

See discussions, stats, and author profiles for this publication at: <https://www.researchgate.net/publication/294263973>

My Interaction with Life- English Poems

Book · January 2007

CITATIONS

0

READS

1,132

1 author:



Omesh Kumar Bharti

Indira Gandhi Medical College

169 PUBLICATIONS 340 CITATIONS

SEE PROFILE

Some of the authors of this publication are also working on these related projects:



Use of IDRV in prescapular region for rabies rabies prophylaxis in dogs and it's comparison with traditionally used method IMRV [View project](#)



108 emergency response services at GVKEMRI [View project](#)

My interaction with life

© *Dr. Omesh Kumar Bharti*

ISBN NO: - 81-85430-12-8

First Edition- 2007

Cover - Sandeep Sahdev

*Graphics and setting – MR. O.P. Bharti
State Resource Centre,
Himachal Gyan Vigyan Samiti, Shimla.*

Printed by – Suyal Printer, Kaithu Shimla-171006

PRICE- Rs. 150/-

A Collection of

Poems

by

Dr. Omesh Kumar Bharti

Rachana Publications

*Pushpanjali Complex
Rajpur (Palampur)
Himachal Pradesh-176061*

My interaction with life

A
Collection of
Poems
by
Dr. Omesh Kumar Bharti

My interaction with life

DEDICATED TO

ARCHANA, PURU and KRITI

INTRODUCTION

This small collection of poems is a reflection of my internal conflicts, fantasies & experiences that have transformed into words.

The energy of the youth is the force that can lead to creation-positive or negative, and few of these poems are a creation to impress someone closer to my heart and also to jot down what exactly I find out of an interaction.

Life is a divine creation & creativity is a natural instinct to every life in which emotions play a very important role to shape all that is finally created . Emotions both love & hatred nursed with hard labour and kept directed with the sincerity of a cause are basic for any person to become great. At times I keep on remembering the following lines :

*"The heights great men achieved and kept ;
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept;
Were toiling upwards in the night."*

So, let's light a lamp, make a new beginning in the right direction to help the fellow beings , howsoever small this beginning may be because destiny is conquered with the small step we take today.

And this compilation may be, a small step with your blessings, for a better effort next time.

Dr. Omesh Bharti

Foreword

I hold that poetry creates an intense, inspired experience in language chosen and arranged to fashion a specific emotional response through its meaning, sound, and cadence. Dr. Omesh Bharti has been drawn towards the English Muse after having published a book of poems in Hindi, which amply reflects his poetic aptitude. I had an opportunity to go through his poems composed in English and was greatly amused.

His poems, though largely anchor on the theme of love and romance in various shades, yet his sympathy for the downtrodden, helpless and the children, in particular, captivated my attention. Through his poems Mr. Bharti, a doctor by profession, seeks a release of his hopes and aspirations and visualizes a society free from suffering, happy and where there is no child mortality.

His poems transcend the national barriers and encompass humanity of the entire world as a whole. His poems also reflect him as a humanist. For example note his concern for the polio-stricken children and the resolve to win a victory over this disease:

Mothers' tears exhort me to resolve:

Victory would be ours! ('The day is not far away!')

The paradox that he encounters:

*And my girlfriend fails to understand,
That she is not my love forever
She's mere a means to manifest,
My Love,
Dreams,
Creativity,
Male ego ! ('My Love')*

*In his moments of tensions after the day's drudgery, he longs for
a drink which, according to him,*

*defibrillates the mind
that leads to a deep sleep
and a pleasant morning,
A bright Sunshine ! ('My Drink')*

*How true and realistic Dr. Omesh is when he writes about the
political parties:*

*Parties are their own trumpets
That they are the best,
After winning, issues dear to public
Are laid to rest. ('Political Parties')*

*A dreamer of ideas and painter of word-pictures is never at rest
until he has created what is best. However, one should not forget
that "The proper study of mankind is man." (Pope), and with
much study and practice the "The best is yet to be."*

*I congratulate Dr. Bharti, and hope the readers, for this
venture, will welcome this collection. I wonder how he manages
his, otherwise busy schedule as a doctor, to put down his ideas
and emotions into beautiful word images and would like to
remind him that much practice and sufficient, diligent forages
through the glades and green valleys full of masterly gems in the
field of world poetry will help him burnish his images and word-
paintings. I wish every success to Dr. Bharti in his new found
domain of Indian English poetry.*

*Dr. D.C. CHAMBIAL
EDITOR
POETCRIT
MARANDA, PALAMPUR, INDIA-176 102.*

LIFE

When the road is obstructed and hills are high;

*You are left to nothing... But to shy;
Even then don't bow down, but keep your head high;
Don't quit but remember, the limit is the sky.*

*The path of life is not as rosy as it looks;
The glories of life are confined to books;
Rosy to some, risky to others,
It is how at it one looks.*

*Take the life as it comes , try it not to mould;
Learn to be flexible and bold;
Think rightly lest one should be deprived of gold;
Or be contented with the life you get ,
After best possible effort.*

*Only those can understand and enjoy
The charm and beauty of life;
Who know how to channelise
Their actions in to a proper device ;
Who know how to achieve , but they think of;
And success kiss their feet , before they blink off.*

*If you too want to succeed , don't feel shy;
Know how to draw happiness from duty of thy;
Live and play the game of life, like a player;
Don't delay Man---- just now get up to act and dare .*

*Let yourself be busy, while others enjoy;
You won't feel bored, when your duty
becomes your joy;*

*And then, one day you would realize my boy;
How near you are, to the winner's crown of joy,
With a life, full of charm, beauty and enjoy*!

