

Poetry Series

**Praveen Kumar in Simply  
Yours  
- poems -**

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## Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours()

Praveen Kumar, a bilingual poet, born in Mangaluru on June 29 of 1949 to na and ini, has more than three decades of government service as a senior police officer. As a poet of twenty-three published collections and as an author of five volumes on matters of governance and administration, he is a familiar face in Indian intellectual circuits. He presently lives in Bengaluru with wife, Jayashree, and son Pratheek.

Stemming from his varied academic background are the lively far-reaching interests that have impelled him to write in subjects as divers as matters of public interest and poetry, striking a perfect balance between the pursuance of vocation and avocation.

He has been a regular contributor to many national dailies, periodicals and journals. His articles have been extremely popular and often sensational by their innovative and unorthodox thoughts.

His published works include Policing for the New Age, Policing the Police, Indian Police and Inside India in prose, and Unknown Horizons, Portraits of Passion, Simply Yours, Love & Pride, Shobha Priya, Golden Wonder and Celestial Glow in poetry. His published works in Kannada are Divya Belaku, Bhavana, Priya Chaitra Tapasvini, Ananya Priya Lavanya, Priya Geethegalu and Tapasvini.

## 00. Preface: Simply Yours

SIMPLY YOURS is about love and its 'sweet misery'. Love is like heaven, but sure can hurt like hell. Love as Victor Hugo said, 'the reduction of the universe to a single being, the expansion of single being even to God', where, in Bill Wilson's words, 'to the world you may be one person, but to one person you may be the God'. Francis Bacon says that it is impossible to love and to be wise. Love is also variously defined as being stupid together. This volume of love poetry is about that stupidity.

Love is called as crazy. It grows beyond human senses, perceptions and consciousness. It knows no human laws. Maslow's Needs Hierarchy has no use for it. Neither basic needs nor the highest need of self-actualization can ever stand up to the magical height of the love. The beauty of love lies in the entire sum of existence revolving around the magic of being needed by one person. Love is when hurting her will hurt you more. It is not that you can't live without her; it is just that you don't even want to try. 'Simply Yours' is about this madness.

The treasure of love is unique and unparalleled. Felix Adler elegantly describes the nature of love when he says, 'that each include the other, each is enriched by the other'. Hans Margolius gives expression to the same thought when he says that one man by himself is nothing, two people who belong together make a world.

Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies. It is in this reference that great Kahlil Gibran says that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation. 'Simply Yours' is simply a probe to the depth, and comes out with the conclusion in the words of Pearl Baileg that the sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love. Love reminds you that nothing else matters. Love is a light that shines from heart to heart and feels what the other is feeling even if they are far away. All these live and lovely layers of love are deeply probed in the seventy-nine poems of this anthology.

I remember Shobha with profound love and regard for being the strength and inspiration of this and all my literary works and life and coming again in pursuit of the goal. This volume is a small tribute to her resolve transcending all barriers in the second advent.

My son, Pratheek is my strength in pursuit of my literary activities and seems like carrying forward the avocation. I thank him for his consistent help. I

must confess that it is my father Shree R. D. Suvarna who made me whatever I am now. I would have never ventured in to literary pursuits without his encouragement.

My deep gratitude is also due to my wife, Jayashree, who naturally is the first reader and critic of all my literary compositions apart from being the first effective proof reader. I thank her for all her cooperation. Also, my mother, Smt. B. Sarojini, my sister, Pramodini Ganesh, brother, Nishith Kumar, sister, Asha Narasimha and brother, Sushir Kumar stood behind me in this effort. I record my gratitude to all of them.

September 1,2009

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Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

# 01. We Dissolved In The Other

Young and eager she is, in ultimate grace,  
She climbed the ladder a step a day  
And knocked the door of my unguarded fort;  
I wondered who this winged angel is  
On my door steps, for what great game;  
Yet, I opened door wide open for her;  
She, young and eager, in ultimate grace,  
Barged deep inside like the god in haste  
And settled herself in ease in a quiet corner.

I entreated her to gentle passions,  
Held her heaving bosoms in my shaking hands;  
Stripped her wide open to a gorgeous view:  
Full, young and round, and hale and sweet like ale;  
I sank my whole deep to her soft vale,  
Liquesced in soft mounds of irresistible warmth;  
She quivered like dry leaves in dulcet thrill,  
In swells of sweet passions exploding in limbs;  
She was not then her own, her usual quiet soul.

Sweet in gentle moves, she spread all over me,  
I held her in my arms; she, me in winding arms;  
We dissolved in the other till grew in common bliss  
Of desires, deep and thick, and longing for each.

Desires being spent, we lay in gentle peace  
With unbound gratitude in heart for each;  
She gently turned aside and whispered in ears,  
She should leave then and descend to her fate;  
I held her hands fast and stood silent for a moment:  
We met again each other in deep whispers of eyes,  
Our spirit longed for each in unending desires,  
For unending bond before time drifts us apart;  
Aye, time hears not the rules of the human needs  
And she descended step by step and vanished from sight,  
Leaving the dulcet dreams of we dissolved in the other.

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## 02. Young Romance

Soft lights of his intense eyes  
Deluged her firm round beautiful breasts;  
The intense desire of his brooding heart  
Seized her soft sensitive breasts;  
The sheet of sweet joy that caught them both,  
Lit their souls, defreezed passions;  
The flames of warmth that spread like fire,  
Hid their cares in sweet abandonment;  
The fragrance of beauty on the melody's back  
Rode like mad dance from heart to heart.

The shock of joy shook both the loves,  
The sweep of sweet warm sensual currents  
Squeezed their limbs to a lascivious juice  
Of dripping desires and popped dreams;  
A new world where none except the loves,  
A new world where none except the loves  
Live like gods in lonely splendor  
Rose from the desires like bright full moon;  
She hid her breasts from his poignant eyes  
In pride's pregnant pleasant mock shy.

He knew her tricks, he knew her works,  
He knew her desires, he knew her pleasures;  
Yet, impatient for her mysterious treasures,  
His heart begged her for kindness;  
His soul aflame sparkled through eyes;  
Yet, still in motion and dumb in sprite,  
He honoured her rules and looked aside;  
Her passions stirred, emotions streamed,  
In unreserved joy, she uncovered her breasts  
For the feast of her love's glowing eyes.

They rolled in pleasure, they heaved in joy;  
They were drugged in mad desire for each;  
She lived in his joy and he, in her,  
They shed their beings to reach each other;  
She found her world in him, and he, in her,  
The eager loves sought to dissolve in the other;

No fears touched them, no pride or comforts;  
Like the sunshine meets the sky in daybreak,  
They fused in soft passionate hug  
And spread white glow of immortal light.

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### 03. I Went There To Bid Her Adieu

I went there to bid her adieu  
With crying soul and heart falling apart  
For life ahead without her lyrics  
And called her near with tears in eyes;  
Devastated was she, but in composure,  
Languorous by grief, but firmed up to face,  
She slowly walked to my front  
And searched my eyes with lightless eyes.

I locked my soul to nonchalance,  
I blocked heart to emotional glance  
And looked straight to bid her adieu;  
Shaken was she, tears rolled to her cheeks  
Though firmed up was she to be unemotional  
And lowered dull eyes withered with grief;  
She knew my joys, she knew my desires,  
She knew what I yearned deep in my soul  
And her eyes glittered with infinite sparkles.

I raised my eyes to mouth my words,  
Lo, I saw her bosoms uncovered for my feast,  
Round and firm, and lovely like full moons,  
Spread all over there, crowning over heart,  
Bespeaking to my soul, calling me to field;  
She saw I saw and thrust them forward  
With welcome sunshine glittering in eyes;  
Shocked by pleasures, shocked by the spell,  
Shocked by elegance those jewels radiate,  
I lowered my eyes in awe and joy.

I walked near her, and she welcomed by eyes,  
I brushed my hands all over her bosoms,  
Over and below, in-between, all over;  
I played all over her to soul's contentment  
And she abandoned herself to my glorious play;  
No holding back once we were caught there,  
We were to make up for the separations ahead;  
We tied our souls, we tied our hearts,  
We tied our minds, we tied our bodies,

We thrust ourselves deeper to the other  
Till we blend all over and inseparably merge,  
So no time ever again part us from the other.

We were all mad, mad, mad for the other,  
No world outside bothered us then;  
In surge of passions brimming over limbs,  
In contagious heat wrapping our bodies,  
Oblivious we were that we were not one,  
We played our games in rhythms of one  
And rose and fell in most joyous concert,  
Giving to the other and filling up the other  
And finding our joys in common cause;  
We found ourselves in each other's depth,  
Where we found ourselves immortally bound,  
Where she is my ego; and I am, hers,  
Where no existence for us separates from the other;  
I held her tight; she, me, like lodestar,  
Our souls, minds and bodies closing in cores  
And we blended like infinities in ultimate bliss  
In each other's fold, never again to part.

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## 04. Raging Fire

I was so caught in her fluid spell,  
I couldn't move eyes from those lovely rounds,  
Those lovely bosoms that blossomed on her;  
She caught my ogling, her bosoms swelled,  
She tried her best to hide her fires  
And pretended not seen my hunger in eyes;  
I looked her eyes, transfused passions,  
She roused like wild fire caught on raw nerves  
And bent on intent to pick something,  
Exposing whole spectrum of her wondrous treasures,  
And engulfing me in impassioned red-hot desires.

I moved forward and held her in arms  
And pressed my lips on her gentle bosoms,  
So sweet and soft and velvet-like to mouth;  
Gently I pressed, deeper impassionedly pressed  
Till my quivering lips met her gentle ribs;  
Shut her eyes, she yielded all of her,  
And in raging fire, I ravished all of her;  
We were all mad and blind to the outer world,  
A thousand raging fires were burning us alive  
In unbearable pleasures we never thought to exist;  
Deeper we thrust to each other's core,  
Deeper we desired to dissolve in the other,  
Blending our bodies inch after inch;  
Lips to lips and bare breast to breast,  
We sucked and reached till tired of joy;  
Thigh to thigh we sank ourselves  
Till we met in the depths of inner core;  
We rolled in joy, overwhelmed in pleasures,  
We poured our life to the brim of the other.

Encircled like creepers around the other,  
We breathed each other, filled each other;  
Heart throbs and rhythms running in tandem,  
Undiminished desires peaking to new heights,  
We lay on each other in peace and solace  
While exhausted is body, but raging are passions;  
I gently embraced her, pressed lips to lips,

Gratitude for her love swelling in heart,  
And we both slipped to slumber of peace and rest.

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## 05. Fragrant Jasmine

I adore you for your innocence,  
For the crystal purities of the morn dew,  
For the sterling glow that streams from you;  
Simplicity you wear and humility you bear  
Shock the senses to natural ways.

You sit on soul like fragrant jasmine,  
You touch my soul like velvet feathers;  
The warmth you radiate melts all gloom,  
Sunshine you spread enwraps my soul  
And I transfigure like God in your presence.

You are my peace, you are my grace,  
You still disturbance deep in soul;  
Tall tides of quiet joy floods my life  
While sparkles I see in your eyes  
And blooms of smile I trace on lips.

You are gentle queen on noble throne,  
You are holy heaven brought on mundane world;  
You are refreshing dawn invading long night,  
You refresh my world and instill pure joy,  
You stir my soul to enlightened heights.

You are pure flame of noble kind,  
You spread gentle glow all around you,  
You brighten things, brighten soul within  
And gently lead self to righteous world  
And stir conscience to nobler deeds.

I adore you for your quietude,  
The serene awaken ness inherent in you  
That blossoms soul, captures heart,  
And spreads soft harmony everywhere;  
Sunshine you do bring to my gloomy life.

You readily acquiesce within frame,  
Gently stand up while things are wrong;  
You hurt yourself, never hurt other souls,

Seeking for self is alien in you –  
You burn yourself to shed light outward.

You are pure gold, diamond in strength,  
You are my soul, the soul of my soul,  
You are my drive for perfection;  
You spur vitalities and sprout wings  
To cover all heaven and hell alike.

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## 06. She Spells Simplicity

In midst of odds and obstacles,  
In the environ of selfish pulls,  
She is refreshing as warm bath  
After the dogged toil day and night;  
In turns and spins of racing world,  
In the whorls of smokes of false ends,  
She stands out bright and transparent,  
Clear and pure like the morning light.

In the seething world of unending strife,  
She like true nature soothes all round;  
Like pure and fresh lustrous pearls,  
Resplendent she shines with inner glow;  
Like virgin flowers of the Himalayan heights,  
She carries grace and sacred strength  
And spreads rare tides of comforting peace  
And devolves grandeur by her quiet pace.

She is quiet strength, natural wealth,  
Whose simple strides on royal path  
Rouses ripples of silent condescence  
'Midst commotions of wild conflicts;  
Sheer harmony like the birds on wings,  
Sheer poem of the spring's sweet swings,  
She reaches and stirs inner chords,  
Thaws the frosts of the age-old strife.

Neither left nor right, has she walked straight  
In strides as soft as on rose petals' bed;  
Each step of her, honey imprint on heart,  
Each smile of her, pure nectar for soul;  
Each word, a comfort; silence, deep sense,  
She spells simplicity in divine elegance;  
While transcends discords, she raises world  
To profound heights of oneness with all.

She is sweet and pretty within, without,  
Nobly sweet and profoundly pretty;

Sweet is sweet, and pretty goes pretty  
'Cause she makes sweet, sweet; pretty, pretty;  
Simply sheer music of celestial width,  
She connects all, and all to the divine  
And lights the world with her inner flame  
Of lustrous shine and gentle glow.

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## 07. She Is Pure Gold

Taller than sky,  
Deeper than water  
And brighter than fire,  
She is subtler than cosmos,  
Spark of ether enwrapping all  
And the core of primordial force.

She reaches deep within  
As the touchstone of divine beauty,  
She stirs and cleanses soul  
To the purities of the cosmic flame,  
She reaches touches and breaches  
And shows what life all about is.

She is truth, she is joy,  
She is the essence of all beauty,  
She is the goal, she is effort,  
She is the spur that gives wings,  
The wind that lifts to quiet heights,  
Where peace and harmony coexist.

Elegance in simplicity is she,  
She soothes and calms raging fires;  
Creative refrain of confidence,  
She spreads pure joy all around;  
Pure and fragrant like fresh jasmine,  
She is pure gold, diamond's glow.

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## 08. My Selfless Angel

While all was quiet and tired I asleep,  
She knocked my door and entered inside;  
Half awake, half asleep, I recognized not  
And bid her to take spot at vacant floor;  
She chose my side and lay side by side,  
I ignored faux pas and shut my eyes.

I felt her warmth and arm across,  
I lay still lest I disturb her quiet sleep;  
Stirred, I wondered who this angel is,  
For what great cause, landed at my side;  
Is she my long past in future's shiny attire,  
Come to meet destinies I sought all life.

At dawn, I was awake and rose from bed,  
Curled lay my guest at a far corner;  
We spoke not why, I found very sad she was  
And she spent all her day in usual chores;  
She took her corner and I, my side at night  
And lost in deep sleep till I suddenly awake.

I felt her warmth and arm across,  
I lay still lest I disturb her quiet sleep;  
All day was she distant and deeply sad,  
But seeks and shares warmth in night's shade;  
A subtle bond inscrutable to mortal eyes,  
I could track enwrapping our eager souls.

At dawn, I was awake and rose from bed,  
Curled lay my guest at a far corner;  
I sought her pardon for deficiencies there;  
Her eyes aglow and she, gentle like blooms,  
Said, in truth, she sought pardon from me;  
I felt, I know her, her pains and pleasures.

She was aglow, whenever I, nearby,  
A subtle dear charm pervaded her then;  
She bloomed like flower, fragrance I felt,  
A divine halo I could feel and touch in her;

A charming tide of joy I brought to her,  
She sparkled like gold while I came near her.

Caught by her innocence and noble grace,  
I broke my fences and grew close to her;  
I knew her joys, yet she moved away from me,  
I knew her pains, knew, it ached her soul;  
She shunned my words, shunned my shadow,  
But never had she thought of vacating my place.

Hurt in soul, I always distanced from her,  
I felt her creep in deep humility to my side;  
I felt her warmth and arm across,  
I lay still lest I disturb her quiet sleep;  
At dawn, I was awake and rose from bed,  
Curled lay my guest at a far corner.

