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An Ark Without Shore

Amar Nath Prasad



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Jagdam College (J.P.University)
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A TRIBUTE TO SOLDIERS



A soldier works day and night
On the hills tough and chilly
Without rest he does fight
Nothing to do with rose and lily.

Like a sailor he bravely sails
The boat on turbulent river
On icy lands he seldom yells
In the hour of fret and fever.

I bow my head to soldiers bold
Who lost their joy and mirth
With great respect my hands are fold
To salute their priceless birth.

Foreword

As an excellent art form poetry depicts the complex and diverse human experiences in musical cadences. It has been a great source of inspiration to man from time immemorial and has never failed to convey certain essential truths of life and human values to him. Being “the breath and finer spirit of sublime knowledge” poetry offers an imaginative as well as realistic interpretation of life. Great poetry is not only known for its “immortal thoughts and eternal notes of wisdom” but also known for its magnificent form, impressive style and marvellous musical quality. Renowned poets with their exceptional creative imagination and inimitable vision of life illustrate the universal dimensions of life in their poetic compositions.

Indian English Poetry with its extensive thematic perceptions and innovative stylistic techniques occupies a unique place in the world literature. The fusion between form and content and the authentic presentation of Indian social, political, cultural and spiritual milieu have become the distinctive features of the poetry of Indian English in recent times. The everlasting passion for poetry in English in our soil can be measured by the publication of numerous anthologies of poems every year by people from different walks of life. Among the ones who have recently published noteworthy collections of poetry in English, Amar Nath Prasad can be considered a very significant and promising poet.

An Ark Without Shore is Amar Nath Prasad's collection of wonderful poems. All the poems deal with Prasad's reflections on social, religious, philosophical, spiritual and personal themes which have been handled with great insight, perception and thoughtfulness. The poetic sensibility and the creative ability revealed in the poems are really genuine and exceptional. The poems are remarkably known for their excellent lyrical quality, spontaneity, felicity of expression and structural compactness.

Prasad is a great lover and worshipper of Nature. Some of his poems reveal the poet's irresistible love and passion for Nature. They also show how the roots of the poet's life are inextricably linked with Nature. In some of his poems the poet juxtaposes the beauty and the generosity of Nature with modern society which is full of corruption, despotism, nepotism, desolation and destruction. Like William Wordsworth, Amar Nath Prasad finds a great source of joy and inspiration in Nature.

As a writer with a deep sense of social consciousness Prasad depicts the sufferings and painful experiences of women in the male-dominated Indian society in poems like 'An Ark Without Shore' and 'The Homeless House'. The poems show how several married women feel fettered and are treated as slaves in their married lives.

Poems such as 'Life and Death', 'The Examination Hall' and 'Earthquake' deal with the philosophical aspects of life. According to the poet, time is the supreme force in the universe and it "like a cruel lion" kills everyone. It never allows anyone including great kings to escape from its clutches. For the poet the examination hall has become a metaphor for life. In the poem 'Earthquake' the poet says that buildings collapse "like a pack of cards" when an earthquake occurs and

Great aspirations, dreams and ambitions
Are turned into the heap of bricks and stones

... ..

After the earthquake one finds

The mutilated bodies drenched in blood
Stacked like sacks of rice,
Burnt collectively like the bale of wood,
No rituals, no ceremony, no worship.

In the poem 'City Life', the poet says that he feels terribly lonely and abandoned in his own house. His inner self groans and he feels like pebbles thrown on the sea shore. Like the pebbles which do not generally mix well with the sand on the seashore the poet feels like an odd human being in the city.

Poems like 'Soul', 'The Urge of the Soul', 'Soul over Mind' and 'Body, Soul and God' reveal the spiritual nature of the poet. The poet says that though

great saints listen to the call of the soul, the mind of an ordinary man like a spider turns “the soul’s nectar into gall”. The imagery of the mind as a spider is effectively used in the poem. In the poem ‘The Urge of the Soul’ the poet says:

A man sans soul
Looks like a flower
Without fragrance;
A priest without reverence
A decorated house
With rich furniture
But without a resident.

Poems like ‘Terrorism’, ‘Religious Fanaticism’, ‘The Communal Riot’, ‘Communal Quarrel’ and ‘Religion’ deal with social problems. Being conscious of the social, cultural and religious disintegration of contemporary society the poet calls terrorism

The mother of aimless destruction;
A fatal malignant carbuncle
An unmitigated debacle,

The poem ‘Religious Fanaticism’ makes a scathing attack on religious fundamentalism and the evil designs of selfish politicians. Similarly, communal quarrel is described as “a contagious malignant ulcer”. It “poisons the healthy cells of a great nation”.

In the poem ‘Around the Lamp’ the poet compares the artist to a firefly. The firefly flies around the lamp. While flying around the lamp the firefly gets itself

burnt. But while flying it sings a sweet song with much sound. Similarly, the artist also suffers a lot when he creates a work of art. The more he suffers the more pleasure he gets. The poet says:

True art blossoms like a lotus
Untouched by caste, class and creed
It floats on water
Of imagination and beauty.

