

A Collection of 27 Poems by Vivekanand Jha

I am Vivekanand Jha, a poet and research scholar from India. I am composing poems on contemporary and relevant themes. I am also performing Ph.D on the poetry of the great Indian English poet Jayanta Mahapatra. Email address: jha.vivekanand7@gmail.com

Let Me Live Even In The Dark

You keep with you your creative art
Even though you don't help me to start
Yet I will try to play my part
In the face of the reality stark
My only request to you to mark:
I don't need your brilliant spark
If you let me live even in the dark.

You keep with you your Eden Park
I will request you to hark:
I would be happy with my Jurassic Park
If you let me live even in the dark.

Although your journey upon the sea embarks
You keep with you your witty remarks
Sated with the pond I will accomplish my task
If you let me live even in the dark.

You enjoy pampering in the lark
I needn't your euphony, your skylark
I'll be contended with my cacophonous bark
If you let me live even in the dark.

Hands Heave to Harm and Hamper

Our hands heave
To harm and hamper,
Not to help and heal.

Not to assist
The damsel in distress
Instead feel refresh
In molesting mistress.

Not to weaken
The woes of widows
But apt to weaken
Their only credos.

Not to stop
The rape
But we are top
In viewing the naked tape.

We have destitution
In deleting the prostitution
But we are to the fore
In bargaining the whore.

Not to prohibit
The child labour
But not hesitate to inhibit
Their favour.

Not to curb
The poverty
But ready to disturb
The Poor's liberty.

We use stick
To persecute the weak
We use flower
To adorn the tower.

Not to ameliorate
Law and order
But not fret to generate
Chaos and disorder.

We have temptation

To incur evil reputation
But we have palpitation
In getting good inspiration.

We praise
When our hands raise
To tarnish and damage
The image of sage.

We neglect
The existing institution
But we accept
The amendment of constitution.

What a relief!
If our hands heave
To leave
Harm and hamper
But to help and heal.

The Prime

It is time
We are in prime.

It is time
We should shine.
And feel fine.

It is time
We should climb
To destine
And feel cloud at nine.

It is time
We should be sublime
To define
The doctrine.

It is time
We have strong intestine
Ready to dine.

It is time
We should not commit crime
And resign
To any design.

It is time
We should not assign
Meeting clandestine
Lest we repine.

It is time
We should determine
To become Einstein
Or compose rhyme.

Stigma of the Stress

It is very difficult to trace
When a person falls victim to stress.
It is invisible like wind
Good enough to make you grind.

It is defined by the pretension
People calls it Hyper-tension
Which has got its prevention
In affirmative intention.

Stress results in abnormal heart-beat
Which appears in the form of occasional fit
Physician says later it may result in cardiac rift
So don't be thrift
And leave your being rigid
Lest you suffer from Coronary heart disease.

If you fail to reduce stress level
It will raise your Creatinine level
What to tell of cholesterol level
You will not be able to travel
The journey's mystery to unravel.

Stress changes the life's order
Important one is sleeping disorder
You are standing on life's border
Before being reduced to powder.

Stress results in a heavy strain
It attacks in the form of recurrent migraine pain
Which destroys your energy in vain
So better you stop this going into drain
As you have got many things to attain
Before you sing a final refrain
And merge into the rites of rain.

Stress reduces physical abilities
It causes to suffer from diabetes
You will have to face inabilities
In fulfilling your liabilities

Stress affects adversely to the digestion
So it would be my kind suggestion
To pay attention to this degradation
Before your life comes into extinction.

Stress drastically diminish the cardinal desire
Which is psyche's prime attire
Which everyone would like to fire
Before it's time to retire.

Stress causes to lose concentration
It inhibits, in the work, deep penetration
In the output, degeneration
In the society, lose representation
And you will not achieve adequate remuneration.

In the end, the doctor wants to inspire
It's stress: if you want to respire
You should sufficiently perspire,
A little of stress needs to make you aspire
To achieve your desire
To appease your divine Sire,
As Stress is both creator and destroyer

My Poems Dedicated To Father And Evening Walk

Three years ago I faced stress
Which further cause me to depress
To encounter this recess
My evening walk is in progress.

One day while walking on the turf
I suddenly got an idea of writing in verse
Which could be expressed in terse
Of my day to day curse.

