

**World
Of
Curious
Perspectives**

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

An Introduction to The Long Debate.

By

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1. Bereft and **Besotted**

Bereft and Besotted, oil in the lamp,
Boredom and Hate, sponge in the
damp,

Still it gets up just to die some
more,

If only to say, "not today".

Leisure and lust, not a pinch of
trust,

Let the king not be nothing in this
cloud of dust,

Laments and lullabies in the land of
gray,

If only to say, "not today".

Forfeit at the start not an ounce
of pride,

Escaping the salty womb, honorably
lied, shamelessly died,

Jokers and Fools have hell to pay,

If only to say, "not today".

Planning to say, the never thought
and never heard,

Gearing to fly, pry and go by like a
bird,

Waiting for the sound to blow the
demons away,

If only to say, "not today".

Pain spoken of i remember now,

Momentary pleasure I for infinity
endow ,

For the lapses I plan to take the
spotlight away,

If only to say, "not today".

Glory and grimace come hand in
hand,

Over the mountains of
sand, crumbled empires so grand,

Victors compose History, the rest
bow down to pray,

If only to say, "not today".

Forever those death bells I hear
so clear,

The reaper, the death, the judgment
I fear,

From each path I'll sway, to save my
body from decay,

If only to say, "not today".

Still the disgrace and
discomposure, so sincere,

Dexterity and devilry delights, doom
lingers on so near,

Defenders of cognition, we are they,

If only to say, "not today".

2 . Edict of **Exemption**

Maybe 13.6 billion years is just a moment that passed by and there are infinite more such moments to come,

The non existent line between matter-energy-void, the infinite

randomness that is the basis of everything, God for some,

I was always absent and never could observe anything, but heaven I would comprehend, and it would draw the world to me.

The possibilities are always infinite if there is enough time, Either agree to disagree, or disagree to be free.

Events and situations are not subject to our perception to be

real, Emptiness, Energy,
Transitions, Interactions, Material,
In the infiniteness of possibilities,
every strange magic is possible,
even the supernatural, is subject to
information, nothing is surreal,
Presence of a magic like life or even
something as divine as us, seems
minuscule, in front of the non living
giants, the random inhabitants of
the universe,
Time is all empowering, and the
rock I am sitting on is a uniquely
beautiful place to "see", Either

agree to disagree, or disagree to be free.

An individual is what the society allows it to be, influencing marketing, biased perception broadcasts can curtail reality,

Modern communication can manipulate information, personal opinions are mere reflections of what the "oligarchs" of the market want you to see,

The cut throat competition leaves the mantra of whatever works for

personal gain, the only truth, In the
process slaying empathy,

And other virtues, values, and other
signs of inclusive humanity, Either
agree to disagree or disagree to be
free.

Society, I hate your control over
me, Majority, I won't let you
intimidate me, Community, your
divisive ways to hypnotize me,

Can't make me join the cult that
rationally doesn't impress me, I will

question, criticize, suggest, discover
subjective reality,

Being blind to every group identity,
illiterate to all irrational scriptures
of totality, A history of breaking
familial ties,

Here, with a Godless world of
probable rationalists, I enter the
realm of individuality, Either agree
to disagree, or disagree to be free.

3 . Expectations **of light delight**

As two drops join to make

A bigger drop of liquid,

So do flawed extreme thoughts
join,

To make an opinion so afflicted,

With wisdom, justice and courage, I
use

Moderation to make my reflections
most vivid.

What do you expect of me,
Are the rich and the poor,
Side by side with me,
There are only a few
Who, are almost guilt free,
Is this what life going to be,

I took my first breath,

And now I feel my first moment,
And now a new world starts
Taking shape in my intellect,
How to make, what right or wrong
may be,
How do I choose the right way for
me?

When in my thoughts I discern
The information and the results,
From its analysis, I learn.
With facts and rationality now my
mind consults,

To ponder on all the worldly
concerns,

This wisdom gives life to judicious
adults.

To reflect upon the world around
you,

And to make sense of this being,
that here lurks,

And when a recent radical reason
begs a review,

Every fortress made up of doctrines
must feel the jerks,

And what is mind, but a universe of
hopes to pursue,

And what is justice, but minding
your own works.

But in no ardent pursuit, must the
postulate,

Drive the stability and progress of
humanity to dirt.

Benefits to the burdened, but no
marring to the martinet,

To the premium path, help all the
sinners, to now divert.

What else does the novice aim, to
beget rather than to regret,

All that moderation aspires, is to
make life easy and slay all hurt.

Then courage asks the savvy to live
and validate his notion,

In the crooked commonality, the
valiant stays upright.

It is then, that the skeptic, roots
against the storm, with utter
devotion,

To make the wet ashes ignite, a
single spark in docile mind, he
dreams to incite.

Foresight tells the greed, to shy
away from a petty fight, but,

To the do the right, To fight the
might, rays of light, fight the
night.

