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PEBBLES ON THE SEASHORE

Amar Nath Prasad

Most Respectfully,

Dedicated to My Loving Parents



My Mother Late Brahma Kumari Devi Mata
and my Father Sri Dudh Nath Prasad who
brought me up with love and care and taught
me the lessons of humanity.

PEBBLES ON THE SEASHORE

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Department of English

Jagdam College (J.P.University)

Chapra, Bihar, INDIA

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Foreword

Dr. Amar Nath Prasad's poems remind us what we miss today by taking us closer to the spirit of nature in all its dimensions. The lilt of the measured lines, the swinging notes of rhythmical stresses, and the capacity to partake of the delights of nature seem to creep back in the poems that piece together vignettes of human emotions come to full wakefulness. Man, one can say, is back in the arms of nature seeking once again the linkages that fed his being with inexhaustible *joi de vivre*, which somewhere in the march along the highway of rationalist philosophy and material triumphs got severed. Nature, distanced from man, stood aside watching the desperation of his galloping progress as the more he acquired, the more barren he felt inside.

In one of his opening verses, 'Man and Nature' the poet says,

Nature ever ready to yield her all,
Scarcely we hear her cordial call.

There runs a sad streak all along as the lonely man trudges back to the neglected paths to rediscover himself, amidst colonnades of soaring trees, rustling garlands of leaves and flowers and sunset glow of darkling horizons.

Let me go to the depth of sea

Where pearls and diamonds lie,
Let me go to the meadows and lea,
Where farmers work and die.

(Priest of Nature)

Reminiscent of the late eighteenth – century contemplative generation of twilight zone poets, the dominant mood in the present anthology is one of self-introspection which gains depth with deeper exploration of nature. The larger frame of perception which emerges from these probing appears to convey that the pristine relation between man and nature urgently needs to be restored. In a sense Hafiz, Rumi, Tagore and English Romantics had attained this vision long ago, by discovering nature's boundless benediction and the divine blessings that make us realize that in nature and man there exist and flourish all the piety and religiosity various scripture preach so assiduously. Love for one another in the understanding of Sufi poets of Persia, is the gateway to realization of all we seek,

Love is the astrolabe of all we seek,
Whether you feel divine or earthly love,
Ultimately we're destined for above

— Rumi, **The Masnavi**, Book I

John Keats came closer to it when he summed up *Ode on a Grecian Urn* by declaiming, “Beauty is truth, truth beauty – that is all; Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.”

Dr. Amar Nath Prasad's poems lead us into that lit-up world of self-realization with his brilliant metaphors and palpably expressive images. The poet in him once again becomes a child, so much celebrated by Wordsworth. While reading some of his mid-anthology verses one felt Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's restive Soul's Prayers have once again begun to agitate the poetic sensibility by muttering.

Both pain and joy I want to drink
Which thou hast made for us

(Divine Life)

This is a world that prides itself upon the enormous range of achievements and accomplishments that have banished from man's life all other considerations save the one which drives him further afield in search of more and ever more. What these poems highlight is the intrinsic contrast between his location in his own world and his yearning for nature's peace and contentment. Many of the poems in the present anthology bring out the stark barrenness of a soul implied of sense of direction and noble percipience of life.

The worthy man is now a neglected dress
Which the young of today seldom wear

(The Thirsty Tree)

Lyrical affirmation of the poet's submission to the ultimate authority of God carries the overtones of Rabindranath Tagore's repeated lamentation

expressive of lost opportunity while the spring was there, and the hungering soul feels with frustration that its basket remains empty. 'The Sinking Boat', 'My Dark Cave', 'Withered Flower of Noon', 'Love Remains Forever', 'Praise to God' and many other poems reiterate man's trust in his Maker and yearning for self-negation as the only way to salvation. Very rarely do we come across poems written in this vein. These effusions take us back on the characteristically Indian poetic grounding into the ways of apprehending reality that rely on complete surrender to the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

Many poets of the past sustained in English language this solid base of Indian tradition from Man Mohan Ghosh to Toru Dutt to Sarojini Naidu and Sri Aurobindo.

The present poems naturally seem to constitute an extension of that tradition resonating with the eternal voice which expresses man's inner calls and nature's sublime response to him.

That Dr. Amar Nath Prasad has chosen metrical form for his poems is another striking aspect of this collection. In modern poetic attitude, metrical compositions have somehow come to be treated either jocularly or with a degree of non-serious dismissive gesture. To be writing in iambic pentameter and neatly sculpted stanzas of measured lines is often seen to belong to an era that overflowed

with emotions over rainbow–and–cuckoo scenario; a digital world of corporate culture finds it out of character. Finding a new significance in the use of prosodic orderliness must, in my opinion, be taken in all seriousness as indicative of protest against that disorder and chaos which have been treated more as a cult in our days rather than mere fashion. The nihilistic tendencies of deifying violence of disjointed expression can only be countered by a healthy return to beauty of poetic expression.

Dr. Amar Nath Prasad achieves this admirably in his lyrics. It is a difficult art to master. One needs to possess a degree of achieved mastery over various metrical forms, sound qualities of words, a sense of rhyming expressions and diverse other poetic devices in order to articulate the feelings in mellifluous lines. It is refreshing to see that Dr. Amar Nath Prasad has shown a singular awareness of the musical properties of English language and an easy facility with the deft handling of prosody. That his subject matter finds an appropriate form, mutually “inter animating” one another, to use Mikhail Bakhtin’s famous expression, cannot be an accident. Form arises here out of the compulsions of subject matter, as any collection of poems must truly demonstrate.

The present book holds deep relevance for us in terms of highlighting both the contemporary society’s malaise and urgency to create in our lives a meaningful space for nature in a bid to re–discover the channels

of vitality and vigour which remained dried up for centuries.