IMMORTALITY OF THE SHARED LABOUR

Village

*on the bank of a river
thrived with Hindus and Muslims together,
they built a temple ,
some brought a stone, bricks others,*

*Suddenly.....
years after,
the village starts burning,
everyone fails to understand ,
why his neighbour ,
his friend ,
Is all out to kill him..... ?*

*but there was no time left to think over ;
riots were spreading,
everyone was blinded by religious frenzy;*

Two days later,

*there was a deafening silence in the village,
No one was left alive !
No structure could survive !
except the temple,
that was built by everyone ,
and no one touched it ,
thinking it to be his own,
as some had brought bricks, others stone ,
a hermit passing by the village comments ,
the shared labour dies never ,
it lives like this temple forever,*

Forever!

THE DAY IS NOT FAR AWAY

*L*ovely children in the lanes
Instead of play, crawl in the clay:
Spread polio, spread lameness.

*Another child is born, falls prey,
The fight is on between us
And the polio virus;
One fights to win the game
The other, to gain strength.*

Mothers' tears exhort me to resolve:

*Victory would be ours!
The day is not far away!*

The day is not far away!

TRUE RELATIONSHIP

*I used to wander as a lone cloud in the sky,
I used to float, here and there, dance and fly,
I used to be out of everyone's affection,
I used to help and love all with detached attraction.*

*Years rolled by; calm and contented with life,
Full of love day and night
I would make, break and enjoy dreams' flight,
One day I was stormed by an emotional fight,*

*When a stranger came,
I began to play in her life's game,
To enchant and ease her life
And help her succeed in her life.*

*Unwittingly so deep in her was involved
My own aim and basis I forgot;
Before I knew my heart's decision,
Her uneven responses left me in utter confusion.*

*My thoughts and actions confined to her life,
I lost my choice and began to love what she would love and
like,
Her presence was the source of my delight.
Alas! It was not a mutual flight.*

*Her little responses encouraged me on,
Her retraction yet were not known,
One day she said – Forget me. I'm going alone -
And left me thinking far behind.
'
Now the matter was left to my heart & mind,*

*Heart was still waiting for her noble response;
Even if, to me, she seemed to have turned blind;*

*Don't try to delve her memories but keep them
as golden monuments,
said my mind;*

*As still her presence & bit responses inspire me;
I would like to break all man made barriers
between me & she;
I would like to continue help & inspire each other;
Each other -for ever - with all available means;
So that we could effectively achieve and enjoy
her cherished dreams;*

*OH GOD..!
no doubt, Love is a pole star;
But it should not be allowed to cause a heart-scar;
Help me restore the capacity of detached
love & affection;
So that, I could return to my original state of friendly
attraction;*

*Let me utilize best the opportunities I get;
For developing and strengthening
a friendly relationship;
And without any prejudice in the journey of life;
Let all other relations develop & demolish,
Based on overall extent of mutual friendship;*

AS,

**GREATEST CONSTRUCTIVE RELATION IN THE
WORLD IS,**

GOOD; HEALTHY FRIENDSHIP !

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

Dear Kittoo,

*Today is your birthday,
I am unable to come ,
anyway,
Still I can feel ,
The purity of your love,
That transcends all barriers,
As still you have not drawn ,
These barriers of hypocrisy around you,
Because,
Your love is not a product of action or reaction,
It is as natural as fragrance of a rose,
That carries an aura of purity and devotion;*

I salute you,

*Certainly you are superior to me,
I am grown into adulthood,
Now I have my ego to save,
Sometimes I have to prove myself brave,
Day by day,
I am loosing my natural love,
and
getting into isolation;*

*I know purity of my love ,
Would never be restored,
till I am in my grave !*

TRANSFORMATION

*Your friendly gestures had tempted me,
to befriend you;
But you took me for granted;
I felt ignored;*

*It is sheer revenge that made me to ignore you;
Now you must have felt the pinch of hatred;*

Yes, I hate you;

*The more you live your own life,
The more I feel ignored;
And the more I hate you;*

*As love is not a manifestation of isolation,
But a bliss shared together;
So, I fail to understand ;
Why don't you realise,
How much I love you while I hate you;
As hate must have become
a painful expression of my tender love;
As hate must have kept
the fire of my love burning in isolation;
Or
I could have been apathetic to you,
like a stranger.*

*But,
Still I am waiting for the day,
You would realise the worth of my hate;
The worth of its inside out;
And would feel my tender emotions for you;
And share with me,
A complete transformation !*

TALK OF SILENCE

A moment earlier,
You were in my arms,
Both of us shared our Love;

Contentment in mind
Heart in chimes
Breath flowed like a breeze;

A sea of humanity surged in me,
Calm, egoless vastness thrilled me,
My words fail,
To express my gratitude;
My actions talk to you
So gently,
So softly,
So melodiously
Woven by the overlapping feelings,
The language of the heart –
I can feel the thankfulness,
Your silence is reflecting;

What a bliss,
The talk of silence is!