4 . Ode to Greed

The moment once gone will never return, Spaces and places change as motion is time perception,

The latest of developments of the past few thousand years, the great ideas that shaped our general conception,

If all of our progress is visualized as broadening of horizons, then the pond that all of us occupy, the limits of our vision,

Are stretched when inspired notions act like shovels, the Change digs in, to acquire more land, the times of scientific thought have discovered solutions for troubles,

The size of this pond has continuously gone on to increase, the food required for survival of constructive thought is information,

It is the water that fills up this pond, But when the pond was small and we knew not much, effect of radical viewpoints on the pond was such,

Largest strides and stretches in its size were made then, But now after we have traveled such a long way from the past,

Right from the ancient thinkers to the recent centuries' curious iconoclasts, they dug up this pond from all possible sides,

Today our and It's consciousness
and its expression is infinitely vast,
With differing times, ideas and
situations,

The meanings of the dialects change
radically, The mud that they threw
out to extend the pond may erode
back into it gradually,

Corruption of thought and
communication, for "self love", is
chosen realistically and rationally,
But progress asks us,

To know and analyze more for our
own good, A people as a whole, But

to kill greed, wrath, envy, pride,
for good, is not within our control,
But the need to know more, to
criticize and form justifiable
opinions, and judgments require us
to extend its stretch and water,
Continue on the constructive routes,
take the future to blinding heights
but stay connected to the roots,
One can be inspired to dry it, mar,
maroon, manipulate and misuse it,
trying to prove "bad is the new
good", water of the pond, you
pollute it,

For hind sighted personal gains, you
starve, fatigue and kill it, Some
were waiting to hear it, its time
someone loosely mentions it,

Greed, "for lack of a better word,
is", Shit.

5 . Ode to Mind and Matter

In the midst of this tussle between
the gloss and the core,

The pivot errs, though within
repairs, but diabolized more, than
ever before,

Rationale then asks the truth, to
stay subjective but to not stay
blind,

If there is no mind then there is no
matter, And if no matter then,
never mind.

Stargazers suppressed, Pragmatists
persecuted,

In fashionable floods of hypocrisy,
lone liberal cries are diluted,

They teach love for exploitation, we
struggle for those left behind,

No mind no matter, No matter
never mind.

Power corrupts and the corrupt
achieve power on these bias
grounds,

Progressive and stability they
disrupt, but idealists will rise by
the wailing sounds,

They dig trenches for they have
succeeded, we demand changes in a
society unethically designed,

Magic of thought is priceless,
Equality is divine, No mind no
matter, No matter never mind.

The "oligarchs" who rule the world,
blinded by greed, squeezing out the
sweet, leaving behind the sour,

The hypnotized, docile competing
failures must realize that "they"
don't have the power, we have the
power,

Briefly the magic of humanity can
be competition for progress, but

empathy and equality must bind all
of mankind,

If there is no mind then there is no
matter, And if no matter then,
never mind.

The enticing shadows repeat there
blinding dance, can impart whatever
they want, but really have nothing
to say,

The pied piper duped the
intoxicated crowd, any tune that
fits was played out loud, but the

malicious methods were hidden away,

History of democracy is witnessing the same story repeating, bluffing, juggling and simple cheating, If only information was unconfined,

Hordes hypnotized by the sick paid news, rich facilitating the poor to have self destructing views, No mind no matter, no matter never mind.

6 . Inglorious

Society Of

Incendiaries And

Secessionists

(ISIS)

Few men are obsessed with the dream of glorifying a past, the vague task of recreating the Caliphate that for centuries did last,

The heinous new force has overshadowed the Hideous boars, who united a community keeping the hate for the infidels as a source, Of inspiration for struggle, traversing a doomed course, Those who once heard are now the

audience for the nefarious in the
North-East,

Nuri's repression of the minorities
has led to a surge in the popularity
of the beast, In Assad's "rear
areas" they already had a feast,

They have now killed Foley hoping to
deescalate the air strikes, Scores
of Yazidis killed and dying of thirst,
At Qaraqosh the choice is corrupt ,

Either die or convert, The
assistance from Baath loyalists
JRTN is erratic, vital and obvious,

The struggle for the 4 percent oil is
this land's curse,

They defied 40:1 odds in Mosul, US
and Iran on the same page,
deserves a giggle, Only spark out of
this darkness maybe the Kurdish
ripple,

After ages of agony they deserve a
tickle, For them lets hope for a new
land, the finest and the most
honest, After we pass the
nightmare of,

The Inglorious Society of
Incendiaries and Secessionists.

7 . Ticking Time

Bomb Nation

They once agreed that this world is
a family, Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam,
We animals are the consciousness of
this piece of rock, It all belongs to
you and me,

Like the way this Pamir knot holds
together these mountain ranges and
plateaus, Adolescent lands still
beyond human time,

These terrains have been home to
lasting legends, cultures and ways
of living, Of routes of motion
through the passes in the highlands,

Of ancient civilizations along the
banks of great rivers, There in the
heart of such paradise lies the land
of Kashmir,

Three different forces claim its
land and resources but at heart it
feels free, When once the men
drenched in blood, in this heaven
drew boundaries,

And Kashmir found it most
profitable to divide its territories,
And these divine mesmerizing lands,
the magical kingdom of beauty
where extends,

Were once cut up into separate
ends, Became a reason of
discomforting rivalries, If I am
Kashmir, then like for all things of
earth,

Changes are not welcomed by me, I
fear I might loose my identity,
Someone is pressurizing me,
threatening to break a promise,
once made to me,

Don't bully me, but allow me opine
about UCC and 370, In the worlds
of wars, sanctions and devastations,
Trouble in this paradise, will lead to
disgusting chain reactions,

This family of all will suffer and misery results in anguish and ambition, The land of God today reeks of being the sensuous little ticking time bomb nation.