Thus the poems in Amar Nath Prasad's collection *An Ark without Shore* are unquestionably excellent artistic renderings of the poet's feelings, thoughts, emotions and observations about men and matter. They not only express the poet's own deeply felt humanism but also his great social concern and spiritual longings. Unlike some modern poems which are characteristically known for their complex linguistic experiments and tedious intellectual tone Amar Nath Prasad's poems are indeed simple, lucid, easily comprehended and enjoyable. Great poetry becomes "part of the memory of the human race". It is also said that "the best poetry will be found to have the power of forming, sustaining and delighting us, as nothing else can". As a true and sensible poet, Amar Nath Prasad depicts with his insightful perception those aspects of life which have immediate concern as well as everlasting interest for all of us. What seems to be a common and subjective experience is wonderfully transformed into a significant and universal subject in the masterly hands of Amar Nath Prasad. As a

competent and skilled craftsman, Prasad uses sharply edged images and striking metaphors in the poems. The images used in the poems are precise, accurate and real. They undeniably create great visual effects. The comparisons made by the poet reveal his true artistic potential. With his great poetic vision the poet is able to perceive the presence of beauty and truth even in ordinary things. Though the poems reveal the imaginative fecundity of the poet, they are certainly devoid of ostentatious and flamboyant expressions. Philip Larkin once said that he wrote poems to preserve his experiences - of course not for himself but for other people. What lends true merit and real authenticity to the poems of Amar Nath Prasad are the accumulated treasure of his observations of life, remarkable experiences of life, his meditations on life, and his ideas and thoughts about life, about himself and about people. No doubt, the poems in *An Ark without Shore* will not only attract the attention of the lovers of Indian English poetry all over the world but they will also prove to be a valuable addition to the corpus of Indian English Poetry.

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PREFACE

The present book “An Ark without Shore” is my modest attempt to give expression of my feelings and experiences which I composed during my solitary musings in the lap of nature. The first poem entitled “An Ark without Shore’ is the portrayal of the pangs and sufferings of a deserted woman who bears the brunt of patriarchal domination even in this age of women empowerment. The seed of this poem was planted in my heart when I was walking one day in the morning near Rajendra Sarovar, Chapra situated beside the Railway crossing. I saw the dead body of a woman on the railway track and all of a sudden an imaginative story took root in the soil of my tortured heart and consequently my pen gave the shape of this poem as Shakespeare says: “turns them to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name”.

It is interesting to note that poetry is supposed to be the highest art; in ancient Indian tradition, *Kavya* (poetry) was hailed as the fifth Veda. Poetry calls for a much higher order of creative faculty to organise its thoughts and feelings into organic whole. Similarly, the criticism of poetry also calls for a deeper critical insight to study the art and craft involved in giving feeling a form. Perhaps this is why critics and scholars generally want to shy away from this arduous task. And as a result there are small number of research works done on poets or poetry in comparison to fiction and other kind of writing. We know that poetry is the language of human feelings and emotions. Poetry will always be written till man doesn't become a robot. What Keats said of the nightingale is true of poetry

as well: “Thou are not born for death immortal bird; No hungry generations tread thee down”. So what we want for a healthy growth of society is poets to write good poems and critics help us understand and enjoy them.

I am very obliged to the editors and writers of the books and journals in which some of my poems have been earlier published. I express my thanks to the editors of the following literary books and journals:

- I. *Metverse Muse*, editor, H.Tulsi (more than a dozen poems published in different issues of the journal.)
- II. *Poet-crit*, Editor, D.C. Chambial (The poem, ‘An Ark without Shore’ was published)
- III. *News Letter* (published by Indian Association for English Studies)
- IV. The Russian journal *Almanac* that included some of my poems and also translated them into Russian language.

This book saw the light of the day after the co-operation of a number of my friends and well wishers to whom I want to record my gratitude. First of all I extend my love and regards to Prof. S.John Peter Joseph for writing a scholarly ‘Foreword’ for this book. I am also grateful to Dr. M.B.Gaijan, Dr. Ashish Kumar Gupta, Dr. S. Ramamurthy, Dr. Jaya Srivastava, Dr. S. Prasanna Sri, Dr. S.K.Paul, Dr. Ajay Kumar Shukla, Dr. Srikant Singh, Dr. Sharad Rajimwale, Dr. Sunita Sinha, Dr. Aravind Kumar, Dr. B.Chaube, Dr. Satish Barbuddhe, Dr. Nilesh Tare, Dr. Varsha Gawande, Dr. Uddhav Jane, Dr. S.M.R. Azam, Dr. Vijay Kumar Sinha, Dr. Gajendra Kumar, Dr.

Kumar Moti, Dr. U.S.Ojha, Dr. M.H.Siddiqui, Dr. A.K.Pandey, Dr. Sandeep Kumar, Dr. Kumar Pankaj, Dr. Manoj Kumar, Dr. Shawan Roy, Dr. Tanuka Chatterjee, Dr. Lalan Pandey, Sri Manoj Kumar Mishra, my elder brother Shri Atma Ram Soni, my younger brothers Triloki Nath Soni and Lal Babu Prasad and all other learned Professors, Research Scholars and students. I also extend my love to dear Suman Prasad, Rahul Kumar, Amisha, Rajani (Minky) Kumari, Biresh Prasad, Hari Om Soni, Ankur Soni, Manish Soni, Baby Kumari, Mahi, Satyam, Shivam, Rudra and Pushkar (Golu) whose constant smile made this present work light and luscious.

I am also very grateful to Swami Atidevanand Ji Maharaj, Prof. C. Lochan, Prof. H. K. Pandey, Prof. K. K. Dwivedi, Prof. P. N. Singh, Shri Brajendra Kumar Sinha, Acharya Sarangdhar Singh, Shri Vishwanath Bhojpuriya and all other well wishers for constantly nursing my plant of poetic sensibility. All my Research scholars and students deserve my special love and thanks for appreciating my spirit of composing poems on different issues.

Last but not the least my thanks are also due to Sri Rajeev Kumar, the Computer Operator, Shakti Nagar, Chapra who composed the manuscript and the publisher Aditi Publication, Raipur, Chhattisgarh who brought out this book so promptly and elegantly.