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PREFACE

Poetry, I think, is neither the spontaneous outpourings or to quote T.S.Eliot ‘a turning loose of emotions’, nor a cerebral gymnastics of assembling facts and figures, but it is in between the two. Simply emotions emanating from the solitary musings and various other feelings and thoughts scarcely make us get on the zenith of perfection unless they are woven into the fabric of art and beauty, images and symbols and other tools of sublimity and creativity. So, a perfect blending of feeling and form, heart and mind, beauty and truth is the real feature of good and great art, such art which is neither obstructed by caste, class and creed nor affected by any conservative and disrupting visions of the artist; rather it must be suffused with the various ingredients of pleasures and raptures making us forget the fret and fever, the tension and tussle of life for a while and transport us to the realm of supreme bliss. A perfect poet has a special gift and power to change the unspoken into spoken, the unheard into heard, the dreamy and fantastical vision into reality.

The present book in your hand is the collection of my various poems composed during my solitary musings in the lap of natural surroundings which I often visit time and again to get rid of the pangs and panics of life.

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

1. *Metverse Muse* (more than a dozen poems published)
2. *The Indian Journal of English Studies*.
3. *Sloka* (A literary journal published by A.K.Vishnu from Akola)
4. *NewsLetter* (published by Indian Association for English Studies)
5. *The Expression* (Edited by Dr. Ashok Kumar, Rai Bareli)

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Last but not the least, my thanks are also due to Mr. Rajeev Kumar and the computer operator, Shakti Nagar, Chapra who composed the manuscript and the publisher, Mr. Ajay Kumar Agrawal Prop. Aditi Publication, Raipur who brought out this book so elegantly and promptly.

Amar Nath Prasad

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The Priest of Nature

Let me go to the depth of sea
Where pearls and diamonds lie;
Let me go to the meadows and lea
Where farmers work and die.

Free from every fever and fret
He enjoys the life of pleasure,
Caught in ever financial net
Which we hardly measure.

Blithe and happy in the lap of nature
A saintly priest indeed;
Even in hardships he gets pleasure
And seldom pines for meed.

He gets his bread from the field
In which he pours his blood
He fights his life without any shield
To face the drought and flood.

He pulls a tired and miserable life
In little clay-made house
His life becomes a bundle of strife
And he a trapped mouse.

2 | Pebbles on the Seashore

He smiles and sings to his crop
In gay and jolly mood
He sheds his sweat drop by drop
To earn his livelihood.

No poets write, no bards sing
He unlamented dies-
In funeral march, no bells ring
No one sobs and sighs.



Those Who Never Cheat

From dawn to dusk the peasant pours his sweat
He is brought up, dies in the lap of loan
He is caught ever in the net of Great Fate
In the hour of grief he does groan and moan.

I saw him ever work in rain and heat
What a great saint of nature he indeed!
He roots out grasses to make the field neat
So as to open the eyes of the seed.

Before the sun rises he gets up soon
For fodder he goes to fetch green grass
He enjoys the soothing rays of full moon
But he takes birth and dies in debt, alas!

For peasants such I wish to bow and greet
Who feed the whole nation and never cheat.



Man and Nature

Meadows green and mountain peak
Budding flowers, tremendous teak
Pattering rain and murmuring bees
All things beautiful quite at ease.

Let me go to the realm of Nature
For perennial thoughts from every creature
Let me dive unfathomed waters
For gems and pearls where everything matters.

Nature ever ready to yield her all
Scarcely we hear her cordial call
Every particle is eager to give
But it is nectar in the sieve


Modern society, oh! Full of corruption
Despotism, nepotism, desolation, destruction!
Hatred and hypocrisy reign the world
Mutilated multitude O, my God!

Our heart caught in the web of a spider
Though soul seeks to soar like a glider
Today mind and body stand apart
Flower without fragrance, pilot without cart.


No cuckoos sing, no peacocks dance
Animals wild are seen by chance
Classical songs and dance and folklore
Heritage, custom, culture, no more,


I feel elated in the lap of nature
But badly enmeshed in domestic fetter
May God give me peace and pleasure
That I could suck in full measure.



 Nature never did betray
— William Wordsworth

☛ One touch of Nature makes the whole
world kin.
— William Shakespeare

☛ The poetry of earth is never dead.
— John Keats 



Mother's Lap

Those golden days are now no more
When I was a little child
I played amidst the natural sight
O how so charmed and mild!

Innocence was my best friend
Who saved from so many evils
Now I always feel alone
Among the dangerous devils.

Now I lead a deserted life
On this sapless selfish land
How can fruits be easily got
When trees are rooted in the sand?

Like a bird in the open sky
I did always sing and fly
Now I am a bird of cage
And count my days to die.

Now I wish to return again
The world of love and peace
Once again I want to taste
Raptures of love and kiss.

I got more than pearls and diamonds
Always in my mother's lap
Between me and my First Friend
There was a little gap.



✿ Mother is the name for God in the lip and hearts of little children. — Thackeray

☛ A mother is a mother still,
The holiest things alive. —S.T. Coleridge

☛ All that I am or hope to be,
I owe to my angel mother. —Abraham Lincoln

☛ One good mother is worth hundred teachers. — English Proverb

✿

Withered Flower of Noon

Under the veil and inside house
Her life is fettered in the chain
In the midnight she does weep
Over her life's loss and gain.

She recalled her parents kind
Who brought her up with care
But in this house she now feels
As a lost child in a fair

Her husband drinks and gambles much
And beats her always day and night
Now she lives in a chamber dark
And longs to see the soothing light.

