

Poetry Series

Rajpal Singh
- poems -

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Rajpal Singh(2nd February 1964)

ME

On this orb of death,
In 1964, me Heaven made fall,
For, I could take my first breath,
And to be called 'Rajpal'
And to give joy to them all
Who hung around for nine months and not less
For this prisoner to get enthralled
In the cell of blood and flesh.
My custodians, guards and warders
To make this detenu flourished
With all traits of mind and soul
Sustained, supported and nourished.
Themselves suffered they scorch summery,
But me they kept under shadowy tree.
Me they schooled to develop faculties
And to earn for me a post degree.
Never thought I or dreamt ever
That could a verse be writ by me ever.
But it being known to me so far
That language and thought her two components be.
Former maketh her body and latter the immortal part:
Without the latter, it is like a lifeless corpse.
And only a month before nineteen ninety nine,
Decided I to make a good start
By writing for Him a few lines,
In His name and only in His praises,
But soon I found drenched in deluge of phrases.
My first verse bloomed from an invisible bud,
And I named it "In Search Of God".

Beauty And Sweet Poetry

Listen carefully O' distant friends of mine,
Never be personal when thou read my verse line.
'THOU ' though addresses thee is meant for all fair beings
Whose fairness inspires a muse to dance and sing.
My verses are sacred, and not a single inch fake,
And what I do is only for the art's sake.
O' What the great bards had done by thy beauty's bid,
The same I search from thee and the same I do need.
The nature hath moulded thee nicely and with too much care,
And thou must know poetry meets with things, lovely and fair.
O' never link a dirty flirt with my rhyme,
Though it hath used the fairness of thy prime time.
The beauty is eternal and so is our sweet poetry,
So the latter sings in all ages the former's glory.

Rajpal Singh

Call-Centre

Call-Centre

1

'Sir' often she calls me,
And 'madam' her I do call;
Hence sweet talk continues in amity,
Though neither knows none at all.

Her voice's sweet enchanting melody
Comes from far-away phone,
Rings repeatedly within me,
When I stand or sit here alone.

The mind forbids and my path obstructs,
But still I am pushed by restless heart;
And an innocent soul suffers a lot
Amid the war of head and heart.

2

She in my sweet memory dwells,
Although physically she is unknown to me;
Her sweet voice's magic spells
Often hunt me overwhelmingly.

My thoughts, I hope, might be with her,
As hers do float reminiscently within me;
Neither has she seen me ever,
Nor do I visualize her feminine beauty.

Still works a force of unseen line
Between her and me, the two aliens;
I am pulled by a voice, soft and feminine,
And she might be by my coarseness of man.

Rajpal Singh

Call-Centre2

3

What magic in her voice has she
With which she often tantalizes me;
Ignorant am I though about her unseen beauty,
Her spiritual presence, of course, is being felt by me.

When I wake up in the dead of night
And find her hunting me, though she's out of sight;
An union of two virtual bodies by a restless mind
Is being done in its most imaginative flight.

Alas! Had I power of a ghost,
Which can occupy the body of a guest,
I would merge with my dear heart
Making her body my dwelling place, the best.

Two souls would live then in one home,
With barriers and interference of none;
Both would talk, sing, play and roam
Within one body of blood, flesh and bone.

4

The maxim 'love at first sight'
Is untrue and not fit with this case,
For restless each feels day 'n' night,
Whereas glimpse none has at other's face.

Lovely, I feel, she would be,
Of course lovelier than the full-moon;
Bright her face would be,
And brighter than the summer-noon.

Her gait would be smooth and wavy,
Like the run of mountain spring;
Her smile would be full of glee
Like the bloomed flowers of a spring.

What malady, O' World, ailed me,
For lighter became my broad breast;
Vacuity arose in its inner cavity
Being clouded by the air of unrest.

Captive became my head now,
By the power of a lovely force;
My heart remains with me though,
The sign of usurper has been endorsed.

My head loses control over my heart
Which rhythms slow or very fast;
Thoughts wander, and concentration thwarts,
And helpless and feeble I feel at last.

Rajpal Singh

Hah Carmel! (A Satire)

Oh! A teacher so brainy and bright,
From his profound scholarly insight
The judgments he plucks, though,
The right and wrong he never knows;
Pity be done, O' on whom?

A school glorious and renowned,
Curriculum rich it abounds,
Characters high it moulds, though,
A few tutors fathom the lore shallow;
Leaving it whereto go, O' where?

Duo rulers, head and vice,
Rule with apt the school premise,
Like skilled players of the chess;
Heedless are they, though, to the grievance.
Lamest will we, O' before whom?