Maha Shivratri, 2022

Amar Nath Prasad

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AN ARK WIHTOUT SHORE

Alone in the room
She sobs and sighs
She is an ark without shore.
Like a faded flower
She waits for soothing shower
And moves from door to door.
Few days back he deserted her
On flimsy ground
Beat her black and blue
Though she was suffering
From the contagious flue.
The only error she did
Was to ask him not to drink
Not to gamble...
In a fit of anger
He divorced and left her alone
Now people look at her
With hungry eyes
Seldom they know how her heart
Sobs and cries...
In the dark night of cold December
I found her dead
On the railway track.
Her one son and one daughter
For whom she harboured a dream
To make them cream

Of the world.... bitterly wept
O God! Bless them with
Thy shelter great
They are birds caught in a net.



* All nations have attained greatness by paying proper respect to women. That country and that nation which do not respected women have never become grate nor will ever be in future.

(Swami Vivekananda)

* Woman is this happiness
This lying buried beneath a man?

(Kamala Das)

* Honor women! they entwine and weave heavenly roses in our earthly life.

(Schiller)

LET THERE BE PEACE

Let there be a world
Of peace and prosperity
Love and pity—
Where an innocent deer
Is not killed by a ferocious tiger
Where the unstable careless brain
Is ever illuminated by the radiance of soul
Where the motiveless multitude
Are seldom duped by the fanatics
Where the voice of conscience is regularly revered
By the running mind
Where the unequipped army is never mineblasted
Where the web of spider is ever broomed
Let there be a world
Of truth and non-violence
Patience and tolerance.



CITY LIFE

My house
Situated in the heart of the city
Has neither love nor pity.
It is richly decorated, painted
Well furnished with costly things
A western singer in the M.P.3 C.D.
Slowly but sweetly sings
The song of spiritual bliss
It mocks at my present plight
That has no day but night.

I live in a selfish house
With my near and dear
Quite deserted, —alone.
My inner self does groan
I feel like pebbles thrown
On the sea shore
O God!
Fill my neglected lyre
With Thine music eternal
So as to heal the wound
With Thy nectarine balm
Of peace and calm.



A GREAT SOUL

Only the great man knows
The art of diving deep
Into the bosom of the soul
And to dig out knowledge
Of great significance
He also knows
How to weave a garland
Out of the churned out gems
For the whole human race.
He can make a path
Even on untrodden thorny place.
Like pure gold
A great soul brightens more and more
In the burning fire.



- * The soul pervades the body and God pervades the soul.

(S. Vivekananda)
- * Look upon all the animate beings as your bosom friends, for in all of them there resides one soul.

(Rig Veda)
- * Awake my soul, and with the sun,
The daily stage of duty run. **(Thomas Ken)**
- * For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.

(New Testament)

A BRIDE WITHOUT SHAME

Politics, a dirty game
Is a bride without shame
Married to an ugly, dull man
Who blackmails her
And seldom knows
How to behave with such a bride.
Today some men of politics
Have rarely ethics.
They are desperately busy
In accumulating wealth-
In greasing their own palm.
Even at the cost of peace and calm
They are untrained, uneducated pilot
Drive the ship carelessly
Cast the net to catch fish mercilessly
Surrounded, supported by big guns
Of the self-centred society.



MY SWEET LOVE

O my sweet love!
My red swollen eyes
With pearl like tears
Are waiting for you
In rainy days
With a steady gaze.
Quite alone in this dark room
Of my big mansion
Where the sweet and bright
Seem to fling irony
On my piteous plight.
My Love, please come
And suffuse my grieved heart
With profuse love.
Breathe the air of sweet love
Into my dry, neglected lyre
O love, please come, come
Do come.



TERRORISM

I

Terrorism,
The mother of aimless destruction;
A fatal malignant carbuncle
An unmitigated debacle,
Swelling rapidly under the skin
Of the whole world
Infecting the tissues
Like a cancer.
An obstacle,
Erecting unwanted bumps
Full of jerks and lumps
In the smooth path
Of progress.

II

A man
Indulged in ruthless killings
Has no feelings.
He wants to plant
The tree of his dream
In a dry sterile land
On the sapless sand
Rootless,
Fruitless
No flower, no bloom
Standing alone
Like a man of gloom.

III

A Spider

Absolutely estranged
From all humanity
Knows only his
Regular drill;
How to trap and kill
An innocent insect,
How to weave the web
Of conspiracy, hypocrisy...
He is very clever
He makes his web
In the corner of the wall
Little fear to fall
Quite safe and sequestered
Neither destroyed by rain
Nor wind,
His big, cosy mansion
Is swept only by the broom of man.
But can he be able
To drive the Spider out of his house?
If you drive him out
From your drawing room,
He makes a new web
In the bed room.
From bed room
He seeks a place
In the kitchen,

Bathroom, latrine.
The only solution
To eradicate the web
Is to catch the spider
By hook or crook
And to crush
His head
With the hood
Of the broom.



- * Evil by itself has no legs to stand upon.
(**M.K. Gandhi**)
- * Evil often triumphs, but never conquers.
(**Joseph Roux**)
- * Wickedness is always easier than virtue, for it
takes the short cut to everything.
(**Samuel Johnson**)
- * All spirits are enslaved that serve things evil.
(**Percy Bysshe Shelley**)

THE URGE OF THE SOUL

God-
The Inner Being, the Soul
Is present in all
In sordid and sublime
In sin and crime
A man sans soul
Looks like a flower
Without fragrance;
A priest without reverence
A decorated house
With rich furniture
But without a resident
Suffocating inwardly
Brightening outwardly.

The urge of the soul
Can't be suppressed
Tortured, crushed
For long - -
No mass of clouds
Can obliterate the sun
Is it a fun?
It may envelope the ray
But only temporarily,
The clouds of desires dissipate
When the sun of Truth awakes
On the forehead of dawn
On meadows and lawn.