8 . The Unity and **The Promise**

When the first time My
adumbratives voted to stay with the
land of Gandhi, It was decided,
Mutually, that a plebiscite would
decide My right to self-
determination, On 13th August they
provided,

Me with an assurance, That the
invaders from the land of the Pure,
will leave, While I sided,

Either with my doctrinal identity,
Or with my classical identity, Or
even be fascinated,

By an ambitious individual identity,
Numerous people were forced in and
out, While the promise, they delay,
I have seen wars, For freedom and
peace today I pray, They think I
belong to them, And they will never
let me go away.

The confrontations go mostly
uninvestigated by the authority, and
land of the Ganges gifts me
extrajudicial carnage,

Since the rumors of rigging in '87,
divorce is gaining priority, I can
only tell what I think when I am
asked my sentiment,

I feel loved and united with the
land that has nurtured me since
eternity, But when you try to
snatch what little I have its
abhorrent,

The Dragon built a road on the
other side of the Karakoram, To
see the magnificent glaciers turning
into high battlegrounds is repugnant,
I am the heaven incarnate, Please
give an ear to what I say, Drop
your insecurities, Opportunities,
Rights and harmonious accord is all
I really crave,

More you press me, more you
betray, I love you as a son but your
force is all you convey, I know I
belong to you, Help me stay, Don't
let me go away.

9.

Comprehending Backward

Those who afflicted the world with the disease of greed, the symptoms were always present but a soft consent was developed by authority,

The "oligarchs" must realize that information will be there demise, the downtrodden will spit on the "dream", someday the people will rise,

Some day the hegemonies will be broken, the end of monopolies is near it seems, a multipolar society will come to most as a surprise,

But ideas were waiting in the ranks for centuries, Too clear for some but now it is blurred, Living it forward, comprehending backward.

The advantage rests with those who have attained the higher ground, the higher grounds belong to those who cleverly strive to succeed,

Monetary success is the consent
amongst the destitute all around, to
strive for their personal greed,
becoming a tree amongst the weed,

The progressive that such
motivation brings, when on a narrow
lane the fortunate few, reach miles
ahead of the others, inspiring
followers too,

But someone will always dream of a
broader route, even though the
egalitarian march today seems
absurd, Living it forward,
comprehending backward.

Who cares if the winds blew a few sandcastles away, After the dark storms at night the dusty mornings are no reason to mourn,

They bought the moon to create the waves and the galaxies had there say, We were banging at the ocean hoping for a ripple to be born,

Those who are writing the scripts to create a suicidal consent amongst the deprived, to dig a deeper hole between those who have and those who don't,

Must realize, there idea is running
out of steam, it has run its course,
those who once were ahead of there
time are coming back with force,
In the blind race human values were
being deterred, No more with
honors will the villains be conferred,
Living it forward, Comprehending
backward.

10 . Hindu

Sangha

I am free when I can say, I choose
not you, Not when I become what
you tell me to,

Your view of our identity is not mine
to share, Your ideology may be your
life blood, But I don't care,

I am just a nobody who is free to
swear, and make fun of the thought
that I find bias,

My land is a secular, socialist,
tolerant land, for decades you have
been endorsing and spreading lies,

Some twist of fate has made you
the king, I will bow and very
carefully listen to the tune you sing,

But at the heart of this general thought of ours, sovereignty and fraternity lies,

But at the core of your motives, all I see, is manipulation and hypocrisy, that I despise.

11 . Empathetic **Humanit-arianism**

Part 1:

Gaza

Some believe that the holy war has started, the people in power cheated and now all who once

"heard" must unite and struggle for the "true" cause,

The rational, shrewd intellectuals observe the fighting cats, taking advantage of all minor spats, the ideological battle continues without a single pause,

The volatile are coming closer to feel more confidence, everything is up for grabs all you need is patience, its time we evolve from speculative to productive capitalism,

There is no cause that justifies killing men, so why glorify the

coward disillusioned criminals then,
all communalism, patriotism is a sin
without empathetic humanitarianism.

On the west side of the river some
of God's chosen people are killing
others also chosen by Him, lack of
freedom is misery, lack of empathy
is silence, brutal and grim,

Greed which was once seen with
disdain, bearer of sorrow, creator
of pain, is today being
misunderstood when bad is the new

good, the rotten world is dancing on
tunes of disgusting whims,

Don't oppress me more for I am
already about to explode, the
hypocrisy of the ambitious and the
passionate, for personal prospects
they there hunt devote, may be
someday we will revisit dynamic
socialism,

Spare me the self expression, the
"Being yourself" of fake
consumerism, Allow me the empathy
to shed a tear for the needy, all
individualism, sectarianism is a sin
without empathetic humanitarianism.