Years rolled by, my place fell to wastes,  
I sought my guest to move to adjacent palace –  
Sturdy and strong and spacious in comforts;  
Alas, nay she said and lived in wastes;  
Great hordes did flock to lead her to palaces,  
But she stood like rock `neath my bleak shadow.

I had only wastes to share with her,  
But she found her bliss in those dark wastes;  
She had all glories, palaces at her beck,  
But she looked not that side, sought none of it;  
She found her joy I could not give her  
In my barren shadow, sadly bleak and cold.

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## 09. On The Golden Regal Throne

Deep in your soul,  
On the golden regal throne,  
You endowed me with kingship  
On whatever ever you have;  
Enthralled by your gifts,  
Overwhelmed by its wealth,  
I devoted to you myself.

You looked not back thereafter,  
Stone after stone and row after row,  
Love and trust's temple you raised  
Around me in sanctum sanctorum;  
So sacred I felt myself,  
I rose to God's heights  
And bestowed you with devout boons.

Years passed by,  
And you blossomed like jasmine;  
A thousand princes sought  
Your golden regal throne;  
A hundred ministers around  
Heckled you to select one  
And cornered you to oblige one.

You yielded not a whit,  
You looked aside with contempt;  
While endowed me with kingship,  
You refused the throne outside;  
I watched the game from afar,  
And ordained to move me from the throne  
To give you a concerted life.

Silently you wept all that day,  
And refused to vacate me from throne;  
You moved away step by step,  
But, held my kingship and throne intact;  
You moved to stark solitude  
Of the love and trust's temple you raised  
To worship me in sanctum sanctorum.

I knew your love,  
But valued your joy;  
I knew not love itself is joy;  
No joy you have away from me,  
No life you see distant from me;  
I found how deep and devout you are,  
No worlds can stir your faith in me.

You gave me your throne,  
You gave kingship over you,  
For what great cause, I cannot figure ever;  
You stuck to me forever  
At considerable sacrifice  
To stay as mine all through my soul,  
For what great grist, I cannot figure ever.

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## 10. Her Resolve

Caught in the whirls of opposite pulls,  
Bound in the whorls of tragic spirals  
Of inner needs and outer bindings,  
My Queen, I know, is stifled at soul.

Innocent at soul and sensitive at heart,  
Never one to hurt a big or small life,  
She was brought in rein to make life's choice –  
Null your soul or bleed those around you.

Shocked and shaken, my Queen cried at soul –  
Does she blight her soul and extinguish its light  
And breach her bridge to her kingdom forever,  
Or smash the smiles of those milling around.

She knew, her soul, not one, but two,  
And repriming it is killing both;  
She breathed life and sailed all this length  
To seek and light her soul's quiet lamp.

While bound by the world, duties do make calls  
And they called their shares at her cost;  
How shrink from world and hurt all round,  
It bled her heart to hurt all round.

Undecided was she, but her soul was firm,  
No way she could again part from soul;  
But world sat heavy on her sensitive heart,  
How could she backtrack and bleed the world.

She prayed her God for a path around,  
She bided time to lose the noose around;  
But nothing helped her and events pounced  
To force her course on the world's way.

She stuttered and flustered and bitterly cried,  
But was calm and quiet in soul of her soul;  
She moved her soul's way in quiet solitude  
And proved her resolve in midst of world's way.

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## 11. In Scalding Pot

I know you are in trouble,  
Caught in the eye of storm,  
Stewed in severe counter pulls,  
You know not how to pull out  
And stay with what you want.

I gave my hand to help you out,  
Go with time stream, I said,  
Old, ugly and worn-out set in west,  
Young and perfect rise in east;  
But, you stick to yours own.

Once caught in the web of life,  
Neither you nor I disentangle or waive,  
More you come out, more you are caught;  
You are in scalding pot, burning hot alive,  
But, refuse to give out yours own.

Time is vile now, all may clear soon,  
You may come out unscathed and clean  
With yours own tucked to inner core;  
Barriers and obstacles, but testing grounds  
To winnow the chaffs from hard grains.

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## 12. Cosmic Probe

Vast is this world,  
Vast is its spectrum;  
An insignificant speck  
In the firmament I am.

Infinite is cosmos,  
Deep are its layers;  
Deep somewhere I lie  
Layers `neath layers.

Light finds its elements,  
Wind finds its space;  
You always find my trace  
And reach wherever I am.

Broken without you,  
Huddled in dark corner,  
I always find you, my joy,  
Coming back to your home.

I know how hard you struggle,  
What length, breadth and depth  
You traverse in my search  
Before track me at our home.

Thrown to desolate spot,  
Helpless I lie in grief;  
Lo, you come in bright attire  
And I fill to the brim in joy.

I only lie in grief,  
You do the entire struggle;  
I swell while you reach  
And respond in gratitude.

Alas, we slip time and again  
And I'm thrown somewhere;  
You begin the probe afresh,  
How long should it go on?

My pains are very deep  
While are we thrown away;  
My joys are tall and steep  
While you trace and promptly reach.

Why alone you must struggle,  
I hide and wait advent,  
While both needs each other  
To meet our deeper needs?

You are my inner force,  
I'm outer sheath;  
You make me, me; I, you, you,  
We together really are one.

You rip off entire cosmos  
In your sacred probe  
To track and join me  
And bring fulfillment.

You tie all worlds  
To swim across all  
To track your light  
That oft slips somewhere.

Sunk deep in gloom,  
I only wait and wait  
And spur you to the probe  
By the sheer strength of our bond.

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## 13. Soul Bound To Soul

We are the stream of cosmic force,  
The flow of time keeps it apart;  
We are the flow of divine light,  
The divide of the world sets us apart.

We are the face of the harmonious force,  
Discordant notes disturb our tunes;  
We are single move of the cosmic thrust,  
Imperfections all round pull us apart.

We traverse all worlds, soul bound to soul,  
We move all heaven, heart tied to heart;  
We light all worlds with divine glow,  
Dark shadows oft emerge to retard our flow.

Barriers while stand dividing us,  
Unbearable pains cripple both of us;  
We yearn to rejoin and force to reach,  
But worldly barriers are too strong to breach.

You hibernate in gloom's freezing chill,  
I force land like bird of broken wings;  
We count moments, count years and ages  
To rejoin and blend to natural fulfillment.

Ages we count in futile waiting,  
Never once tired or broken of waiting;  
We know we are destined to rejoin and live,  
We know we are one and destined to blend.

Ages pass waiting for our golden moments,  
Patience does wear and tolerance does tear  
And ages we waste in futile waiting,  
But, comes our time, all is worth of it.

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## 14. While Time Comes Right

Years rolled in endless cycles,  
Hopes and dreams rolled to the past,  
Endless pains stilled deeper in soul  
And tears dried up in hapless heart;  
Uninvited worlds taunted and gone,  
But I untiringly wait in futile watch  
And drag myself on time's path.

How far it was, yet how near it is,  
Time distances not while pain is true  
And I truly smell and feel it all;  
Though burned alive, I lived long,  
What fell out, I know not where gone,  
What yet lives but continues to burn  
By bygone memories on tears' pond.

Nothing is lost in cosmic scheme,  
Neither you nor I can lose each other;  
Day and night along the time's cycles,  
I watched awake to find your trace;  
Alas, time raced, years rolled in scores,  
But, nowhere had I traced my lost soul;  
Now, eyes go dim, bright flames go dull.

Oft I feel, at arm's length you are,  
Though reach a while, elusive as ever,  
You tear out of my world, jump to horizons;  
I played your games while blood was hot;  
Now tired to the core, a burnt out flame,  
No more can I rise from my fallen pit  
And cry; bitterly cry for my fallen state.

Long was my life, full of pains,  
Though you filled its length, breadth and width;  
You were its depth; you were its height,  
Every turn here I took on your cause;  
Now dusk is on, nightly gloom is ahead  
And I prepare for what lies in wait,  
Alas, without you, in spite of all watch.

I know, you know not what befell me,  
I know, you lost path in cosmic labyrinth;  
Past was ruinous, mere dead-end is ahead,  
Should all my grief end in this kind?  
Yet, a distant glimmer deep in my heart  
Distinctly whispers that all is not lost,  
Everything will be right while time comes right.

Dawn is on and horizons are alight  
And refreshing rays spread far and wide;  
Golden glints do play hide and seek,  
But the spread of light is longer by hour;  
I know it is day, mid-day is not far;  
But fears and struggles of endless years  
Haunt from within and I shrink in fears.

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## 15. In Celestial Wings

You are my peace and solace,  
I know, I am, yours too;  
While sky falls over head,  
Ground gapes `neath feet  
And inner light fades in shocks of life,  
A mere flash of your thoughts  
Enlivens my tired soul  
And fills me with light, peace and solace,  
A giant in new world, I become,  
I rise to divine heights in celestial wings.

How I desire to reciprocate  
To fill you with light and inner strength  
To soothe the ruffled wings  
And raise you to divine heights;  
But, alas, all is in vain!  
Layers of tall barriers stand  
And stop signals passing across  
And isolated we stand on opposite worlds;  
How I reach to wipe away your tears  
And fill you with light and inner strength?

Barriers or no barriers, I must cross over  
And hold you in arms, light up your soul,  
Fill you with strength from my inner core,  
Wipe away your tears with my quivering lips  
And infuse my warmth all over your height  
To see you in spasms burst out in pure joy  
To relegate distresses to constant oblivion;  
How I yearn to instill hope and confidence in you  
That, barriers or no barriers, we never part  
And we shall wait, till time comes right.

Time in cycles mangled me too  
And I remain not what I was before,  
Older and worn-out in life's constant pulls,  
Feeble and uncertain of myself now;  
But, the flame in my soul always seeks you,  
Yearns to reach out and give you solace;

You transcend my limits, transcend my soul,  
I forget my distress in your thoughts  
And discover my peace in your joy,  
For, I'm mere image of you, my beloved.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 16. Simply Yours

I'm simply yours,  
Every minute, hour, for endless years  
Along the vennels of past, present and future,  
I'm simply yours  
Like fishes for water,  
Birds for wind  
And stars all over the sweep of the space,  
I'm simply yours,  
Yours only always.

Clouds may form without water,  
Tides may run without wind,  
Times may bubble beyond space;  
But, beyond your orbit, sheer nought I'm,  
Without a fulcrum to stand on and belong,  
Without horizons.

You give me an axis, my horizons,  
Wherein I swim in joy of what I am  
And make me I, and I'm yours  
Of unalloyed mould of heavenly bond  
Of shared pains and shared pleasures,  
Where age is no constraint  
And distance is no bar.

You are my world, my light,  
You are my fulfillment,  
You are my reason, my meaning,  
You are my cause and target,  
Wherefore I move all through life.

From the scary womb of pitch darkness,  
I feel the streaks of feeble light  
Flying at me from horizons you fill;  
I hear your beckon,  
I madly look to breakout to light  
And blend and bond with you forever;  
But, shut all round and wings broken,  
No glimmer of hope to light my fuse,

I only declare, I'm "Simply Yours".

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 17. You Are Life's Spring

My streak of hope  
Of tied here and now,  
My dream of life  
Of laid in fulfillment  
Is simply you.

You bring me wings  
And raise sky high,  
You give me visions  
Beyond horizons,  
Make me worthwhile.

You are my anchor,  
You are navigator;  
I simply sail along  
The width and breadth  
On your simple sigh.

No day and night  
While you are near,  
No pain or pleasure  
While you are dear:  
All are sheer divine.

I bloom like flower  
In your presence,  
Soul lights like fire  
By your reach,  
You are my charm.

You are life's torch  
To find my path,  
You are conscience  
To guide me forth  
To our common place.

You are pleasant limits  
Of my mischievous games,  
You are vast horizons

Of my joyous spirits,  
You are life's spring.

You are my truth,  
No truth beyond you;  
You are my worship,  
No worship beyond you,  
You are my strength.

Deep within my soul,  
All around my halo,  
Everywhere in-between,  
Far beyond my stretch,  
You reside in me.

Sky may fast shrink,  
Earth, go in flames,  
Sun may go dark –  
But, you and I forever  
Stay tied in arms.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 18. My Elusive Pretty Wife

You are the bright glow of my eager soul,  
You are the live soul of my pregnant whole,  
You are the immortal flame of my innate lamp;  
You are the placid stream of my endless dreams  
That creeps and steams deep in my soul's soul;  
You are my languor, my hope, my divine fulfillment.

Passages in layers of yore and inscrutable future  
'Twixt the thickly crowded stars' bright laughter  
Stand indisputable witness to our divine bond;  
Halves of the Creator's same spark we are,  
Our path lies together There, here, everywhere  
And blends and dissolves us forever in the other.

We are each other's flower and its fragrance,  
Moon and moonlight, the evolution's lovely dance  
That meets in ourselves our celestial common goal;  
I know, I'm incomplete, my love, without you,  
Come hell or heaven, my soul, you are my all,  
You know that I am, just not I, without your call.

I reach you while you ride beyond stars,  
You breach time's horizons to meet my stars;  
Our chord knows no time and space's horizons,  
Our bond knows no tear of the wears with use;  
Like circles never run distal from the center,  
We revolve round each like entangled hungry souls.

Come my Queen, come to my languorous arms,  
Let's forget all distracting distasteful worlds  
In the comforting embrace of each other's folds;  
You do bring me true heaven on this very Earth  
And transcend my life 'yond the death and birth,  
And transform me, love, to an immortal Self.

You are my peace, grace, celestial solace,  
Contentment, success, life's enlightened face;  
When you are near, I glow like rising Sun,  
When away, I grieve, go slow in whirling pain,

For, you are my cause, force, soul and essence,  
Because of you and for you, I bear existence.

I yearn to reach and have you all for me  
To indulge in soul to soul close interflows,  
Limbs to limbs, skin and deep within too;  
How I desire to intermingle and dissolve in you,  
It is body, not body alone, mind, not mind alone,  
But the whole as one to delve deep within you.

You are my only world, cosmos, microcosm too;  
In you alone I know to build bridges, discover me;  
I am your image, you, mine; we, mirrors of the other  
And together we make a perfect lovely world;  
My lives are an eternal probe life after life  
To seek, search and discover my elusive pretty wife.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 19. We Live In Hopes

How deep our bonds  
Neither you nor I know,  
How far we stretch  
To accommodate each  
Neither rhyme nor reason  
Ever knows.

Steely barriers keep us apart,  
Our hearts yet bespeak to each;  
Countless years, keeping us afar,  
Blunt our fires raging inside,  
Our souls yet cry to reach each other.

Though all seems lost, utterly lost,  
A subtle spark of hope binds us fast;  
In darkness around, from either side,  
Sparkles of new dawn visit us both  
And we glow in dreams of meeting each.

Dreams are mere dreams  
While harsh realities jolt from our sleeps  
And we have our share of dips and ups;  
Yet, an invisible chord beyond words,  
We feel in souls binding our cores.

How long this wait and frustrations?  
How long daydreams melting in vain?  
How long so bound, yet infinitely far?  
Hopes sour nowhere as in frustrations,  
Yet, we live in hope, for only hope bonds us.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 20. Crystal Glow

You are the crystal glow  
Of enchanting colours' flow;  
Most charming and most wonderful,  
Ever born on this Earth.

You remind me of pure light,  
Ever so soothingly calm and bright;  
You wipe off gloom and light lamp  
Of joyous peace in heart and soul.

The quiet halo that enwraps you  
Casts spell of happiness all round;  
Most glorious blossom of divine fragrance,  
You refresh soul and uplift spirit.

You are the Creator's talent's jewel,  
You are the beauty's ultimate crown;  
You are the cream of the beauty's nectar  
In every curve, shape and skin's sheen;

Pretty you are as none else in the world,  
Pretty within and pretty without;  
You are sheer joy in personal form,  
Pure bliss to see and be nearby.

Ripples of charm gently flow from you  
And create quiet world of love and joy;  
You soothe, console and comfort the soul  
And I find in you my fulfillment.

The throbbing core of the beauty you are,  
The subtle soul of the beauty's soul;  
You please the eyes and light the soul  
And transport life to richer heights.

