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A RAGA IS BORN

By Rajender Krishan

A confluence occurs, when

The informant ear
gets attentive on the rhythm
emanating from breathers;

The surveillance of eyes
is alert to witness -
Shiva's subliminal glory;

The breath orchestrates
for the voice
to articulate the word;

And, when the mind
seated on *this* confluence
governs with discipline;

The Sovereign manifests
A Raga is born

AFTERMATH OF SANDY

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The roar settled

waves shrunken

ocean calm

though the lingering

dark clouds

aide-mémoire the aftermath

of Sandy's tandava

gory, tormenting

plaguing devastation

enveloping all

in a state of shock

and grief

On knees is today

tri-state's urban fabric

powerless

gasless

derisory

onset of winter

appears cruel

Yet the mourning has to stop
and the skies have to brighten
once man's survival instinct
strengthened
by the muscle of resilience
is put to test ... again

BABBLE GABBLE

A wee bit of nous prattling
loaded with irrational nattering
proliferates the pondering schmooze
alluding ominous, manipulative abuse
bolstering further
the already existing societal divide
drifting unwittingly
from the path of unification
creating an atrocious fusion
of an all-round confusion
Is this an unending quest
for achieving excellence
in the blame game
or an attempt
towards political correctness
that's preposterously pathetic?

BREATH

What I inhale
and exhale
without volition
is the cause
of Prana
the very support
and vitality
that lives majestically
to make me
experience life.

It knows not itself
is neither
dependent on
the crutches of
isms, castes or creeds
yet enjoys
total sovereignty
without restrictions.

Why then

my earthly existence
is fenced
by the dogmatic rules, rituals
narrow boundaries
dividing sectarian borderlines
conceiving
chaotic disharmonies?

Leading to
identity crisis
anarchy and turmoil
akin to
that caged bird
who forever
craves freedom
from
the bondage of life

And yet
ad infinitum
my mundane "I"
proclaims
that I know my Self

CROSSROADS

In the journey of life

bewildered and fraught

with unforeseen circumstances

we often wonder which path to select

when confronted by conflicting crossroads?

How to face the bully squarely

and circumvent

the quagmire of -

familial pressures

emotional blackmail

deceptive contexts

societal prejudices

competitive debauchery

circumstantial hurdles

stressful strains

crowded milieu

bureaucratic lines

political nepotism

tempting shortcuts

... et al?

Whenever these questions
pester me

– and this happens often –

I take refuge
in the gleaming eyes
and serenity
of my grandmother
framed in the photograph
that adorns my work desk

Invariably
her poise alludes
sagaciously:

The choices made
are the nascent kernels
in the soil of Karmic today
that will sprout tomorrow
for better or worse

So awaken and arise
make no compromise

Cognize and discriminate
before it becomes too late
Listen to your inner voice
and make the right choice

For, your chosen path
will be the preamble
to your final destination

[ALL POEMS; COURTESY TO BOLOJI.COM]

Bio

1951 born, a professional in Marketing since 1968, Rajender Krishan Chowdhry (aka Raj Chowdhry) is settled in New York, USA with his wife Meera Chowdhry and his two children who are also settled there. He is also blessed with two grand-daughters, making him a Dada and two grandsons who made him a Nana. Rajender believes in freedom of expression. He is passionate about Kabir and poetry is one of his favorite subjects. Photography and visual art is another area where he likes to dabble in.

Rajender's Maxim: "I wander a lot. Do you? If you do, then follow me and sometimes let me also follow you. Following each other we shall discover the Guru, the Disciple and be not surprised if the identities switch due to circumstances. For such is the wonder of life."