SHE - THE LORD

*In her womb,
a symbol of love
I listened to outside sounds of love, love, love;*

*After birth,
My interaction with her breasts,
A fountain of love to end my thirsts;*

*How lovely were those interactions ,
which I lost,
Impressions remained hidden in mind,
and were not lost,
I grew adult, with forgotten past of infancy,
But soon realised to be in affection with - she.*

*Ahh!
What a lovely possession,
The breasts she have,
W'd my lost dreams be restored,
if warmth of her chest I have,
Are they a source of joy to an adult or to a child
All these questions made me become,
repeatedly wild;*

*But soon she made me to realise her other charms,
And aroused my feelings to her,
Sensitive and warm,
I got emotionally tied to her,
as with affection,
She spread her arms,
Astonished I felt !
How can I break my moral norms!*

*But how long,
I could have resisted her emotional appeals,
As these were hot enough
to melt my nerves of steel,*

And slowly,

*I was taught the game of love,
by her silent tactics,
And gladly I felt prey,
to her appealing tricks;*

*Oh..!
This time again,
She became superior to teach me,
and everything silently taught,
was the possession of thee;*

*As an innocent child is taught to learn to walk,
I was taught to fall in love, by her silent talk.
How long,
you the goddess of love,
Shall nurse & guide the man,
And when ,
MAN,
Thinking himself superior,
will understand,
That the world moves in love & fight,
around her nursing hand !*

THE MALL (SHIMLA)

*A beautiful place with lovely sight,
Broken hearts are repaired to delight,
All around love blooms with couples in sight,
But medicos mourn,
And sigh like horn, with no mach in sight;*

*They search and re-search,
Even five years of hard labour
Add nothing to their delight,
Dejection and frustration blurs their sight
And their dreams of days with a blooming wife
Are lost with final exam and hard strife;*

*They shave their heads, to avoid Mall,
Old habits die hard;
they return,
With growing hair under a hat small;*

*O God..!
Bless these boys of the Mall,
As finally they attend,
Prayer meetings at Kali Bari Hall !*

ALLEGATION

*Your allegation,
That man is emotional,
At the slightest pressure,
Starts searching for support,
Starts avoiding the situation;*

*May be,
It's your own personal experience;*

*Because I have seen women,
Passing thro' similar situations,
Getting emotionally exploited by others;*

*SO,
The question is not of men or women,
But of INDIVIDUALS,
CIRCUMSTANCES,
AND ATTITUDES,
One adopts,
At that very moment,
That makes the difference,
That makes a man or a woman,
Emotional or tough,
To allege the other sex wrong !*

PURE MIND BREEDS PURE SOUL

Once the mind is pure,

*The process of purification of body and Soul begins;
Pure mind free of the eclipse of social and moral evils,
Makes one's Soul shine,
like a Sun on the horizon;
And every ray of this enlightened Soul,
Helps spreading light for those who delve in the dark;
The self-enlightenment,
Breeds the enlightenment of others,
And the process goes on;*

*While the eclipsed Soul goes out and out and out...
The enlightened Soul goes in and in and in.....
While the eclipsed mind is materialistic,
The enlightened soul is pious,
While the eclipsed Soul is in constant fight with self,
Enlightened mind is peaceful,
and has a liberated force to fight for others;
(the more we fight for others, the more our mind is purified,)*

*Now, when my mind has shed all that had eclipsed it,
Slowly setting in,
a chain reaction of purification of,
mind, body and Soul;*

*May be now, I may live like an enlightened person,
And may help those,
who are helpless and downtrodden !*

MY LOVE

Love

*Takes its own time,
To manifest,
To find Subject ,
To fulfill it's quest ;*

*No bond since eternity;
It's a newly discovered force ,
A self-oriented drive,
In search of manifestation,
Manifestation into a relation or a flirt;*

*And my girlfriend fails to understand,
That she is not my love forever
She's mere a means to manifest,
My Love,
Dreams,
Creativity,
& Male ego !*

SNOWFALL

*The environs of Shimla, have calmed down,
The nature is preparing itself for an encounter with the chilly
air,
The romance is in the air, sudden warmth ,
A prelude to snowfall,
And nature is relaxed, calmed, as if at its climax
As in the hills of Jakhoo, begins the Snowfall ;*

*As if all around the cover of the soft snow,
Hid beneath a lot of dirt and garbage,
As if the sins of Shimlaïtes,
Are below the snow ,
Covered for ever,
Reminding me of originality,
That Shimla must had years before,
Pure, free of human nuisance.*

*The cover of thick fog in between
Where nothing is visible around,
Appears to me ,
As if nature in its fury is asking in anger,
To give back its earth, its environs,
That were pure , free of human negligence,
Lest,
The snowline recedes back and back and back,
To Kufri, to Narkanda, to Kinnaur,
And ultimately, Vanishes forever,
Unable to tolerate,
The plunder caused by cement plants,
and the hydel power;
And punishes,
One and all,
For their failure to protect,
THE SNOWFALL !*

YOU THE RIVER OF MY LOVE !