The gentle sweep of sweetness in you,  
The lively ripples of endless charm,  
The fluid flow of enchanting glow  
Carry the shocks of endless joy.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 21. Bloomed In Endless Joy

She adored him like God,  
He, her, as his Goddess,  
And they lived in happy heaven  
In dreams, day-dreams of each  
Though events never them brought  
To long longed face to face.

They longed for the other  
And knew how tied to the other  
Though tall fences stood between;  
World decreed bonds as odd  
Like between her and him  
And laid rugged roads ahead.

She cared not the blocks,  
He welcomed all odd shocks,  
But both worried for the other;  
She couldn't see him bleed,  
He couldn't see her hurt,  
Both sought each other's peace.

They couldn't run from each,  
The chord tied them was hard;  
They couldn't run for each,  
The road ahead, rough ride;  
They chose a means to follow:  
They neither haste nor part.

Though they evaded rugged road,  
Kept distance for the world,  
Each other's they keenly remained  
In live dreams of the other,  
They dissolved in the other  
In live longings for the other.

She yearned and cried for him,  
Her soul seared from pain;  
He lost all sense for world  
Without her graceful presence;

Both bled in soul for each,  
Both lived hell in real life.  
A faint glimmer of hope  
From the dark tunnel of pains  
Like the rising Sun at dawn  
They saw surfacing in horizons;  
Pains are not for always,  
Joys too the world oft holds.

She couldn't trust her fate,  
She got all her's, though late;  
It was sheer heaven for him,  
A pristine lease of life;  
Both raced for the light,  
Lest they may forever lose it.

They saw bright glow of light  
Enwrapping them together,  
They saw pure joy together  
In the other's inviting arms;  
Soul, mind, heart and body,  
They gave themselves to the other.

Like creepers they hugged the other,  
So close that bodies ached;  
Mouth to mouth, heart and body,  
They tasted each other's depths;  
Desires grew to newer heights  
And they feverishly lost in the other.

Souls so far spoke from afar,  
Discovered them in the other;  
Hearts seared in pain for each,  
Now bloomed in endless joy;  
The two now dissolved in the other  
Discovered in each their souls.

Road to heaven is never smooth,  
Rugged the path, more joy ahead,  
No pain is a waste in God's land;  
They lived pain, now aglow in joy,  
Discovered truth from the love's womb

That nothing in life equals true love.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 22. Impregnable Bond

Memories fade, thoughts recede,  
Emotions evaporate like evening sunlight,  
A dull ache of stillness pervades  
And life wobbles in uncertainties of heart  
While we keep away so long from the other.

You flooded my soul, mind and whole  
By breaching barriers big and small  
And instilled as sole focus of soul  
Day and night yourself at my deepest core  
Only to fade and recede at this hour?

Distances do drive wedges of unconcern,  
Breach bridges, snap ties, dwindle emotions,  
But not us, we, bound beyond horizons;  
Time takes its toll, but not basic roles,  
Our bond is intact, deep, strong and tall.

I dig, dig deep to trace you, my Queen,  
But, alas, it is smoke, mere gray smoke,  
I find, I land on in lieu, when I look around;  
I wonder where have receded and gone  
Those intense ripples of pains and joys.

Those lovely frames of lily memories,  
Those sweet waves of devout thoughts  
As distant dreams now orphan my soul,  
And I freeze in pounding sharp ache  
In the dreary pit of deep desolation.

I want to reach wherever you are,  
Renew memories and intense thoughts  
And pack our souls in tight embrace,  
That no time or distance ever dare  
To part you from me, and me from you.

Memories and thoughts are mere flames  
Of the impregnable bond that entwines us;  
While you are in me and I am in you

As each other's essence, core and soul,  
How anything can ever set us apart?

Come, my darling, come to me,  
Come, embrace, and dissolve in me,  
And I, forever, dissolve in you;  
Let memories fade, thoughts recede,  
We stay forever dissolved in the other.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 23. I'M Incomplete Without You

Day and night, I seek you everywhere,  
With light in heart that I meet you;  
Years gone by, but you are nowhere,  
Yet unextinguished is light, day and night;  
I know, our paths must meet some day  
On the endless warps and woofs of time.

You are there, as desperate as I am here,  
Seek me to reach and blend in my breath  
And two souls, minds, hearts, bodies dissolve  
Into one to coalesce to an impregnable spark;  
For, you know, I'm incomplete without you,  
So are you, without my life streaming in you.

You seem nowhere, but everywhere for me,  
Within, without, in soul, beyond cosmic reach;  
I see you in me, in dreams, hopes, desires, fears,  
In farthest limits of my deep joys and pains;  
Without you, I am but a dry little stream,  
Subdued and vain, torn, sans flush of green.

I feel you beckon me from far away lands,  
But alas, I know not where you are, nor  
How to reach and build bridges to you;  
The calls do stir core, swell my soul  
And spawn million wings to fly toward you,  
But where should I fly in binding blindness?

Yet awake within, I abide by time,  
For, no time can keep us apart forever;  
Two souls and minds so longing for each  
Must meet and blend some day for sure  
To a resplendent glow of celestial flow  
And two split halves unite never to part.

Barriers beyond human horizons  
Keep us apart for unknown purpose;  
Helpless as we are but for deep aches in souls  
Yield to burning pan of time's unkindness

And roast us in flames of languor  
Till impregnable bond restore us to each.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 24. March 29

I bade you grievous farewell on a gut-wrenching day,  
And after a long sojourn of thirty-four years  
In worlds far beyond all human horizons,  
You re-entered my world like goddess in haste,  
On an early sweet summer, stood close in my front;  
Thirty-four to the dot, that was, since we did part,  
And a changed world around and time did take its toll;  
My dull eyes did fail, but you did recast our past  
And I recollected all in frames as days passed by.

Where were you recondite in those painful years,  
Neither you nor I aware, nor aware ever be,  
How far or near, how long you flew, unaware,  
But I stayed where I was, grieving all days  
And found so much old while you re-entered afresh;  
You reclaimed me with all fire a soul can possess,  
No broken time slot, nor weaker future fares  
Nor flares of pride touched you, nor fears of the world,  
But, alas, your slot, you found, no more unoccupied.

You balked, I, a sinner, baking alive in pain,  
Ran round and round to keep you in humour,  
Opened gates to my soul, exposed my real whole;  
You, gentle as sweet rose and fragrant as fresh jasmine,  
Sweet as pure honey and fresh as morning dew,  
Without a whit of rancour, accepted my state as is;  
You, soul, mind, heart and body, always wanted me,  
But, resolute not to hurt and vacate the occupied slot,  
Stayed away in deep pain, biding for far away time.

Road we pursued was uncertain, full of turns and twists,  
Thick fog of fears blocked visions of what lay ahead;  
We, on the crust of mammoth tides in the ocean of life,  
Rose and fell in turns, losing never our faith in other,  
Never yielding dreams to the disaster of losing other;  
Years rolled by, yet, no signs of us joining forever,  
Nor you distance me to set your home in right order;  
You stood like polar star, like rock on mountaintop,  
Renounced all life's joys in pursuit of common dream.

I had my life full with all its hues, shades, colours,  
Feared for my flower losing pink in life's platter,  
Solicited and prayed to rebuild lovely days ahead;  
But all fell on deaf years; you moved not even a whit,  
Chose what you yearned for, or nothing you adore ever;  
I, in day and night focus, devoted my all to you;  
In two layers I lived, soul, heart and body tied in you,  
Yet detached in outer shell, showed a normal life  
Till our needs for each met to burst together inwards.

It was like gentle blood flushing all over the body,  
As if spring blossoms to end the winter chill,  
It was like noon sun showering full moon-glow,  
A celestial bloom's fragrance enwrapping all worlds –  
Our souls danced in joy, dreams soared to high heavens,  
Hearts soaked in colours, bodies blossomed like flowers;  
We tied in other's arms, dissolved in the other,  
Body clinging to body, joyously we breathed the other,  
And dissolved in the other, never again to part ever.

It is our fulfillment, our ultimate attainment,  
For what we struggled hard along several worlds  
With broken shattered soul, mind and bleeding heart  
In endless cycles of life along the time's passage,  
Each time coming so close, but always forced to part  
And breach our souls further in pining for the other;  
How long this cosmic drama, how long shattering pains?  
But never had we shrunk from each, from our cosmic bond,  
Willingly bore all pains in sacred pursuit of each.

We know our common root, know our common state,  
Know our common road, know our common bond,  
Our common path ahead to common fulfillment,  
Common dissolution as one in common cosmic light;  
Though parted we remained long, parted ever cannot be,  
For, can light and flame ever be parted for perpetuity?  
Time unkind endlessly indeed ground us to helpless pulp  
Only to find ourselves in unspeakable bond of strength  
And in other's inviting arms, we won our life's end.

Sufferings perforce are long, unkind, and painful all along

And road to attainment algate is insufferably bleak,  
While ends are truly high, enduring, lovely and noble;  
Run the path and bear pains with unyielding strength,  
For, how long and deep are pains, so enduring are the ends,  
Know that nothing comes out of nothing in this world;  
How long and deep one pine and struggles hard to reach,  
So soon and closer it comes, so much sweet is its taste,  
Only long and bitter struggle moulds truly timeless bond.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 25. Parting Rhymes

Two souls, minds, hearts, bodies  
So longing for each, believe me,  
Will never never ever part.

Have trust in God,  
Give God time to act;  
Kindly do not lose heart,  
Do not lose hope;  
All will be all right  
While time comes right.

Be happy always,  
Smiling all days;  
God bless you always,  
Live well, my Goddess.

You are never never alone in this world  
In your grief, sorrows and pains.  
(God forbid, never it ever comes to you) .

Kindly remember in your grief,  
That there is a soul always with you  
In all your grief, sorrows and pains,  
Sharing your pain  
And every dropp of tears you shed,  
And ever willing to die for his Queen;  
Kindly, never never ever forget this truth.

I, for any reason, never angry with my Queen,  
I know the predicament my lovely Goddess is in.

"Trust me", cried I, "trust the divine designs,  
I swear on my lovely Goddess, destiny shall shine bright;  
All fears and tears just meant to deepen our mutual bonds;  
Nothing shall stop me from, bonding to my pretty Queen,  
And two souls, minds, hearts and bodies, growing into one  
In the endless bliss of hug and kiss of dissolving in the other;  
This is divine promise, firm assurance; this is divine verdict,  
No forces on Earth can ever it stop, and all forces yield to it".

Further I said,  
"I again swear on my Goddess,  
Most charming and most wonderful girl  
Ever born on this World,  
Nothing is there to fear,  
Nothing is there to brood,  
Only wait and wait, and I wait  
Till time dissolves us two to ecstatic One  
In the bliss of divine fulfillment".

My wife, my life, my goddess,  
I'm all yours,  
Simply yours,  
Yours only, always.

I'm incomplete, my Love, without you,  
Hell or heaven, my Goddess, you are my all.

While old, ugly and worn out world sets in the west,  
Perfect and young golden worlds rise in the east  
To worship my Goddess, most perfect and prettiest in all worlds.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 26. Partings Meant To Deepen Bond

Twice did she come to reclaim her world,  
Running across stars along celestial path  
And roused me from my slothful slumber  
Of lethied digressions to common place;  
Intense like sun and soft like pure gold,  
She stirred my soul to my singular goal,  
She seized my mind to fill to the brim,  
She invaded my heart to rule it all over  
And spelled me with her countless charms.

Each time she came, I metamorphosed,  
Each time I shed past and wore new looks  
And came up refurbished in celestial glow  
Like sun at dawn breaking out of east;  
Endless did she run in tangles of paths,  
Yet, tired not a whit while reached here,  
While broke out from time's dark womb;  
While soul is on focus, no labours count,  
No obstacles haunt, no hurdles mount.

Whence she came, why she withdrew,  
Neither she nor I know, nor ever know;  
Her road reaches me, mine always hers,  
Criss-cross our paths like tangled creepers,  
But leave back mounds of scattered ruins  
That dent our souls with pains no time can heal,  
No earthly comforts kill, no joy ever steals,  
Till again paths cross and we find our heaven  
Of common fulfillment, of peace in each other.

She shuttles here and there in turns and twists  
In constant focus on my wrecked world;  
I stand alone in world always seeking her,  
But know not her whereabouts or our hour;  
We are divine birds drinking from each other,  
We live for the other; we live in the other,  
Find light while we meet, go naught while part;  
Yet, while hours are long, distance is far,  
I recede to slumber of lethied digressions.

Oceans are not oceans without water mass,  
Sun is not the sun without his fiery fires,  
Sky is not sky without scattered stars,  
And I am not I without her in my arms,  
Nor she ever is she without my nearness;  
But time plays havoc in unlikeliest turns  
And shatters our worlds, bleeds our souls;  
While bird flies away, I doze away in nest,  
It is standstill world for two parted souls.

Twice did she come to reclaim her world,  
Running across stars along celestial path  
And roused me from my slothful slumber  
Of lethied digressions to common place;  
What enlightenment, what a bliss she brought,  
All worlds blossomed around in sudden spring,  
I smelled sweet fragrance rolling towards me,  
Spell of divine tunes I felt afloat in sweet air  
Whenever she slipped back to reclaim her world.

She is flood of light washing away my gloom,  
She is roll of peace soothing shattered soul,  
She brings tides of joy filling heart to brim,  
She sweeps over life like westerly winds do,  
Showers forlorn life with hopes and dreams;  
Glow sharing glow, light embracing light,  
Water meeting water to grow to larger flow,  
Inseparably we are spliced in endless heavenly field,  
Partings we suffer meant perchance to deepen bond.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 27. She Is Soul's Glow

She is rose and jasmine in one,  
Sweetness of rose  
On canvas of jasmine,  
Snow like pure always is she;  
Glass like bright, transparent,  
Crystal pure like morning dews,  
Celestial glow, sacred, noble,  
Uncontaminated flow of love is she.

Soft as full moon, fierce as noon,  
Fresh as early dawn, firm as Polaris,  
Sacred flame that sheds light is she;  
Like divine hymns, she spells the world  
And dawns bliss wherever she is;  
She is soul's glow; she is heart's beat,  
My conscious flow, she is Being's seat,  
Incomplete I go while she is not near.

I yearn to take her to my arms  
And hold close to my heart  
Till heartbeats meet heart beats  
And two souls blend to unite;  
I yearn to reach her round bosoms,  
Hold in hands and playfully squeeze  
Till those true wonders divinely tremble  
And blossom her body to open flower.

How much I need her little mouth  
Inseparably blend with my own  
And madly we seek in inconsolable desire  
Each other's mouth, lips and sweet breath  
To reach and touch and lick and suck  
And gently fuse till heaven's fire  
Unite our bodies in common bliss  
And we indulge in each, oblivious of world!

She is my joy, she is fulfillment,  
She is my end, ultimate salvation;  
I cannot be I without joining her,

Nor be complete without meeting her;  
She is my light, I am her lamp,  
She is my smile, I am her peace;  
She and I make sense as one and only one,  
So is our goal to unite forever.

I pine for her touch, pine for her warmth,  
I pine for her body stirring my soul,  
I pine for her looks stir my desires,  
And I seize her loyal smile and absorb her within  
And act and react and roll and twist  
In riot of common joy of meeting our needs;  
We are not two then, one and only one,  
Rejoined after long long painful wait.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 28. I'M Just Nought Without Her

Sarva Karana Karanam,  
Cause of all causes,  
Root of all roots,  
Source of all sources is she.

She is as tall as sky,  
As deep as nought,  
As fast as vast space,  
She is fire that keeps me alive.

She is my cause and its end,  
Passage of life in-between,  
The immortal flame of my soul,  
She is my sense and fulfillment.

Poise, peace and grace of all,  
She is my strength,  
She leads me forward  
And follows everywhere.

My shadow, my light,  
My desire, fulfillment,  
My dream, life's cream,  
She is soul of my soul.

I revolve around her,  
She, around me,  
We about each other  
And timeless together.

Cynosure of my path,  
I thirst for her light,  
She fills to my brim  
And we rejoice in each other.

Near or very far,  
We are together,  
We find in each other  
Our endless bliss.

She inspires me  
To sail onward,  
Her whispers to soul  
Keep me safe and straight.

I can never be I  
Without her light,  
She is substance  
That constructs my life.

She is that flame  
That lights my glow  
In pitch darkness  
That enwraps me always.

