature had great characters like Kannagi  
and Sita, Shakti was what she meant,  
But after that, their position kept declining,  
In all sects except few like Jainism,  
Except for ritualistic celebrities like Amrapali  
who was a nagarvadhu,  
What prevailed was largely chauvinism,  
There were great exemplary lives like that of  
Delhi's Empress Razia and later,  
Durgavati and Chand Bibi, great rulers who  
stood against Akbar,  
Or the stories of Rani Rudrama who  
defended Warangal,  
Or great poets long dead,  
Like Jahanara, Zebunnissa, Mirabai, Akka  
Mahadevi, Rami Janabai and Lal Ded,  
The medieval society made their position*

*even worse when child marriages, ban on  
remarriage of widows,*

*Purdah, Jauhar, Devdasi, Sati and a world of  
other exploitative demons hid beneath their  
pillows,*

*Maratha women like Jijabai and Ahilyabai  
and Sikh traditions make women seem equal  
on few criterias,*

*But side by side there were evils like men  
practicing polygamy and women restricted  
to Zenana areas,*

*Then came the time to fight, against the  
colonial invaders might, and an immortal  
leader like,*

*Hazarat Mahal or Laxmibai became the  
Indian knight, Kittur Chennamma, Abbakka  
Rani carried on nationalism's light,*

*Many great leaders joined in, Nanibala devi  
and Rani Gaidinliu, Preetilata Waddedar and  
Rajkumari Amrita Kaur,*

*The famous, Aruna Asaf Ali, the martyr,  
Jyotirmoyee Ganguli, or the great Rehana  
Tyabji,*

*The revolutionaries, Kalpana Joshi, Bhikaiji  
Cama and Matangini Hajra,*

*They can't all be named here, as there are so  
many,*

*Woman is made, in the image of the abstract  
beauty,*

*For the fulfillment of the eternal duty,*

*In her stand against intolerance,*

*Her subtle purity should not fade,*

*If she is betrayed, and exploited in the name  
of tradition,*

*Brutalized to the stage of submission,*

*It will lead to a grim eternal imbalance,*

*And seeds for unpleasant lives and future  
strifes on earth will be laid.*

*22. Admirers like God*

***Your eyes are something to be envied by the  
skies,***

***I can't come to grips, with the glorious  
features of your lips,***

***But it is your grace, that promises me, God's  
place, in heaven, for free,***

***Just like God I can see, and like him, your  
admirer I'll be.***

***You are so magnificent, that I wonder if,  
This is the threshold of beauty that I'll ever  
see,***

***Then I convince myself with the lie, that you  
will grace the world,***

***With your beauty again tomorrow, Maybe  
not for the world, maybe only just for me,***

***But it is your mistakes that promise me,  
God's place, in heaven, for free,***

***Just like God I can see, and like him, your***

*admirer I'll be.*

*Some faces never leave the memory,*

*After a momentary stay in the  
consciousness,*

*Sometimes the spirit mocks,*

*For having let go of those moments of  
tranquility,*

*Hence I'm trying to **start a conversation** with  
you.*

*I'll never know you if you don't tell me how,*

*Maybe we'll talk later or maybe never or  
maybe now,*

*Hence I'm trying to **start a conversation** with  
you.*

*The days, the seasons, the reasons have  
changed,*

*While never a gentle look of affection, a  
smile have we exchanged,*

*I used to be an eccentric, maybe too*

*curious, now I've become deranged,  
Since I've had an **infatuation with you.***