12 . Empathetic Humanit-arianism

Part 2: Igor and

MH17

See what Igor says he has done,
He says it wasn't his intention, Of
the hundreds on board fortune
spared none,

The dark misty clouds of confusion
and aggression, passing over land
from the Pacific to the
Mediterranean,

From the Pamirs in the East to the
"holy" land in the west, The fate of
billions on the whims and vested
interests of a few oligarchs rest,
Sanctions and retributions, The
neutrals are fast choosing sides, A
century ago from now I remember a
few fools making similar strides,
And in the end millions of eyes
cried, And then a similar misfortune
befell the world once more,
To the changed strange world it
might sound like folklore, Desire,

ambition and pride have always
made men fight,

And all one ever achieves in a battle
is supremacy, The world of instant
information is all set for Liberty,
Fraternity, Equality,

So as of now the hammer is hottest
for the oligarchs of the world to
hit, They are creating an
environment of explosion,

Only a single spark needs to be lit,
I am no war monger, But only a
witness to the changes this

computer revolution has brought about,

Information is power, now it is accessible to all, There is no doubt that once what rose will one day fall,

This natural broad route to the plane fields is not acceptable to those who already reside on higher grounds,

Hence the gray clouds appear in a hurry, In a haste they seem turning dark and loud,

But the blind men are waiting in the ranks to unknowingly fight for words, dogmas and nihilism,

All solutions and ideologies for governance are meaningless without central emphasis on empathetic humanitarianism.

13 . The Feel of A

Feeling

And then he laid silent, and there
they stood silent,

His eyes still as limber, Unflinching
from head to heel,

A champion of champions,
Unmatched valor and zeal,

Was what he was made of, All of
them did know,

His ideas were respected, To a few
his actions did appeal,

Someone there remembered that he
once said,

"To feel is to live and to live is to
feel".

They sat there so conquered, he
sat there so prospered,

He talked of love fading, He talked
of degrading,

Sentimental drives, and feelings,
that whispered,

In hearts of the lovers the respect
so cherished,

The sacrifices so pure, Generally
with honor he deals,

To feel is to live and to live is to
feel.

They faced him so turbulent, He
faced them so resilient,

When they talked of physical
harms, No emotions he did show,

They yelled and warned trying to
make him feel abused,

But his expressions gave them the
impression that he was amused,

Enjoying the experience provided
for free,

Still feeling the same way as he
always did feel.

He talked of perceptions, he talked
of emotions,

Of the constraints in situations,
And other precautions,

Required in reflections and in search
of the truth,

Of miles to cross and mountains to
climb,

And what makes it worthwhile he
always did announce,

Those inexpressible feelings he aims
to pounce,

And so they stood there silent,
thinking of what he said,

Death leads to emergent overflow
of feelings left unexpressed,

The perverse pleasure of enjoying
the feeling of sadness,

For feeling is the pleasure that life
feeds on,

Be it a sin or a boon, Or even a
calamity it might bring,

But the feeling of a feeling is simply
the most fulfilling feeling.

14 . Men Of Pen **And Paper**

Vivid abrasions, Unfaded crimes,
Of people, of ideas, of lives of
times,

Skeptics dissent or sober
reactionaries defend,

But cynics and Epicureans still
consider words that rhyme.

Of variance and disparity, of
plethora and glut,

Of predicaments of grandeur, of
conjectures to rebut,

Always sprout, do evolve, let no
exigencies make reason taper,
Of men who fall, just to know,
Of men of pen and paper.

Implore these bounds, possibilities
are found,

When the infernal, meets wit and
flair,

Demolish desire the lucid sounds go
higher,

Repute and radiance for those who
dare.

Scramble for those who never
raised their voice,

Oppressed and subdued, someday
will pulsate,

For common will, for coexistence, to
see empathy stretch like rubber,

Some will bow and some will choke,

But not the ideas of pen and
paper..

When the walls of forced consent
are too hard to dent,

The idealist vows to never bow,
never be bent,

By luring perks and coaxing bait by
the sinister martinet,

Its only then that the sage
introspects,

The immortal scriptures of pen and
paper.

15 . Can't stay motivated

I know I could not do it today

Tomorrow I will look for another
way

All the things I need to change

It will seem strange for some will
pay

Those in the habit of an emerald
spoon

And those who swing on greed's
lowly tune

Read the signs pleading to rearrange

Let every step lead to the
oppressors dismay

Even if the ideas get lost in the
dunes

Fortunate to see the immortal
display

Tomorrow I will look for another
way

Some new perspective to keep me
interested.

I sleep at night with focused plan
for tomorrow

To not be abstracted, diverted and
in any way agitated

But in my dreams I feel dissipated

And the person who wakes up is to
aberrated

I try I fail I can't stay motivated

In this labyrinth of thoughts I try
not to be persuaded

Living an easy life I can't stay
motivated.

16 . Subjective

Sight

A half of us is the Cognizance of our mother planet as a part of nature,

We are the final parameter in the exclusive expression of this terrene thaumaturgy of being,

The other half is the illumination of information to analyze, sense and develop a behavior,

Forming opinions based on judgments based on prior conclusions and even rumors, "Subjectively Seeing",

There is always a certain way that an event occurs at a certain time and place,

The objectivity of the wisdom is immortal, but when perceptions corrupt the facts,

A sense of ignorance is born, bowing to the subjective, cruel and greedy world with grace,

But nature has no knowledge of
Karma, When constituent reactions
of the cosmos acts,

It witnesses with time as the eye,
Infinite fabulous stories of strange
happenings gone by,

In randomness all impossibilities will
eventually happen, All immortals will
one day die,

The Vedas called these two parts of
us, Atman and Brahman, Buddha's
illumination of the humble moderate
way,

The herds have traveled long
distance, With patience and
persistence, Hopefully we will move
forward today.