She is my past, endless future,  
Precious present besieging now;  
Mere a shadow of her spirit,  
I'm just nought without her.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 29. She Floods My Soul

When I saw her alone in soft moonlit glow,  
She stirred soul and caught me whole;  
Shocked by her gentle divine grace,  
I ravished her spell by my eyes  
And drank those charms to my brim;  
But, inexhaustible was her unbound beauty  
And unending was my endearing thirst;  
However long I drank, I saw no contentment;  
As I drank more, my thirst raised more  
And I desired her in my yearning arms,  
Desired to blend and fuse in her charm  
And rhyme with her soft perfect curves.

Fresh like lush green spring flowers  
And live and fragrant and full of colours,  
She floods my soul,  
Invades sleep and wakeful states;  
She shines in my eyes, sprouts in my dreams,  
And plays divine music deep within the self;  
She spreads soft light and guides me along  
To the glorious world of joy and fulfillment;  
She is my road, she is my end,  
She is the precious jewel I sought all my life.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 30. Divine Is My State

When in contemn for what the world did for me,  
What talents did it fail and what grace did it cloud,  
What noble thoughts it sunk in vile dins and sound,  
In utter despair, my love, I, for light, seek thee.

What heights did I scale, to what vales was I shown,  
What dreams streamed sublime were crushed and blown,  
How unkindly was I put down and mercilessly thrown,  
When, my love, I recount, you, fill in from horizons.

When the shine in my soul tarnishes from blows,  
When the music in heart turns sour and crows,  
When deep scars and wounds seize my inner glows,  
'Cause of you, holy love, my solace still grows.

How was I mowed, hauled, cursed and blocked,  
How my quiet little sail all along the sea rocked,  
I recall in grief and deeply scorn my ill fate,  
Then, you smile and remind how divine my state is.

You chose me above all as dearest to your soul,  
Your honeyed love, my love, instates me above all;  
This heavenly gift, divine love, lifts me as a whole,  
And grooms me within for all worldly and unworldly call.

You lift my sinking self; bring it to a golden land,  
Where golden rays of spring everlastingly blossom mind;  
The unworldly boons of your love overwhelms the worldly grief  
And readies me to take on ills with smiles and joy in soul.

No dark evils of all the worlds here, above and below,  
Wither your love's gold-edged divine glow;  
You fill me with such wealth that I, whether high or low,  
Need no worldly grace or scope unto me ever flow.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 31. Across The Gulf

I hear in your heartbeats  
Our impregnable bonds loudly speak;  
Though deeply mired in different worlds  
I hear you whisper across the gulf;  
You know not where I wait longing for you,  
Nor know how deep is our bond's roots,  
Though our hearts rhyme algate with each.

The cadence of life's endless dance  
Bridges our lives  
And entwines the grief and joy of life;  
The rhythmic spring of the life force  
Make the world where we long to live,  
Where laid our past, where lies our presence,  
Where will lie our future in pains and pleasures.

Every beat of heart marches us forward  
To a world of everlasting love and trust;  
In our heartbeats forever do meet  
Two hearts that blend in love for each.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 32. I Never Reach You

The wheel of time ceaselessly revolves  
And I weather away like winter leaves  
To rise again like phoenix some day;  
No cynosure here or burning fire  
To make me constant in pursuit,  
Except the footprints you left far back.

Though you left lasting imprints  
On the loose sand bed of the fleeting time,  
You transcend time, transcend weathering  
And deeply embedded within my self,  
And light hopes, zeal and joy of life.

I yearn, seek and grope for you  
In the dreary chill of the darkness outside;  
I scale horizons and search the stars  
In the hope of finding you someday  
In the far nooks of the distant time;  
Though you lurk within, I never reach you,  
Never feel the joy of having in me.

Impregnable walls of time and space  
Stand 'tween us and keep us apart;  
I can't be I nor you, ever you  
Without each reaching the other;  
How long this unsteady desperate state,  
How long we wait for the time of the tryst  
That brings us close never again to part?

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

### 33. Celestial Music

Here or there or anywhere she be,  
Or near or far or perhaps nowhere,  
But, always everywhere, she is, for me,  
In me here, there, everywhere forever.

She algate keeps close and consoles me;  
I hear in silence her celestial music;  
No distance, no walls, no gulf of time,  
No vacant heart ever keeps us apart.

No time or space rules her in my world;  
Limitless horizon, infinite she is;  
She sprouts with spring and spreads with summer  
And pours with rain and cools the summer.

She speaks with blue of the stretch of the sky,  
She rolls with the waves sweeping over seas;  
She swims with the magic of the fragrance of flowers;  
She spells with the green Earth endows herself.

I find her lurking in all splendid things,  
In all noble deeds, trusts and all human needs,  
In love, gentle passions, in all lovely creations,  
In truth, devotions and all wonders around us.

She is in heartbeats, in the life giving breath,  
In the shine of eyes, in the warmth of smiles,  
In joy and grief and needs and fulfillments;  
She is my sense, thoughts, passions and soul.

The Sun and the Moon do rise and set every day,  
But, she shines constant all along my life;  
Seasons do change and ages bring changes,  
In all, she alone forever keeps close to my life.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 34. My Mortal Eyes

How much I desire to take you in arms  
And hold you tight to my yearning heart!  
How much my eyes seek to see you as you are,  
Those bring back my joy, solace and comfort!  
How much I desire to light your life,  
And how much I desire to fill you with fragrance!

Tell me where you hide from my mortal eyes;  
I reach far worlds and find you there.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 35. We Wait

You showed like a shooting star and passed out,  
And dazzled me awake from soporous state  
To sink in darkness while passed out of sight.

I on the visible side of the world,  
You hid in invisible side,  
An impassable gulf separates us now,  
This is how the destiny ordained it;  
I wither, fade and fall out some day  
And cross the gulf and reach your side;  
Till then we wait with deep pain in heart.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 36. Impregnable Darkness

In the womb of deep slumber,  
In the arms of unawareness,  
Under the blanket of impregnable darkness,  
You lie alone like the frozen hopes of a dying man,  
Oblivious of the pain and grief doing riot,  
Tired and eyes shut to the stabs of grief.

The bond of common pain binds us nearer;  
I, on the visible side of the moon,  
Find my pains stab in lunar rhythms,  
While you, on the invisible side,  
Hide from the stabs and wounds of grief  
In the slow grind of the loneliness  
And run with the time to far horizons.

I know, my cries never reach your ears,  
A wall of time stands between us  
And deepens our grief and common pain.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 37. A Passing Phase

Elusive is this world, all is a passing phase,  
Neither you nor I, exception to this face;  
I shut my eyes when you broke out and surfaced;  
I offered not arms to take you to my fold,  
I gave you not the joy of warmth and comfort  
Of peace and solace of heart meeting heart;  
Alas, when I realized all these, you were gone very far.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 38. The Touch Of Spring

Winter yearns for the touch of spring,  
Summer longs for rain-bearing clouds,  
Tired body pines for eternal rest,  
I for one seek the comfort you bring.

While you reach and touch, blossoms my life  
And fills my world with colours and fragrance;  
You lift my spirit from the dreary cold feel  
And quench deep thirst of life meeting life.

I know, you lurk somewhere in horizon  
With the warmth you bear always for me;  
The gentle care you bear for me,  
Let reach my soul and sprout back me to life.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 39. In Celestial Rhythm

I was in deep sleep that winter night,  
And darkness did freeze the world around;  
Not a single star twinkled in the sky,  
Not a single streak of light anywhere;  
Blind and cold and still, not a thing stirred;  
I was living dead like a piece of wood,  
Sinking deep in barren lifeless world.

Then she came with nectar in heart,  
Warm shine in eyes, honey smile on face,  
As bright as the full-moon in a cloudless heaven;  
She came near in soft gentle steps,  
Godly beauty shone like halo around her;  
She reached my world, gently touched my life,  
Breath to warm breath, her face fragrantly close,  
Heart in rhyme to heart, body comfortably near;  
She awakened my soul to the lively morn ahead,  
To the warm bright rays of the gentle soft sun,  
To the chirpings of birds and the stirrings of light,  
To the refreshingly sweet air of the joyous daybreak.

She whispered from her soul to my wildly writ soul,  
And infused sprightliness to my indolent life;  
She stirred my heart to the nuances of the world,  
And warmed my soul to the riots of the life.

She said, she brought potions of love in heart,  
She sought me to rip up her sweet self apart  
And drink all her potions to my heart's content;  
Fresh like dew myself, I reached her eager self,  
Held it in both hands, quivering in wild excitement,  
Squeezed it hard to my mouth eager in wait  
And inhausted every bit till the last single drop.

Thirst quenched, soul content, self in joyous riots,

My heart full with lush love to the brim,  
I lowered my eyes to hug her and kiss;  
But, alas, what I saw I couldn't trust,  
The eager self of my love had dripped life too  
To keep alive my joy and stirrings of sunshine;  
The godly beauty of love and inexhaustible charm,  
Lay still and breathless, alas, in endless sleep.

She came, woke me up, and lit soul with her life;  
She sank to dreary darkness to give me light and life,  
To give light to my soul and stir me with love;  
She lives in me forever in the shine of my soul,  
In daybreaks, sunshine and the riots of the life,  
In chirpings of birds and stirrings of light,  
In whispers of the souls and the sprightliness around,  
In rhyme of hearts and the riots of colours,  
In every streak of love I find anywhere.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 40. Hide And Seek Is Our Natural Game

Wherever you be, my love,  
You never be far from my world;  
However far be, my love,  
You never be far from my reach;  
Though you set in distant horizons,  
I wait endless and join you there;  
Though you hide beyond constellations  
I seek you on the wings of passions  
And pick you from the cosmic hole;  
No heat of burning giant balls  
Nor the chill of the cosmic darkness  
Cross my path of reaching you;  
Wherever we may turn and part outward,  
Our roots are bound inseparably inward.

We are the eternal playmates  
In the spread of the cosmic playground,  
Where hide and seek is our natural game;  
You run, hide and bid me to seek  
And I seek with heart put into the act;  
Is it just a play for us?  
It is my blood, soul and beats of heart  
That keeps me worthwhile in cosmic spread;  
Though eyes, blindfold,  
Legs, bound and hands, tied,  
And thrown to seek you in an unknown field,  
Hiding somewhere, you do not see my plight;  
Blame me not, I concede I was late,  
Late or not, we will meet when time is right.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 41. I Hear All Day Your Little Whispers

My prettiest flower,  
The sweetest little thing I ever found  
And the world can ever hope to hold,  
I hear all day your little whispers  
Though nothing I find harder than knowing you.

You are there wherever I seek,  
You are there whenever I need,  
You are everywhere though nowhere found;  
Though ripples of pain, you are unbound joy,  
Though discontentment, you are inner peace,  
Though discord, you are sheer harmony,  
You are my beauty, my truth and essence.

While alone and dejected and soul cries in pain,  
You surface from somewhere and console and soothe  
And give strength, courage and resolve to hold fast,  
But, nowhere again, unseen while I recover from;  
You come and share pain, but hide away from joy,  
Though my strength, I know not where you are.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 42. In Nature's Celestial Tie

She sends her signals of unbound love  
In little gestures and subtle moves;  
An ocean of joys and the crown of life,  
She is my soul's gentle queen;

She throws gentle light from her hiding place  
And lights the soul with unending hopes;  
We meet in the depths of our primordial roots  
And entwine in the crevices of the craving souls.

She breathes my soul, I breathe her soul,  
Together we fall and rise in the cosmic whole;  
I live in her, and she, in me, indivisible ever,  
Impregnable and bound in nature's celestial tie.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 43. Sapna

Sapna was her lovely name,  
The only daughter of the country's king  
Whose world over spread good name and fame  
For being kind and ruthless for wrong;  
Sapna, the gentle lovely princess,  
Fair and tall with gleaming eyes,  
Stalked the hallways of the splendid palace  
Like colossus of the royal house.

Her bearings, an indomitable grace,  
Her presence, forever, gentle fragrance,  
That glow, in her form, spellbound all;  
Her shapely vales and dulcet dales,  
Those pinks of youth like a spring of ale,  
Her undulous frame, brimming with charm  
Stroked rare joy, full, gay and warm;  
Indeed was heaven, to inhaust her all,  
Oh, what a celestial spring of joy,  
A feminine charm, while lush, can be!

The king and his queen loved the daughter,  
More than the moon, his moonlit night;  
In the wilderness of life, she was the only succor  
To the ageing couple in the majesty's midst;  
Not a day they could bear, while Sapna, not near,  
Every hour did they fear while her words they couldn't hear,  
She was their all; she was soul's soul,  
They lived for her joy and yearned for her smile.

Glorious tidings, the royal couple dreamed  
For their dear daughter, on the throne, they adorned;  
Princes after princes falling for her charms,  
Kings for her grace, racing in wild swarms  
And Sapna striking summit as the leader of all kings.

Sapna came to youth like god in sweet charms,  
Kindest in kind heart and love for all in soul,  
Incisive noble mind and sweet refrain in all,  
No anger she ever had, no scorn, no reproach,

She was very god, but human in approach;  
A beauty in and out, she inspired joy all over,  
She showed, not a thorn, but, life, a gentle flower.

One day, leisurely she, strolling on garden paths,  
A flower among flowers, 'neath giant colourful wreaths,  
Steering thro' fragrant breeze, wrapped in silken cloths,  
Found a noble man, tending a young green plant;  
Young like the pretty princess, intelligent in deep eyes,  
Fresh like mom dew, poised, he stirred her heart;  
She saw him in innocent charm, eyes met eyes,  
Heart spoke to heart and soul entwined to soul,  
Their inner warm glows met and engulfed them in whole;  
A desire for each deepened their sense of gulf,  
A raging fire of longing smothered each sad self,  
Though new to each other, lo, they built love's bridge.

He was Prakash, the poet's son.  
A dear to the king, an honoured one,  
Who, noble and good and gentle to all;  
He loved gentle beauty; he loved the nature's bounty,  
He loved irresistible charm, pours out of feminine form;  
He loved the glow of youth, sparkling, fresh and warm,  
He loved lonely souls, rich in inner worths;  
He had that rare gift of reaching hearts 'neath  
And sifting chaffs and grains from life's messy hearths.

He saw the lovely princess, very Venus in midst of green,  
Bespeaking to his heart and splicing with his soul;  
A subtle spring of warmth, wrapped him in happy swoon;  
Lost to all sense and restraint, he walked to the little queen,  
Bent his knees in her front, paid obeisance from his soul,  
And said, he works in royal garden;  
He sought her orders to carry out by all his eager heart  
In entreatment of his reverence, due to royal respect.

Grateful gentle Sapna sought  
A rare rose, dangling from a plant  
And eager Prakash offered it,  
Writ with his love's hymns;  
Now, the time to part for them,  
For, they were not ordained to love;

Now, the hearts must tear, for,  
They could not live so near,  
The love-borne hearts turned away  
With bitterness creeping in soul.

Princess Sapna astir as she,  
Could neither sleep nor keep awake;  
A gentle fire engulfed her,  
She couldn't call it pain or pleasure;  
A dull sweet swell in heart's heart  
Tilled her limbs with painful yoke,  
Her blank sad eyes fixed at nought,  
Languid she lay, still with sad yearnings.

Prakash invaded her soul and mind  
And her being's every pore,  
He spread his tentacles wide over her  
Young and fresh and innocent heart;  
Like sunshine he spread,  
Like midnight he weighed;  
She could bear no more the pain,  
She could bear no more the weight,  
The princess' dire helplessness  
Swelled as streams of tears in eyes.

The king and the queen saw the sour sorrow  
Sitting on the face of dear daughter;  
Sapna wouldn't say what it were all,  
Nor they had any means to know;  
Sapna, a happy endearment ever,  
Like this sad state, they found her never;  
The dear parents would bargain their state  
To make their daughter happy and sweet,  
The king and queen would upturn all hell  
To fulfill dear Sapna's whatever will,  
But, alas, Sapna wouldn't anything them tell.

The queen thought to snatch Sapna from her shell  
To endearing world outside, expose her soul,  
She begged dear Sapna for a leisurely stroll  
With her, in royal garden, for a short while;  
Reluctant though she was, Sapna followed mother,

Hiding her sorrow 'neath morning fragrant air;  
Sunshine couldn't stir, no flowers tempted her,  
Cool fresh air, she found drab and squab;  
Though she was there, she was not there,  
Though with her mother, she was all herself,  
Nothing touched her to fill her inner gulf.