Now thanks to this curse
Which plays a vital role my fortune to reverse,
I don't know whether I could have written in verse
If I were not walking on the turf.

My first poem is set in rhyme
It is on the subject of 'The prime'
I think it is well in time
Before I would end my hymn.

Though poetry is in my blood
Flowing from father's flood
Lisping in numbers is such a stream
I used to consider it utopian dream.

My father writes in mother tongue
Which provides profuse oxygen to his lung
That gives him reason to survive
And keeps him kicking and alive.

I used to hear my father with full passion
Which caused me to think with impassion
Whether I would be able to write in this fashion
Was my childhood infatuation.

But now I divine my dream comes true
Written in black and blue
I don't know what others think;
It's my life-blood in ink.

Whatever I think I write
Sitting in the corner tight
I don't know what will be my plight
While my wings are on flight.

The Girls of Today

The girls of today
Surpass the old day
They establish a record
Not spare a single day.

They left them far behind,
This they have in mind:
As their ancestress were
Nothing but hardware
Confined to kitchen-ware
But we have reached everywhere
By being software.

They were outdated
So we have deleted
By being high rated
In the sex racket.

They were illiterate,
Obeyed the husbands literate
But we want to reiterate
We will dictate.

They were full covered
But we have discovered
How to make fast recover
By exposing the left over.

They were on feet
So we gave them defeat
With utmost retreat
As we are discrete.

We mock at their sacrifice
Now they have to pay the price
As we use all the device
No matter whether vile or vice.

Killing of Innocence

Incidentally I got chance
With friends to have a romance
What to do or don't, we were in dilemma
At last, we decided to go to cinema.

The movie was, I sooth
What pleases every youth
It was full of sensual appeal
Which does fulfill teenager's will?

It was when we just came out
Spectacles were changed out and out
A band of money hungry hen
Were looking for cock among men.
were as if a sexy lover
Prefers dessert when dinner is over.

Of them, some were through professional
What we had seen never or occasional
They were to the core strumpets
Which was discernible from their etiquettes?

They were forcing y, z, and x
To accompany them to have sex
Once we refused to go
They started to abuse us in full flow.

I heard they were telling, oh brother!
Come if you have tasted the milk of your mother!
We knew their vulgar design
So to their challenges we decided not to resign.

Their abusive stance had nothing in it to wonder
What left me moving when I encounter
An adolescent girl from point blank range
Was hesitantly wooing me for physical exchange.

Stopping by her for a moment
I was not in a mood to comment in a sense
To sight the murder of the innocence
In our country what we call so descent.

It's an incident of twelve years ago
Yet I am not able to forego
I forget her face and her utterance
But what haunts me even today is her innocence

Oh Mother!

Oh mother! What is in you
That I find very few
In the world old and new
So pitiful and of such hue.

You never know that I am no longer
A child in the cradle.
It was so when my first day dawned on this earth
It was so when I was running out of pocket.
It was so when I was struggling for life
It was so when my life was full of sorrowful strife.

And now that my purse is flooding with money.
And now that I misbehave even in my forties
And now that I have a beautiful wife and a pretty son
Even to-day my rebuke meets with your compassion
Even if my wife retort, you take it in a lighter vein

Oh mother! What to speak of others
Every relation has a shifting quality.
But oh mother! You are irreplaceable.

The War Of Science And Art

There has been perennial conflict
Between science and art
As they are poles apart
As one claims I am head
And other claims I am heart

Science says: I am based on truth and fact
As there is transparency in my act
You are known by illusion:
Prose, poetry, drama and fiction
So in you people have little conviction
And you are the thing of contention
So I don't want even your name to mention.

I am top in marks to obtain
In the examination I score ten to ten
Whosoever read you say shit
When they see their mark-sheet.

I am logical and analytical in comprehension
And I am easy to readers in retention
So I am first choice for the students to select
Who have plenty of guts and intellect?
You have been notorious for things to memorize
Your followers are none but idiot prize.

I have secured the people's future
By inventing the world of computer
You are still stagnant,
With thought and imagination, pregnant.

To see the insult of this sort
Art has decided to retort
I only have erected the monument and fort
You have only been labours to support
Yet you are not able to purport

You have made people to sit on the tomb
By allowing them to make atom bomb
In this world, none is feeling secured
So many explosives you have procured.