THE SPIDER

I try my best
To follow the dictates
Of heart and soul,
Her cordial call - -
But the Spider of my Mind
Only knows
How to trap
An insect - - simple, innocent
To weave hypocrisy, conspiracy
To make the Inner Being
Baffle in the web
My Soul
Like a fragrant flower sprouts and blooms
In the lonesome bower
Even on the sapless sand
The deserted land
But Oh!
The agile, sterile mind
The monotonous brain
Seldom pays heed
To the silent sweet suggestion
Of the Truthful soul
May God bless me
A fraction of Eternal Love
To make compromise
Between fall and rise
Of Soul and Mind.

LIFE

For a man of dynamic dash
For a man of invincible pep
Life is not a riddle
But a continuous battle.
Cowards run away
Seek asylum
They while away their time
In making their lives
Negatively beautiful,
Gaudy, colourful.

The brave
Take life as a challenge
Make path even in dark forest.
Overcome mountains of odds
Need no help from god,
Dive deep into the depths of sea
To dig out pearls and diamonds
The inert, the immobile
Choose only small pebbles
On the sea-shore
Yet crave for diamonds of the deep caves
More and more.



LIFE AND DEATH

Stagnant water stinks
No one drinks.
It turns into the abode of
Mosquitoes, flies
Foul smell, fie!fie!
Stagnation is the sign of death,
Of extinction, destruction.
Running water moves
Fresh, clear, pure
Like rivulets
Sliding from vales and mountains
Hills and fountains;
It takes its course
In a zig-zig way;
In the long run, it merges
Into the Eternal Bay.
Undergoes many ups and downs
Forest, fields, towns
Never deviates into sapless sand
Deserted land.
This is life.
Change is the law of Nature.



AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MODERN MAN

With unkind tears
He is busy
Over head and ears
In accumulating wealth
By hook or crook
Even at the cost of
Deteriorating health
He decorates the House
With rich furniture;
Irrigates the baren, sapless soil
With utmost toil
To make his plant bloom—
Physically fresh
Spiritually stale.

He seldom listens
To the voice of heart.
His mind has nothing
But a heap of ashes, dust.
The invincible art
Corroding fast...
Depleting day by day
By the meddling monstrous mind
Making the innocent spirit
Thoroughly blind.
He, an imprisoned spirit
A sapless tree,

Full of staling smell
Of caste, class and creed.
Why?
Because he is the flowering
Of a rotten seed.
His plant of life.
Seldom soaks
The sweet soil of celibacy
Of love and mercy.



* Man biologically considered is the most formidable of all the beasts of prey, and, indeed, the only one that preys systematically on its own species.

(William James)

* Men are cruel, but man is kind.

(Robindranath)

* What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form, in moving, how express and admirable! In action how like in angel ! In apprehension how like a god. The beauty or the world! The paragon of animals.

(Shakespeare)

AROUND THE LAMP

As the fragrance of flower
Spontaneously spreads
Makes no difference
Between high and low
A cuckoo and crow
So does art.

Around the lamp
The firefly turns and turns
Ultimately he burns
He gets untold mirth...
In playing around.
Playing he sings
A melodious song without sound.
Such a playing is art
The more the artist suffers
The more he gets pleasure
Which only an artist can measure.
The lotus leaves
Live in water, untouched
They turn the water
Into shining pearls
True art blooms like a lotus
Untouched by caste, class and creed
It floats on water
Of imagination and beauty.
Water without boat has a meaning
But the boat without water has no meaning.

THE LAMB AND THE WOLF

O God!

Store my empty vessel
With Thine nectarine, purifying Grace;
Sweep the deceptive cobweb
Engendered by the obstinate self-centred brain
With Thine powerful gale
Of knowledge, love.
Grant me Thy sweet shelter
In Thine affectionate motherly lap
I am deserted, desolated
In this adverse mechanistic world
The lamb within me is at a loss
Surrounded by hungry, pitiless wolves
Instill into me
Thine fearless, heavenly courage
To fight against the wolves
Not through blood-shed
But through Thine eternal gift
Of Peace and love.
Through the glorious grace
I want to nurse, embalm
The wounds of the innocent multitude
Enveloped in darkness.
Let the innocent lambs be protected
From the cruel clutch of the wild wolves
Let a gale of love come
And let it come with full fury
To sweep away the web
Of hanted, cruelty, savagery

THE HOMELESS HOUSE

Sitting alone
She is bitterly crying
Sometimes sighing, sometimes wailing
To such an extent
As to rend the heart of even a cruel criminal.
She weeps upon her shattered dream
Her uprooted fate

She remembers
How she possessed an ardent desire
To live a life of freedom, joy
But alas!
In her husband's house
She is treated like a toy
Her face perfectly veiled
She seldom dares to peep through windows
In the cruel conservative clutches
Of the patriarchal domination.
She feels like a little parrot
Kept mercilessly in the cage
No light..no rays.

She was a morning flower
Sleeping carelessly in the sweet bower
But plucked untimely
And thrown to a lifeless god
An unemployed boy
Devoid of mirth and joy.

Her sunken eyes, her terrible gaze
Her taciturnity
Tell the tale of her unhappy marriage.
In a tender pre-mature age...
A bud is withered before it blooms.
She has in her lap
A hungry, weak child
Very rough, not mild
Slowly but steadily crying
On the verge of dying
She is in the house
But a homeless house.



- * Without hearts there is no home.
(A.Pope)
- * Seek home for rest For home is best.
(Thomas Tusser)
- * Home is where the heart is.
(Pliny)
- * Home is not where you live but where they
understand you.
(Christian Morgenstern)

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM

Religious fanaticism
Is like a hot oil cauldron
Ever ready to roast and fry
The deviated youth
Who are the ray of hope, delight
The source of energy, might.
The young of today
Seldom knows
How to use their eternal power
Of strength and courage.