Like an arithmetic rule, she shadowed her mother,  
Like night following day, a motion followed the other;  
Lo, Prakash, she saw, tending a tender tree,  
A glut of pleasant lights, ran through her sad soul,  
Shone her dull eyes, rose up her withered features,  
A thousand blooms blossomed a thousand sweet colours  
Deep inside heart's heart and she shook in mild tremors  
Of the shock of unearthly unexpected pleasures;  
Oblivious who she was and where she was then,  
That she was in stroll with the dear mother, queen,  
Like a possessed winged angel, beloved Sapna ran  
And stood beside the poet's gardener son;  
Now, relieved lovely Sapna, of all her oppressive gloom,  
All the world's precious joy in face in full bloom.

Prakash saw his adorable Sapna,  
Saw the joyous shine in her glittering eyes,  
Stood up, he in perfect reverence,  
He bowed to her royal reference  
And sought her orders for him to obey;  
She spoke no words, she made no signs,  
But looked to his eyes in stirred passions;  
Barriers fell and distances liquesced,  
Beings of two souls wide opened their doors;  
Passions spread passsions,  
Desires stirred desires,  
They drowned in reciprocal warmth;  
Silent though outward, they pined for each,  
A common flame of emotion welded them to each;  
Neither could they part, nor do each other reach,  
Neither could they bridge, nor ever could they breach,  
They lost in that eerie aureate dream,  
Like a babe lost in a candy's stream  
And stood facing each, feeling love's flame.

The queen-mother saw from afar this all  
And knew reasons for the daughter's sad soul,  
She stalked her honour near young Prakash  
And stroked her daughter's quivering sweet frame,  
Sought what was the gardener's dear name  
And since when his soul knew her lovely daughter;  
Prakash said it all with awe and due honour,  
Called the princess a goddess, descended on the earth  
To grace and bless mortals by her immortal birth;  
Brewed like age-old wine, the gracious queen,  
Saw for her daughter, the gardener's passion,  
Wide like space and deep like time,  
Burning his world in celestial rhyme;  
Queen knew not how to respond to the tide,  
For, the princess scaled high for this lay ride  
And the king had plans and she had dreams  
For the princess' long future, to be nobler and prime.

Princess Sapna adores you in heart,  
Come, and grace the king tonight,  
A greater honour, the king may grant  
To the beloved of his beloved daughter  
Said the queen to the love-drenched lover;  
Prakash desired no more honour  
Than his Sapna so close and near;  
His garden stood next to the royal home,  
There he could see her in leisurely roam;  
What more for his life, he could desire?  
What treasure than this, he could aspire?  
Yet, he said yea for Sapna's sake;  
Lo, Sapna strayed in her joyous peak  
To hear her beloved accede to the tryst  
To smoothen their path to love's fulfilling post;  
Eyes gleaming in joy, heart thumping wild,  
Sapna dear bid adieu, like a comforted child.

The queen mother, deeply sad in heart,  
For her dear daughter's lovelorn state;  
Neither the queen nor the king could ever meet  
To a humble poet's son to be a noble mate  
To Sapna, the princess, their love's sole seat;  
She whispered the knotty strait to the unsuspecting king

And together they contrived an ingenious plot  
To fence passions and sperre the immature bond;  
They both firmed up to the task in hand,  
Though, for Sapna, the parental hearts did bleed.

Prakash, the poet's son, called on the king at night,  
Alas, nowhere, his Sapna was at sight;  
He bowed to the king, stood in staid silence,  
Seeking ordinance in obedient reverence;  
The king saw Prakash, his daughter's sunshine,  
Parched was his tongue, within he felt a pain,  
Gently quivered his limbs and sweats streamed out,  
Never was he so weak, yet he spoke out:  
Prakash, dear, the honorable poet's son,  
My daughter, princess Sapna, assigns you this mission,  
That you enroll in royal infantry  
And rise to fit in to royal entry,  
My daughter decided to wait till you rise in rank,  
She forbade you meeting her, till you meet the goal;  
So speaking falsehood, he dismissed the poet's son.

Never Prakash shied a career in war,  
But parting from his love, how could he ever bear?  
Years in a career in a distant border  
How help his steady progress to gentle love's chamber,  
Figured not out the humble distraught lover;  
How the gentlest queen of his heart's throne  
Could throw those severe terms at his sweet soul,  
He strove to reason it all, but, alas, in vain;  
It was the royal order to follow at all cost,  
Though couched in Sapna's name by the royal host;  
Prakash pined to meet beloved Sapna at least once,  
But, no way for him since the royal forbiddance,  
Gloom all the way, Prakash, enrolled in royal force.

Sapna waited all night to hear about his tryst with the king,  
With starry eyes in sky and wakeful dreams in wild swing:  
The queen-mother next morn came to Sapna's bed,  
Fully aware she was, her daughter's anxious state;  
Uncertain of own soul, she began her fell part  
And said, Prakash, the poet's son, let Sapna dearly down  
When the king the previous night, sought him to choose from

Sapna as his bride and an infantry rank for him;  
She said, Prakash, the poet's son. Chose not Sapna's hand  
And hurried that night itself to join an elite band.

Sapna couldn't it believe, nor she it disbelieve;  
A voice inside cried, the things refuse to behove;  
Starry eyes hid in clouds, her wakeful dreams shattered,  
Tears streamed out as helplessness swelled inside;  
How of all, dear Prakash, could reject her and part,  
How could her dear Prakash, could be so mean to her in heart,  
Sapna brooded alone in uncertain mental state;  
No light could light up her, all looked bleak and dull,  
No food for her had taste; royal glitters for her were waste,  
Loathed she talk and smile and rooted in a dark lonely cell,  
Withered her youth and figure, languished mind and soul  
In the bottomless steep despair, fogged her life in whole.

She loved to visit the royal garden  
And brood where she met face to face her man  
And talk aloud her grief in open air  
Where he once tended plants with care;  
For, the place, for her, was Prakash's symbol,  
Visiting that spot was despair's short withdrawal,  
A secret storehouse of her hopes and dreams,  
A spot from where her nostalgic fancies streamed;  
Like temple, she visited it, spent long periods.

A day, she found her Prakash's poet father,  
Tending plants like his son in the palace garden;  
She stood near him and enquired about his son;  
The poet saw the lonely princess, couldn't say who she was,  
For, brimmed with tears, his eyes were without shine,  
He stared at her and cursed his fate  
And said her enquiries came too late;  
Entered, his dear son, the royal infantry  
To oblige the will, the king had imposed  
And killed himself while serving as sentry  
As distressed he was, why he couldn't say, he said;  
He visited the place where his son loved to toil,  
As his last respects to his son's soul;  
The broken old poet could speak no more,  
With tears in eyes, he attended the garden's chore.

Sapna now knew all the truth 'neath the play,  
The games her parents played to throttle her love,  
How her sweet love's life was worked like clay  
And shattered to oblivion for her royal sake;  
Tide gate of remorse took over her soul;  
She lured him to her and brought him to that make;  
It was her first love and he was her all,  
But, plucked was his precious life, the fate's crudest joke;  
She and her love for him, conspired for his end,  
The albatross of his loss lay on her innocent head;  
In pain, her heart broke, her soul cried for him,  
A desire to flee the insensitive world  
And join her love in another world  
And do her all to comfort him there  
For the accursed past, both of them share  
Seized her soul like a torrential rain;  
Her desire to live now ebbed low,  
Her life force began to churn slowly,  
No passions, no emotions, no grief, no pleasures,  
An intense white sunshine warmed her being,  
She grew in strength of soul and resolve,  
She felt her worldly ties, untie and dissolve.

She entered her abode, where once she was born,  
Now, her ties of past and future being shorn,  
Like a possessed indifferent soul, she took a little knife,  
A hundred intense scenes of her sixteen-year life,  
A thousand lovely beings that made her as she was,  
Seized her soul and burst out as tears;  
She thought of her parents, who gave her all they had,  
Her soul prayed god for the parents' pleasant future;  
She remembered her Prakash, who gave her his soul,  
She knew not for sure, she might meet him ever at all;  
She looked then around and saw her own world,  
Which she would part forever in a while,  
Perchance to dissolve in unknown cosmic clouds  
In an unending probe of Prakash's dulcet being;  
She slashed her wrist and bled to death,  
The pink of her life had faded to pale,  
She fell on the floor with no trace of pain,  
For, the pain inside was no match for it;

She bled and bled alone and breathed last,  
Alas, the world, an infinite beauty, forever lost.

Oh, how a thing of beauty, breeds that much pain!  
How gentle love throttles joy, brings misfortunes!  
Perchance, the world is yet imperfect for great things,  
While like colossus, treads perfection, destruction it brings.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 44. Love Birds

They brought her there with hands tied,  
Wrapped in coarse, torn old sacks  
And dumped in front of his shocked eyes;  
She was calm and irresistible in charm,  
Gentle, sweet, solicitous and kind;  
She knew her love, who loved her most,  
She loved to be there, where she was brought;  
No sack or silk shakes his trust in her;  
He raised his head, embraced in eyes  
And laid his warmth on her sweet self.

With a bowl of black juice, held in hand,  
They danced around her with savage pleasure;  
Hands outstretched to disgrace her face  
With muddy black juice to dim her charm,  
To blunt her spell on his love-filled soul;  
They mocked and laughed and pounced on her,  
Called her names, poured several shames,  
Ugly crow, swarthy lad, her they called;  
Hapless, she looked her love with grief,  
Her eyes begged him for strength and warmth.

He bore no more his darling's sad state,  
He begged them all to spare foul calls;  
She is stately queen on the most valiant throne,  
On daily rounds in disguise, he said;  
He sang her charm that no sack could hold,  
He kissed her sweet grace with eager eyes;  
No more black juice may cloud the sweet face,  
Spare her the travails of a wash, he prayed;  
His love-laden plea and bright intense eyes  
Cut short those hands from the envious task.

Gratitude shone in her gentle sweet eyes,  
Her heart spoke in eyes, her love and care;  
She dwelled in his soul and he, in her,  
Both dissolved to one in silence in distance;  
Their eyes met, their hearts spoke  
The common passion that held them in one;

Whatever am I, call me like him,  
For, he is my goal, desire, she said;  
He swelled in joy for what she said,  
For, he too knew her, his life and goal.

They untied her, set to fly to love's world;  
She fledged her wings and flew like wind  
To love's warm nest in his eager heart;  
The two hugged each and danced in joy,  
They necked each and looked each  
While passions flew from heart to heart  
Like long bright flames of divine light;  
The birds on wings that reach each other,  
Flew high, far, afar to unknown horizons  
Where none fence them nor disturb their love.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 45. In Cage

Young she was, pretty like jasmine,  
Fresh, pure, sweet, eager like dawn;  
Impaled in nest, she looked for him  
Through a tiny foramen, open for her,  
Her ears agog for footsteps of him,  
Heartbeats and mind unsteady, unkind;  
Impatient of time, reasons or rhyme,  
She waited for him like a newly wed bride  
To lay her self on his eager self  
And light her cage with love's sacred lamp.

She heard him come, look outside,  
Saw him with fast thumping heartbeats;  
Emotions swelled high, streamed to her blood,  
Contentment and joy stirred her heart;  
Her face lit bright, expectations rose high,  
She waited for him, eyes struck on door;  
He broke-in like warmth, dissolved in her,  
They smiled and spoke small endearments;  
I came straight here, dear, he said,  
Though you are afar and oblivious of my world.

Oh, no, she said, I know your world,  
What you do, when you come and go;  
How come, my love, you, bound inside,  
Nowhere outside, visible, he said;  
She raised her head, smiled at him  
With steady sunshine rioting in eyes,  
Like love in heart, swelling over eyes;  
Bound inside, I, indeed, she said,  
In ways of world, in bones and flesh,  
Only shallow eyes do see me in cage.

Do you think I am here, she quipped in style,  
No doubt, I am here, yet, I am not here,  
Except this shell, bound in this cold cage;  
I belong not to shell, nor to this cage,  
But, wherever you are, wherever you go,  
There, I belong algate in mind and sprite,

There follow my soul, breath and heartbeats;  
I know while you come, I know while you go,  
Even eyes shut, she said by her eyes;  
He heard dumb-bound, those entreaties of heart.

His passions swelled high, he spoke not a word,  
For, she is too high for all words in this world;  
He looked at her with unbound gratitude  
With tears of joy, blurring eye-sight;  
He spread his arms, gathered her inside,  
Held her there, seeking her forever;  
She was in cage, it was bad fate,  
Neither he nor she could change it in age;  
Yet, they remain for each, in cage or outside  
In and beyond all subtle time and space.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 46. Along The Vennels Of Yore

When I walk along the vennels of yore,  
Strange tides rise and stop me somewhere;  
Cool breeze soothes, warmth gladdens heart,  
Sunshine awakens soul, fragrance fills air,  
Divine sweet music hangs all over there;  
I open eyes with the shock of numb joy:  
What a sight to see, what a world to be,  
Ripples of pleasure in maddening riot,  
I see in air, on ground, in clouds,  
Knocking my heart to open up to the past.

I see her in the centre with the love's halo around  
That lits her face with soft golden light;  
Shy is she like fragrant, pretty, white flower,  
Yet, firm and fast in love's sweet glamour;  
What dance in her eyes, sparkles of thousand stars  
Those speak thousand truths of her heart and soul,  
What depth in those wells, how intense those flames,  
Her eyes stir passions, swell-up innate feelings;  
Frames of colored portraits unreel from the past  
Like dreams surface from the seat of a broken soul.

She caught me in her eyes, invited to her heart,  
I followed her within, to love's Warm Ocean;  
I had several charms, held firm in my hands,  
I offered her to pick, whatever she thought fit;  
She was so shy, you know, she ran, I followed,  
I pleaded, I offered, I knew, she desired all;  
Yet, she looked aside, pulled out from there afar,  
With eager eyes and heart, laid on my open hand,  
Like hapless gentle cow, while pulled away from her calf;  
She was torn in her love, I could not figure how.

Why this run from me, do I scare you love?  
You accept not little charms of my innocent gifts,  
I sadly said in pain, to her love-torn self;  
She held her back in shock; to me she turned back,  
With tears filled eyes, she ran and held my hands;  
Oh, speak not thus, darling, you are all for me,

Nothing I care, none scare ever me from you,  
Look envious eyes around, to pounce on our love,  
Follow us like shadows, wherever we go or hide,  
I fear them for our love, bitterly me, she said.

She opened her soft palm, held in stretched hand,  
Give me whatever you have, I receive all, she said;  
Overjoyed like a child, I gave her all I had  
And heaped all my charms on her solicitous palm;  
She accepted all of them, like a desert, water drops,  
In glittering silent eyes, drenched in love's sacred water;  
She inhaled all of them, deep and deep to her soul  
In joyous indulgence, dancing all over her face;  
She wanted more from me, but I gave her all of me;  
She shut her steady eyes and hid me deep inside.

Envy raised heads like snake's thousand hoods  
And stood between us with poison spewing eyes;  
Give us too your charms, we too need, they said;  
She held me close to heart with fear of losing all,  
And laid her hapless eyes on me to find my resolve;  
I coolly distanced them, you had enough, I said,  
Take what reliquiae I have, you deserve not more;  
Her fear disappeared; she caught a gentle glow,  
Her eyes in gratitude, shone like a thousand suns  
And held me fast to her for all ages to come.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 47. Gulf Of Life And Death

It was a sad and sweet rainy day,  
Calm, chill, dumb like black clouds;  
It was a bad, funless, grim day,  
All was dull with unknown forebodings;  
Face to face, they sat in silence,  
No word to speak, no shine in eyes,  
Both blankly stared beyond each other;  
No world to smile, no light or sunshine,  
They sought each other for hope and comfort  
In the eye of high tide of the time's drift.

She stole his sight; him, her in turn,  
Their hearts spoke, though they could not;  
Chill was too deep to bear for them,  
For, they must part, part forever  
On divided roads to loathsome future;  
How could they part, none of they know,  
How could they live, bereft of each?  
They met each other in gloom's deep pond  
And found rare warmth, exclusive for them  
That stirred all cool and thawed their moods.

