

Life As We Know It

The overwhelming gravity
Or a glimpse of clarity
No shred of evidence
Just an idea of reality.

Rumination and nostalgia
Or a show of practicality
Poses a dilemma
Of grave consequentiality.

To rise up the ranks
You must break a leg in actuality
What matters is your sex, wealth, religion
But mostly, your nationality.

To champion a cause
Fight for equality
The show of courage
And an act of solidarity.

Engage in charity
To boost your popularity
Little does it reflect
Your core humanity.

Preach Nietzsche and plurality
To escape reality
As we sit in our living rooms
Indulging in sheer inanity.

Bonjour, Bonasera
Learn all formality
But to greet our own self
Is a rare speciality.

To uphold morality
Or indulge in profanity
Deep embedded in us
Is this duality.

Getting enamoured by
Pop culture and sensuality
Proving how we are different
As we condemn disparity.

To strive for parity
Kindness and magnanimity
A long lost cause
Until we strip off our vanity.

Self-love and self-sacrifice
The obvious polarity
Bring them together
To get a sensational personality.

Grow Up!

"Grow up!"

"An age old maxim"
A full time job,
Can be quite taxing.

"Grow up!"

"To evolve"
Lose the child in you
To bring new vigour

"Grow up!"

To keep up
With the fad of 'old souls'
Certainly, a rip off

"Grow up!"

"Stay on your toes"
Don't share toys or emotions
With friends or foes.

"Grow up!"

"Don't act on impulse"
A few temper tantrums here and there
Justified by the adults

"Grow up!"

"Vulnerability, not an option"
Criticisms and gossips however
Are sold at auction

"Grow up!"

"Don't ever trust"
To use and feel used
A well established clause

"Grow up!"

"Love all and serve all"

A well-rehearsed answer on empathy
To be the perfect candidate for the job.

"Grow up!"

"Accept all, without resistance"

Other's perceptions and quirks
Clashes with our existence

"Grow up!"

"Set an example for posterity"

A few petty sneers to buttress
A false sense of superiority

"Grow up!"

"And you are self assured"

Insecure by our own selves
And more so, by others.

"Grow up!"

"And standout from the 'crowd'"

To feel unique and valued
Put on a shroud and be proud.

"Grow up!"

"The world is your oyster"

Typecast yourself and others
To get a clearer picture.

"Jazz or pop

Brontë or Bhagat,

Hallmark movies or the Artist"

Call it elite, or plastic.

"Dark or fair,

Regal or hippy

IQ 90 or 130

Skinny or chubby?"

So many self-imposed constraints based on lores

Non-linear programming problems
That could last a lifetime, or more.

We look at kids play,
Still not consumed by the idea of self
And we can hear them say:
"We can play Operation together"
"I will lend you my dolls, books and Beyblade
That's alright if you don't have yours"

Now we are grown up
We fully understand the nature of life
We know the difference
Between 'you', 'me', 'yours' and 'mine'.

Growing up is the pass to our very own VIP area.
Entitlement is our conduit to the realm of illusion
Where we are stuck in the void of loneliness
Confined by the idea of our own perfection.

Still we wish to grow up,
Desperate to eat the forbidden fruit
Because innocence can never be a shield good enough
To shelter us from mayhem and our chosen route.
It can save us from ourselves
But it's often too late till we figure out
That self can be more destructive than others
Is proven beyond reasonable doubt.

A Game of Snakes and Ladders

The rings around the ball of fire,
Or tunes of the strumming lyre,
The subtle ones that grace the moon,
Making all the lovers swoon.
How it began, or when it ends?
All laws of science bend
A knee, to the expanding universe
The flowers, the people all so diverse.
One can only guess how it all started
The mastermind of the Big Bang
Generous or cold-hearted?
Out in the playing field no winners or losers
Who is the umpire? Who is to judge?
What keeps it together then?
The earth just floating
A speck, in the middle of nowhere
Is everything nothing?
Dreams and schemes we choose to seal
But to be or not to be, isn't free will.
Yet they say "Be thankful for a chance at life"
Blessings and sufferings with which it is rife
What is life then?
Is it "No pain, no gain"?
A game of snakes and ladders, or a prison
Or both, I can't fathom.
To let go or to hold on tight
My sense of self and the gift of sight.
What are we but a set of contradictions?
Always needing reassurance or a sense of validation.
To revel in the thrills and spills
Of telling others how they think we should feel
The silver-tongued folks have it together it seems
Tethering us to opinions/beliefs deemed fit by the cream.
Does death really mean it's all over
Or does it mark the beginning to a different end
Odds of finding my answer to a five-leaf clover
Are slim, what does it portend?

The key to the truth
Is to not pay heed to constraints
Whether it is freedom that you lust
Or to decode the unexplained.
For constraints are what
Our mind seeks, but the soul fears
How to see what's beyond
And all that we can't hear?
The waves, the frequencies they ebb and flow
On some days you fall and on the rest, you grow.
But how do you tear apart, this web of deceit
The clothes, the toys, the ego and the receipt?

One ticket to Life, please!

Hop on the train of life
And always know your worth
To enjoy the ride
Do you need a first class berth?

Celebrate the freedom
Of life and birth
Which is a visionary event
Like July the fourth

Very little relevance
Of cars and network
Rise up to the challenge
To find your true North

Wherever you are
In Portugal or Perth
So much to marvel at
The beauty of forests and firth

What is your purpose?
What is your worth?
Unless you let all sit by
Your soul's blazing hearth

A few soothing words
Some quips and mirth
Brings comfort like no other
Before we all leave earth

Open the gate
To whoever is furth
To the house of your heart
From this day forth

The Rebel

He turns 63 today
Here are a few things about him
That I would like to say:

A man of divine qualities
He is an acclaimed Reader
In touch with life's realities
And an unassuming demeanor

He stands tall
With a flexible approach
Always ready to shower us
With his unconditional love

He has a heart of gold
No guile no desire
He is a fellow Aquarius
Always open minded and curious.

A man of eclectic tastes
He never loses his imagination
Knows all about stars and planets
Their alignment and position.

Turn to him for insights
Into dichotomies and class inequality
He's thorough with his subject
In our midst we have a prodigy

He has risen from ashes
Not unlike a phoenix
Strengthened by life's struggles
Knows its philosophy and meaning.

An iconoclast, a rebel
He is a true maverick
Infinite patience and tolerance
In the face of adversity.