You have never been to poor and helpless students
At last I only notice their attendance
To read you they need huge investment

But I give shelter even to nomadic and iterant.

I have always been a messenger of the peace
Which is everybody's desire and wish?
I have produced priest and sage
By giving the lessons of moral at every stage
You have only produced terrorist and tyrants
With your fatal discoveries and developments.

The poet says: oh dear brothers; Art and Science
Please grant the request of mine:
On our achievements, it's of no use we quarrel and repine
As these are all the matters of the time

Ode to Danger

For danger
There is no stranger
You have hardly friend, only foes
To you almost all something owes
Even god not knows
This time whom you would choose
With your icy hand to let loose
inescapable hangman's noose.

You have special affinity with anger:
As anger is one letter short of danger
Your soft target is teenager
For you are envious of his pleasure
Who hasn't even close shave from your razor?

Though there is world-wide recess
That couldn't diminish your access
To kill other happiness and success
Your prospect is still in excess.

Though science has reached the distance far
From earth to moon, planet or star
But you know only theory of make or mar
So you throttle men's psyche towards next world war.

You make your presence felt
By making the icebergs melt
On whom your stone will be pelt
Such apprehension is always dwelt.

Ode to Promise

You are born to be broken
It is not ill spoken
You are easily forgotten
When you come out of problem ridden

Though you are helpful to needy
You are watering from the tongue of greedy
The way you behave before your time
Even iron would transform into lime.

You are often used by the traitor
Sometimes also by man of letter
You earn omission by being arbitrator
Between the acceptor and the donator.

Whatever may be your intention?
About you people have always apprehension
Who knows you would be a man of trust
After you have discharged your ignited lust.

Ode to Science

How can this world repay you the debt owes?
We can only genuflect and bow
For the bravery and benevolence you have showed
In moulding this mammoth world into a necklace of gold.

What you have not given to this world
Yet they are apt to fight the world war third
The people are ungrateful to you
But they are not all but only few
Who have blackened your dazzling colour and hue.

You give the world to use you as a flower
But how foolish the people of ours
They use it to misuse the power:
How can the world forget 11th September
When terror in your garb plunder
To ashes the world trade tower.

You never run out of the resource
Every day you come out with new discourse
Somewhere you bring happy and cure
And somewhere repent and remorse.

You have your access in every den
From lane to road and hell to heaven
You are playing the role of altruist
This is not understood by terrorist.

Myopia

I surf my mind from one to another region
Be it be village, block or subdivision
I come across men of every religion
I try to acclimatize in every season
Why to follow beaten track I treason.

I was unable to make a decision
And found my mind on the verge of fission
That gave my hands every reason
To jot down one slogan in unison
That woman has everything in possession
But why they lack only vision?

Dispossessed Motheland

I am from the land
Reduced to handful sand
Where is only mud
Left by devastating flood.

Here is no crop to reap
But only blood to creep
On our fate to weep
And feet not rise to leap.

Here is no food to eat
No room to express the wit
No place to peacefully seat
Good enough to cause the fit
As we are by poverty hit.

Here is no fuel to be lit
No milk in the mother's teat
We have only dust to beat
In the loneliness to sit.

Here is no work to do
So we have earning few
And we have courage to muster
To gather the bread and butter.

Here is no life utility
Here is only killing by brutality
Which exposes administrative futility?
By their nature of duality.

Here is no feather in the cap
Only the news of kidnap
In the mean time you nap
Child is dispossessed from mother's lap.

Here is no morality to be taught
If you do death to be bought
Don't give the suggestion unsought
Which only misery to be brought.

Here is only the battle to be fought
One year flood is another year drought
We are in the currents caught
Of nature's fury out and out.

Here is only ill omen
People are living in the devil's domain
To earn livelihood, men
Go miles and years away to deadly den
Lovely of their children and women.

Here is no magic wand
Men beat their own band
Here is only foe, no friend
Here is none the mistakes to amend
Here is no right for dignity to defend
This is a dispossessed motherland
This is nothing but a Waste Land.

The Era of Internet

In this era of Internet
We have no time to watch and wait
Now busy editing the text:
Delete, cut, copy and paste.

We are always in hurry and haste
No time to attend the guest
As our mind does preoccupy and congest
For the webs and emails to update.

We go late to bed
As for surfing at night no money is to be paid
Nothing is digested whether rice or bread
It goes on as ever, yet.