She threw her dice to defreeze the ice,  
To build a bridge through the dreary gulf;  
She said, she knows how deep his love is,  
As bright, constant as the sun itself;  
Yet, sets, rises, the sun in cycles  
On eternal course on the nature's dictates;  
Who knows, she said, what in store for them  
Along the uncertain zigzags of the life,  
Some may fill my place by better right  
And relegate me soon to oblivion's pits.

When we part, all will be chill and nought,  
No more, I, I, nor you, ever you;  
I just pass on to the endless sky  
And sink, he said, in bottomless death;  
She stared at him with breath held a while,  
Yes, she said, I too will be lost,

A dead-end I reach and perish forever;  
They saw sad gulf, wide open, not far,  
Where coursed accurst divided future  
To drift them apart to distant horizons.

The air was thick with sad forebodings,  
Thick gloom around, blind days ahead;  
They knew not how to face and fight  
Or yield and part to bleed their hearts;  
No glimmer of light inside or outside  
To lay their hopes to survive the tides;  
Inside, outside, everywhere darkness,  
Inside, outside, everywhere darkness,  
Life was darkness, death was darkness,  
They loved to plunge to death's darkness.

Days rolled like black waves of hell  
And tore them apart in distant swirls;  
They silently wept and begged for each,  
Cried aloud 'neath the deafening waves;  
No will they had to swim or float,  
Deeper and deep, they sank like dead weights,  
In parted worlds of shattered hopes;  
A giant wave while washed ashore  
Carried the man aland and gone;  
On shore, he waited for his love's advent.

Days came, passed, nowhere was she,  
No tides whispered her whereabouts;  
True to promise, she sank to calm death,  
In hope to meet her love somewhere;  
He on shore, in the glare of sunshine  
Honed for her in impossible esperance,  
That she may breakout somewhere some day,  
From clouds, horizons, water or air,  
Here or there, anywhere, somewhere;  
Aye, who bridge the gulf between life and death?

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 48. That Day

He broke-in like breeze with a portrait;  
She was there in wait, all in smiles,  
With gleaming eyes and thumping heart;  
He ignored all, gave her the portrait,  
Sought her to mark him from a group;  
She held his gift, close to her heart,  
Lighted the portrait with flashes of eyes;  
Lo, she got him straight, marked him there  
And kissed his figure with her velvet touch.

His eyes widened, his heart liquesced,  
Her easy marking him shook deep his soul;  
He was in her heart; he was in her eyes,  
He was in every dropp of blood in her veins;  
Her eyes breathed light, her soul breathed joy  
While eyes caught him in midst of the group;  
Like life to sunshine, soul to sweet notes,  
Her heart danced wild in his warm presence;  
This is you, she said, this is that you,  
Wherever you are, I find you there always.

Oh, how strange, he said in deep wonderment,  
I thought, how you try, mark me not;  
Me, not you, for all my lives?  
How absurd, she wondered at heart;  
Engraved in soul, heart, smallest small veins,  
You sit deep in me, like the king on a throne;  
You fill all me like air, bare space,  
My dreams, thoughts, and wakeful hours;  
You are my joy, hope; you are pain, pinings,  
I am bare nought, without you to stir.

She held the portrait close to her heart  
And drank his form to the brim of eyes;  
What a gentle shine, what contentment,  
Her eyes spread in expression of her heart!  
What depth it had, what immortal warmth  
That he felt at loss to pierce far enow;  
Layers of lives of love and cravings

Coalesced to subtle light in those deep eyes;  
No more he could bear the swell of her lure  
And submitted him in silent gratitude.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 49. Timeless Song

You know not what you are for me,  
How deep and wide you fill my self,  
How bright you light my eyes and soul  
And what a swell of joy you instill in me.

Across the pall of unending night,  
You send happy signs of love and hope  
From the sunny land of lustrous light,  
Where you sit like god in stoic charm.

While I fill my soul with joyous snug past  
To forget the scars inflicted by fate,  
You rise from the heaps of time's grey ash  
Like medicated fumes to soothe my strains.

I hear all day, your timeless song  
That blends sad past with unbound future  
In the nature's subtle rhythms and rhymes  
That time-to-time must bring us to meet.

No yearning dissolves in time's cauldron,  
No beauty gets lost in the love's horizon,  
Beauty must discover its self some day  
In rhythms of hearts that beat for each.

You are there and I am here,  
We do not know how far we are,  
What separate hearts that weep for each;  
Yet, I hear you, you, definitely me.

Your songs there, move my soul here,  
My songs here, move yours, there,  
Our songs a'where, live forever,  
For, my songs live in you, yours, in me.

When I live in you, and you, in me,  
How you and I are here and there?  
Love makes here, there, and there, here  
And the hearts in love, everywhere.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 50. Parting

He opened his innermost door  
And she walked straight inside  
To the backyard of his inviting heart;  
There she sat in front of the fireside  
And cooked a broth for his languorous heart  
While dwelled in love's heat and light  
With pleasantly trickling dulcet warmth;  
She cast her lustrous eyes sideways  
From where he enjoyed her sedulous swink;  
Those eyes met, love roared like sea.

Yet, silent she was, indolent and dull  
With tears welling to the brim of eyes  
Like layers of cloud impale sunshine;  
She turned to him and met him in eyes  
With all the gloom, the world can speak of,  
Spoke her torments through two dull eyes;  
He caught her gloom, his heart came apart,  
He brought his heart to dissolve in the grief  
That her eyes spoke and embraced her  
And sought what made her soul so sad.

A coconut sapling, fate planted for her  
On the foot of her home was dry and lifeless;  
She found deep love and watered that plant,  
She carried it in heart, cared day and night.  
Tendered with passion, gave all her love  
Till a bright dawn saw it bore life's signs;  
It thrilled her and she swelled with joy  
When the sapling bore tempting flowers and fruits;  
Her joy knew no bounds, her life bloomed too,  
She found everywhere color, dance and fragrance.

She had to part from there, alas, the plant bore fruits,  
She felt heart broke to leave her dear plant  
In uncared rude hands of the savage bad world;  
Had I bore him in heart, she insufferably moaned,  
To give him away, so that I live forever alone?  
These eyes be lost before I part to breach my heart,

I myself leave this world before it occur all,  
She wailed in sad tone, covered her sad face,  
Imbrued with tears that trickled from red eyes.

He knew her deep pain, for it was his own too,  
He knew how hard to wrench apart a true love  
That bound so close two souls to entrenchant sweet blend,  
That fraught innocent hearts with eager care for each;  
The two hearts grieved for their accurst bad fate  
That opened up in their front like the hell's horrid gulf  
With the loves on either side by the fate's cruel joke;  
They stared each across the time's widening gulf  
And stared each other like staring a distant star  
Till both grew indistinct and dissolved in distant space.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 51. Love Song

O darling of my god-forsaken soul,  
Never you ever leave my side;  
For, no soul exists, no life exists  
Away from one's heart's darling.

You sit in heart with heartbeats  
And shine in eyes as heaven's sparkles;  
You spread around like a mystic fragrance  
And dropp in tears of dulcet longing.

In moments of calm reflections,  
I build long flights of tearing emotions  
To the unknown hole where you sit alone  
And transport me to spates of fancies.

Like blue in the sky, you sit always there,  
But algate distant and uncertain as ever;  
I hear and see and touch you and breathe,  
Yet, the pain within, undiminished as ever.

You are my torch of conscience,  
A fortress of pride and beauty of joy,  
A vast playground of intellectual splay  
And a fount of heart's unending warmth.

The confining trammel of time and space  
Can never probe enough your depth,  
Can never wear away our diamond bond  
That shines fulgent like still pole star.

Who divide an ocean, who divides the sky,  
Who part the flame of mutual passion?  
You sit in that end and I, in this,  
With an ocean of emotions churning between.

The flashes of colours, you throw on me,  
The dazzles of light, I throw across on you.  
In kaleidoscopic arches in the new-moon night,  
Hark, how transforms the hell to joyous heaven.

You, the life and death, my joy and grief,  
Live within and beyond horizons;  
You, far and near, forever and never,  
For, you are my light, you are my shadow.

Like a sacred temple, filled with holy hymns,  
Like a noble heart, crowned with a wise brain,  
You bring subtle height to my simple thoughts,  
You stir my soul with joyous quietude.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 52. Across The Hill

She lives there, across the hill,  
In a lonely hut, hidden 'neath the wood;  
No soul for warmth, anywhere near;  
Chill breeze and overcast sky above  
That freezes zeal and douse human feel;  
The divider hill is as tall as the sky,  
No path ever leads to the top of the hill  
Nor takes downward, across the hill,  
Where awaits her life's warmth and hope,  
Like the early dawn that waits for sunshine in the east.

The speck of life in the blanket of green  
'Neath the winter sky, searches for a chance  
To shed wilderness, to reach wider world,  
Where hearts meet, where souls rollick  
In the ultimate joy of pure fulfillment;  
The road is not long, but full of hurdles:  
Thick trees, wild creepers, beasts, wildfires,  
Cold waves, hot waves, cyclones, heavy rains  
And time's steep slope of fate's divider hill,  
How let the lonely soul to pass across to the blissful land?

She is not quiescent, she is not complacent,  
Restless is her mind, restless is her heart,  
Restlessness is high path to reach genuine rest;  
She is a lively glow of unfulfilled cravings,  
She is a deep ocean of colourful emotions;  
The glow of her desires stirs the stars in the sky,  
The force of her passions sweeps across like a tempest;  
Wherever she may stand, miles around stir with life,  
For, she is a little pack of incony gentle passions  
Those make life, life and heaven, great heaven.

Lo, flashes of light, right across the divider hill,  
Lo, patches of colours spread bright atop the hill;  
The happy sweet stirrings that stir the air across,  
The stillness deep in the wilderness, lying low in grace,  
The serene simplitude of the bright shades of hues  
Raise billows of dreams from across the little heaven

Where she sits like queen in lonely sweet splendor;  
Her fragrance in billows, sweetest grace in waves  
Fill the world across, with joyous expectations  
Of the heaven filling the earth with unearthly soft light.

Warm breeze across the infrangible hill  
Carries missives of hope and good tides;  
It calms cravings and soothes ruffled souls  
And illumines unknown future with warm sunshine,  
For, she is the only future; she is the warm sunshine,  
The mysterious hill, bathed in indistinct twilight,  
Too tall and dull and abstruse to common souls  
To conquer and stand atop and absorb all truths  
Where darkness and sunshine meet and blend.

She will climb the slopes some day, not far  
And disclimb the slope of times for the divine tryst  
When the hill no more parts the past and the present,  
When her anguish to cross, scales all heights.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 53. I Hear Her Sing

I hear her sing from far woodland  
In joyous solitude in full-moon light,  
Her soulful calls in unworldly fluid rhythms  
Come across horizons, across thousand stars.

The thick pack of quietude in the night all-round  
Carries her passionate song like light slow breeze,  
Stars dance to the rhythms, the moon brightly smiles,  
Night glitters in the sweet passions of the song.

Divine is pure beauty, immortal, beauty's joy,  
Beauty transcends the fences of time and place,  
I feel her in the woodland, sing like a winged angel  
And spell my being by an eerie magical swell.

The song carries love, the song carries beauty,  
Love and beauty carry the song from soul to soul  
In passion's incony rhythms across over here,  
So the two hearts beat algate in the same rhythms and rhymes.

How far away she may sing, that reaches right me here;  
Through the light of the moon or the sparkles of the stars,  
Through the dance of the shades of the silvery clouds  
Or the flutters of the leaves, she reaches my soul.

The moods of the night sing songs for her,  
Numb broods and dreams, deep in the night's woods  
Whisper her tunes to being's alert ears  
And I see her presence in sweet musical forms.

She sits alone in solitude's splendor  
And sings soulful song in natural pleasure,  
She fills in songs, in its tunes and rhythms  
And reaches all alone, far comers of the world.

Mind, heart and soul blend in her subtle song,  
And cross across the vast time and space  
And make beauty, beauty and love, simple love,  
However far the world may keep them apart.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 54. Discovery

I probe your shades and ripples of passions,  
Sty your hills, delve deep to dales,  
Fulfill your needs of love and joy  
And raise a new world of lonely fulgour  
Where you, for me and I, for you  
Live like gods of supreme benison.

You bare yourself, bear all my odds  
And carry me inside to reach your core,  
Where I reach my height with all your warmth  
While you give yourself in silent openness;  
We meet each other in the innermost layers  
And give up us to blend in sweet pleasure.

You broke your fence to let me in  
And built a steel ring 'tween us;  
You constrained real world, constrained your dreams  
To the constricted little world of you and me;  
You abjured safe consuetude and past  
And walked straight to the beats of heart.

The stir of desires, we have for each,  
Roused subtle dreams of wish fulfillment;  
We, for each, 'neath the glare of harsh heat  
Did hide in the cool of inner comforts  
And played a little tricks of graceful love  
To sparge our hearts with mutual warmth.

How you sought to heap your gifts on me  
And show in abundance your inner charms  
And discover me in true shades and hues!  
Why you wrought such spell on my inner core  
And brought our souls so close to each  
That neither death nor life really parts us ever.

No god, no world, we had beyond us,  
No joy, no truth, we had beyond us,  
We lived a world beyond all worlds,  
Where our hearts held the utmost sway;

No customs to bar, no jealousies to block,  
No harsh realities to shatter our dreams.

You beckoned me from countless heads  
And installed on the most divine throne,  
You had in all your lives,  
Where I have you at my heart's hests,  
In plain form, none dare see you ever,  
Where hearts meet, bind souls and blend lives forever.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 55. Bygones Are Bygones

Oh, bygones are bygones  
And past never meets future;  
The ruins of my dear inner temples  
Dissolve in time's ceaseless streams;  
Clouds of distance now make indistinct  
The priceless strains of joys and pains  
That flows outward in time's train  
From memory's distant horizons.

A world truer than the transient present,  
How can naught be for me!  
A world more mine than me myself be,  
How can haste to the sight's dark spot!

A breath-taking truth that drenched soul,  
Now braves last breath to survive in thoughts  
As rolls on the wheels of unending time  
In memory's lanes, to oblivious dark side.

Healer, a great, indeed is time  
While past is past and the present sits on neck;  
Yet, some pasts, too real to be past;  
Dealer, a great, indeed is time,  
Who strikes steadily in subtle strokes  
And blunts sharp edges of the painful past.

The ruddy glow of the magic sunshine  
That floods from the past,  
No more flutters innate wings,  
Nor curdles the soul to foams of bliss;  
Thoughts dip to a gulf of void  
And indolence seizes tired limbs  
And innate dim flame gasps for life.

Indeed, bygones are bygones  
And past never meets future.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 56. Temple Of Words

However I endeavor to capture you in words,  
Like labour pains, you appear to disappear in cycles;  
Like thin streaks of light, you dissolve in thoughts;  
I dig in deserts and grope in gulfs  
For the next advent of your refreshing self.

Dust and sweat of years  
Form thick sheath around you,  
Mist of intervening times  
Blur your frame deep inside.

The words I frame to hold your charm  
Collapse like card-house by sheer weight;  
The melodies I garner, fall short to hold  
Rich shades of passions that sweeten your thoughts;  
No metaphors, no similes equal your height,  
No meanings penetrate enough your depths;  
The breadth of colours, your image shows up  
Leak through weak porous words of songs.  
While the winnocks of memory open doors,  
I wonder by the splendors you command  
With dazzles of colours and soulful music;  
Emotions sink to raise ripples of songs  
In fresh images of melodious words.

But, alas, the doors are shut by then,  
The golden rays of splendors, withdrawn;  
Images break and songs go grey,  
Dazzles of colours, soulful music recede  
And I am left again in blinding darkness.

In distant horizons, behind darkness,  
When I see you surface like streaks of dawn,  
I sit straight with instruments spread  
To evoke and bind you in my songs;  
Alas, my songs soon go like a childless cradle.

During high tides in time's cycles,  
You bring huge waves in the ocean of soul

That washes the shores of heart and mind  
With melodious tunes and passions' foams;  
While low tides set on the soul's trough,  
All go still and disturbingly calm.

I feel your kicks from the womb of time,  
I hear your wails break-out to daylight,  
I know your dreams, irrepressible desires,  
You carry from those ruins of sweet past;  
The music of relics, the patterns of ruins  
Break to soft words with the advent of you;  
Colours of those days, splendors of passions  
Speak in live tunes while you break to lights;  
A lasting temple of words and music is built  
Where you live with the past and the present for all times.