*Curves of your nascent body,
Are like curves of a surging river;
The water of life in your body,
Is pure, and attracts me,
As if an adventurer is attracted
Towards mountains, towards origins of rivers !*

*Awful of your purity but,
Still mesmerized by your beauty,
I tend to climb the curves of your body,
Falling down, trying and re-trying,
I tend to explore you;*

*But your depth, your curves and your heights,
Are not measurable by me,
Because,
You are as vast , as mother nature;*

*May be !
Nature in you have created a replica of her,
And my maleness is charmed of,
Your smell, sight and actions,
And my adventures are all,
Because of your attraction !*

LET'S LEARN ...

*To commit a mistake is my right;
To learn from it,
And not to repeat the same, my duty.*

*Sometimes it is difficult to acknowledge
What has gone wrong,
And one blames someone else for the faulty song,
The sooner the truth is cognized,
The easier it is to avoid the awkward.*

*I cannot roll in my wrongs for long;
As I have to move,
Learn and improve.*

*Many a men commit mistakes
And try to justify them
With more mistakes;*

*Mistakes are easy to commit
But to own them,
One needs a bold heart and some wit,*

*I shall commit a new mistake
as I experiment every time,
And learn a new lesson from each one,
To succeed and to shine!*

FAST

To keep a fast

*Teaches us the value
Of self-restraint,
Discipline and contentment.*

*When I see hunger all around
FAST awakens a hope in me –
A day would come
When,
The process of fast would win
Over expanding hunger,
And would win over,
The robbing tendencies of man on man,
And ongoing plunder !*

NEW WORLD ORDER

*There is a slogan,
– New World Order,
That entails to conquer others
And justifies injustice.*

*The propagator of such an Order,
Is unsure of his own future;*

*Unless each one of us has an inside order
And listens to one's conscience
To forsake what belongs to the other,
There can't be a new world order,
Only disorder,*

Only disorder !

CULTURAL IMPERIALISM

*The interdependent heritage of India,
China and Egypt,
Has been attacked by the consumer-oriented West;*

*Selfishness breaks the bonds,
Between man and man,
The father of this New Order
Have rendered jobless, numerous hands
In the name of development.*

*First they looted our gold
Then,
Intelligence;
And now,
They see a crop of human heads
To be harvested to further their religion,
Plenty in everything blesses them
Except humens!*

RELIGIOUS IMPERIALISM

Thousands of years ago

*They came as traders,
Our tolerant society accepted them;*

*Their deceptive plans
Made us their slaves,
Robbing us of everything
For hundreds of years;*

*They appear again with a new face
And lure us with our looted gold
To change our religion;*

*Spread their religious imperialism
Unaware of the revolt
In the womb of
Unknown Future !*

MY DRINK

It helps me sit together

*Alleviates my mood altogether,
Relieves me of my mental tensions,
Makes my soul blissful;*

*A state of thoughtlessness, calmness,
Defibrillates the mind
That leads to a deep sleep
And a pleasant morning,
A bright Sunshine !*

CREMATORIUM

*Till a moment before he was alive,
A boss to me and a symbol of respect to others,
Lying dead now in front of all who awed him
When he was alive;*

*Everybody is busy to arrange his cremation,
Everybody is silent out of respect or fear,
Everybody is in tension or tear,
Thinking it to be his ultimate fate,
But the one who died was not this much coward,
He enjoyed his life like a great soldier;*

*And those who took pity for his untimely death,
Are totally unaware of the fact,
That they are already dead,
Or
As if a few dead are giving their tribute
To a brave soldier !*

MY BEARD

I know:

*You don't want
My beard to be shaved off,*

*As it hides my face
For you ,
Solely for you!*

STUFFED DOG

He doesn't want to keep a dog ,
As it spreads filth all around
And spoils the beauty of the house and ground;

He keeps instead many stuffed dogs,
If it were possible,
Gladly he would have kept some stuffed men as well,
Talk with them,
laugh with them,
As they would never question him,
For not having a human heart!

