

Poetry Series

Jai Prakash
Satyamangalam Bhupathy
- poems -

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Jai Prakash Satyamangalam Bhupathy()

63 Long Years Of A Journey

she bore the pain
she suffered the torment
she lived the torture
she delivered the innocent
not knowing her future

wishing the new born
to live on its own
independent & intelligent
on its own terms
to make her place
a heaven on the earth

hoping the path ahead
would be a bed of roses
not knowing the plant
had more thorns
than the roses

times passed
people changed
change was essential
but not so commercial

looking back
with a heavy heart
trying to breathe
amidst the suffocation
of the rich corruption
and the commotion

she feels she was better off
being ruled
than being sold

its the story told
by the old to the new
happy indian independence

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Blessed By The Almighty

blessed by the almighty

the blind is so lucky
not to witness the terror
not to witness the horror
but to be in his own world
sweet world beautiful world

helpless is the tale of the able
who feels so pale
yet hale and healthy
male or female
who is forced to witness
the terror and the horror

death doesn't approach
life doesn't smile
stays away far a mile
only stays a while

wishing he was also blessed
by the almighty
crawls every single day
only to see another cruel day
by the merciless beasts
who feel they are the best

the blind is so lucky
not to witness the terror
not to witness the horror
but to be in his own world
sweet world beautiful world

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Evil Behaviour Of The Civilized

EVIL BEHAVIOUR OF THE CIVILIZED

many a flower blossoms
in the garden of humanity
only to spread the fragrance
and the beauty to one and everyone
without discrimination whether
it is a man, woman, old or young
who enjoy the fragrance as well as beauty
of the flower.

in turn the human destroys and
tampers the innocence or the appearance
of the creation so divine yet so human

mere satisfying the lust within
unaware and being ruthless
over the infant and end of the day
landing oneself in the fenced land of law
no green around no fragrance around
only dense dark night where one can
not even realise there is a shadow
so dark which is the end of the
beautiful life bestowed upon
by the lord.

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Frinedship

Friendship

a treasure so precious
unique like a pearl
found in the deep ocean

so fresh so bright
like the sun in daylight
like the moon in the quiet night

glows like a divine light
in the minds and the hearts
of the two in twilight

enriches the relationship
living through it and watching
it grow is a delight

lets sail smooth
lets sail smooth
in the heavenly ship
called friendship

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Growth The Gift To One And All

GROWTH THE GIFT TO ONE AND ALL

Grow to know the reality of life
For some growth is nothing but a word
But for some growth the word is the only word
Grow only to know the reality of life

Some grow nurturing love
Some grow torturing love
Some grow relishing memories
Some grow disrespecting the loving memories

Farmer grows only to see the nation grow
Mother grows older only to see the children
Grow younger and blossom into a flower
Gardner grows only to pay a tribute
To mother nature

Who in real terms is the absolute owner of growth
So constantly and so flourishingly
Knowingly unknowingly
Sees everyone grow
Sees everything grow

But never wants Ego to grow
Because Damage is sure at one go
Peace prevails only when you let go your ego

Grow to know the reality of life
Grow to know the reality of life.

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Hopes

HOPES

hopes come alive each day
with the rising of the sun
so bright and so right
touching each and everyone

bringing warmth all the way
gives birth to a new way
blossoms into a fresh flower
which spreads its fragrance all the way

takes you straight into the journey of each day
and swings you into the night only to bring you a new day

blessed we are to acquire
more than what we require

hopes come alive each day
hopes come alive each day

followed by the night
so calm and so silent
singing a lullaby
ever since in mother nature's lap

blessed we are to go deep into our dreams
blessed we are to go deep into our dreams

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Kashmir The Transformation

blowing of the winds
swinging of the trees
flowing of the streams
glowing of the sun

playing gods bringing
smile on the face of the
infant is become
the thing of the past

cries the infant
looking at the infantry
up and down the valley
is a routine rally

blossoming of the flowers
pouring of the showers
has a message
oh dear gardener
a storm is the air
please take care

do not let us part
from you into the hands
of the cruel
and the merciless

he who knows less
he who is being used
from the cruel force
stop him from the worse
and save him from the curse

save the heaven
save the heaven

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Love An Illusion

LOVE AN ILLUSION

Had I not been in love
Had I not been in deep love
I would have been my own self
Only to live a complete life
Life which is a gift of god

Not realizing it was so
I waited in vane
I waited in rain
Only to undergo the pain
And remain for ever in the sad domain

