

Poetry Series

**Kiran Kukreja**  
**- poems -**

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# Kiran Kukreja()

I am a professional with a curiosity about life and a love for expression. The poems in the collection &quot; Unknot&quot; have arisen from an alchemy of daily life and Nichiren Daishonin's teachings, which I have studied with some interest over a decade or so (also available at )

# Paradox

Who (and why) has this queer world wrought  
Can someone find me a solid ground  
(On which) could stand the wisps of thoughts  
Poor things evanescent and tremulous  
In dire need of comforting touch  
And reassurance of atleast the presence of a real GOD

A captivating and vibrant tableau masterfully hiding  
The secret script running, evading one and all  
Who is the doer ` i ` or the ` I `, there is no knowing  
Yet the Act is real  
So real, the sense of uncertainty truly galls

The hapless, innocent thing just fell down  
Look here! what ignorance has laid to waste  
A beautiful promise of flowering withered  
The pain is palpable  
I can feel it—its wake, its trail—it's left a bad taste

Now with the rising Sun my spirit soars  
In the twilight, a serene fullness fills my being  
With the moon I hear a soothing lilt  
What peace!  
Gentle quietude suffuses the night with its subtle ring

I did not bring this about—no I didn't  
But who else did, I am hard pressed to find  
The doer moves silently  
Through me  
It flows out into the world fulfilling the will divine

Rise to the occasion with all your heart  
Answer the call—when will you if not now  
This is your time here  
To fulfil the dream  
Of Life that became you, though you know not how

Meet every moment with faith total  
Fill every gift of joy with happiness complete

Like the soul of a musician  
Fusing with the organ  
In an ecstatic explosion of the Cosmic feat

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# Sentiments

Abiding in the heart, sentiments breathe

Roll and churn covered in a sheath

Roiling around in raging tempests

Cavorting here and about: a prank, a caper

Riding on a tide out they pour

Come to rest on lips hiding no more

Lilting they sound when awarded expression

Fragrant to the heart that receives their confession

What use the words that can't find their path?

What worth the man who can't this grasp?

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# Synthetic Life

Where have we reached?  
What have the false saints preached?  
Frightful sights are yonder  
Skipped beats make one ponder

Abundance in the midst of misery  
Elation ensconced in the weary  
Beauty sitting pretty on synthetic  
Glazed eyes convincingly empathetic

Talks of imbalance are doing rounds  
Ideas abuzz to break fresh ground  
Knowledge, skills, techniques abound  
The smart always have solutions around

Between all this a quiet presence  
Supreme wisdom centred in essence  
Balances perfectly in complete quiescence  
Whether you listen or do not listen

Miracles are the stuff of its weal  
'Amen' proffered to any sincere appeal  
Love it sows in arid fields  
Equality and dignity the staves it wields

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# The Burning Candle

Pitch dark night  
A candle stands upright  
Slowly burning down  
Light and smoke around  
Look there no more  
Where did it go?

It has changed garb  
Now in the new box  
So I was told  
By the man down the road  
That is a delusion  
There is an explanation

It changed state  
That much is science  
There is more however,  
Than meets the sight  
It was a solid apparition  
Of the Universe in creation

The Universe is still around  
Only the image not to be found  
Everything is a unique one-time event  
Yet fused with the eternal moment  
Moment goes on moment to moment  
Accumulations of causes ever present

The dance of life goes on  
Causes and effects on and on  
To what can one latch on?  
Fulfil your purpose, move on  
To your purpose be true  
And that purpose is 'You'

'You': The true-honest-to-goodness you  
What the sage called 'Mystic' or 'Myo'  
Favourable causes—favourable results  
Is your best chance

Greater the goodness in the Universe,  
Greater the possibility of happiness  
In both the living and the eluding  
Such are 'Well Gone'

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# The Path

It had a force of its own  
A will of its own  
But the walk was mine  
What a walk it was  
On the mine laden path  
I woke up at last  
Guess what?  
The path too had a mind

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# The Spirit Door

She comes  
More often than we know  
Quietly  
Knocking  
Sometimes thumping  
Its ways are subtle  
Yet these days she thumps  
At just those moments  
When you hear nothing

Gentle is its door  
For the soft are pure  
Close to the door  
Be ready for the fall  
Only the arrogant  
Are ever upright

When you fall  
She sweeps you up  
And raises you  
To the seamless cup of life  
You cannot see the temple  
Or the door  
Not even the path  
Let go

The one prepared to witness  
The lowest to the finest  
In him  
Is able to walk the line  
In between  
This line is what we call 'Human'

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