She was red rose ever blooming
In garden of her parent's home
Now she leads a life of slave
Never allowed to move or roam.

Under the veil she grinds wheat
And sighs and sobs on her fate
She cleans and brooms the 'haveli' whole
And bound to live within the gate.

Seldom he pays any heed to her
But threatens her again and again
She is a withered flower of noon
Which longs for shower of rain.



Women, is this happiness
This lying buried beneath a man?
— Kamala Das

☛ Honour women! they entwine and weave
heavenly roses in our earthly life.
— Schiller

☛ Women are wiser than man because they
know less and understand more.
— James Stephens

The Dying Earth

Like 'Kamdhenu' cow nature is full of boon
Each and every thing hath something to say
The modern man will know her late or soon
How, for man, she is working night and day.

It is she who brings us up in her lap
Like a teacher she doth teach lessons great
But we are busy in changing world's map
She is busy in improving man's fate.

The morning flower in the summer rain
The blue and red sky at setting hour
All the things of nature are sound and sane
But, like dry leaves, she does wait for shower.

Like sharp knife nature is both boon and curse
For this dying earth, she is the only nurse.



The King of Kings

Of wealth and beauty man does brag and boast
He never knows things are bound to decay
He seldom hates these things at any cost
In the affairs of Time man hath a little say.

Like a cruel lion Time kills every one
It makes no difference between high and low
Like the cloud it covers the rising sun
And makes even the powerful kings to bow.

But never it can kill my Love profound
Despite Time's dangerous blows my love shines
Can in the dark paws of Time love be bound?
No, it's a pearl that shines even in mines.

Love is that gift of God which ever glows
In front of king of kings it never bows.



My Dark Cave

I live in such a world where men despise
To one another for petty reasons
Here in the clouds the sun does seldom rise
Winter seems to cover the whole seasons.

All my friends who promise not to depart
In the vortex now they left me alone
They have done their research in cheating art
And always speaks in an insulting tone.

O my God! Give me shelter in Thy breast
The withered plant now seeks Thy sweet shower
I am helpless like a bird without a nest
Bless me a place in your soothing bower.

Now I do feel Thy patience which Thou gave
Would give me the light in my dark cave.



The Thirsty Tree

My innocence is depleting fast
Like a trapped bird she flutters for flight
To go back again in the realm of past
So as to fetch the Promethean Light.

The voice of soul is duped by the dull brain
Seldom we dive deep into our rich past
All things scattered like a derailed train
Though, on the track, it was running fast.

Worthy man is now a neglected dress
Which the young of today seldom wear
Now only the worst get the awards fresh
No reverence is paid to the great and seer.

A day or two the sun will rise again
The thirsty tree will dance in the sweet rain.



Pleasure and Pain

God has made this beautiful earth
And bestow both pleasure and pain
Even in the land of parching sand
He ever showers balming rain

Both gay and grief are gift of God
By which our life is run
Never shed your costly tears
Every thing will be done

God has made our road smooth
But placed some bumps ahead
Man does suffer in this world
Because of his love for greed.

I wish to enjoy both peace and pain
Without any laugh or cry
God will give a loving touch
The tree which is robbed and dry.

The only thing the man should do
To believe in God's grace
Only with his eternal help
We win the dangerous race.

I am happy with what I have
To get both pleasure and sorrow
I only act in the living present
May God help my tomorrow.



Nature never did betray

— William Wordsworth

☛ Pleasure is flower that fades;
rememberance is the lasting perfume.

— J.V.Richer

☛ Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

— John Dryden

☛ He whose heart is not attached to the
objects of sense finds pleasure within
himself.

— Lord Shri Krishna

☛ Pleasure is frail like a dewdrop, while it
laughs it dies.

— Rabindranath Tagore

The Path of Soul

Diamonds are hidden in the layers of coal
In the forest dark sandal woods are found
So is always hidden the shining soul
Who sings the songs of life in silent sound

Great saints do listen to the silent call
But mind, like spider, does weave the thread
It tries to turn the soul's nectar into gall
Can Great Soul not shine even in dark shade?

In the sweet sound of soul I sing a song
Even in the hours of grief and sorrow
The path of soul is smooth, wide and long
It goes to God today or tomorrow

Let not mind erect bumps in its fresh way
Only then mind be quite blithe and gay.



The Sinking Boat

No one cares the loss of culture
No one dares to water and nurture.
Faith and belief are loosing ground
Folklore, dance are seldom found.
Culture is now a withered flower
Urgently needs irrigation or shower.

A man of worth always yells
A notorious man never fails.
He is praised every where
He is leader and a mayor.
What he does is always good
Corruption is his favourite food.

Classical songs depleting fast
Seldom we value the things of past.
The boat of innocence sinking deep
The pilot drives a radarless ship.
Cold philosophy dominating all
Science is master, man is doll.

I want to save the sinking boat
Though I am now a tattered coat.
I want to dive the depth of time
The world is now a bundle of crime.
I want to breathe a life in art
This way I should play my part.



Faith is the bird that sings when the
dawn is still dark.

—Rabindranath Tagore

☛ Faith is the root of all blessings.

—Jeremy Taylor

☛ I feel no need for any other faith than
my faith in human beings.

—Pearl S. Buck

☛ Faith without works is dead.

—Bible

☛ Faith must trample under foot all reason,
sense and understanding.

—Martin Luther

The Book of Nature

Drops of rain in rainy season
Make the peasants glad and gay
The thirsty leaves begin to bloom
Like lily in the month of May

What a lovely scene it is!
When plants and trees dance in rain
I jumped with joy and went out home
Suddenly become a child again.

Raindrops on the lotus leaves
Gleaming more than shining gem
Pattering rain and sweeping sound
Made me merry more than fame.