As uncontrolled torrents of flood
Turns fresh water into mud
Breaks banks, dams and dwellings
Uproots a sleeping village
Devours both the old and the teenage
A fanatic youth does the same
He finds himself entangled
In a political game.
A man indulged in bad politics
Has a little sense of ethics
He, like a cruel spider
Catches the innocent insects
In the labyrinth of his cobweb
Breaks the leg, the wing
And ultimately kills.

O God!
Yield the youth
A ray of your bounteous bliss
Fill their empty jar
With Thy perennial nectar



- * Religion is behaviour and not mere belief.
(**S. Radhakrishnan**)
- * Religion is the opium of people.
(**Karl Marx**)
- * All religions are approaches to a single truth.
(**Shri Aurobindo**)
- * If I had to choose a religion, the sun as the
universal giver of life would be my god.
(**Napolean Bonaponte**)

SOUL

My soul slowly suffocates
Bitterly cries
Sobs and sighs...
Alone —
In the corroded, corrupted castle
Of the self-centred brain.
Its evil thoughts
Its fatal knots
Are very close
To the stagnant, rotten drain.
My soul flutters
For a free flight
To get knowledge, light.



- * A good heart is worth gold.
(Shakespeare)
- * The heart has no language; it speaks to the heart.
(M.K. Gandhi)
- * There is no instinct like that of the heart.
(Byron)
- * Every heart has its secret which the world knows not.
(Longfellow)
- * That which is most needed is a loving heart.
(Lord Buddha)

THE EXAMINATION HALL

I

The world is a Great Examination Hall
Of man's ups and downs
His rise and fall.
We all are examinees
Of different subjects
But all have only one object
To take the examination
In most correct and beautiful way;
To become in life
Happy and gay.
We are given three hours
First hour—the age of a child
Happy, curious, mild.
Second hour, the age of a grown-up man
Very responsible, alert
Carefully watching the watch.
The third hour — the last hour
The age of an old man
A scarecrow.
As the final bell rings
The invigilators
Snatch away the answer books
From every corner, nooks
Hurriedly, mercilessly

II

In the examination
You have to answer
All your questions
In your own words
If you cheat
Or deviate a bit
From the permanent goal
You are caught, expelled
Sometimes jailed.
Some students get success
By dint of deception, theft
But in their real life
Many things are left.
To get success by cheating
Is a shirt without fitting.
A flower without fragrance.
Only those succeed
Who calculate time
Who bear in their mind
The fleeting time.
Who answer the questions
Clearly, correctly.

III

The invigilator
Always warns
Not to use unfair means
It is the warning of the soul
To get the supreme goal
Slowly, but surely.
There is always a warning
Before the final bell
That wants to tell
To be fully alert
To revise the whole
Hastily, judiciously.



* The good life is one inspired by love and guided
by knowledge.

(Russell)

* Life is a flower of which love is the honey.

(Victor Hugo)

* Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

(H.W. Longfellow)

MY REVERENED GURU JI

Who is there to come again and again
In my solitary musings, broodings?
Who is there to irradiate my path
With a perennial source of light
Ever glittering, glistening?
Who is there to shower
The rain of love and affection
To my plant, dying, drooping?
Who is there to ever come-
Ever come in night and day
To make my mood happy and gay
It is you, my revered Guru Jee
My nurse, guide and guardian
My light, inspiration, everything!
I bow my head to you
Again and again
Make my creativity
Pure and sane
Whenever I fall in rainy days
In hot water
In domestic matter
Whenever I stagger on my boat
Of life in the ocean deep
I recollect thy teachings
“Look before you leap”.
I also remember
When you used to say-

“Books are the best furniture of house”
And thou are an embodiment
Of what you say-
You lived with books,
Among the books, for the books
And also wrote some books
I ever read them again and again
To make my life pure and sane.



* A good teacher must know how to arouse the interest the pupil in the field of study for which he is responsible, he must himself be a master in the field and be in touch with the latest development in his subject, he must himself be a fellow traveller in the exciting pursuit of knowledge.

(S. Radhakrishnan)

* The mediocre teacher tells. The good teacher explains. The superior teacher demonstrates. The great teacher inspires.

(W. A. Ward)

* The first principle of true teaching is that nothing can be taught.

(Shri Aurobindo)

* You cannot teach a man anything; you can only help him to find it within himself.

(Galileo)

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THY WORLD

What is going on in Thy world, O God?

The seed of ceremony
Covered by unwanted garbage
Fails to sprout.

The negative forces threaten the voice of the self
Like recurrent bumps on the smooth road.

We forget our heritage rich
As easily as an ordinary thing
The lonely lamb is killed
Mercilessly by a terrible tiger.

O God! Bless me with Thine celestial thoughts

My pen is empty
Fill it with Thine eternal ink
So as to wake up
The deep slumber of ignorance
And to fill the fading flower
The eternal fragrance
Of love and sympathy
Peace and prosperity.



DELHI

Delhi - -

The land of historical places
The abode of various races –
Mixed culture, mixed festivals
Outwardly- - dazzling, bright
Inwardly - - there is no light

The multi - storyed buildings in Connought Place
Stand majestically like haughty morarchs
The long and big-branched trees
In both sides of the pathways
Stand strongly like body guards
Of a cabinet minister.

The round shape of the Rashtrapati Bhawan
Surrounded by a park and a small forest
Looks beautiful like the moon
Clustered by twinkling stars
In the night.

But the slums beside the colossal mansions
Look like the small plants
Flourishing and sprouting
To kiss the sky
To touch the Himalayan height.



THE COMMUNAL RIOT

During communal riot
The Satan rules—
Goads the illiterate fools
To rain hail and fire
To engulf the innocent
Into the dangerous mire.
Performs the dance of death
With no rhyme or reason.
Plucks the unripe fruits
Before their season.
Hell prevails upon heaven
It makes a man mad
Gloomy and sad
It turns the good
Into evil
The refined into rough.