LOVE AND DECEPTION

*Human being is a deceptive species –
When not sure of spouse's faith
Swears by the other, throughout life;*

*When sure
Looks for green pastures
Beyond the marital meadow;*

*The human mind
More prone to change
Than promise of fidelity;*

*So,
Not the securities but
The uncertainties in a relation play,
A bigger role to make it certain,
Not the stabilities but the instabilities,
Stabilize this relation,
And brings in a vibrant equation!*

Baby, Boom and Consumerism

*The poor are advised not to bear a child,
The rich's pleasure forbids them to bear
The pain of labour,
Governments feel too pained to advocate small family,
And I am amused to note,
That it is not the basic resource that has reduced,
But it is each one's greed that has increased;*

*Gandhi said,
There is enough on this earth to fulfill everyone's need,
But not enough for even single man's greed;*

*Baby now is not seen as a new experiment in humanity,
But a potent consumer in need of check;*

*It is the baby that is put on fault than consumerism,
It is spirituality and humanity,
That suffer at the hands of commercialism,
And the crisis is deepening day by day;*

*So the need is to opt for sanity
If both baby and boom is to survive,
If both money and spirituality is to arrive,*

Otherwise,

*Consumerism may rule the humanity,
And madness may rule the sanity!*

MEDIA AS THE AGENT OF THE WEST

The news that cows emit methane

*And cause ozone depletion,
The source of radiation on earth,
That increases the risk of cancer;*

*Enrages the mind of the child,
Who wants to get rid of the cow to save people,
Unaware of the truth –
That media is Westernized
And reports stories one-side;*

*He remains uninformed
That the gas in fridge
Is more responsible for ozone depletion
Than the cow whose life - giving milk he drinks;*

*They want us to pay for their plunder of Nature,
Still,
Devising ways to consume more and more resources,
Unmindful of the price,
Man has to pay in future.
Let's resolve to use
Resources "sustainable and restrainable"
Than blind commercialization,
And unlimited utilization.*

BODY AND MIND

Body and mind are like

*Husband and wife
Both need to remain satisfied
Both need to remain contented
If a change for the positive is to occur;*

*Those who are physically dissatisfied,
Remain frustrated,
And try to force their energies on work or wastage,
On work, they may become great warriors,
On wastage , they may become utterly wicked,
But peace always eludes them;*

*Those who are mentally dissatisfied,
Remain disillusioned ,
And keep on thinking, thinking and thinking,
Seldom to their satisfaction !*

*If both body and mind are satisfied,
If both are in balance,
A new idea is born,
A new world is formed,
A world full of ,
creativity,
peace,
and happiness,
Always ready for a change for the better !*

PEACE AND TERROR

Peaceful mind creates

*Poems, tunes and songs,
But, a restless, insecure soul,
Tends to terrorise others;*

*A liberated and blissful mind,
Tends to help others,
While,
A self-centered, wicked mind,
Tends to snatch from others;*

*The physical science concludes,
That,
With the parting of anything,
One loses energy and gets stabilized,
But paradoxically,
People wish to survive,
By gaining something or the other,*

And

Thence remain destabilized !

TO BHUTTO'S SON

*Dear Bilawal,
My dear friend,
With a flower,*

*Is coming to you,
To greet ,
A very happy birthday to you,*

*May your life's candle brighten day by day,
To your parents you be a constant source of joy,
May the man made barriers,
Don't bother you ,
And your efforts,
Could bring me closer to you,*

*May you cherish a goodwill for both the countries,
So as to strengthen the bond between them,
Since centuries,*

*May you have a kind heart for the suffering & poor,
And your heart's kindness remain there for sure;*

*May you show this world a kind way to sanity,
That not the arms be fought,
but,
love be sought for humanity !*

WAIT

In childhood

I wished to be adult soon,

Time said: wait;

I grew up and wished to meet

My sweet-heart,

She said: wait;

I wished to do

Something,

Circumstances said: wait;

Wished to achieve

My aim,

Responsibilities said: wait;

This went on ...

I grew old

And

One day,

Time asked smiling:

Where are your childhood dreams.....?

Be not late,

By now the life was spoiled in

Wait,

Wait,

Wait...!

Yet life taught a lesson –

Don't wait for specific day or time,

Act whenever,

Wherever the opportunity you find !

New year light & sight (Donate eyes)

*To make new year more bright,
Let us help spread,
The message of light;*

*If we want to greet,
let us greet with the gift of sight,
If we want to celebrate,
let us celebrate the joy of sight;*

*Even after we die ,
Our eyes would remain bright,
And would prove,
that immortality lies in the light of sight,*

Imagine!

*Your lovely eyes,
Instead of getting destroyed in fire,
Would fire,
The hearts and minds of some unfortunates for life entire!*

OUR HOME & HOSTEL

Oh mother !

How sweet the love is yours,

We,

Far away from our homes,

Here in the hostel,

have become stones,

Why were we not allowed to stay more,

So as to enjoy your love's other shore;

As the modernisation is increasing,

Standards of education and status improving,

We are day by day losing,

Your love and are lovelessly moving

Into a world of stones and self craving;

Tell me till what time

Would we be deprived,

Of your complete love ,

Affection and moral guide ?