Bubbles float but die so soon
As human being on mortal earth
After summer rain does come
Like grief and mirth, life and birth.

Fish in pond and ditch are happy
Getting rain drops more and more
Croaking frogs and thundering clouds
All are singing melodious lore.

In the thunder of the cloud
The peasants plant the paddy seed
Even in rain they plough the field
The book of nature will they read.



One thing is certain and rest is lies;
The flower that once blown forever dies.
— Omar Khayyam

☛ Gather the flowers, but spare the buds.
— Andrew Marvell

☛ God grows weary of great kingdoms
but never of little flowers.
— Rabindranath Tagore

☛ God made the flowers to beautify the
earth and cheer man's careful mood.
— William Wordsworth

Glory Be to God

The rising sun in mountain lap
Looks like gleaming golden ball
Slow it rises inch by inch
Amid the icy mountains tall

The rays of sun in different shades
Fall on meadows green and dark
The shephard with his grazing sheep
Jumps with joy like singing lark.

Like Vedic chant in religious shrine
Birds are singing rhythmic sound
On roses red and lilies white
Bees are buzzing all around.

Among the birds and blooming roses
There is peace and there is pleasure
In her only motherly lap
Man can bloom in perfect measure.

The selfish man now cuts down trees
Makes many holes in ozone layer
He knows not how to live with her
And dance and play in happy pair.

Man is led by mind not heart
To nature he seldom pays any heed
How can fruits and flowers be got?
If there is dry and rotten seed.



- ☛ Every man is a poet when he is in love.
—Plato
- ☛ Poets were the first teachers of
mankind.
— Horace
- ☛ Poets have a license to lie.
—Pliny
- ☛ Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's
sighs.
—Shakespeare
- ☛ Poets are the unacknowledged
legistators of mankind.
— P.B.Shelley

Childhood

Childhood period pure and chaste
Little tension, always rest
Like a lamp a child is simple
No concern with any principle
Flying on the wings of joy
I always played with little toy
I often took enjoyments pure
Nature was ever there to cure.
I gazed and gazed the golden sight
Through the eyes of love and light
Like mountain water I was fresh
As bright as the morning face.
With great delight I saw the moon
How my life was full of boon!
Like a singing bird in the sky
I did sing and seldom cry.
But now I lead a life of grief
On dirty dust like faded leaf
Entangled with numerous sins
I fell like fish without fins.



There Is Love in Every Flower

Natural scene is full of glee
Here our life is sweet and free
The shining sun on mountain white
How beautiful this charming sight!
Nearby mount there is a lake
Where a lotus stands under neck
The drop of water on its petal
Look like pearls on costly metal.
The blades of grass are full of dew
Just like pearls quite fresh and new
Here flowers bloom, they never fade
In cheerful mood they toss their head.
There is love in every flower
There is peace in every bower
But man does seldom pay any heed
Badly bound by class and creed.



Childhood Memory

Childhood memory pure and sweet
Fills my heart with merry and joy
I bear in mind the golden days-
When I was little boy.

I jumped with joy to see the moon
Peeping through the clouded sky;
I was blessed with heavenly boon
Which man can never buy.

I played with friends in happy mood
Under the big bunyan tree,
My heart and soul had only good
Knew the art of flying free.

The sun-set rays on mountain tops
A rainbow leaned over them-
I enjoy much in reaping crops
Even better than a game.

Thoughts I found in little flower
Which danced in the vernal wood
Chirping birds in homely bower
Feed their young nourishing food.

I long to go back childhood past
Where king of innocence reigned,
I feel alone in this universe vast
Where thoughts are always feigned.



- ☛ The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day.
—John Milton
- ☛ Children are like wet cement; whatever fall on them makes an impression.
— Hain Ginott
- ☛ The child is father of the man
— William Wordsworth
- ☛ Love is a boy, by poet's styled,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
—Samuel Butler
- ☛ Of all the animals, the boy is the most unmanageable.
—Plato

In the Race of Life

Like rise and fall of a sea-shore
Despair and delight come and go
They are blessed with a blended lore
Given both to friend and foe.

People hate a poisonous thing
But life is sometimes saved by it
A man stung by scorpion sting
Is cured by it and becomes fit.

Both joy and pain I want to get
Which God has given to all
Glee and gloom come soon or late
To rich and poor, big and small.

Plants that bloom are bound to fade
In scorching heat of sun-
Both life and death, light and shade
In the race of life they run.

But life succeeds in the long race
In a deft and daring man;
Success comes to those who face
And move tirelessly like a fan.

O God! make me sad and gay
Equally I wish to taste
On flute of life I want to play
The song of sorrow and of jest.



• Life is but an endless series of experiments.

— M.K.Gandhi

• Life is a tragedy when seen in a close up but a comedy in a long shot.

— Charlie Chaplin

• A life spent worthily should be measured by deeds, not by years.

— R.B.Sheridan

• A useless life is an early death.

— Goethe

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

— Victor Hugo

Love Remains for Ever

Things on earth are bound to die
However fine they are
Only love remains for ever
Never be caught in chains and bar

Love can neither be paid by wealth
Nor by precious gold or power
It is an eternal plant of heaven
That ever blooms with fruit and flower

The mother shows her love to child
Not by dint of selfish reason
Her love is like a blooming plant
Full of scent in spring season

A man of love sings like lark
Even in the hour of sorrow
It is such a precious gift
Which no one lend or borrow.