17 . Another Fix

In the village there he lay under
the big tree's shade,

Had his fix for the day, waiting for
the night crime,

Sun rays through the leaves trouble
the easily laid,

Scratching his crotch, he farts out
loud, swearing out time after time.

His children and his family he left
them all behind,

In the big city gutter he sits, these
fumes are the ties that bind,

If you can provide him with some,
then he will talk with you,

Try to help him with things other
than that, and he'll have nothing to
do with you,

He sits and smokes his cheap
tobacco for days and days and
nights,

But if you offer him some more
then with you he'll stay tight,

And when he coughs he spits out
blood, and you'll know that he is
dying,

But bring all the treasures of the
world for him, and you'll know what
he is eying.

Last night I went up to his pit and
tonight I think I'll go again,

We drank, we smoked, we had our
fix, He spat some more blood and
blacked out,

This morning I crave to meet him
again, To savor the pleasure, to
relish the pain,

I know what I'll do, and I know where he is and he'd be waiting there without a doubt.

18 . Be the Blast

Is everyman a self owner, with absolute authority over his own form?

Justice disallowing another to pillage anyone, Is this the accepted norm?

No man or men can own another, is this the new accepted poly-centric natural law?

Do the evolutionary complements between capitalism and anarchism illuminate the elitist's flaw?

The axioms of libertarianism, define
the state as a coercive cartel,
Deriving income from legal
aggression, it is equality's farewell.

Here in the land of pent up
frustrations, In this world of heaps
of explosives waiting for a spark,
The modern human that evolved into
a consumer, lusts for money, the
only inspiration in the dark, Is love
here a selfish crime,

But this easy notion of pleasure and
pain, that in the most romantic
words I aspire to explain,

Fill me with a sense of redundancy,
Once one may be tempted to close
eyes at all else, Is it only a tussle
between love and time?

Majorities can be misled to opine a
certain way,

But the strange, discomfoting
truths are here to stay,

Wait, learn, think and observe this
churning, we are on the brink,

Fly in the wind if it takes you
higher, or else be the blast that
blows it away.

19 . The Borno **Caliphate and Mr.** **Goodluck**

You are all pagans and we will kill you,

The Sunni Islamic fundamental Jihadi sect, has now evolved into a violent struggle game,

Aiming to reestablish the ancient Caliphate, In Africa's biggest economy they proclaim,

"Anyone who is not governed by what Allah has revealed is among the transgressors"

These people Committed to the Propagation of the Prophet's Teachings and Jihad are in fact the brutal oppressors,

They demand that Western education should be forbidden, By them millions are affected and thousands killed,

Borno, Adamawa and Yobe under
Shekau, Hundreds of abducted girls
are still missing, Goodluck under
pressure to rebuild,

There is no faith and there is no
God, For the dogmatic killers of
this fanatical squad, Whenever
myths tell you,

To impose your beliefs and harm
humanity too, Its time we condemn
the fanatics who announced, "You
are all pagans and we will kill you".

20 . The Shrew

Surprised

No one wants to accompany you to
the strange, simplistic, senseless
land of reason,

Who wants to leave behind these
unfair routes where presently
hypocrisy is in fashion,

Attracting and misleading the
roaming sheep, you exploit their
fancies hidden deep,

Beneath the cover of humane
persona, a jumbled abstract psyche
suffering from dogmas,

Its all a game of make believe, If I
fool you then its your funeral or
else you wander,

For the latest exclusive grief, All
of us here aspire to exploit your
dreams, Ponder,

Over the tightest noose and the
deepest hole to bury yourself into,
For us hounds of greed,

Are constantly planting our
poisonous seeds, To allow you to
feel disgust for the wailing pangs of
need,

Your docile self and your elitist
view, "Your fake ambition, passion
and being yourself too",

Leaving the pie for a few, the
lizards, the wolves and the shrew,
Though alone in the wilderness,
Don't look away or close your eyes,
The shepherd and the route are
about to change, Wait for the big
surprise.

What once was will not always be,
the steepest heights seem so
gradual, Changes you won't see,

But someday someone feel, that
what once was treason is now pride,
the oppressors will search for
corners to hide,

All powers that heighten the sorrow
and misery of the weak are
deplorable and defiable,

Here is a vow never to accept the
sponsored propaganda as the truth,
except the undeniable.

21 . Sombre

Storm

The withering leaves fall off the
whistling trees,

The melody of changing times, of
nostalgia through the humid breeze,

The Earth sighs in thirst of rain
anticipated and overdue,

A sombre storm is on its way, be
sure there is a place that stays dry
for you.

These herds of green birds rapidly
flying over this land,

Chirping the tune of future
prospects, uncertain, alluring and
grand,

Those times will also come and go,
the way it slips from our hands like
grains of sand,

For respite from this indifferent
dryness they did pray, A sombre
storm is on its way.