*The selfless gentle love has never meant a  
thing,*

*The Goddess of fortune, has no gifts for me,  
to bring,*

*But I've always had memories of our  
timeless fling,*

*Since I've had an **infatuation with you.***

## 23. **Head** people

*Another world of people who live inside my  
head,*

*Like the people's world, from where  
characteristics,*

*Of citizens of my head take shape,*

*There are constant conflicts at each  
moment,*

*But the people in my head deliberate, decide  
and deliver,*

*Each one these people are either replication  
or anti-thesis,*

*Of the people in the world at large, each of*

*whom is just a mirror,  
For me personally, to ask my people, to  
check if they,  
Have possession of these characteristics, so  
in this way,  
Each person either is a **mirror or is looking  
into another,**  
My head people, who are mere paradigms of  
ideas, react,  
To the world people, and look for  
consonance with the decision,  
Of the world of people where we presently  
are , generally,  
The head people have a tendency to decide  
with unity,  
With lazy adjustments they choose,  
To be consistent with the community,  
But out these people when once in a while,  
the self, asserts itself,*

*Then it is no more in consonance, but  
becomes, the dreaded individual,  
The dominant ideology, but only when it can  
dominate,  
The aggregate of all head people ideologies,  
The true obligation of this being is to choose  
a duty and perform it,  
It avoids the convention of consonance and  
decides to react on its own,  
The evolving wise world mirror people, have  
a tendency to become independent  
individual,  
But such retained stable realization, is  
riskier, than being a consonant, and so it is  
fairly rare,  
The **balanced small talk** between the world  
and head people is necessary,  
Because to each other, they are strangers,  
which itself is quite strange,*

***But the revolt of the individual is obvious, to  
bring about the inevitable change.***

***24. Me-ness & ESTi***

*Oh wow, the moon shining out of the cloudy  
veil,*

*Hurray for the moon, it seldom dissappoints  
me or you,*

*Down with the darkness that gradually takes  
hold of the sunny eve,*

*Down with the thought due to which the time  
and place I percieve.*

*Or else I can be lost, never really sure of my  
identity like all elements,*

*Or else I can be a floating thought, on my  
own, in some other world but mine,*

*Hurray for the sounds that break my trance,  
when **I tussle with "me-ness",***

*Oh wow, hypocrisy has grabbed the chance,  
I hate this world of hustle and hubris.*

*Down with my consciousness that suggests*

*hope to me,  
Down with the concern and care that would  
never let me be free,  
Freedom, I beg your grace, hold my place  
while I yawn before I die,  
Matter is the effect of space-time-energy,  
that occupies every sky.*

*25. Don't go*

*Last night I dreamt of losing you,  
Extinguishing all the hopes we had,  
This morning that naive nightmare turned  
true,  
And now its time for us, to pretend to be  
glad,  
Pretend to be glad of the restored personal  
freedom,  
Overlooking the pure natural orientation of  
our **two inclinations**,  
As one,  
Failing to notice the unified power of our  
synergetic vigor,  
Heedlessly deciding to throw away our  
imagination and instead of reflections,  
We run,*

*Masquerading our ignorant selves with  
gaudy glum,  
Rather lets figure out the contrariety of our  
emotions and forget rigor,  
If we grow a second with each mistake we  
make,  
Then our lives don't grow old,  
But **grow bigger.***

*26. **Biased** unto them*

***My respect and love for my family,  
Is no illogical obligation for me to follow,  
Non attachment asks of me,  
To be devoid of concern towards them,  
Unbiased neutral judgement asks of me,  
To be objective and to be hollow,  
But I feel,  
I am just a branch on the tree, called me,  
But they are the roots and the stem.  
Their hopes and aspirations, their fears and  
inhibitions,***

*Become our character's subtle parts,  
Their thoughts and beliefs or the **opposite of**  
**them,***

***We inherit,***

*During the time we spend in their company,  
The first images of the world we form in our  
psyche,*

*The first impression of our being taking  
shape in our hearts,*

*For most it is them,*

*For the bereft ones,*

*It is their absence,*

*But its them,*

*Who gift us, our initial chord,*

*In the eternal symphony.*

*But to be attached is a guarantee to be  
unjust,*

*And when faced with the conflict,*

*Judiciously decide we must,  
Our emotional connect is our private  
property,  
Toward the feelings,  
We might be obliged,  
Toward the possessions,  
We might have our rights,  
But I feel forever indebted,  
For the unadulterated trust,  
They had in me,  
Even during my weak moments of utter  
shame and disgust,  
And forever I'll be beholden,  
To them for just **being there**,  
When I was a scared little kid,  
Frightened by the thunders in the rainy  
nights.*