Bounties of Nature

Tiny birds in the leafy bower
Merry and joy in the vernal shower
Singing songs in happy mood
How their lives are always good!
Vegetable fresh, mango sweet
Lily and rose ever to greet
The orange tree in moonlit night
How beautiful this natural sight!
In nature there is mirth and joy
Peacocks dance as the playful boy
Cuckoos sing on the branch of tree
How their lives are sweet and free!
The man who lives in natural lap
Very rarely he feels a gap
He eats his bread which he grows
His face does glow like morning rose.
Plants and green trees give him air
All are there to nurse and care
He pours his sweat in field and lea
How his life is full of glee!



Tribute to Soldiers

A soldier works all day and night
On the mountains tough and chilly
Without any rest he guards and fight
Seldom he talks of rose and lily.

Both man of mind and of soul
He wants to be blithe and gay
To do the duty is his goal
Ever alert on mountain, bay.

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

They kill terrorists like the crop
And drag them from the hiding place
And shed their blood drop by drop
Only to free us from the mess.

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.



☛ When you know the truth, the truth makes you a soldier.
— M.K. Gandhi

☛ If a man has not discovered something that he will die for, he is not fit to live.
— Martin Luther King

☛ Fighting is a coward's art of attacking mercilessly when we are strong, and keeping out of harm's way, when we are weak.
— G.B. Shaw

☛ The true soldier fights not because he hates what is in front of him, but because he loves what is behind him.
— G.K. Chesterton

☛ Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste death but once.
— William Shakespeare (Julius Caesar)

Divine Life

I want to lead a life divine
Where grief does seldom come
I want to drink Thy sweet wine
To go where I come from

Both pain and joy I want to drink
Which Thou hath made for us
My leaking boat is about to sink
It wants an anchor thus.

The friend who promised to give his hand
His help is now no more
All sorts of grief have come in band
For knocking at my door.

Men now always loose their faith
In Thy eternal Grace
Thou hath made both life and death
Which all should ever face.

Thou are the only source of light
The light that never dies-
Give it to my inner sight
Which always sobs and sighs

34 | Pebbles on the Seashore

My soul is afraid not of pain
She wants it more and more
I am lost in the dark den
My boat now wants a shore

May God fill my empty jar
Which nobody wants to care
You may either make or mar
Do whatever foul or fair.

I have sound faith in you
That Thou could never deceive
Whatever given I'll chew
Would you warmly receive?



A Bird Without Nest

Eagerly I wish to suck Thy sweet breast
I am alone like a bird without nest.
Quench my dead leaves with Thy rain
Never I am afraid of Thy sweet pain
Knowest I well Thy sweet pain comes to test
Whether in sorrow I am fake or best
Therefore more and more give me pain to drink
Save my leaking boat that is near to sink
Strong faith I have in Thy nectarine grace
Even in pain; leisure is no less
Knowest I very well no pain, no gain
Thy pleasure and pain are cycle's chain.
Lost I am in this world of short lived fair
No kiths and kins are here to love and care
The only help is my strong faith in you
Although my eyes are flashed with golden dew
No one is there beside my ailing bed
The world gave me nothing but tears to shed.



The Music of Nature

From mountains twins the sun is taking birth
The little birds are chirping in full mirth
New-born rays are showering like golden rain
Here life has only freedom-never chain.
Between these mountains the half sun well looks
It gives delight even better than books.
In the pond the lotus is deflowering lips
All things are peaceful here like anchored ships
The winds and streams are singing songs so sweet
Everything in nature is clean and neat.
The bees are buzzing on the roses new
The vale is surrounded with the golden dew
Beside the pond lilies white and rose dance
For this beauty man has seldom chance
Like a caught bird man flutters wings to fly
He wishes to sing in the open sky
Man has to go for peace a day or two
In the lap of nature where cuckoos coo.



Love

Earthly things are bound to die
Howsoever fine and bright
The powerful Death devours all things
Equally reaps the meek and might.

Like a dangerous lion of wood
Death is the king of all
All alive on the mortal earth
Can never neglect His call.

Love can not be killed by lion
Neither by Death nor Time.
It is a flower that never fades
Always lives in its prime.

Love is found not in the crown
But in affectionate mother's lap
It makes our life merry and joy
Fills with joy the thirsty gap.

For sinking boat of Man's life
Peaceful moorings Love imparts
Consoles a man of tortured heart
Embalms a soul pierced by darts

The darts of Fate may pierce my flesh
But never pinch my heart
The shield of love my soul contains
Which keeps the soul unhurt.



☛ But love is blind, and lovers can't see,
the pretty follies that themselves
commit.

—William Shakespeare

☛ Love gives itself, it is not bought
— Longfellow

☛ Love conquers all things; let us too give
in to love
—Virgil

☛ Take away love and our earth is a tomb
—Robert Browning

☛ Love is blind
—Chaucer

How He Won His Love

The sun-set scene on mountain top
Made his heart so calm
There a maiden reaping crops
Singing slowly a rural psalm.

With downcast eyes she gazed at him
Innocence shone on her face
His heart felt a sense of grief
To see the girl in dirty dress

As the moon in a clouded sky
She looked so shy and nice
As a pearl in oyster's womb
She was beyond any price.

She came near with bended eyes
To tell her piteous tale-
With pearl-like tears she began to sigh
Which made his heart yell.

He took her in his meek embrace
And wiped her tearful eyes
Aglow with love she shone like moon
And stopped her wails and cries.

40 | Pebbles on the Seashore

The golden sun began to drop
In bosom of the vale;
The drooping lotus in the lake
Slept after a mild gale.

Like shower of rain to a withered plant
She blossomed into a flower
Her trembling lips and beating heart
Drenched dry leaves with shower.

He took that orphan to his home
And made his heart's queen
Aglow with love she slowly shone
Like gloden rays of morning scene.



Praise to God

Praise to God who made our life
And grant us great delight
He gave us ears to hear His praise
Eyes to see this natural sight.