MILLENIUM DAY

They discuss

*where would fall the first Sunray ,
and celebrate
The Millennium Day;*

*These beggars in the street
Are astray,
Unmindful of the millennium celebrations,
Are busy to manage
A meal for the day,
And are reborn everyday !*

FATHER Vs DAUGHTER

I can't bear my daughter

*In the arms of a stranger,
Love him,
Respect others;*

*My ego competes with,
The boy,
My daughter loves and wants
to win over ;*

*Her mother silently seizes my jealousy
And vies with her charms
Than see the grown up in my arm.*

Jealousy in relations rule the norm;

Jealousy eats like a canker !

INFORMATION EXPLOSION AND THE CROWD OF THOUGHTS

A sapling needs

*Some space to grow,
My mind needs space for thoughts to flow;*

*The space in my mind is under the onslaught,
IT revolution ,TV channels and moral rout,
I can't think beyond a limited thought;*

*I have become socially paralyzed, selfish,
A vision to help the hapless,
A vision to shelter the shelter-less, is lost;*

*The information explosion has made me,
Wiser before time,
As if artificially ripened my mind,
At the cost of my childhood innocence,
Made me adult before time;*

*With all this in my mind
I feel stifled,
I can't meditate, breathe or create ,
New ideas....*

*And ideas I have ,
would never grow into a Banyan tree,
As I am not mentally free;*

*A crowd of thoughts,
Directionless,
Endlessly tries to suffocate me !*

BODY AND WORK

*Y*our workplace has sucked all your energy

*And made a machine of you,
Earning money and respect,
At the cost of physical pleasures;*

*You bring tensions home,
Use energy to find solutions,
Till you exhaust;*

*Sensual satiety may rid you of
Many a tension,
And may energize for better solutions,
Only if you find time for such an experience,
That strikes a balance between-
work,
emotions
and
expectations!*

**MAN
IN A VILLAGE.....**

Struggles

*for the meager sum,
Works
in the blazing sun,*

*Ambitions he has small,
Still his good deeds enthrall,*

*Has enough space and time
To enjoy
life's
shade
and
shine!*

POLITICAL PARTIES

Political parties

now-a-days,

*Represent not people,
But gangs,
Playing in political hands;*

*To disarm public,
Of their criticism and good deeds;*

*Parties are their own trumpets,
That they are the best,
After winning,
issues dear to public,
Are laid to rest;*

*They loot the masses in white clothes.....
Awake..!
Arise..!
O the youth of India..!
Tread not in their footsteps;*

*As this is not,
What our freedom fighters thought of India,
This is not for which, they fought for India,*

*Break these gangs,
Join hands,
To make a new India,*

*India of collective dreams,
Where the poor and the rich,
Are in the mainstream !*

Ramp



*the ramp of fashion and music,
The waves of your body language,
Synchronization with drum beats,
Makes your body,
A sailing boat on the sea,
It swings like a saw-see;*

*As if,
Your beauty was not enough to trap me,
The hip and breast movements rob me,
Of my calmness,
And agitate my mind , body and soul,*

*As if,
all of these are,
property of thee !*

LIFE- A Celebration

Life is a creation

For celebration;

*Some play it
Some sing it,
Some dance to it's tunes;*

*So,
play,
sing
and
dance,
To the life's vibration,*

*For,
life is for celebration,
It's a joyous creation !*

*A moment of joy is more precious,
Than a year of autumn,
A second of love is more precious,
Than a year of pious rhyme,*

*Feel the joy of giving happiness,
Feel the joy of sharing and dance,
For creation is in celebration and romance !*

BLOOD RELATION

You told

*The blood relation
Is because of the sacrifice
We make for each other,
And not just because of,
The nuptial knot we tie together;*

And now..

*After having sacrificed all for my love,
I can understand,
That,
Endurance of our love is because of,
Our sacrifice and shared emotion;*

*And therein lies,
Our Blood relation !*

RAIN

Rain.....

*Drops suddenly falling on ground,
Appear to me,
As if they are playing the violin,
On the vast chest of mother Earth;*

*A dance of thunder and music is on,
As if,
Foreplay of nature had started,
As if,
The seed in the crest of earth is ready to blossom;*

*The smell of rain on the parched earth,
Makes me nostalgic,
Reminds me of the romance,
I had with my beloved,
And the way,
A seed of creation had erupted !*

ANDAMAN

*Setting Sun,
Golden beaches,
Sea water - Gold plated;*

*All around the Golden clouds,
Make me click,
Million pictures;*

*Colorful fish and Corals below,
Thick yellow green forest ashore,
Changing colors of the Sea-shore;*

*Yellow waves and receding sand,
Make me feel on a Wonderland,*

*My Andaman...
Great Andaman....!*

SONG OF LOVE

*The song,
You sang for a moment,
Cherished
like a dream,
Has become a never ending cycle
In my brain,
Reminding me of you,
Always;*

*The moments,
Repeated and stretched in time,
Around the wheel of you,
And
You without bothering
About the jealousy of others,
Sang for me;*

*I can respect the braveness in Thee,
The Love and longing has brought in you,
for me,
Clearly signaling that;*

*The singing hearts are not cowed down
By the threatening trail,
But die,
Protesting the Blackmail!*

BACK TO HIMACHAL

Welcome back,

Convey,

The chilled air of Himachal,

And make me feel secure,

As if,

I have returned to the lap of mother nature,

Making me child-like, delighted;

The 'MACHO'

I used to have outside is gone,

Now again a child in me is-Reborn!