**27. *Catchline* *date***

***Puzzled by strange affections,  
I struggle to make you respond to my lines,  
I don't mind eternities of rejection,***

*If you'd consider being my date,*

***Next Valentine's.***

*Its difficult to start conversations,*

*When you can't find excuses to say hello,*

*The consequent judgement is scary when I*  
***try the initial hi,***

*But in your case your face didn't let me go.*

*Please allow me to be introduced to you,*

*Or again we'll* ***pass by through*** *and through.*

*You are so magnificent that I wonder,*

*If this is the threshold of beauty that I'll ever*  
*see,*

*Then I convince myself with the lie,*

*That you will grace the world with your*  
*beauty again tomorrow,*

*Maybe not for the world,*

***Maybe just for me.***

*I'll never know you if you don't tell me how,*

*Maybe we'll talk later or maybe never or  
maybe now.*

*28. Best of me for you*

*Of me you ask what I'll never do,*

*But as you asked **I'll do it for you,**  
I'll change the color of the sky if you ask me  
to,*

*I'll hold my breath and die if it pleases you.*

*In the night, the sky changes it's shade,  
Even if I hold my breath, this innate vigor  
won't fade,*

*But your sweet wish is my true calling,  
I keep seeing you everywhere while I keep  
falling.*

*I fall and I sink, but for my sake you won't  
even blink,*

*But when I think of all that is justifiable  
grace,*

*Only thing that eclipses my thought is your  
sweet face,*

*This face of Beauty is like **elixir for the**  
**tragic,***

*Decorated by the eyes of Purity and the*

*stare of Magic.*

## 29. *Eternal glance*

*If forever and eternity I keep looking at you,*

*I don't think I'd ever be **bored,***

*I don't think you'd ever **look back,***

*But right now I think I can keep **doing it**  
**forever.***

*30. **Strange** request*

*Gently the chilling zephyr blows,*

*While silently I sing for you,  
Stoically unwilling the harsh cold night asks  
of me,*

*Strange requests,  
Throwing pebbles at your windows, barefoot  
and besotted too,*

*I hope my patience **passes these tests,**  
I hope you can hear my strange requests.*

*The foggy night, the dusty skies,  
Conspicuously they trap me in,  
Like the made up fantasies in your innocent  
lies,*

*Like the brilliant lustre of your skin,  
I am trying to be there when you drop your  
chin,  
Placing my shoulder where your head needs  
to rest,*

*But to know what I mean you need to **hear***

***me out my queen,***

***Or else you will miss out the point of my  
strange request.***

***31. Different poets***

*Our truths are similar but our personal  
pretensions are not the same,*

*The vital essence lies in the **event**  
**experience**, only doubt and dogma lie in the  
name.*

*I can't make people behave better,  
They themselves are responsible for their  
mindless chatter,*

*No recognition makes me the mistake I wish  
to be,*

*My thoughts are for myself the **multiverse is**  
**welcome to them for free.***

## 32. *Lovely sting*

*A smile leaks out of the soulful eyes,  
Gets rid of the **childlike tantrums** without  
lullabies,  
Without hues and cries this expression pulls  
the viewer in,*

*Those who may **lose their way** due to this  
brilliance,*

*Are advised to avoid this lovely sting.*

*May be God is perfect but in your case he  
**surpassed perfection,***

*I have a silly stupid crush with embarrassing  
feelings for you,*

*If I say this, do you think that I am lying too,*

*Like all others who have already faced your  
rejection.*

### **33. Needs of our love**

*When I thought it got erased,  
I was actually just being chased,  
By those mesmerizing memories of  
moments,  
Of benign bliss, of that casual kiss,  
Maybe not forever, not nearly now nor never,  
But just instances when I knew not me but  
us,  
If only I could forever stay there careless,  
Maybe in some **unimaginable ultimate***