He gave us hands to help the poor
Mouth to cheer and chant His deed
He taught to live a life divine
Above to race and class and creed

Lord God gave us deep distress
To purge the dirt of desire
The chastened soul begins to shine
Like pure gold in the fire.

As the sun wakes in the east
And sets in the western sky
So those who take the birth on earth
Are bound to suffer and die.

O God bless me the ray of hope
So as to face the fret and fever
Turn my stagnant water of pond
As running water of the river



- ☛ All that lives or moves on earth
transient or permanent exist in
the glory of God.
—Rig Veda
- ☛ To me God is truth and love.
—M.K. Gandhi
- ☛ God is a circle whose centre is
everywhere and whose
circumference is nowhere.
—Empedocles
- ☛ The world is charged with the
grandeur of God.
— G.M. Hopkins
- ☛ He is the first and the last, the
manifest and the hidden: and He
knoweth all things.
—Koran
- ☛ If God didn't exist, it would be
necessary to invent him.
—Voltaire

What Is Art

Art is a golden bird that sings
The song of truth in charming tone
It sings of present and of future
Things eternal of days by gone.

True art comes from the core of heart
And gives us the inner delight
It soothes our soul in deep distress
Like shower of rays in moonlit night.

Poetry is the branch of art
Which fills the reader's heart with mirth
It gives the poet the labour pain
And only then it takes its birth.

True art arouses a sense of joy
Even in the heart of the rude
It appeals to both the rich and poor
The high and low, the clean and crude.

Art is never a box of sweets
But as organic as a tree
Art does never lies in prison
It is a river flowing free.



☛ Art is a jealous mistress
—R.W. Emerson

☛ All art is but imitation of nature
— Seneca

☛ Art is the Tree of Life. Science is
the Tree of Death. God is Jesus.
—William Blake

☛ Art lies in concealing art.
— Ovid

☛ Art is long and time is fleeting.
— Longfellow

☛ Fine art is that in which the hand,
the head and the heart of man go
together.
— John Ruskin

☛ A picture is a poem without words
—Horace

The Lions of Cave

Praise to thee O, soldier brave
One of your legs is in the grave
You fight for nation full of duty
You are fond of art and beauty.

You guard the boarder night and day
Vigilant, vigorous, happy and gay.
You are the flower full of fragrance
People give you love and reverence.

You cross the river, jump the fire
As busy as vehicle's tyre.
Never afraid of wind and rain
Dares to catch the wolves in den.

You serve the country heart and soul
Embracing victory is your goal.
Who is today true to nation?
Only soldier, farmer, mason.

A young priest of Nature indeed
Ever impartial to class and creed
You always drill to make your health
It is really your rarest wealth.

46 | Pebbles on the Seashore

On sands you burn, in winter shiver
You face bodily fret and fever.
In the open sky you fly jet—
You are the master of your fate.

Soldiers of India brave and bold
Climbing mountains chill and cold.
Reaping terrorists like the crop
Shedding the blood drop by drop.

I bow my head to soldiers brave
I join my hands to lions of cave
The nation is proud of their birth
For country's sake who lose their mirth.



An Uprooted Plant

I am like an uprooted plant
In the lonely room of city,
No one ready to sing and chant
The psalm of love and pity.

In every hotel they dance and gamble
To get the crude pleasure,
In every club they drink and tumble
And enjoy a life of leisure.

Men are guided not by heart
But by brain and wit,
Mind and soul are poles apart
Rarely they come to meet.

Loaded with tension, grief and hate
A sapless life they lead-
They seldom believe in God and fate
In etiquette, manner, culture, creed

Fed up with the clamour of town
My heart desires solitude,
I want no fame nor wealth nor crown
But quiet thought and attitude.

I want sympathy, love, not money
My life, an unwatered flower-
I want a hive full of honey
Never destroyed by cruel power.



- ☛ Science without conscience is but the death of the soul.
— Montaigne
- ☛ Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed.
— Huxley
- ☛ Science is nothing but perception
— Plato
- ☛ Science is always simple and profound. It is only the half truths that are dangerous.
— G.B. Shaw

Under the Veil She Grinds Wheat

A village woman pure and chaste
Cover her face with a veil,
Devoid of ever joy and jest
Like a prisoner of a jail.

She leads a lonely virtuous life
In her husband's house
Plays the role of devoted wife
But like a trapped mouse.

She loves her husband, children most
And serves them like a servant
She does never brag or boast
Is ever agile and fervent.

Under the veil she grinds wheat
And reaps the crops in field-
She never soils another sheet
Her character is a shield.

In silent way she faces grief
In clay-made homes and huts,
She is like the dumb and deaf
Full of ifs and buts.

50 | Pebbles on the Seashore

She cooks on traditional hearth
Covered with ashes, dust
Even in youth she loses mirth
Happiness, pleasure, luxury, lust.

She loves her daughter and her son
Nurses them night and day,
Adores her husband like an icon
Ever ready to serve and pray.

The drunkard husband beats her much
Without any rhyme or reason
She sighs and sobs in the lurch
In every month and season.



My Native Village

I hate the life of city I live
Where love does die so soon
Here nectar is placed in the sieve
Oh! What a sordid boon!