In the morning we get up late
We have the same zeal and zest
To see the pornography and incest
So that ignited passion be buried inside the chest.

Women's enemy is only Women

I scan my antenna from one to another country
From temple, church and to cemetery
In every nook or corner I heard live commentary
People were looking for an effective remedy
For the existing and dominating malady
As every now and then, tons were hit by lady

Oh lady! Why do you think so?
Men are not your rival foe
One thing from your mind you must clear
You must delete the recurring fear
As we are your only near and dear
We are the victim of your crocodile tear
We are not the ogress, on the breasts, venom to smear
We mutely your speech to hear
Even if you cross the limits yet we bear.

Oh lady! We are not your enemy
You are only the master of your destiny
Women's enemy is only women
From the primitive age, it has been a refrain.

Decrees of God

When God gives a call
We must fall
Though otherwise tall
We become small.

When Gods cease to drive
And we strive
Though we may be ripe
We remain without recipe.

When God is to choose
We can't refuse
We get confused
Before our muse

When Gods whip
He makes clean sweep
Then we weep
Between the devil and the deep.

When Gods deluge
We cannot refuse
It's a subterfuge
To inundate our refuge

When Gods quake
He makes us shake
Then we wake
To mend our mistake.

When Gods raise heat
We fall into a fit
We face defeat
in our feat.

When Gods fire
We perspire
And forget to conspire
For our willful desire.

When god spreads disease
It even brings decease
And we are left with no remedies
Against his decrees.

When God gives ticket
He takes wicket
And we surrender to his cricket:
We all are in his pocket.

A Guilt Never to be Absolved

The day of festival
Comes after interval
Should give us the chance
To have a romance

But now a day in festival
We struggle for survival
Amidst life and death
As our deteriorating faith
On the sweets in the market available
Plunges us into the darkness palpable.

If you surf the TV channel
You will find the expert of panel
Discussing the adulteration of the sweet
Available in every street
Chalking out plan how to beat
This heinous feat
So that it would not repeat.

It is only a gist
If you go through the complete list
You will clench your fist
And play a beast
With the persons involved:
A guilt never to be absolved.

Intolerance

There was a world
When pen was mightier than the sword
This is now the world
Of the sword
Giving the degree third
To the scholar writing foreword

Men fight over nonsense
They know no tolerance
As they colour their hands with blood stains
For a penny and pence.

Men are ready to murder
Without thinking what will happen further
They defy the almighty's order
Of living all together

Now man is measured by a different parameter
Radius is no more half of the diameter
One is known by how much he earns
Not by how much he learns.

Thank God! God is really clever
Not to allow anybody to live for ever
So it is time to mend our ways
Let good sense prevail now or never.

Trauma of Terror

Wherever eyes go, we sigh to see
Be it a day or hours wee
In the mud we find our knees
Thunderous voice rends the ears
Two little eyes dipped in the ocean of tears
Tender soul is infected with fear
Life is nothing but error
Teeming with trauma of terror.

God made comely creature
Apart from the lovely nature
Man made it a field
With red bloodshed filled.

Life is endless tale of peril
In the hands of the devil
No one wants to take a risk
So the corps takes to frisk
By working on the tips
This time terror is to rip
In the guise of will o' the wisp.

We feel insulted on being frisked
Irritation reaches its zenith
Earth revolves the feet beneath
To see the baggage and bag
Treated as a piece of rag.

Illness

Illness is the root cause of all helplessness
It makes the life meaningless
To the work it shows unwillingness
But to others it is nothing but excuseless.

It makes you alien from the people's nearness
As they think of your uselessness
And leave you to live a life of loneliness
Which further adds a woe to weariness.

Your present results in the forgetfulness
Of the past which you earn by your dutifulness
You can't do anything to this strangeness
But remain mute spectators to this selfishness.

You have to face the fate with relentlessness
What to speak of the people's friendliness
Even medicines express their ineffectiveness
By their counterfeitness

It Is Easy And Difficult

It is easy to develop the quality inherent
To become a notorious tyrant
'Tis difficult to make a legend
By paving the path decent.

It is easy to indulge in vice
And for the cats to eat mice
Not that easy to give good advice,
Before saying, to think twice.

It is easy to pick a quarrel
And even easier to rest on laurel
But most taxing to take up the trial
To become a worthy son of the soil.