**universe,**

*We needed nothing else but some more time  
with each other,*

*Whereas here I fall for you, ready to forfeit it  
all for you,*

*Here and now I can see no other, some of  
me wishes to stay here forever,*

*But I know you realize that it will all change  
and I don't want it either,*

*I resent that it will end but I am grateful for  
that which I did feel,*

*Your love is the elixir to revive lost souls,*

*But alas it will leave wounds that will take  
**infinite eternities to heal.***

**34. *To Gudiya with love***

***Complementing your sparkling expressions,***

***Your startling eyes, enlighten the dull  
visions,***

***Your lies, my naive heart buys, with  
focussed devotion, I hope to pay,***

***You give sense to my day, you are the  
destination of my way,***

***If it wasn't for your animated beauty, those  
divine creative mantras, He won't say,***

***Infatuated with your spirit, my being has  
waited since eternity,***

***Let me bask in this mystical moment's bliss,  
love it is, if one reflects on dismay.***

***Heavens're blessing ya, Gods're giving your  
fortune a spin,***

***Keep calm Gudiya, today you will win, its  
your lucky din.***

***Sorry madamji, please don't misunderstand  
me, I tried impersonating conservative  
capitalistic chauvinists who patronize  
selfless teachers,***

***Pardon my stupid strange humour, My heart  
is completely stacked with reverance and  
respect for the guides of all creatures.***

***Forgive me for not letting you leave from my***

*mind and my thoughts,*

*If not the real you then atleast the memories  
of those moments spent with you,*

*Put a smile on my face, flood my world with  
your divine grace, you join my life's  
incomplete dots,*

*Your fragrance, my conscience spots, in  
orchards blooming with the elixir you brew,*

***Vexing Emptiness, and Desparation I've  
Known Aptly, but knowing your splendour is  
It's gift to me,***

***Greatly Untouched Desires, I and You Allow  
ourselves to explore, forever I'll adore, your  
eyes, your smile and you and your memory.***

## 35. *Verses for her*

*I feel you have lots to tell, but maybe not to  
me,*

*Maybe the stories that I made up are not*

*really meant to be.*

*I **ran out of things to say**, the day I uttered  
my first words,*

*Maybe I'd feel more free and liberated if we  
swapped places with these flying birds.*

*All that I ever want to do is whatever you ask  
me to*

*But I always find you eager to leave,  
can't even spend few easy moments with  
you.*

*Just as I said this you got up and left,  
As always I stay **desolate and bereft**,  
Waiting for you come back and and just be,  
Maybe just smile or say a few words to me.*

*Even if you feel it is too much I ask,  
Just ignore what I say, or else respond  
instead,*

*My worthless rhymes don't deserve your*

*attention,*

*But I'm glad that you called this a poem,  
Maybe next time I'd be free from inhibitions  
and apprehensions,*

*I'd like to come up with the best lines ever  
said, but I can only do it if you'd want to  
know'em.*

*I've been waiting for your smile for so many  
hours,*

*Even this expression of you laughing is  
worth a million flowers.*

*Nothing much to do around here anyway,  
Everyday I pray hoping you would look my  
way,*

*I am not doing what I am supposed to  
because I am afraid that you will walk away  
soon,*

*And again I would be left in the company of  
the **silent night and mundane moon.***

***Simple work, counting moments and hours  
and day after day,***

***Waiting for the next idea you come up with,  
think up the next line I will naturally have to  
say.***

***Everything you can or cannot imagine will  
happen, all the time is time well spent,***

***Wasted my abstract being, by being born,  
Best time I ever spent was trying to decipher  
what you really meant.***

***Where will I find you to continue this,  
Either give me your number or I'll be waiting  
for your kiss.***

***Then tell me the questions you would want  
to be asked,***

***And tell me the **answers you want me to  
believe.*****

***A sight of beauty is a sweet pleasure  
forever,***

***And a passing view of you is still more  
memorable however,***

***Signing out,***

***And sending you a Universe full of  
compliments for your grace and innocence.***