What will result from it cannot yet
be known, To see,

The farms fill and rejuvenate the
terrain, The seeds must be sown,

The planned randomness of the
inanimate that gives us our moments
and the Earth its weather,

**A sombre storm is on its way, the
experience will help you join the
elementary sensations together.**

22 . Know, Think, **Empathize**

The more I know, the more I think,
better becomes my vantage point
to observe the world around me,
And in the deepest of me, when I
my selfhood appoint,

All else and me and everything that
exists, in its true self I there find

But how true is this subjective
perception of truth that has lived
all its life in some dent in my mind,
Its when the more I learn, more
clues when I earn, more pels in the
cogitations,

Of the idioms are aligned. But no
result is ever final and there are
infinite more calculations

To do, But until then here is a little
notion to view, to let us stay clear
from lies,

We can use this time that we have
to learn and think, to construct
justifiable opinions

To make this world the greatest
place to spend our time, so please
empathize,

Please keep your virtues and ideals
alive, I beg the godless world, with
every oppressed being,

Do empathize

23 . Once Irom **Chanu Sharmila**

For 15 years not a drop of water has she allowed down her lips, she struggles willfully,

A 16 mm 15 inch tube permanently resides in her, carrying in food forcibly,

As she charged with attempt to suicide under the IPC, Continues a charade of yearly custody,

A day free and back in custody continues stupidly,

With a philosophers face continuing on a never ending chase, the resolute struggles zealously,

Inspiration and resolution to stand for the right, Is the seekers true identity,

Wander the routes of virtue and
righteousness and you won't mind
treading on carelessly.

24 . Perplex

Pleasure

Suffering is the amorous feeling of
eternal sweetness fleeting,

Like the fools who fight the battle
they know they can never win,

Sorrow has been the unchanging
theme in the story of Life,

The strange pleasure of dullness
when the enchanted is disheartened,

A lingering acquaintance with
anguish, A lasting dip in the ocean
of self pity,

Who once was the most cherished,
taken for granted but beloved, My
precious, has left me,

If only it would bring you back, I
will keep wandering these fields of
perplexity,

Eternity will be at a moments wait
for you, As I'll keep waiting for you
till eternity,

I've stopped taking note of the
world for you have gone away, All
of it has been in vain,

Like all who have lost, I'll give it all
to have you back for a day, Peace
instead of the hopeless pain,

And though this sorrow is sacred,
No longer can I stay, I vow not to
walk these routes again.

25 . November

Maze

It hurts more when I try hard to
forget you, Nothing ever belonged
to me, but your memories they do,

I have a feeling there is something
strange going on, but I have no
craving to know about it,

I take a note of only what belongs
to me, And that which doesn't I
take no note of it,

In the paths of Love there are no
advantages for the wise, The
immortal feeling eventually dies,

As that's when I remember your
eyes, Instances of my November
gone by,

I recall the sweet innocent
intoxicated days, Of love leading us
deeper into the maze.

26 . For Granted

All you can do is keep trying again,
this barrage of experiences for the
consciousness of earth will continue
until,

Change and motion remain, the
abstract idea of time is dependent
on the tangible notion of ambiguous
random motion,

As the being that thinks need an
event in time to observe it, but
obviously these sightings are all in
vain,

Maybe you still can't feel it passing
by, It hurts you the most that it

will never be the fairy tale you
vaguely wanted,

All the suffering, every moment of
pain, is simple measure of the
strength you gain, the self obsessed
generation stays disenchanted,

Every individual is the faulty
measure of this farce society, How
far should you allow me to press you
so as to not be taken for granted.

27 . Nec Spe Nec

Metu

There is a little room in the attic
of the animus, where the
Detachment dwells desolate,

Adopting argots based on analysis to
carry us, With hope, aiming virtue,
without regret,

Searching for the common will, the
dispassionate will discover the
details of the impending scrambles,

For the carnage loving "oligarchs"
who spill blood of innocents, future
holds shambles,

Love, empathy and moderation are
keys to liberation, the meager
suffer while the zealot gambles.

The docile crowds willfully march
towards phony wars, doom for the

socialist and the secular lingers so
near,

Only objectivity is welcomed in
critical thought, Prepared to enter
and clean the rot, Without hope
without fear.

The vulnerable sigh at the roaring
tide,

When love becomes central in the
scheme of things,

A new world takes birth, a sensuous
feeling spreads its wings,

When the feeling is taunted and
forced to die,

The affections are shattered all you
do is try,

The infant universe is demolished,
they have left and time slides,

Only moments worth calling precious
are those,

When one is loved, either inhibited
or sincere,

There is no option but to traverse
this course again,

With a smile, without hope, without
fear.

28. Poroshenko-

Putin plea

Those who fall out with you, you
must hastily befriend again,

Scratch the snag, Paint anew,
Arrogance leaves you lonely and
vain,

Spark needed for someone to feel
cheated or offended is available in
huge stock,

The humble needs to smile, joke and
talk, The obvious misery has led to
a viral pain,

It is easier to make the wounded
cry out of mercy, If all you have is
hurt,

Falling prey to the superiority
complex of individuality is not easy
to avert,

For those whose "interests" demand
them to bombard, overthrow and
kill,

Empathize with those who react in
thrill, Or soon you will bring this
world down to dirt.

29 . Kejri And

The King Part 1

To lead, proceed and to follow
through,

A better world for me and you,

A change for the good, is all we can
do,

A life of virtue ,rather than a life
of sin,

To fight hypocrisy and to fight for
the truth.