Those days, so live, must come to life,  
Those sweet passions must stream again,  
Those rhythms, music, colours and fragrance,  
Those gentle charm, that soulful warmth,  
Those sad slow tunes that lingered in soul  
Must make come-back with reflective quietude  
In live sweet words of the poetic world  
Where no memory fails, no sprite quails,  
No vision blurs, no charm dulls,  
Who no times reach and weathering touch.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 57. She Smiles From A Mystic Land

She smiles from a mystic land,  
Blossoms my soul and warms heart  
And stirs a whirl of unknown hopes;  
She lights a fire of sweet ethereal desires  
That consumes darkness,  
Numb nerves with pleasant forebodings;  
I know not from where I get the beacon,  
I know not from where I get the beacon that  
Stills disgrace and builds strength  
And bounces back my spirit to  
Those sweet and fresh childhood days  
And bright and innocent irresponsible ways.

Like phoenix, she rises,  
Like phoenix, she rises,  
Like phoenix, she rises and  
Enchants my heart.

Every day and every night that passes  
Takes me a step closer to her;  
Every thought and pleasure, she brings,  
Deepens our bond in timeless care;  
Though frameless space distances us,  
She, to me and me, to her,  
Remain in touch through boundless care;  
For, our hearts home the real other,  
For, our hearts home the real other  
Where we dwell in immortal rest.

She never dies,  
She never dies,  
She never dies, but,  
Lives in my heart.

Unknown hands play hide and seek  
And build thick walls of savage fate  
That keeps her there and keeps me here;  
We meet and part in unknown cycles  
Though never part to part altogether;

An immortal chord  
Forever binds us through time and space;  
Whatever way we part,  
We face the other and feel the other  
In unending pine and cravings for each;  
We seek to rest on the other's side  
Where our souls dwell in absolute rest;  
We part to meet and meet to part  
In ceaseless cycles  
Till the twilight of motion meets the stillness of light  
In remote horizons of heaven  
Where tired birds meet forever,  
Never to part again.

Wherever she goes, she must come back,  
Wherever she goes, she must come back,  
Wherever she goes, she must come home,  
Where I wait, however long she may take.

We bear the cycle  
In humble submission to the Mother Nature,  
We part to meet the fate's ordain  
With the hope of serving the goal of the tryst  
Though bones crack and heart bleeds in the wait;  
Eyes are afar and ears are erect  
In tireless search of the inscrutable her,  
Who races with time to unknown world,  
Far, far from me, though,

She smiles from a mystic land,  
She smiles from a mystic land,  
She smiles from a mystic land  
Forever and ever.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 58. Eternal Search

O, the hymns of my soul,  
The warmth of my heart,  
I cracked time and split the space,  
I dived to sea and rose to sky  
In your search.

I pierced night, winnowed light,  
I set my guard on all horizons,  
I pierced within and spread outside  
And searched time from the past to future  
In your search.

I chose words, I created worlds  
To impale you in poetry's net;  
I engaged thoughts, begged wits  
To hold you in my eager heart  
And bind you to my dreams.

I flew on the wings of birds  
And ran with the sun, day and night;  
I dug with roots of old trees  
And spread to all holes on the earth  
To find you there.

The worlds of several sheaths and hues,  
Of infinite distance and time gap  
Hold us apart somewhere  
To blur our sights, to dim insights  
And all our search goes in vain.

The nights bring dreamless sleeps,  
The days bring fruitless labour  
And I end up in open desert;  
No bridges, but erratic sandstorms  
Bring the search to a grinding halt.

When the self stills and sky clears,  
When you peep through the winnocks of time,  
New wings sprout, old resolves shout

And I shoot to open sky  
To find a door from where I reach you.

Somewhere you are, very far,  
Where I don't know;  
I need you and you need me, we know;  
But, how to reach, we don't know,  
Though, we must, some unknown day.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 59. Sad Memories

Bygones in passion's frames  
Race up from the years' layers  
In rhythms, once seized my heart;  
Each distinct frame disturbs now,  
Each prods sad music in soul;  
How heart rose and fell in turn  
In wild tides of unsteady passions  
And found deep roots in soft magic world!

Those days are crystal sharp in eyes  
Though smudged in time's dark holes;  
The life, attuned to heart and soul  
In soft melodies that bloomed dreams,  
Stumbled to plunge and dissolve in death  
In the fierce flame of disintegration  
That fogs my inner peace  
And razes heart to dull and gray sloth.

Pains and pleasures in pickaback  
Ravage human soul in unending cycles;  
No pleasures heal  
Incisive wounds inflicted on soul;  
Years score as age fails to heal  
And the wounds sour in sad melodies  
And lull the soul to a numb world  
Of sweet dreams and sad memories.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 60. Recollections

You are still beautiful, you are still bountiful  
In evocating thoughts, gentle and noble;  
You are still inspiring, you are still enduring  
In my grateful soul, you comforted years long.

Barriers of time or barriers of distance  
Withered not feelings, our hearts squeezed to splice,  
Weathering of life and fortuitous zigzag turns  
Torn not bonds, our lives earnestly have sewn.

In the darkness of lonely life, you are my lodestar,  
You breakout from the self, spread sparkles of the hope;  
In the maelstrom of rush and brush, you, my diligent protector,  
Leash-in me to circumspection; guide me, step by step.

Your intense kind eyes, penetrating time's layers,  
Rouse my vigil for the righteous course here,  
Your yearning intense soul, reaching thro' love's features,  
Awakens my spirit to love's rousing pleasures.

Thro' moon and clouds and birds and stars,  
We build our bridges across thousand worlds  
To reach each other in breach of rigid natures,  
For, beyond the earthly bounds, stalks the love's gentle moulds.

The gentle sweet streams, you prod in recollections,  
Of hopes and daydreams, live creeps of confidence,  
Of fulfilling intense past and prospective league again,  
Make life a vaulting heaven, this world, a joy's holy shrine.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 61. My Love

I love her deep and thick,  
More than burns my soul's wick;  
I adore her whole and still,  
More than my graces fill.

She lives in an inner cave  
Where easy walk none can have;  
Woods and creeps abound there,  
Wild beasts, their presence, mark there.

A lodestar, bright and clear,  
She leads me forth without fear  
In blinding nights, dark and dense,  
To the dawn of sparkling rinse.

She is my lamp, the inner flame,  
The warmth that prods me forth;  
She is my rhythm, the perfect rhyme,  
The cosmic dance that bounces worth.

The world is a desert without her presence,  
A void is life, devoid of essence;  
The spin of time, a whine of hollowness,  
Cool and dull, whimpers of shallowness.

She brought me halfway here,  
But, my home is not yet near,  
I need her warmth more than ever,  
Her love and care, to lead forever.

Her intense eyes and gentle hands  
Invisible though, glide me through time;  
Alas, time is short, 'twixt us stands,  
And part us all, while time makes claim.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 62. I Love You For What You Are

I love you for what you are,  
Not for what you ought to be,  
Nor for what you some day is;  
You, as you are now, here and near,  
Is what is dear,  
What I desire;  
I know you now,  
That is how  
I love you for all your worth  
With a heart that beats and calls you  
Now, hear  
With a soul that drinks and shares your charm  
At this very minute;  
I know the past  
Of what, you are a part,  
What too I loved;  
I know not the future  
Where you may reach some day,  
Nor I bother to know,  
For love is just felt,  
Neither assessed nor foreseen.

Love sprouts in heart and sits in soul,  
Love bounces from the soul to light up loved things,  
Love lights steady flame of heavenly bliss  
And melts all pride and binds loved ones.

Love is pure bliss,  
Love is pure feel  
Of the loved ones in self and soul,  
In eyes and heart,  
In flesh and bone to blend to one  
And discover forever dulcet wonders;  
Love knows neither time nor any place,  
Love transcends death;  
Love only knows now,  
Unending movements of now and here,  
Love only knows now,  
For, love is real like now and here;

Only love knows what love is -  
A flood of sweet emotions  
That ravages life, uproots self  
To bring loved ones nearer god.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 63. Pristine World

Layers 'neath layers, far deep inside,  
Breathes an old pristine world  
In glassy glow of colorless splendor;  
Cool and calm like dusk's twilight,  
It breaks wild into passion's riots  
In colourful specters when you delve into it.

Far deep in years' myriad foliage,  
Passions metamorphosed to pure diamonds  
Of unmatched sparkles of love and warmth;  
Old memories rise through the pores of years  
And shock the numb soul with the age-old warmth  
And stream out in tears for the long lost age.

The gracious queen of that pristine world  
Yet sits in the center of a golden halo  
In aureate splendor with a wand in hand  
That conjured that word of yore with love;  
Now, still like god in time's retreat, is she,  
Still embalmed with love's incony fragrance.

You dig each layer and reach the world,  
A magic land unfolds with splendid colours;  
Wherever you look, there is passion,  
Wherever you turn, there is fragrance,  
Shades and hues of infinite joy  
Play a riot in the heaven on the earth.

It is a great world of divine joy  
Where divinity spreads in fluid opulence,  
Where love cries in unbound joy,  
Where love makes world a hive of beauty;  
It is here, gods desire to come,  
It is here, gods desire to live.

It is a love's sacred temple  
Where gods come to worship the queen  
Who created the world with her pristine charm  
And lord over it all over since then;

The hymns of love and dim temple light  
Come across to reach only graceful souls.

No dusts and smokes of forlorn years  
Ever ravage her pristine form,  
No heats and cracks of swink't life  
Ever disturb her unworldly love,  
She lives and lives forever and ever  
In the old world, in all new worlds too.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 64. Stop Coming

Like tides, you rise and fall,  
Like waves, you sweep the shore  
In recurring strokes  
To recede again to the watery grave;  
You sweep the shore  
And level the sand;  
No more footprints  
On the time's wet floor;  
Yet, the game goes on and on  
From the known past to unknown future  
By the time's sacred law.

You sweep like god in haste  
Till you recede to the time's womb;  
How long this hide and seek?  
How far this unsteady keek?  
Why this piggyback  
On the cusps of hope and despair?  
You either sweep to stay  
On the parched sandy shore  
Or stop coming  
And jetsam all cares to fate;  
No more I bear the unsteady passions,  
No more I bear the unsteady passions  
And the soul cries for peace and sleep.

Life is a long wait of a far dream  
Till I sink in unknown horizons,  
Life is a long wait of a far dream  
Till limbs go dull and being goes still.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 65. Love

She sprang from the time's tapestry,  
Like full moon, from the spread of night sky,  
And streamed soft light all over him;  
She blew over his heart's barrenness  
Like the gust of westerly wind do to clouds  
And poured sprightly rain of joy.

Rise and fall in time's cycles  
In unceasing rhythms is life;  
A skyward climb discovers descend,  
A fall to a gulf signals upswing;  
Rise and fall go hand in hand  
To the horrors of love-struck souls;  
Unknown hopes and unknown fears  
Deepen passions and strengthen bonds.

Dawn and dusk are not far afar  
And ill luck struck the love-laden souls;  
The lovers met the dusk in dawn  
And shattered in pain of parting so soon.

The ill-struck souls lost each other  
And felt a fall from heaven to hell;  
All beauty was shattered, all joy, lost,  
All hope was squeezed, contentment, crushed;  
For, love does not wait for time's swing,  
But bides on steadfast patient growth,  
Day after day and age after age.

They now sit across the gulf of time  
And crave for each other,  
Oblivious of what is in store ahead,  
For, they see nothing beyond each other.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 66. Immortal Light

Like a breeze you came, like a whirlwind you fled;  
What flood of passions, you brought in-between!  
What an immortal joy, you carried on you!  
No more I remain what I was till then,  
No more I ever cease seeking you, darling,  
In things of love and things of joy.

You brought sweet dreams to my barren life,  
You carried new life to the dying sprite  
While I was hanging alone in mid-air  
With floor 'neath feet, too low to land  
And heaven above crown, too high to reach;  
You broke-in there and comforted me;  
Here, all is a mirage and an uncertain wait  
Till I find you rise again from distant horizons.

You are an invisible lamp, of divine light  
That light life with love, care and trust;  
You are the breeze that whispers comfort  
Of warmth in lonely still silence;  
The dazzle of light you spread around me  
Blinds my eyes to the lesser worlds;  
You came and you went, but the light persists all over.

Wherever you are, however be far,  
I revolve around you in invisible orbit  
In midst of the twinkles of countless stars,  
Spread over the blank space of long deep sleep,  
There nothing stirs, but the streams of immortal light,  
You flood me with from unknown horizons.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 67. I Know Her

I know her  
Like the palm of my hand  
In all proximities;  
I know her moods  
In all nuances  
Of rise and fall  
'Neath the self's ocean;  
I sank to her depths,  
And ran with passion's streams;  
I rose with her sprites  
And saw worlds in eyes  
Of her pride.

She is pure beauty  
That lulls heart and soul  
To divine indulgence;  
She is noble of heart  
And leads to the path of truth  
That raises in winged pleasures  
To the inner world of peace;  
She lights distant horizons  
Though still as Polaris,  
And fills all worlds with hopes  
Of ceaseless sweet musings,  
Of supreme awakening.

I see her in invisibles,  
I feel her in nothingness;  
She pervades days and nights  
Like fragrance and innocence;  
She rises like holy hymns  
In sylvan crystal transparency  
And rocks cosmic rhythms  
That soothes seething nerves;  
She flows in ceaseless streams  
And dazzles life all round.

I seek her gentle touch,  
She spreads her light a 'where

From subtle nowhere  
In benign beneficence;  
She runs across the time  
For eternal commune of souls,  
In ecstatic speck of continual 'now',  
What in quantum constitute my whole;  
She thirsts for me and me for her  
In divine bond,  
Where hearts fuse in absolute subtle rhyme.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 68. Gentle Light

She comes like gentle breeze,  
All in flowers,  
All demure like a fount of sweet water  
With warmth of spring's pleasant sunshine;  
Like light white clouds on the clean blue sky,  
She spreads all round in joyous passions  
With fancy's subtle happy formations;  
Like daybreak's sunshine, she spreads in life  
And treads deep to the sanctum sanctorum  
To light inside the sacred lamp.

Soothing like sleep,  
Fragrant like sandal paste,  
She calms passions to joyous indolence;  
Like shades of banyan tree.  
She comforts all sad strains of life  
Neath her unending care and concern  
That spreads long like an evening's shadow;  
Her stop make home, touches dissolves gloom,  
Her love looms hopes of peace and deliverance,  
She brings rhymes and rhythms to life's prosaic song.

Sixteen or twenty-six,  
She is the same like sweet old classics;  
Indeed more sweet and deep with time;  
Like white warm glow of the passions' colours,  
She shines like Sun in benign intensity;  
Though distant sometimes, always near,  
Though differs sometimes, always agrees;  
In warps and woofs of love and craft,  
In warps and woofs of strengths and charm,  
She builds a bond as hard as diamond.

She is sweet in her sweetness,  
She is sweet in her bitterness,  
For, she is all-sweet at all times;  
She warms chill and cools heat  
And makes sorrow sweet and excess joy bitter  
To guide the life through a healthy rich path

Of eternal peace and contentment;  
The eternal vigils she keeps all round  
Like candle light  
Lift the soul from desolate gloom.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 69. Fragrance

She is always there like fragrance in flowers,  
Like fulsome lush juice of ripe sweet fruits,  
Like wisdom in words of great holy sages,  
Like brightness that sits in the womb of light,  
Like truth that speaks through enlightenment.

She surfaces like full moon through clouds  
In long intervals, in all her full dazzle,  
Like inspirations through tired broken souls,  
Like youthful charms hidden in dirty torn rags,  
Like filial loves to a dissolute son.

She sits in marrows deep `neath bones,  
She flows in veins with streams of blood,  
She sleeps within four walls of my self,  
She kicks in heart and charms my soul  
And expresses to me through fusion of thoughts.

I seek her advice while caught in muddles,  
I seek her guidance to come out of riddles,  
I look to her warmth while world cools with chill,  
I evoke her love to fill heart with tender hopes  
And call her for play while loneliness hurts soul.