LOVE AND LUST

*Love breeds trust,
Lust breeds sex !*

THE RIVER- RAVI

*As if
A young woman
Is robbed of her charm and beauty,*

*The exploiters of the river Ravi,
Have robbed it of its Water,
They don't look at it
As a divine gift of nature,*

But for them,

*Every drop of Ravi is,
as if
The Gold is flowing down the river;*

*Now the folklore and songs on Ravi,
Have been a tale of the Millennium,
As the hydro companies are earning everyday- A Billion;
Not Once,
But twice, thrice and repeatedly,
You are being stopped and raped,
In the name of
Development and sweet grapes;*

*NOW,
You must show your threatening postures,
Like Satluj, throng away the Imposter,
And again flow like a river ,
Calm and Divine,
To nourish the commoner,
Flowing in a Rhyme!*

FLIRT

Flirt,

*Is the domain of
A dominant lover;*

*Because
S/he takes his/ her partner
Guaranteed forever !*

CONSPIRACY

Now a days,

*A large network of the Multinationals
Is conspiring with the big and mighty- who Matter,
To drive the user,
To bully the consumer,
To imbibe a new religion-*

CONSUMERISM;

*Everything is on sale,
The Morals,
The emotions
And
The MALE;*

*We are not frightened
By
The East India Companies all around,
As we find tied to them and emotionally bond,
Our cultural heritage is on sale, Tihri is drowned,
A conspiracy is abound,
In the name of development;*

*But
Development for whom
At whose cost,
For the villager and the farmer,
Everything is lost;*

*The Sensex is rising- the companies shining,
But the price-index is also rising,
The commoner depriving;*

*The poor and the farmers are taking to suicide,
And the man in the street is waiting
Till it would hurt his pride,
And a rebel, a Mangal-Pande is born,
And this NEO-RELIGION of consumerism is torn !*

1857- THE YEAR OF REVOLUTION

*1857,
A year of revolution,
A spark of defiance ,
That led to Independence;*

*Now after,
150 years have passed,
I can still feel the suffocation
My own countrymen are imposing,
And a realization dawns on me,*

*To start a new revolution,
To start fighting again,
Not the outsider but the enemy within,
I may have to shun the comforts,
The media ,
The perks,
As our own people are working to silence the spark;*

*I may have to start
Another war of Independence,
To free my people,
From shackles of the multinationals, anti-nationals;*

*Though all these perpetrators are unaware,
When the fire within deprived and hungry,
Would start a revolution in the entire country !*

KEEP ALIVE - THE PATH TO SANITY

Keep alive,

*An alternative,
An unbeaten path to sanity;*

*Even if others' are making a joke of it,
Even if others are laughing at it,
But you must keep the alternative alive,
Keep alone
The burning Fire;*

*May be,
When a crisis come,
And others search for a difficult Run,
When the light,
Fired by you become,
A lighthouse for the great Run,
To save humanity and the burning Sun !*

SUBLIMATE

*Your tough stance,
Gave protection for your growth,
Your hard labour,
Added drops of success and flavor ;*

*Your self-control,
Lead you to talk to
The leader and the crowd;*

*Now you have reached a higher state
So you must learn to sublimate,
You must soften your hard action and thought,
Else,
The jealousy of the known,
Would break your sprouting branches and tough tone;*

*The nexus of the wicked and the wild,
Need to be broken by
The Wise and the Mild !*

THE SEA

*The sailing boat on the Sea,
Playing with the waves,
making me glee;*

*My senses are aroused,
I become wild;*

*Alas!
After death,
Become a part of Sea,
For ever enjoying the vastness,
And the wilderness of the Sea !*

THE BROKEN HILL

*A*fter long years,

*I returned to my village,
The hill,
A monument of my childhood,
The green meadow,
Was all broken to pieces,*

*The hill,
I used to climb like Edmund Hillary,
The Everest of my childhood innocence,
Was smothered by the cement plant JCB;*

*Now its not green,
No animal
No tree is seen,
Only dust storms around,
Make me realize,
As if
The pyre of the Hill is burning on the ground,
Questioning me,
Till when,
In the name of development,
I would keep silently watching,
The dead body of the nature,
On the shoulders of the JCB,
Till what time I would see,
The plunder of Thee !*

Million Words-Million Sons

*You say,
I am sterile,
I can't procreate,
How w'd I,
Propagate my thoughts, my Pedigree;*

*But you don't realize,
The force,
Each word of mine,
Would create through poems and rhyme,
And
Would vibrate for Centuries,
Longer than the life of a Million Sons,
And would inspire someone,
To start a new revolution,
For
The new generation !*