A life of virtue ,rather than a life
of sin,

To wipe the despot's ugly mocking
grin,

The romantics definitive is a string
so thin,

For the common will and the
bereft's will,

Now the highbrow should bow to
beget a historical spin.

For the common will and the
bereft's will,

For death to profanity and the rise
of skill,

Clans dying of hunger to fulfill some
stingy thrill,

An honest fool, over a canny thief,

Pity the nefarious baboons
still, dancing in the mogul's drill.

An honest fool, over a canny thief,
From the nauseating bigotry, the
horizon holds relief,

For the anguish of millions, I see
tears of grief,

Downfall of gluttony at the cost of
despair,

But, can the upright, amass the
errant's belief?

Downfall of gluttony at the cost of
despair,

Time to recognize the oppressor,
fight the unfair,

It's time to dare, the scent of
mutation is in the air,

The salvation of humanity is in its
shame,

The multitude must know, its time
to repair.

The salvation of humanity is in its
shame,

All belongs to the needy, its time to
reclaim,

The tears of pity and logic, will
light the revolutionary flame,

**Action without care is like a flood
without duct,**

**Changes in the game will do wonders
for democracy's fame.**

30 . Kejri And

The King Part 2

Fly on dear wind and let me blow
with you,

I remember a moment long ago,
with you.

You fell hard on that tree and gave
me a mango or two,

Behind me sneaked the fatty and
lifted me up by my neck

There I laid in front of my father
like a sobbing wreck

But my father smacked me hard
saying, "Its better to die, than to
sin"

The upper caste fatty humiliated my
father with a grin,

Us lower castes in the past were
slaves and now, no better am I

The hard heat of oppression, the
unjust truths make me sigh,

The strident realities with which
the hesitant has to comply,

This household, these friends, all
except the persecutors whom I've
met,

Plan to be prudent and
shrewd, empathy and virtue they now
forget,

They pray hard to be the fiend who
once chewed them down,

Moderation and ideals face a supple
death in every village and town,

But when all start to cheat in a
race to win, joining in the grisly
contention.

And not a tear is shed for the
misery and pain, let all else loose
for someone's gain.

And after moments and generations
and dynasties have passed away,

Someday, someone will pause to
analyze that present day,

With a dream to ignite the darkness
left behind with a single ray,

A ray of hope that takes us back to
all that's good,

And the divine motivation that if I
could then I should,

Stand up and fight to death for the
rights of all men,

Or else it would be too late to
recover, and then

All we could do to make a positive
change would be too far from reach

Courage and justice are the needs
today, listen new world I do
beseech

Its a common addiction to learn
from self experience.

31 . Alive

Parsimonious in temperance,
dissipated with patience,

Wished the dead, what could have
been,

Voluminous and unpolluted, let grace
be hallowed,

Let life thrive, Back then I was
alive,

A moment in a million years, Search
for a legend,

You'll find whispers, Maybe miracles
lingered,

On the horizon, the unsullied have
faith,

In nested, looped endless hollows,
the shameless dive,

Like a Nothing amongst infinity, Like
a masochist deprived,

But back then I was alive,

Expect someone to utter the
obvious,

For the Appealing is not sanctioned
to stamp the heedless,

Monopolize self

courtesy, Unfortunately it venerates
the verve,

Traditions of diplomacy, doesn't
this revive,

If only back then I wasn't alive.

32 . Money,

Power, Influence

A few men choose what all else are bound to believe, This distorted perception of history is infectious and obligatory,

The masses of modern humans being treated like herds of beasts, Like Donkeys the stick and carrot drive us and not moral rationality,

The labyrinths of conspiracies, the heavy hands that govern us to behave expectedly, Thats how they governed us through the past centuries,

Either win the competition, be oblivious of ethical inhibitions, for empathy to them is ignorance, No laws for people with money, power and influence.

33 . Indo-Sino **detachments**

Crossing the Jinsha river The
People's liberation army, defeated
the dwellers of the roof of the
Earth,

They signed under duress, of
repeated invasion, But on the Serf
Liberation day an uprising took
birth,

Then the land of the Buddha and
Mahavira, gave asylum to Dalai
Lama, adopted the Forward policy,
After the Chinese occupied the
Dehra Compass and the Chip Chap
river,

It resulted in an intertwining of
enclosure and counter enclosure,
You wave a gun, and I'll wave a
gun. We'll stand face to face,
And can each practice our courage,
But I'll fire only in defense,
And I expect so would you, for we
never had to mark off our borders,

As nature had demarcated it for us, centuries before now, But the recently changed world orders,

The buffer state was not of need any more, But no one ever is ready to compromise,

Over their perception of their limits, But all Truth though invincible but subjective, eventually dies.

He remembers when he was a young boy, filled with zeal and vigor and nationalistic aspirations,

The Mother India called on him, the foreign invaders had attacked his homeland he was told,

They had made advancements in Ladakh, Chunsul and Tawang, He was sent to a desolate desert of salt flats in harsh conditions,

In the heat of the battle he knew not when he was hit and laid subconscious hoping to not be

caught, but be rescued from the cold,

Here at Thag La no one and all, were sure that they were defending there territory, But humanity knows no boundary,

So he was by his enemy, another deluded warrior just like himself, Soon brought back to senses, not hurt bad,

He recovered quickly, In a confused desperate act for survival, he shot at his savior and escaped cowardly,

Both sides perceive the other as
the aggressor, Is paranoia always
accurate on the elaborate scale, He
was glad,

He was not dead, but ashamed at
being the transgressor, As he ran
almost unharmed out to safety he
felt remorseful,

For almost a moment, and thought
of turning back to save his new
friend, But he decided to leave it
to the Lord,

To decide on his punishment, if he
deserves one, A few paces later he

was shot in the leg by a bullet,
from afar and forceful,

It was his own countryman who soon
realized the horrible mistake but
limb was the price he had to pay,
War's reward.