Wishing you all the gain
Hoping you refrain
And get me out of the terrain
Wishing you were mine
If not in real life
At least in my dreams

Oh love
What an illusion
What an illusion

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My Thoughts For The Blind Contd

blessed are the blind
by the almighty
not to witness
the plight of the
unfortunate

who shed their blood
who leave their
loved ones behind
not to live in peace
but to be alive
till the next gruesome
attack on the innocent
happens for sure

the nights are dark
and the lord of light rises
showering bright light
on to the world
only to know more about
the evil hearted's win
over the innocent

who just want to be
in the limelight
day or night
here or there
known or unknown
young or old

blessed are the blind
not to see the horrors face
not to see the terrors phase

blessed are the blind.

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Not A Blind Tribute

Good Morning

not a blind tribute - The Title

the blind is a better visionary! !

the blind's mind is a treasury

he thinks no polluted

he thinks so deep rooted

he feels so gifted

he conducts so committed

the blind is a better visionary! !

the dark side of his life

is so bright and full of life

the light side of his life

is so bright he needs no artificial light

the blind is a better visionary! !

let we the normal get out of the blindness

let we the normal show our kindness

and send the blindness in the blind a little away

for the blind is just a feet away

the blind is a better visionary! !

the blind is a better visionary! !

he holds patience as his biggest asset

doesn't allow emotions to stand next

consciously performs the best

only to out perform his own self in the next

the blind is a better visionary! !

each day he comes out a winner

and leaves behind the sinner

for he knows the mind inner

for he knows his mind better

the blind is a better visionary! !

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Raksha Bandhan

Raksha Bandhan

yug yug se chale aa rahi hain
yeh bandhan jo baandh thi hain
apnon se apnon ko
anjaanon ko apnon se
aur bhi mazboot banati hain
rishton ko

aur yaad dilathi hain
bhayion ko unka
farz aur karz apne
behanon ki prathi

jo mili hain virasat se apnon ko
meethi meethi sambandhon ko
aur meethi meethi mithayion ko
baantne

raksha karo is anmol rishton ko
raksha karo is anonkha bandhan ko

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Ramzan E Dua

AAYI AAYI ID AAYI
HUM SABKO MILNE MILANE
BHAI BHAI DESH VIDESH
ME REHNEVALON KI
TAAZA TAAZA YAAD LAAYI

ALLAH MEHRBAAN
SABKE UPAR
MOULAH KADARDAN
SABKE UPAR
ALLAH KE BANDHE
KAR QURBAAN
INSANIYAT KE NAAM

AMAN AUR SHANTI
BARQARAAR RAHE
HUM SABKE DILON MEIN
HAMARI SAASON MEIN
HAMARI DESHON MEIN

AAYI AAYI ID AAYI
KHUSHIYON KI BAARAT LEKE
HAR SAAL KI TARAH
IS SAAL BHI
MUBAARAK HO RAMZAN SABKO
YAHİ HAIN DUA
MERE TARAF SE MERI JAAN

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Tears Of Blood

tears of blood

tears roll down
in joy and sorrow
blood rolls down
when the soul is
ready to move up
like an arrow

to the unknown
distance away from you
but still closer to you
with you and without you

tears roll down
in joy and sorrow
creating an ocean within
only to swim deep into
only to swim along
the tides of time

forgetting the times past
forgetting the moments lived
far from the future
not knowing the day ahead
tears roll down for the soul
tears roll down far from the soul

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Tree O Tree

Tree o Tree

home to the singing bird
takes you into a unique world
with its wide and broad shoulders
hypnotizes one deep into the woods
offering all the goods
to the mankind

who in turn chops them into pieces
makes pieces of artefact's
only to decorate his ego

come summer he respects nature
come winter he curses nature
man o man that's his nature
blind about the future
where he will be left
with red hot sun above
the avenue of trees
en route his destination
to no where

to know where
we need to take a u turn
and become a human being

blessed will be the human
if at all it happens
in this era of
chopping & chopping
be it trees or human heads

Tree o Tree
will never give up growing
let's not give up forgiving
because they do not know what they are doing.

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Whither Trust

whither trust

trust - the treasure
of the past
lost amidst the
dust of greed and time

in the clutches of the worst
witnessing the thirst
of the beast
called the man
so called human
so called the educated
so called the intellect

ready to connect
to the corrupt
live life to the fullest
mind locked with lust

trust - the treasure of the past
trust - the treasure of the past! !

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