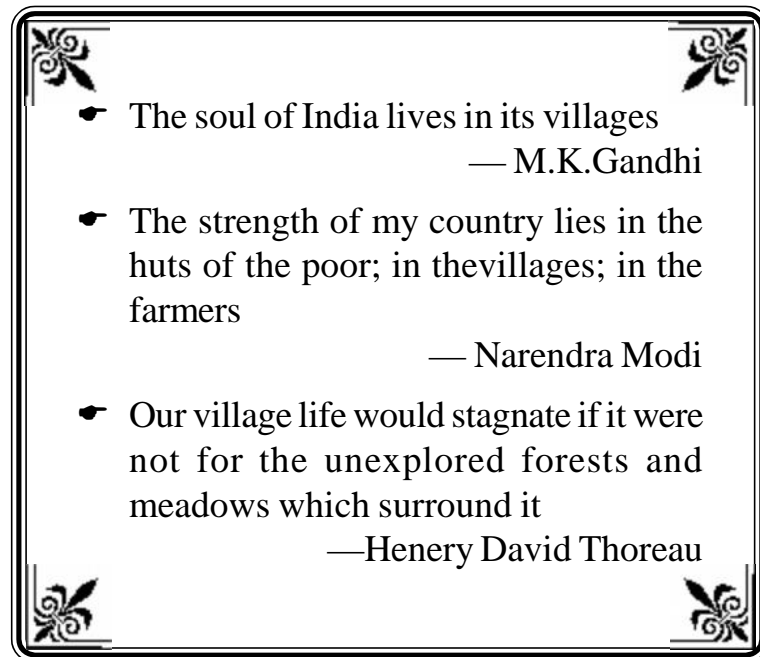
Here men lead a monotonous life
In mansion large and high
Disloyal husband, divorced wife
All indulged in fraud and lie.

I went to my village home
After a long time
In paddy fields did I roam
Like a lark in open sky.

I saw peacocks sing and dance
In meadows, field and farm
The natural beauty made me trance
Like a lover in beloved's arm.

My mother lived there like a nun
In the lap of golden solitude
She shone like a celestial sun
In her saintly attitude.

She consoled with her lovely hands
And sorrow died so soon
I felt a shower of love in sands
That made my grief swoon.



Invincible Art

No one alters the course of Fate
All are caught in His terrible net.
No one escapes His cruel clutch
Only Love is beyond His touch.
He kills the good, gentle, bad
Makes a happy family sad.
He makes the Kings fall to dust
Whether a man of love or lust.
Like a farmer he equally reaps
A dangerous dart he always keeps.
He flings His dart on poor and rich
Never spares who preach and teach.
He reaps the people low and high
Never moved by sob or sigh.
Has He power to kill my art
Strongly rooted in my heart?
Art is great it never dies
It is a bird that always flies.



The Gifts of Nature

I saw a ploughman in the field
Reaping crops and singing song
Beside a lovely sleeping lake
Clustered with the green trees long.

I gazed and gazed a lovely lotus
In that somnolent lake
Fully enamoured by its hues
Which man can never make.

Daffodils bloom and peacocks sing
In and around the paddy crops
A rainbow looks like a newly bride
Across the lake over mountain tops.

Man can do a lot of things
With the help of scientific means
But can he be able to create nature
Her beautiful sights and scenes?

The shrouded moon in black clouds
Moves in merry majestic ways
The water lotus golden glows
Floats like cup in moon-lit rays.

My heart begins to leap with joy
To see this God-made sight
Each and every atom of nature
Is full of joy and light.



Thoughts on Sea-shore

Morning sun in the womb of sea
Grazing lambs in the golden lea
Blooming flowers in breezy air
In nature all things fine and fair
It is a place for peace and pleasure
Its bounteous beauty we hardly measure
I went one morn to a sea-shore
Where golden sun was heaven's door.
The colourful rays fall on the ship
On whales and sharks that happily leap
Basking on the sea sand bed
All of a sudden my heart said
"O what a beautiful scene it is!
Where no one knows to taunt and tease.
Turtoise, crab, conch and snail
Are caught in nets for buy and sale
The sailing boats with canvas white
Leaping sharks in showering light

The deep down sea where pearls abound
Diamonds gems are also found
Only the brave know how to dive
And seek honey from ocean's hive.



☛ A man is but the product of his thoughts;
what he thinks; that he becomes.
— Mahatma Gandhi

☛ Let noble thoughts come to us from all
sides.
— Rig Veda

☛ Learning without thought is labour lost.
— Confucius

☛ Thinking is easy, acting is difficult and
to put one's thoughts into action is the
most difficult thing in the world.
— Goethe

☛ Action without thought is abortion and
thought without action is folly.
— J.L.Nehru

The Treasure of Thoughts

Nature harbours in her bosom
All the teachings of the earth
She is ready to give her gifts
All those things containing mirth.

Every thing whether sweet and sour
The Gracious God has made
Earthly things must have a fall
The thing that shines is bound to fade

The regular rise and fall of sea
Teaches to do the works in time
It also shows how all things fall
Like rising waves in its prime.

The bamboo tree gives us lesson
How to make our life polite
It bends before a great cyclone
Sometimes left and sometimes right

The purple rose that blooms today.
Is fated to fade away very soon.
The morning sun in the sky
Is bound to be dim after noon.

58 | Pebbles on the Seashore

When tree is loaded with the fruit
It bends to kiss the lowly earth
When the earth is dug and sowed
Winged seeds then take their birth.

When the sky is full of clouds
It bathes both flower and the thorn
When seed is sowed and put in dark
Only then we reap rich corn.

When I fall in deep distress
All these lessons act like balm
My sorrows then flies like bird
And out of joy it sings a psalm.