He lived a life of a war veteran for
the next fifty years, had his
children and they had their's,

A life of experiences, of surprises
and fears, A simple life of joys and
despairs,

He became an advisor in matters of Indo-Sino conflicts, and was asked to meet an advisor from there,

Another old handicap from the same old war, who had lost an arm in the cold, back then without repair,

The two men talked carelessly as friends of old, with moderation and with intellect,

They went on to discuss there war wounds, Symbols the soldier needs to justify and vindicate,

The vain efforts in a fruitless
exercise, The same stories they
had told before countless times,
When they shared those memories
both felt that the other was lying,
Elaborate lies for discomfoting
crimes,

Then the Chinese diplomat
apologized and said that he has lied
and this is what actually place,

One foggy day during the war he
was captured by an Indian soldier,
who stopped to look at a
compatriot's face,

Who jumped up and shot him and
quickly disappeared in confusion,
And the dying incarcerator pointed
a gun at me,

But missed me, but my men shot
back and one of there bullet went
into my shoulder, Wounded myself I
saw him die,

They soon realized that they always
wanted to meet each other, the
accidental companions on this
strange stage,

The strange victims, follies and
fiascos of brotherly historic lands,

Where never a shot was fired in
rage.

34 . Curse of **Individuality &** **Cult of the Union**

All the power of progressive democracy rests on the idea that the masses are the most equipped with the general sense to choose their future,

But in Kenneth Macalpin's historic land, that boasts of lives and

experiences of great men, opposers of the union, for the last three centuries, have been fewer,

Times have witnessed cries of Home rule and those of Changing winds, Some even suspect they are being used for their richness in resources,

In the realm of devious competitions, Is there a place for honest poverty, The world must stop and notice for Scotland is about to get on with full forces,

But in the world of globalized economy, Perception of stability is

the key, Hence they chose the cultural and family links, over the 'just do it', to be free,

In the race towards a personalized communal identity, Segregation and secession are the knee jerk reactions to the pressures of globalized communicational unity,

Every step that avoids armed conflicts and achieves answers, Is a civilized step in the positive direction, As nationalism has more often proved to be a curse,

It is nice to dedicate your life to reason, It is better to devote it to love, It is bad when patriotic, sectarian ideologies drive action, But when it harms humanity it is worse.

He was deeply in love with her but who isn't always hoping for the new and the changed,

They lived together in Manchester, but she went back to Dundee for her family's sake,

For a year now they had been
discussing how they could get back
together, Lovers estranged,

In this Global village of random
impossibilities, Infinity of mistakes
for the youth to make,

Over an year had passed and some
traces of affection remained,
Conversations were now mere
rituals,

A split at the horizon seemed
ordained, Isn't it obvious for unity
and traditions to be shattered,

As the competitive cruel world
always offers frustrations and
torments, Broken hearts mean
nothing to the old habituals,

Of sorrow, In over-compensation of
their discrepancies they shouted
and quarreled, feelings corrupted,
memories tattered,

She told him that times had
changed, and she has an opportunity
to secure a better future with
someone else,

He replied in rage, cursing the
Scots, and disconnected the line,

And in an instant his fury turned
into fear,

He let himself loose, went in and
out of depression all the time, But
when love compels, heart rebels,

He cried her to come back and say
"No thanks", He will try hard to be
better, for they were always
"better together",

But times had now changed and she
felt that things will change some
more, She heard the ache, but
there was no going back,

He cried he had no strength to proceed on and start over, but he had strength to persist and pursue, Please don't do anything just to show that you can, The unharmable walls of our union are facing a hazardous crack,

She said that she perceives that there would soon be a national boundary between the two and she is never coming through.

Both sides raged in anticipation,
Those marching for freedom
offered a just future, They
proclaimed,

"We have resources, talent and
wealth, the referendum has given us
a new energy, confidence and
determination

That will serve us well in the early
days as an independent nation",

Hoping to build a Scotland for, "the
Millions and not the millionaires",

They were reminded of their
achievements, "the spirit of yes is

what brought us to where we are today",

They were incited and provoked, to not be told what they can't do,

Wallace and Bruce risked their lives along with many others for a free Scotland all you have to do now is to agree to want it,

Finally they were asked, "Should Scotland be an independent country?" Yes or No,

In a milestone moment in Democracy's short history, a

handful of extra votes decided that
the unification must extend,

It would have broken numerous
hearts all round the globe, to
witness an old meaningless tradition
come to an abrupt end,

Some propaganda won and the
majority kept calm and voted No,
The choice reflected a few fears
and a few desires,

He knocked at her door at one in
the night or so, A moment of pure
love and a rekindling of sacred
fires,

All eyes filled with tears as he
asked her to marry him, And she
agreed as true love is the greatest
whim.