COMMUNAL QUARREL

Communal quarrel
Like a contagious malignant ulcer
Poisons the healthy cells
Of a great nation,
Pinches, nails
Hammers hard
The soul of a poet.
A man indulged
In communal quarrel,
Is a gun without barrel,
A blood thirsty carnivore
Greedy for flesh, blood
Of innocent men.



- * Hate is the subtlest form of violence.
(M. K. Gandhi)
- * It is easy to hate but it is healthy to love
(S. Radhakrishnan)
- * He who sees Him in all and all in Him, hates none. He who feels for others as he feels for himself, loves all.
(Ishopanishad)
- * Hatred is the madness of the heart.
(Lord Byron)
- * Hatred is like fire, it makes even light rubbish deadly.
(George Eliot)

RELIGION

Religion,
The mother of communal dispute
Has become now
A great institute
Of fraud and corruption
Desolation, destruction.
It is like a boat
In the turbulent water
Sailed by insane men
Of politicized religion—
The God's warriors
Charged with a divine mission
Who mesmerise crowds
With their voice loud,
Enrol in their fold
The youths of fanatic zeal—
Depraved, deserted.
Indulged in murder, killing
Without any meaning
Making life itself
Just a mockery of life.



THE TATTERED BOAT

Lying alone on the ailing bed
Of his merciless, self-centred house
He counts his moments for death
 His kids and kins
 His near and dear
Don't come to him for fear
Of his contagious disease-
O God! Thou are the only anchor
 Of his old tattered boat.
He wants to sleep for ever
In your kind and motherly lap.
Please bless and enroll him
 To your heavenly fold.
Purge this alloy of gold
 In thy eternal fire.



SEARCH FOR A MOORING

As withered leaves on the sun-burnt earth
Curiously wait for the shower of rain
A sinking boat in the turbulent water
Desperately searches for a mooring-
A dry-throat man on the parched desert
Hurriedly wants to see an oasis
So I, my God, my every thing,
Devotedly see the path for you
Please come, do come, my Lord
And drench my dried leaves
With your perennial waters of Love and Grace.



- * Peace hath No her victories,
No less renowned than war.

(John Milton)
- * The nearer you come to God, the more peace
you feel.

(Sri Ramakrishna)
- * Peace is not merely a negative idea, it is the
condition of all positive aims.

(G. Lowes Dickinson)
- * Peace is liberty in tranquility.

(Cicero)

SOUL OVER MIND

At crucial juncture
Mind and soul vacillate
In a good man-
Soul prevails over mind
The sweet flowing river of his soul
Never loses its way
In the dreary desert of ambitious mind
The bridle of his ambitious mind
Is always under the clutch of his soul
So, he never deviates from the goal.
In a bad man-
There is little element of soul
It plays a negligent role.
His mind has always a desire
To live without control
To defeat the soul
By hook or crook
So as to indulge
In physical pleasure
Beyond measure.



EARTHQUAKE

Earthquake!

What a panic, terrible moment occurs
When God's dark face manifested
Through Earthquake
Buildings collapsing like a pack of cards,
Heart-rending cries,
Men, women, children, animals
All scurrying out of their homes in desperate haste
Screams, desolation, destruction and shattered dreams,
Making the air gloomy, arid and destitute,
Multy-storeyed mansions with clanging noises
Crushing down, down, down
The remaining ripped apart
Or on the verge of collapsing, damaging;
Great aspirations, dreams and ambitions
Are turned into the heap of bricks and stones
What a traumatic experience!

II

Earthquake

Terrible, horrible, deplorable
A thousand cries touched the crescendo
Skulls broken,
Limbs and backs badly bruised, butchered,
Body drenched in blood
Body enveloped in mud
Screams, wails, sighs and sobs

Rent the air turning heaven into hell
An old woman wails outside her devastated dwelling
A child continuously crying,
On the verge of dying,
No shelter, no roof, no protection
A fiance steadily stares at
The collapsed house of his dead fiancee
The mutilated bodies drenched in blood
Stacked like sacks of rice,
Burnt collectively like the bale of wood,
No rituals, no ceremony, no worship.

III

Earthquake

The synonym of Great Fate, Time, Providence
The Great Leveller—
The Leveller who knows no distinction
The leveller whose havoc is beyond description,
Reaping and cutting equally alike,
Both the mighty and the marginalized,
The divine and the destitute
The rough and the sublime
Yes a social leveller
Making the poor and the rich
Sharing space with the pavement dwellers
Pouring out onto the streets
Without the feelings of caste, class and creed.
Developing friendship, fraternity, humanity
O God! Your ways are mystical
Beyond the knowledge of mind and machine.

IV

Man can fathom the depth of sea,
Climb the mountain big and tremendous,
Control both mind and machine
Unravel the various knots of modern science,
But can he control the will of God?
May God bestow the departed soul
The ray of Divine Light
A part of your Great Might
O God bless the destitute, the bereaved
A fraction of your Divine Power
Making them bold and brave
To face the fret and fever
The cares and anxieties
They are bound to bear the days to come.

V

O God what is it? I know not
Bestow Your Divine Grace
Your perennial shower of love and affection
To know the secret of your bright and dark face.
Suddenly my soul spoke:
Darkness and light, life and death
Back and forth they come and go.
Remedies of all ills
Either Man-Made or natural calamities
Are hidden, covered and sublimated in Man
What is this? Where to go and get?

Yes, they are always present in every creature
Hope, Patience, Faith, aye
They are panacea for all troubles.
They are substantial, not bubbles.