A Soldier without a Gun

Praise to thee O peasants bold
Facing weather rough and cold
Working hard to bring forth grain
Waiting eagerly the shower of rain

A peasant lives a life of joy
As agile as playful boy
A young saint of Nature indeed
He is above the class and creed

Free from the cries of city
He leads a life of peace and pity
A bosom friend of natural sights
He is a man of custom, rites

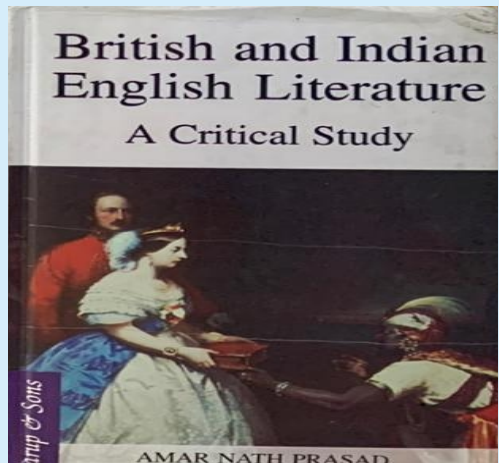
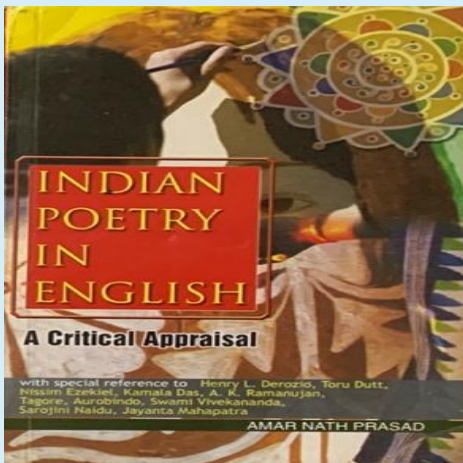
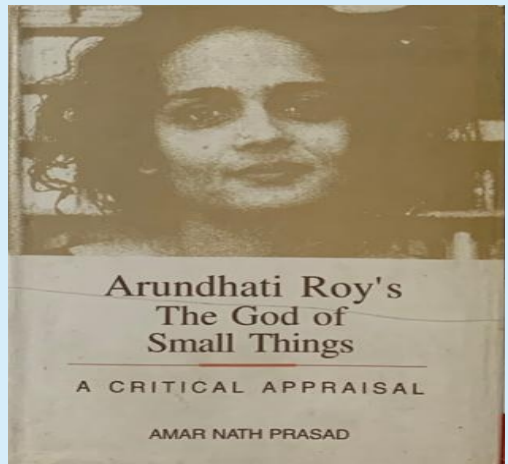
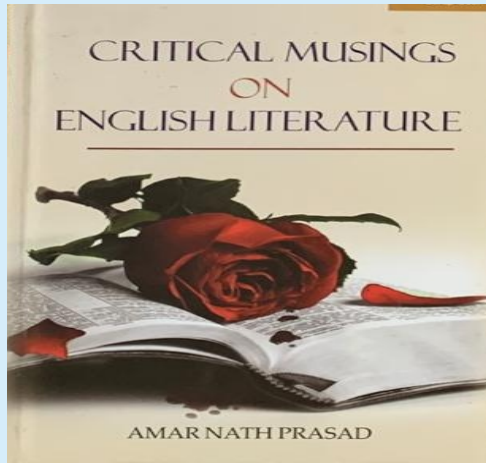
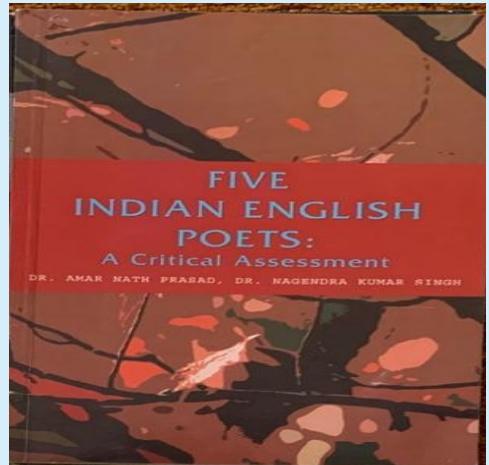
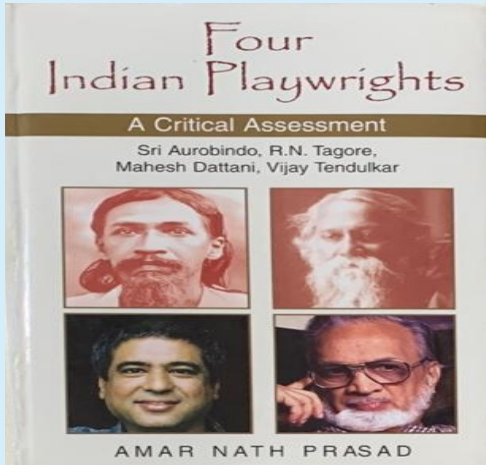
He gets up early before the sun
A true soldier without a gun
He works in fields in showering rain
Freely born but lives in chain.

Work is worship is his goal
He is a man of heart and soul
Enjoying the bliss in heart within
Surrounded by the natural scene.

He earns his bread by pouring sweat
He seldom knows the art to cheat.



My Authored Books





Dr. Amar Nath Prasad heads the Department of English at Jagdam College, J.P.University, Chapra (Bihar). Born at the village Aruwan, near Bhagwanpur Hat, District Siwan, Dr. Prasad is the Gold Medallist in M.A., English from B.R.A. Bihar University, Muzaffarpur. He also served in Indian Army as Religious Teacher for a very brief period. He has to his credit more than a dozen research papers and a number of poems published in different books and journals, magazines and newspapers. He has presented research papers and delivered lectures as Chairperson in several National and International seminars and conferences. He edits biannually *Unheard Melody*, the Sarup & Sons Journal of English Literature. Dr. Prasad has authored, edited and co-edited more than 30 books of English literature. Most of his published books are on Google and Amazon. 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*
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8. *Feminism in Indian Writing in English*
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10. *A New Approach to English Grammar*

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