Stars may dropp or the earth catches fire;  
But, she for one always keeps her promise,  
She heeds my calls and always at my beck  
With magic wand in hand to soothe ruffled self,  
Whereon I lay my hopes to fall on in times of gloom.

No infrared vision traces her subtle form,  
No intense laser beams can ever reach her place,  
No x-ray spawning eyes pierce to detect her;  
For, she sits somewhere where, none of them ever reach;  
Only I can feel her, see and reach her sometimes.

She is well within me and far outside too,  
Like sensations that live inside and outside the mind,  
Like sunshine that blaze inside and outside the Sun,

Like deity that sits inside and outside the sanctum sanctorum,  
Like beauty that breathes within and outside truth.

While I dig inside, she smiles from outside;  
While I spread outside, she giggles from inside;  
While I sit in quietude in sad lonely contemplations,  
She surfaces from within and rises from outside  
And brings solace back by love and kind entreaties.

She keeps on my side in all pains and pleasures,  
In sunshine of days and glooms of nights,  
In chills of winters, in heat-waves of summers,  
In innocence of childhood, in ripeness of old age,  
In joys of births and sorrows of deaths.

We are one, though distinct as two,  
We are two means for the same single end;  
With distinct selves, in single heart and mind,  
With distinct lives, in single goal and soul,  
We remain distinct, for we love each other's distinct being.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 70. Everlasting Joy

In songs more than stars on night sky  
In tunes more than waves in deep sea,  
I called you, day and night, for years;  
In colours deeper than evening sky,  
In canvas larger than high sea,  
I fancied you reaching me in wings;  
Years rolled like ripe leaves in winter,  
The songs withered, tunes smothered  
The canvas weathered, colours devalled,  
You are still there; I, here.

How thoughtless, vain, self-seeking like fox  
Am I to call you from the golden land  
Where angels serve and Gods solicit,  
To this well of ignorance, and sufferings!  
You must be there and I, here,  
Like birds in the sky and frogs on earth;  
The peace you have in cloudless sky,  
The joy you have while fly in cool breeze,  
The rhythms you produce while flap your wings, □  
I feel from here and have them all.

No sad memories, no sweet memories,  
No more eyes on unknown horizons  
While you play in my world, this very moment  
Like sweetness hidden in unripe sour grapes;  
No eternal search must strain the soul,  
No muddles more on distinct being;  
The days of young romance are pregnant yet  
As you smile from a land not distant nor mystic  
And bygones, not bygones forever any more;  
The Sun indeed sets to rise again in the East,

You came like dawn with fresh rays of hope  
And spread life-giving bright sunshine,  
You gave sweet colours to just upcoming life,  
Which are now absorbed to pleasing white glow;  
The melodies you produced, the fragrance you spread  
Continue to fill and dance in heart,

The feelings you roused, the ripples you raised  
Continue to pull the chords of life;  
You made this life a dulcet music,  
A passionate painting, a sensuous poetry.

The light you brought gives warmth to heart  
And flows in veins like electric charge;  
I feel wings sprout, I feel on winds,  
I feel very high without the Earth's drag;  
You gave me strength, you gave confidence  
To conquer evil force anywhere on the Earth;  
I feel like stars, I feel like bright specks  
In sweet spread of the love and trust  
You filled in soft world where we did meet  
To share our joy of give and take.

You dyed my heart in everlasting beauty,  
You dyed my soul in everlasting joy;  
The soft, fast beauty and fast, bright joy  
In the heat of day, in glooms of night,  
In the chills of winter, in clouds of rainy-days,  
In the strains of life, in pains of sad tides  
Keep self fresh and fragrant as ever;  
How the Moon's wane and wax can ever stir his true form?  
How the patches of setting Sun eat up the blue of sky?  
The lamp you lit scares bad moods far from me.

You spread like space from the Earth to Heaven,  
From horizon to horizon in East, West, North, South  
With wings as fast and strong as mind;  
You watch the Universe by the Sun in day, by the Moon in night  
And commune with all by the sparkles of stars;  
I feel your breath by the fragrance of flowers;  
I feel your moods by the moods of the sky,  
The colours of trees and cycles of seasons;  
While you pierce all pores and moles of this world,  
How can I grieve that you are nowhere?

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 71. Forty Years Back

It was forty years back  
You gate-crashed like an impatient guest  
To crystal-chaste world of pristine love  
With thick slow glow of innocence in soul  
And soared like placid spread of daybreak.

It was forty years back,  
A guileless gale uprooted my heart  
To a world of innocent sweetness  
Where hearts melt  
To coalesce to huge celestial glow.

It was forty years back  
You kissed my brittle Self  
And moved within to home your Self  
In ceaseless bond of innate tenderness  
Across myriad lives.

It was forty years back  
You lighted my life  
With dazzling sweet colours and rhythms  
And unbound springs of inner strengths  
That explored and discovered my soul's innards.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 72. From Unknown Horizons

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons  
Splashes like long flames of colourful fireworks;  
It flows to me in floods in dazzling shines,  
It carries new hopes and warmth from the far away world,  
New strength, new insights, new worlds of unknown joy;  
The celestial flashes drown my soul in divine force,  
A rare pleasing calm dawns on the soul  
And all worlds look alike with soft, gentle divine light.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons  
Shakes the Self with shocks of fresh visions,  
The flush of bright light fills and cleanses the Self  
And spreads inside to wash patches of gloom;  
The weightless heart in the ocean of bright sunshine,  
In ripples of pleasures that produce sweet divine songs,  
Dances in ecstatic madness in wait of what to break in  
What are pure joy, beauty and enlightenment.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons  
Breaks like showers and reaches like floods,  
No time to breathe, no time to wait and drink;  
Like whirlwind, it uproots travails of reasons  
And absorbs me head-on like water on sand;  
All passions still, but pure streaks of joy  
Drip to celestial rhythms in leisurely grace  
And I glow as light in communion with light.

The guest of divine light from unknown horizons  
Spreads from all sides in single infinite sweep;  
It seizes me, dissolves me to universal gentle peace,  
Where I am no more I, or anything ever mine,  
But, a stream of bright glow, one with everything,  
Without height and weight and bonds of time and space;  
I swim in the bright light, spread in infinite sky  
And feel the joy of Heaven without pull of the Earth.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons,  
I see with inner eyes and feel with inner mind;  
The swell of new tides, the bell of new moods

Reaches tired soul and raises hopes to new heights;  
In the shower of divine light, in the breeze of enlightenment,  
The ruffled feelings calm, the storms in self still;  
The soul that drinks the divine glow,  
No more sinks back to the hell of black passions.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 73. On Her

She, is a placid brimful glistening lake  
That brings pride to lush green park,  
A lively pond of sweet water springs  
In endless expanse of salt blue ocean,  
A dew's fresh globule in dance on rose,  
A warm breeze that flutters the wings of soul.

O, sacred flame that warms my heart,  
My thoughts, dreams, hopes and sprite,  
Come, light heart's gloom to fluid soft grace,  
And dull, gray life to live, sweet passions;  
Come; tend my world of love and charm  
And drown me in streams of nature's sweet moods.

Love's pure crystals built your heart,  
Your passions spread fragrance to distant horizons  
And deepen my roots in life's thick charm;  
Your innocent, sweet heart spreads music in air  
And gleams in eyes and transparent smiles,  
It melts all gloom and spreads bright light.

You prod immortal lyrics in soul  
And passions dissolve in your immortal charm  
And bind me in fragrant, warm hugs;  
You, the vital force that moves my soul,  
The rhythmic dance of my heart's beats  
Guide me along, long evolution's path.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 74. Rise Again In The East

The sun sets in the West to rise again in the East  
As sprightly, lustrous glow in ruddy flood of flames;  
He dips to the womb of dreary dark sea  
To flood the Earth and Heaven with glassy sunshine next morn  
And relume bright hopes on the nature's innocent face;  
Spring's mad, mad dance fades to winter's chill breeze  
To flush fresh youth in the nature next time  
And vesture bridal charm of the green's rousing grace  
When spring springs to act in all her mad, mad riots  
With bright colours in fast streams in her gentle vital veins.

A parting cannot always be forgone parting of ways,  
But often a rousing start of refreshing future meets  
Along the incessant path of life's long sojourn  
That explores unexplored distant horizons  
And thickens old bonds to fresh and lively bounce;  
Sturdy, warm, afresh like lustrous North Star,  
Day after day and night after night  
With calm recollections' thrills  
That replenishes timeworn rumples.

Adieu, noble light on immortal mortal face,  
Bid you loving farewell with writhing pain within;  
Let our soft fibers pass through the nature's grinding teeth  
And brook infinite odds along the life's course  
That fate ordains for the final meet of souls;  
For, only beaten gold makes exquisite piece of art  
And only hard work invests life with grace;  
Destined are we in nature's painful course  
To meet and unite in immortal love's bond.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 75. With Love

Who leads to my love,  
To the womb of nature's innocence  
To the heart of death's dreary kingdom?  
She raced to the Moon's dark side  
And snatched me from tender light  
That glowed my heart with maddening love  
And roused innate flame to scorching thirst,  
Which made my heart her passion's mad riot  
And laid the soul on her luscious feet  
With sweet glow of love and concern.

A subtle spell of writhing pain  
Frosts in heart;  
It prods soul to incessant search  
Of what a day leads to blissful union  
That swells the joy of rare peace and light  
In hearts that bled gloom till then.

Aye, who leads me to my love,  
To the womb of nature's innocence,  
To the heart of death's dreary kingdom?  
Life is not life and joy, not joy  
And nought in deep vacuum, I am,  
If her bright, soft Self illumines not mine;  
She throbs my throb and breaths my breath,  
She dances in soul and visits as tender breeze,  
Comforts tender, gray Self and tired, livid limbs  
And soothes pervasive gloom with blurs of misty tears;  
Yet, nowhere, she is anywhere,  
For, thought immortal she is, mortal is my turbid sight.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 76. Sweet Memories

Sprinkles of sweet memories  
Hiding deep `neath my heart  
Open up like a lovely dream;  
Beneath the face of pristine charm,  
Hovers immortal passion's song  
Ardently writ with joy and grief.

Passion for the past gentle Warmth in heart  
Reprieves live canvas form the time's womb  
Along the long course of life's sweet, salt tears;  
Vivid pictures of hope, despair, joy and grief  
Ensconce the Self from utter loss and ennui;  
Esurient heart delves deep to the skeletons of the past,  
Now, numb `neath the layers of latter deposits,  
Keel like winter lakes of Himalayan range  
Under the blazing Sun of present realities.  
Menseful thoughts of those bright, lovely days  
Arraign the course, pursued since then,  
Redolent of dry tanks of hot summer.

Joys of joy and joys of grief surface  
Sweet memories like broken sweet dreams.

Restituted to the ripples in stars' sparkles,  
Deliquesced to invious candescence,  
Subtle gentle memories creep in hearts;  
United while untied from realities,  
Veiled memories lead out of dreary dales;  
And I drink memory's indefatigable grace,  
Reverential to bones, swear to its dreams;  
Nonpareil edifices, the past raised,  
Aye hoist life to the halcyon clime.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 77. In Cosmic Cycle

Who, on the Earth, sent you here  
To rise in my inner horizons  
In mad riot of bright colours?  
Who, in Heaven, invented you  
In soft spell of lingering melodies  
That fall and rise to my soul's cravings?

You brought bright dawn of dew-fresh hopes  
That drenched life in warmth and light  
That flood soul with sweet passions;  
You brought thoughts of brooding past  
That shook sad Self to supreme joy  
That fused us to enduring bond.

You broke from black layers of time  
Like full moon from the night clouds  
In ecstatic shades of reflective moods  
In lightening speed that lights my mind  
With floods of pleasure in unending rolls  
That cradles self in velvet fluid of love.

The streams of fulsome sensations  
You woke in heart in those days  
Bind us always in divine cravings  
For boundless soft indulgence.

You carried new hopes and fresh fragrance  
Across the sea of pitch darkness  
And ran over vast stretches of ignorance  
To awaken soul to life's sweet musings;  
You bore sad tidings to hold what you are  
And meet our hearts in element splendors.

We meet to part and part to meet  
In cosmic cycle of ceaseless flux  
That scours our souls to nature's innocence;  
We ride the tides of ruthless time  
In timeless love that blends our hearts.



## 78. She Is Thirty, I'm Sixty

She is thirty, I'm sixty,  
A world of thirty is between us;  
She is a just blossoming flower,  
I'm the withering dried fruit.

She is sweet, golden nectar,  
I'm hard, fibrous to taste;  
She is luscious, lustrous to sight,  
I'm dull, dark shadow of the past.

She is sparkling golden sunshine,  
I'm the dusk of the setting sun;  
She is full bloom, she is full moon,  
I'm the disk of shriveling new moon.

She is pure gold, I'm mere steel,  
How thirty and sixty can ever match?  
She is live flame, I'm dying flame,  
How twain can meet in the same hearth?

Thirty and thirty do make sixty,  
But sixty can never add to thirty;  
But strange are the ways of cosmic maths,  
Thirty and sixty here add to thirty.

She steered herself thro' the space of age  
And docked her ship to my dying module;  
She gave me boost, injected fuels,  
I took off to new worlds on her promise.

A subtle long chord across the age  
Bound us tight to intimate bond,  
Like milk and honey, we dissolved there  
To fulsome broth of love and solace.

No discords we found, no disconcerts,  
No mismatch anywhere because of age;  
Like fragrance to blossoms, lyrics to music,  
We matched the other in our soul and body.

She yearned for me, I longed for her,  
But barriers of age did set us apart;  
We waited in patience for opportune break  
While bonded inseparably in soul and mind.

While slow though steady is nature's process,  
We fell and rose in time's uneven tides  
And hopes and distresses seized in turns;  
But we bore all assaults for each other's sake.

She is thirty, I'm sixty,  
A world of thirty is between us;  
But strange are the ways of cosmic maths,  
Thirty and sixty here add to thirty.

I whispered, she must seek reason  
And abandon sixty for the rhyme of thirty:  
Thirty and thirty do make sixty,  
But sixty can never add to thirty.

She frowned at those discreet thoughts,  
Derisively disowned all I said;  
Thirty and sixty are for normal worlds,  
We, she said, far transcend normal world.

I happily moved on her delicious stream,  
Sixty does adding to thirty in souls;  
We were conjoined in dreams and spirit,  
But, alas, in worlds, as far as ever we were

As time stretched, patience wore,  
Impatient we were to meet and conjoin;  
Nothing comes out of nothing in this world,  
Decided we to take bull by its horns.

Destiny favors those dare to do,  
And we decided to dare and resolutely do;  
Opportune break we saw while we met  
In most inviting sweet solitude.

I yearned to absorb her and hide in soul,  
She longed to enthrone me in her soul;  
We stretched arms to encircle the other,  
Our souls, minds, bodies inseparably fused.

We grew to one, penetrating the other,  
Immeasurable joy enwrapping our souls;  
We heaved in joy, shrieked in pleasures  
In divine fold of most desired one.

So absorbed in the other, we lost our counts,  
No heaven or hell bothered any more;  
We found our goal, we found fulfillment,  
What is next ever never important to us.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours

## 79. Her Sweet Soul Never Hurts Any

Gentle like rose petal  
And radiant like morning star,  
Treads my queen her quiet path,  
Hurting not a soul on her course,  
Spreading light and peace and grace.

A gentle flame of celestial lamp,  
She burns herself to spread light;  
Hurtling none and soothing all  
Along and around wherever she traverse,  
She calms soul, sweetens heart.

Her soul is glow of compassion,  
Her heart is flow of benign ness;  
She gives herself to accommodate  
And invite hell for fairness' sake;  
Selfless is my goddess and crystal pure.

Alas, joy for her is a disaster;  
Offers she joys on sacrificial altar  
To be fair and just to all others;  
She runs from grief to more grief,  
But never retracts from righteous course.

Unseen is her ilk in this selfish world;  
She solely glows with conscience's candescence  
Like full moon in full bloom in the dark sky  
Of narrow conflicts and immoral infights  
That crippled mankind its peace and grace.

I assure, my queen never hurts any,  
Nor I hurt any for our sweet sake;  
Gives up she her claim rather than snatch,  
And in her I for sure doubly recompense,  
For I know, her sweet soul never hurts any.

Praveen Kumar in Simply Yours