* Nature never did betray.
(William Wordsworth)

* Nature is commanded by obeying her.
(Francis Bacon)

* One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
(Shakespeare)

* Nature is the living, visible garment of God.
(Goethe)

BODY, SOUL AND GOD

The man calls his body his body
His Mind his mind
But does he pause to introspect
Who he is?
Man is slave to
The earthly knots
Fissiparous thoughts
He decorates the house
With beautiful paints
But does he feel that Death does kill
The body in no time
Uproots the banyan
In its prime?
Soul,
The Inner Being
The voice of consciousness
Is like the radar
Of the ship of the body
Mind,
The pilot of the ship
Must not sleep
But always looking out
For the signals of radar
There must n't be a bar
Between the pilot
And the radar.

It is the seed of conscientiousness
A special feature
That marks man out
From wild creature.
It is the flower
That ever blooms
Bestows peace
Upon sorrows, glooms.
It is a light
Itself illuminating
With its own light
Beyond the reach
Of sense and sight.
Soul's silent suggestions
Knock the door of Mind
Again and again
But does the mind gain?
God?
The synonym of Truth
The perennial source of Light
Both dark and bright
The body
Enveloped by desires
Engulfed in mires
Seldom embraces
The eternal Truth
Only through the imagination
Of a child

Which is pure and mild
Through chastity, purity
Or through guileless activity
Man may have His vision
His bounteous bliss.
Her motherly kiss.



- * God is that indefinable something which we all feel but which we don't know. To me God is truth and love. **(M. K. Gandhi)**
- * God is one, but He has innumerable forms. **(Guru Nanak)**
- * The world is charged with the grandeur of God. **(Gerard Manley Hopkins)**
- * He is the first and the last, the manifest and the hidden : and the knoweth all things. **(Koran)**
- * As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport. **(Shakespeare)**
- * If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. **(Voltaire)**

THE SYMPHONY OF NATURE

Free from the din and bustle
The fret and fever
Of a city
My village is an anchor
Of love and pity...
Pregnant with natural bounty
Lush paddy fields,
Pastures green
Suffused with natural scene
Coconut groves, fruits and flowers
Meadows and bowers
All are tinged
With the hues of natural colour
No corruption
No adulteration
The cascading water falls
The somnolent lake
The sleepy village
With pastoral innocence
Make the life chaste and pure
A panacea to cure
The invisible psychosomatic tensions
Which the modern men of mansions
Are bound to suffer
Yet Nature is ready
To teach and proffer
Her all —

But man has become
A playing doll
In the hands of a wanton boy
Who misuses the toy
Carelessly, unknowingly.
I am habituated to live
In a homeless house
My heart aches –
My soul bewails,
It pinches, nails
And pushes my mind
To spend the remaining time
In the lap of nature



A Beggar

Under an electric pole
Of flooded light-
A sightless beggar sobs and sighs.
Sometimes bitterly wails
Over his callous fate
Like a trapped bird
Fluttering its wings
In a net.
Clad with worn-out clothes
He walks with a stick
Very polite and meek,
Stretches his begging bowl
To every passer-by.
His hungry looks and sunken eyes
His heart-rending cries
Make my heart move
With love and pity
Even in this loveless city.



My Love

O Love!

Be near me

I can't live without thee

Even for a moment.

Like shadow I wish to follow you

Even at the gate of Death-

I'll undergo ups and downs

Trials and tribulations

Walk on the thorny road-

But be near me

I can't live without thee

I know you can't live alone

I am the fragrance of your flower

And you, the sweet shower

For the withered leaves

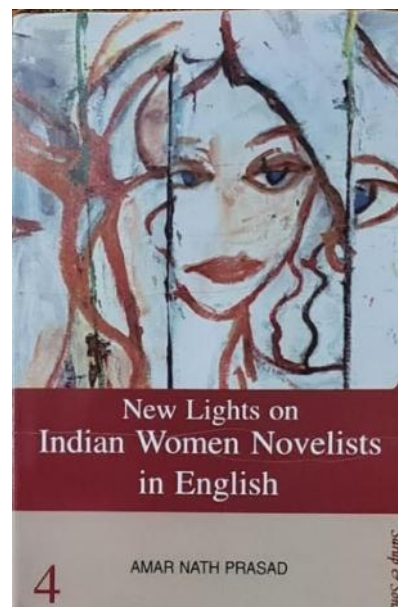
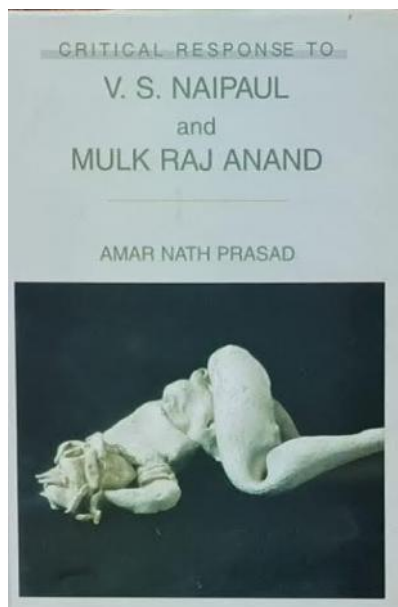
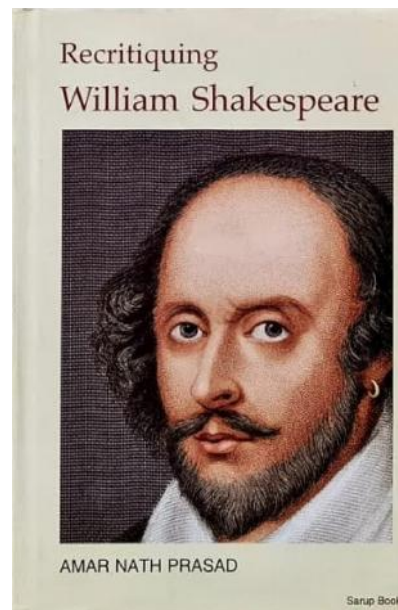
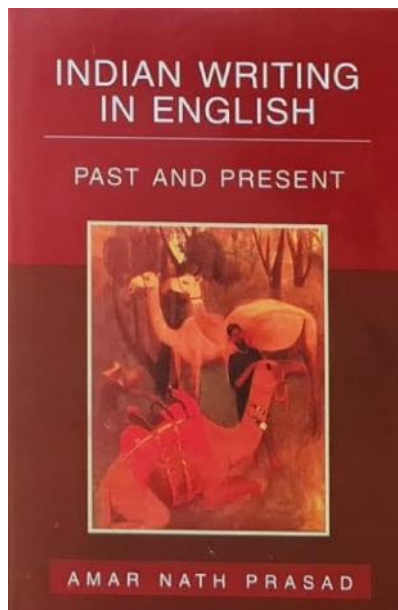
So for our sake