Change is Life

Life yearns for a change;

*Every work,
Every adventure,
Brings in newness;*

*Every experiment,
Every moment,
Brings in newness;*

*Every success,
Brings in change,
Every failure,
Brings circumstances strange;*

*Because ,
life means-
Change ! Change! Change!*

GANGES- THE RIVER OF HIMALAYAS

The sacred Ganges,

flowing from the Himalayas,

Here,

In the planes of Varanasai,

Running fast,

Looking giant and vast,

Don't pause for a while,

Don't remember the mighty Himalayas,

The origin,

Before further flowing down,

Don't finally remember the White Crown,

Before getting into the lap of the sea;

As if,

Life comes to an end ,

You vanish into the sea !

LIMITLESS

Drink unlimited,

Joy unlimited,
Life limited;

But;

God Eternal!

LETTER TO KALAM

*Dear Kalam,
You were people's president,
You set many a precedent,*

*Presidential abode,
Kept hidden by the political class till date,
Was opened by you,
For the commoner,
Farmer and my classmate;*

*The political class felt threatened,
By the high moral standards,
Set by you,
And did not wish to make,
An icon of you;*

*So ,
All of them ganged-up to dethrone you,
And put up a tainted face,
So that nobody with high standards is in race;*

*The lamp of high moral standards you lit,
Is the only hope for future,
Till the Bhavan finds another teacher,
To inspire and ignite million minds,
Breaking the nexus,
Between white clothed doyens!*

Still,

*I am saddened,
That a record number of visitors inspired by you,
Could not start a new revolution,
Could not start politicians' evaluation;*

*When would India recognise,
The dirt and filth of political enterprise,*

*That is bent upon throughing a serprise,
That makes a joke of masses,
And,
Keeps a billion deprived!*

KAHJURAHO

*Only if sex could have been in mind,
Nobody could have gone to Kajuraho Temples,*

*The temples of Kajuraho represent,
A way of life-
A philosophy;*

*Philosophy of life and death,
Philosophy of Sex and sprituality,
Philosophy of-
Collective exhilaration,
Collective salvation;*

*It shuns the lone crusade to attain Emancipation,
Sprituality,*

It exhorts collective attainment of Divinity!

QUEST

***In Sonebhadra (U.P.),
The Lord shiva,
In intimacy with parvati;***

***In Nepal,
The Shaktibodha,
In tantrik union with a goddess;***

***In kajuraho,
Sculptures of sexual arousal around Shiva temple;***

***Make me inquisitive,
About,***

***What is the relation between Life and Death,
Physical pleasures with Divine Bliss!***

TASLIMA NASRIN

*Hunted by the clergy,
Rejected by her own country,
Tortured...
And put to death notice...
You became a voice of Liberation,
Seeking independence from the shackles of Religion,
Your voice for freedom of expression,
Later strengthened by million voices, million hand,
Now everyone is with your stand,
But...
I can see in every village, every house,
A household woman,
A voiceless Taslima...
Struggling with the dictator at home,
Wriggling from the walls of fortified room;*

When like you;

*Each women would be freed,
From household prison,
From footpath, from cultural dragon,
The woman,
Full of conflict of emotion and reason,
As if shattered to pieces.....by Male Esteem,
Taslina Nasrin!*

DR. OMESH KUMAR BHARTI

M.B.B.S., D.H.M.

Born in Jawalamukhi, a small town of Kangra district of Himachal Pradesh, had initial schooling in various government schools, got his M.B.B.S. in the year 1992 from Indira Gandhi Medical College , Shimla, thereafter did Hospital Management from National Institute of Health and Family Welfare, Delhi, and is presently a Scholar at National Institute of Epidemiology, Chennai.

He has already published two books of Hindi poetry and the third one is ready for publication. His small story for children “APNA BEEJ” was published in the leading children magazine Bacchon ka Inderdhanush, and poems found prominence in Yudhrat Aam -Aadmi, Giriraj, Himprashtha and English poetry magazine Poetcrit.

Associated with many NGOs, he is the founder Vice- Chairman of one of the largest NGO in Himachal, Himachal Gyan Vigyan Samiti, working in the field of Literacy, Health , Gender Equality and Environment.

Presently he is the state coordinator for Jan Swasthya Abhiyan and also the President of Himachal Medical Officers’ Association, Shimla chapter and executive member of Himachal Upbhogta Sanrakshan Parishad.

Earlier he has worked with the National Literacy Mission as district co-ordinator and with W.H.O. as Surveillance Medical Officer for Polio eradication, and also volunteered as a relief team member for Gujarat Earthquake.

His hobbies include Photography, Traveling, Trekking, Swimming, Singing, Plying Flute and listening to the Classical Indian Music besides writing on small topics pertaining to health awareness for general masses and participating in programmes on Radio and Television for the benefit of the public health.

e-mail;- bhartiomesh@yahoo.com, bhartiomesh@gmail.com