Rajpal Singh, Year 2009

Rajpal Singh

Love- The Path Of Salvation

Not a sin as you think it is,
For it blesses with inexpressible bliss.
No material of this sphere, no sense
Can give joy so immense.
Gifted to this earth by Heaven's grace
To survive the creatures and this race.
If suppose a sin as you think it to be,
Then the greatest sinner its Maker will be,
For, he left for procreation the only device,
Whether it is a virtue or a vice.
If it is laden on us by His irrevocable will,
How dare you defy, and insist still?
Or did you forget Osho's Preaching
Who devised it for black soul's bleaching?
What is the need, O dear, to retire in forest,
If in it does our rescue rest.
Come near, give up all hesitation,
And tread with me on this noble path of salvation.

Rajpal Singh

Lovely Tyrant

Like a tyrant of remote past
You invaded and encroached into my heart.
Having plundered my heart's precious jewel
You imprisoned me in your heart's cell.
Me you tempted, woed, and tantalized so far,
But craftily kept yourself afar.
You hurt me and gave indelible lashes
Ruthlessly with the whip of your coyness.
Although I was starved and unfed,
My plight you pretended to be unread.
You made me fast, and my woe to outlast,
And made it more grievous
Than the prisoners of the past;
Hence proved yourself more cruel and savage
Than the hardest tyrant of any age.

Rajpal Singh

Naive Heart

O' never call me a flirt,
Nor my motion a flirting.
This wavering of the naive heart
Is being caused by looks bewitching.
What fault thou see with wax
If by warmth it gets lax?
If thou insist it to be a sin,
Then the whole of this vice is not mine,
For we are the drafts of HIS making,
And half goes to the Creator divine,
Who created fair creatures of fine line;
And soft, vulnerable he made a male heart
Which can never withstand the maiden art.

Rajpal Singh

Never Think Me A Flirt

Never think I am false at heart,
Nor me a liar, or a flirt.
Though my staggering speaks against me,
It is but the maiden look which the real culprit be.
Melting is the prime nature of wax,
And by feminine warmth we men, like it, get lax.
Even the greatest sages of remote past
Could not withstand it to remain steadfast.
For the restlessness of robust sea
Only the maiden moon responsible be,
Who with her bewitching charm does enthrall
And makes the sea's constancy fall.
Although with earth sea vows to adhere,
But before a maiden look his steps do waver.
If in constancy nature makes men lame,
Why do on me dear you put all your blame.
This deflection is sportive and untrue,
And my true devotion is only for you.

Rajpal Singh

Nilakantham

At thy super command
Nebular Ocean was churned,
Sun and planets were formed;
Nature emerged out,
But life could not sprout,
As the most deadly venom
Had made aqua and air its home.
Thou came, O' king of Heaven!
To save the earth from this poison
And to make earth a life's apt zone.
All the toxic elements thou sipped
And made this earth undefiled.
So thou be adored by men
As the 'savior' and 'Nilakantham'.

Rajpal Singh

Strangle Me Not

Thousand thousand miles away, O' hotty,
You liv'th in Nytva's land fold;
Why do hide silvery beauty
Inside cruel cloth's fold.
Cries the body "strangle me not
With cloth' O' maid, sweet and suave,
All with time do fade and rot,
Whatever flourish within this Earth's curve."
So why do inflict on yourself so much anguish,
If you know this truth universal,
Or being a self-tyrant is in your wish
And this act of yours is not worth-appraisal.

Rajpal Singh

The Literary Galaxy

Happy New Year,2012 wish I
To all those who are nearer or afar,
And to this vast literary family
Of Metverse Muse, the literary star,
Around which revolve we planets all
In our fixed given individual orbit
With common aim, by the force editorial,
Which pulls and never allows us to split,
Sink or to fall apart by losing coherent force,
Lest in the Black Hole, dark and mysterious,
Our literary galaxy would collapse.

Rajpal Singh

True Marriage

Your reticence speaks that all
What you never reciprocate at all.
Though you are tied with someone else,
My love is fixed and never grows less.
Marriage is a bond and a beautiful cage,
Which makes us a prisoner and a slave.
But love is a bird, O' dear, of infinite sky,
Knows no bound and flies very high.
Nuptial cord fastens only bodies, and not hearts,
Where lie our souls, the men's immortal parts.
Our body is earthly, but the soul the heaven's due;
Body lies here, but the soul with heaven does glue.
Marriage unites bodies and love unites souls;
Death is bodies' divorce, but not that of souls.
If union of souls our true marriage be,
You must admit you have betrothed to me.
Deathless is my love ye need know,
And till eternity it will glow.

Rajpal Singh