Please be near me

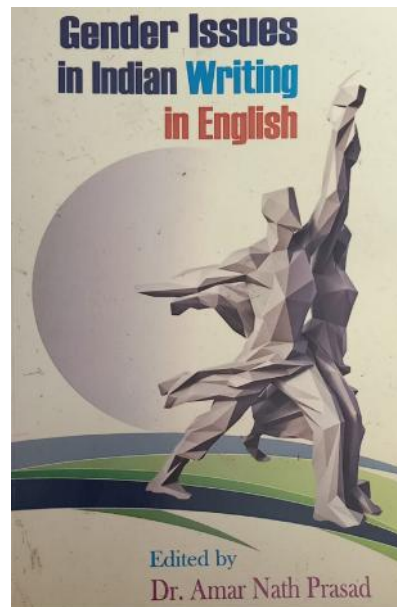
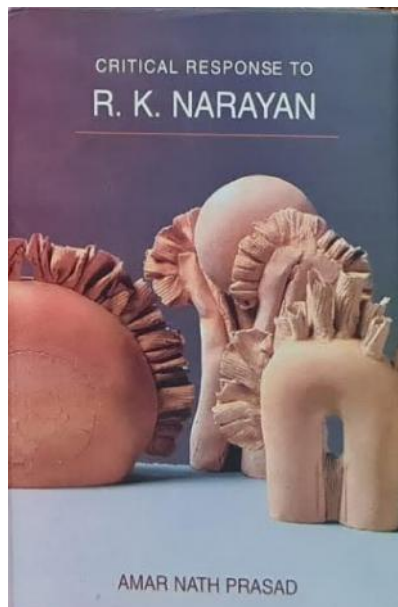
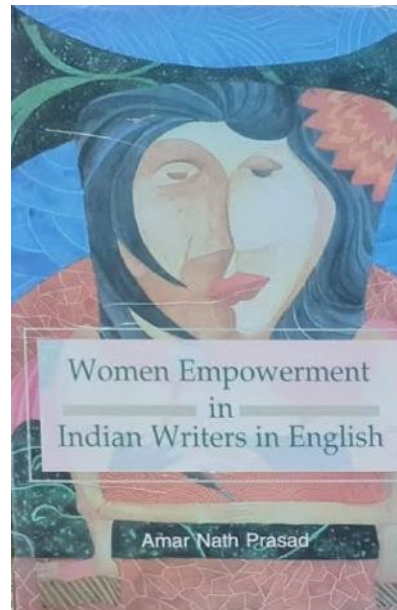
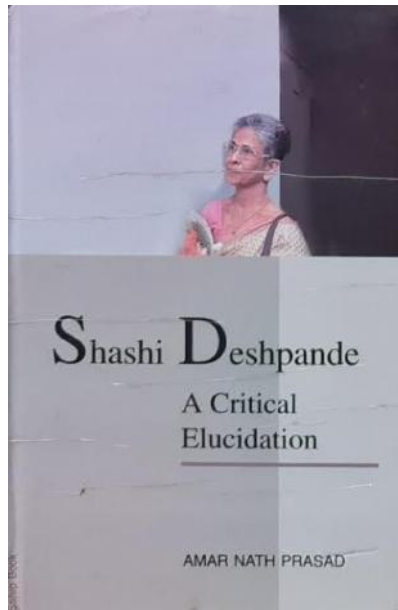
I can't live without thee.



My Published Books



My Published Books





About The Author

Prof.(Dr.) Amar Nath Prasad heads the Department of English at Jagdam College, J.P.University, Chapra (Bihar). He has to his credit more than fifty scholarly critical papers and a number of poems published in different books and journals, magazines and newspapers. He has attended and presented his papers in several National and International seminars and conferences. He edits biannually *Unheard Melody*, a Sarup & Sons Journal of English Literature. Dr. Prasad has authored, edited and co-edited more than thirty books of English literature. Some of his well-known books are:

1. *Arundhati Roy's The God of Small Things: A Critical Study*
2. *Critical Response to R.K.Narayan*
3. *Indian Writing in English: Past and Present*
4. *Studies in Indian Drama in English*
5. *New Lights on Indian Women Novelists in English* (in four volumes)
6. *The Plays of Vijay Tendulkar. A Critical Exploration*
7. *Recritiquing S. T. Coleridge*
8. *Feminism in Indian Writing in English*
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Dr. Prasad also writes in Hindi and Bhojpuri. He edits a Hindi quarterly Magazine *Uttam Vani*. Recently some of his poems have been published and also translated into Russian language in the journal, *Almanac* (Fresh View). At present he is translating some classical Bhojpuri writings including the immortal works of Sant Kavi Lakshmi Sakhi into English language.



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