It is easy something to borrow
Promising to return it tomorrow
Not that easy to follow
And pilot life's ship solo.

It is easy to add to the trouble
And to blow the reputation bubble
Not that easy to be able
To fathom the sea unfathomable.

It is easy to live a life
On the income and earning of wife
'Tis difficult is to survive
Without the senses five.

It is easy to lick the lip
Over your ills to repent and weep
'Tis difficult is to share the whip
and bumper crops to reap.

It is easy to take rest
And your energy to lay waste
'Tis difficult to remove unrest
And do better than the best.

It is easy to pluck a flower
And utter the words sour
'Tis tough to raise a tower
To fulfil the need of the hour.

It is easy to sniff the rose
And over the camera to pose
But tougher to stand on toes
And to suffer woes.

It is easy to break
Not that easy to make
'Tis easy to overtake
Not so easy not to mistake.

It is easy to look back in anger
And to invite unnecessary danger
'Tis difficult is to shelter the stranger
And to deal with the today's teenager.

It is easy to set a fire
In the world entire
But the world is in need dire
Weaving a web from cordial wire.

Time Has Come Oh Father Christ!

Ideals and morals are on the verge of rust
The people have changed their priority first
Now they know only the religion of lust
Time has come oh Father Christ!
You take the corrective measure must
Lest man would loose in you trust.

People only know the theory of make or mar
Instead of man now bomb travels in car
Though wound heals up but remains scar
Instead of church they prefer to go bar
Even shoes give in to the heat of the tar
We are not able to travel any far
Oh Father! You can only save our soul and star.

We are in the world of absolute
Subjected to stink and pollute
Lung is choked with deposition of soot
We aren't able to blow our flute
Amidst scaring and cautionary roaring of the hoot
Oh Father! Time has come to make this alarm mute
By vibrating the string of your divinely lute

To The God Something Due

Seeing my friend's youth going in vain
Seeing him wandering in the street and lane
 Seeing him smoking in chain
 And drinking wine and champagne
 We decided to tame
And brought him on the life's stream main.

 After persuading him time and again
 We got him engaged with a hen
We didn't know we were pitting him in deadly den
 As our momentary happiness and gain
 Has pushed him into a perennial pain.

 After their few nights, colour and hue
 I rang him up and asked how are you
 Next was bolt from the blue
 Oh God! It were false but it was true
 His wife's both kidneys stop their duty to do.

I don't know for this tragedy, responsible is who
Either we are or deeds of his previous birth too
 As he is good by heart so far we knew
 I think to the god he has something due
 So he put him on trial in lieu.

What is life?

Life is a game
Some play to save their shame
Some play to make their name
Some play to pass on blame
Some play to make an excuse lame
Some play to molest the dame
Some play to fuel the flame.

Life is a reverie
Seen by the people every
Some do the revelry
Some play to the gallery
Some work on salary
Some work honorary
Some work for recovery
Some work for discovery
Some earn by bravery
Some earn cleverly.

Life is a flow of river
Some live for flavour
Some live for never
Some live for whatever
Some live for forever.

Happy! Happy! New Year

Happy! Happy! New Year
Enjoy without fret and fear
Drive yourself in top gear
Make even your foe dear
Hug your friends who are near.

This year shouldn't have any peer
Colour of ecstasy is to smear
We should tolerate and bear:
If unwarranted things hear
Enjoy reading Shakespeare's King Lear.

This day comes in year bare
Forget the life's wear and tear
Don't be lonely and despair
Enjoy with family and in pair.

Take part in picnic and fair
Jokes and bantering are to share
In the temple offer prayer.

It is the occasion rare
After digging the 365 layers
Wish to all for cure and care.

Not to kill decency and demeanour
But to kill sin and sinner
Not stand and stare at the river
But to be an adept diver
For the needy be depriver.

Wherever reach the ear
There is one and only flare
Happy! Happy! New Year.

The Prime

It is time
We are in prime.

It is time
We should shine.
And feel fine.

It is time
We should climb
To destine
And feel cloud at nine.

It is time
We should be sublime
To define
The doctrine.

It is time
We have strong intestine
Ready to dine.

It is time
We should not commit crime
And resign
To any design.

It is time
We should not assign
Meeting clandestine
Lest we repine.

It is time
We should determine
To become Einstein
Or compose rhyme.

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