

To Lord Ganesh

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O Lord Ganesh ! Most revered Deity of wisdom and bliss;
Grantor of peace and prosperity ! Save me from going amiss.
With head bowed, hands folded :heart humble and suppliant;
Most earnestly I look to Thy face : bright lovely and radiant.

The mere cast of Thy blissful looks, and graceful stare -
Relieves me of the pangs of death, disease and despair.
Life becomes rosy : cheerful and fragrant ;
With perfumes of hopes and promises imminent.
Shuddering sight of torments and deathly pains,
Melt at once, and help Thy devotee -rid of disdains.

When Thou will'st otherwise, things are bound to fall -
Mountains tumble down, though stubborn and tall.
O Lord ! Bless this lowly man : lying at Thy feet -
With deep insight and blissful retreat.

O Lord ! Carry me into the realm of divine thought :
By shaking accrued sorrow and ailing distraught .
O most gracious Deity, be seated in my sphere -
And lend me Thy voice, soothing every ear

2. Nahush¹ Unfolds his Mind to Yayati

Sapped of the elixir of life;
I find myself caught in the web- strife.
With sunken eyes and failing legs,
Still there is something to beg.
Progeny of a famed king
That vied for conquest;
But ever averse to regret.
Something pesters me
On
With nights uneasy
By tickling memory
With the pages of past,
Of losses and gains
That lie buried in darkly den.

"On dad's death
Kingship was thrust on.
Bloated I felt with glory
And its attending evils;
Knowing little--
All lead to frustrating ends.
With feet on sliding sands of time;
And eyes riveted on the dimming sun,
I feel rather ugly and pale
Like a crow perching
A sky-scraping dome,
Hoisting its will and seal,
With jarring sounds and yell".

"With fleeting breath
And lack-lustre eyes
Lost in reveries' oblivion,
Vainly vying for gains
Un-stealthily I feel
Like unburdening--

¹ Nahush: son of King Pururava, Yayati's father

All that's lying heavy,
On my soul"

I'm Yayati,, son of Nahush,
A highly famed king
That once pushed, Indra² down
With the bump of his feet
Causing rout and retreat,
When simmering with ire,
Laden with manly fire.
Sent this : shiver and chill
To deities, caught in whirling reel.
In a flurry of retreat
Dropped Indra down, his crown
To a mortal's feet''.

"It's the fag end of my life—
A period to pause and ponder:
'If not a king, what had I been?
Had I burnt every blood-drop,
Searching bliss to prop,
My soul in its dark voyage
Or had I frittered seeking anchorage'
Like a rishi³ or a self-soaked loafer?''
"But o woe of me! All ends in despair;
Welling up eyes with sad emotions
Splashed with tears,
Lending support and care
To
Wounds and scars
Baying for revenge.
Vying for ungainly gains,
Spoiling man's-days' mirth,
In sense-less fight and kill
Ever ending in boastful nil."

² Indra: Chief of gods

³ Rishi:one who has deep insight of life,
'mantra- drashta'

3. King's Advice to Prince

"This un-kingly thought,
Unmanly to my dad,
Won his deriding fad
With averment--
'What are your gains, son?'
'Mind: Beauty melts and dies.'
And denizens of ivory-towers,
Do end in pools of sobs and cries."

But in the days of my rising bloom:
Tempting sights of colours and flies,
Inciting wings and darkly brows
Flagrantly caused deep forays Into the realm
Of my privacy,

Setting it on
For ignoble trivial, glossy
Things reeking
With hissing
Slings and flings
Of full blooded sighs and kisses.
Unbecoming of a prince
Of a far famed king
That ever roamed
Across heaven and earth
Fed with victories' glory
And animating mirth."

"Once dad told me:
'Son! Be wary of tempting flies and riches';
Hide they many a guile and vile
In sensuous curves and ditches.'
Blessed with piercing look and specious smile;
At once, they suck gullible victims
In their perilous hold and fold,
Swollen with malice, revenge and rife.
So is the spell of tinkling coins and gold;
That pollute and rob the wise of ethics, in a while.
But

Bubbling with undaunted zeal and will,
 A colossus, ever intent to foist his seal
 On the sliding sands of time,
 Does march with a leonine gait,
 Shunning fear and unmanly fret,
 Also omens and dictates of clime.
 The bump and stamp of his feet,
 Does send shivers in spines
 Of underlings restlessly
 Searching retreat
 In some safest
 Ravines."

"But daring damsels out on hunts,
 Keep hovering and humming,
 Oft running into the brave-bold
 Setting their blood a-boil
 With soft touches, curly coils and folds.
 Lying in ambush for time congenial
 For hunting their prey down,
 When they're utterly spent,
 Drugged and drawn;
 By the lusty sights of breasts, in rising swell
 And also of heaving bosom and fleshly ridges
 Baying loud for apt treats, and thunderous quell.
 Mostly their catty love
 Meets a despairing end,
 As man lusts for newer land,
 And greater victories lying beyond
 Horizons, ever slipping his reach and hold.
 A he- man fed
 With the milk of dare-devilry,
 Buckles up shoes and rises up in arms,
 Slighting adversities and life's charms
 With glistening muscles and rocky self--
 Treading the earth down in daring gait,
 Fearlessly he roams like Death in stride
 Narrow looks the earth, so vast and wide.
 Pounds he on his fearsome foe
 With deathly fury and ruthless blow
 In a darkly terrain and weather third-rate."