To

Lord Ram
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PREFACE

With a most petitionary vehemence I request my readers not to be angry with this fool for writing so poorly, keeping in mind the fact that I wrote these sonnets when I was not even nineteen. So they contain all the flaws and imperfections which are to be found in the work of an immature fool. And what else I am even now? Nothing better.

It’s your inherent greatness that you have condescended to tolerate me. The great always show kindness to the small. The river never drowns a twig. Mountains always bear tiny blades of grass on their tops, the fathomless ocean carries floating foam on its breast, fire is crowned with smoke and the earth ever bears dust on its bosom.

Those of you who seek to find some charm in my poetry, would be deeply disappointed because neither am I a poet of any substance nor an adept in the art of speech. My wits are poor and I am fit only to be ridiculed for writing such merit-less sonnets. Yet the truly great will forgive my presumption and listen to my childish babbling with interest. When a child prattles in lisping accents, are not the parents delighted to hear it?

I never wanted these sonnets of mine to be shown to anybody. So they remained hidden like some silent sorrow in the depth of my heart for long, before I decided to get them published. Tears are never meant to be shown. They are born in the silence of solitude and they die so soon in unknown anonymity, leaving nothing behind, save a fading trail on the lonely cheeks.
Later on, I felt abashed at having made public my secret shame which lay asleep so soundly like a forgotten pain on the bed of my unshed tears. But then we should never be ashamed to own that we have been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that we are wiser today than we were yesterday.

Many a times I felt tempted to revise the sonnets and improve them but resisted the temptation somehow. Reading something which I have written previously awakens a strange sensation in me. It appears as if I am reading something familiar, written by someone whom I knew, yet who was quite different from me. It seems mine but not fully mine. Certain things call for change. I think this want of change is the change that has taken place in me. This discontentment with my previously penned work is the measure of the progress which I have made in the course of time. If at all it were possible for us to change what we had previously done, histories would have got changed. But that’s never possible. We can learn a lot from history but we cannot change it. So is with my work. And more so, if I would have changed even a single line written by me when I was so young, it would have been an insult to the genius of that Raghav, who lived before me and died, bequeathing his whole legacy of Poetry to this unworthy successor of his. To presume that I am any better than him is nothing but proud vanity. I am not competent enough to change even a single word written by him. If I attempt to do so, it would be nothing less than insulting his creative genius. Is it becoming of a crown made of gold to laugh at the coarseness of the nugget? A chair makes fun of itself if it makes fun of a poor piece of log! So I have left these
sonnets untouched. They are as I wrote them some six years ago.

I thought, when I wrote – why should I hide anything from my Lord? Hiding is a sin, because we hide only those things which are bad enough to be shown. If a child won’t bare his heart in front of his mother, then in front of whom would he do so? Someone has to be there in our lives, in whom we could confide all our secrets; in front of whom we could be just ourselves; naked, pure and unpretentious. We all are living graves of accumulated sins which no one knows save ourselves. What a heavy burden it is to carry on our fragile shoulders. Can’t we muster up enough courage to thunder like a cloud, confessing with a penitent heart and then falling gently like rain drops at His feet, bedewing them with tears of remorse? What a relief it is to weep our sorrow away at His feet?

All of us are self-deceivers. We laugh in the mirth of the parties but we weep in the silence of loneliness. We appear in our drawing-rooms with smiles pinned to our faces while our hearts are broken with pain. We use our power and wealth to hide from ourselves our real state, but deep down we know how desperately we are wrestling with care and suffering. Our laughter is only a mask to hide that nameless sadness which weighs us down and compels us to spend perturbed nights of anguish and long monotonous days of struggle, measuring time by the throbs of pain and the memories of bitterness alone. The higher we rise and the older we grow, we grow more lonely, we feel more desolate and we become more isolated. We make friends only to hide the fact that we have become estranged from
our own children. All of us are stark naked below our gaudy clothings. Is it not a burden to have to live a life of vain pomp and show; to act like someone who we are not? Weighed down by this burden of carrying a false identity, don’t we sometimes feel like throwing away this pretentious mask and showing our true colours, as distinct from the ones we present to the world outside?

Innumerable are the causes of our varied sorrows, which we keep carrying like a burden, all our lives:

- We become unhappy in the search of happiness. This pursuit of happiness alone is one of the foremost causes of unhappiness. We search far and wide and it always eludes us. Who has succeeded in his effort to catch and keep the tint of clouds, the dance of ripples, the perfume of flowers and the smile of the lips? Kings never go in search of joys. Joys come to his majesty on their own. And even if they don’t come to pay their homage at his majesty’s feet, what has the emperor to do with it? Oceans never go in search of rivers and flowers never beg of butterflies to come to them. Why should a flower desire, he who is the desire of the whole world?

- We are unhappy because of our numerous desires. This habit of outstretching one’s palm before every door becomes only an eleemosynary beggar. Monarchs are born only to give. The birth of an emperor is a gift in itself to us mortals. Whosoever experiences joy in giving has the spark of that
divinity which manifests itself so well in born-kings alone. First of all, let me make clear, what I mean by a king.

A king is not just a person who wears a crown and has got a kingdom to rule, as we ordinarily think. Born-kings never wear a crown, they who are the crown of humanity themselves. He who has the whole world lying at his feet, need he show his majesty by putting on a petty piece of gold on his head? He alone is entitled to be called a king, who is born to give. Certain people are there, if we chance to reach in front of them, we never return empty-handed. Their very sight fills our being with an indescribable serenity and peace of mind. We forget our woes in their presence. If they speak, we feel as if these are the words we have been longing to hear all our lives. If they look at us, our heart melts into tears. Even if we want to speak in their presence, we fail to do so as our throat gets choked and our eyes flood with tears. If they touch us, by chance, we become theirs forever. To reach in their presence is to return with our heart full of an unspeakable joy, which can only be felt but never described. We cease to worry in their presence and the words they utter are like nectar to our ever thirsty ears. To see them once is to become devoted to them forever. We long to see them again and again and when we meet, we dare not look up at their face for the fear that our tears would betray our deepest emotions. Those at whose feet we wish to offer all our wealth of love and become utterly
indigent in their presence. Those by the touch of whose feet, we wish to die. They, who are the sovereign rulers over our heart. Those in front of whom our heads get bent on their own, so as to pay homage to their royal majesty. Those, to the tune of whose footfall, our heart aches with an agony of unexpressed love. Them alone do I call kings.

Now, what I wanted to say was that beggars can never be happy. Even after death, people remember you only for what you gave to the world. ‘No one was ever honoured for what he received. Honour has been the reward for what he gave.’ When you die, make the world poor by making it feel the loss of such a precious treasure which you verily were. And this can happen only when the emperor sleeping in all of us wakes from his slumber, rising in all his native grace, putting to shame even a young whelp by his elegant carriage. Go and ask a king how distasteful it is for him to ask for something? His pleasure is only in giving. Most of you won’t agree with me, but desiring too is nothing but begging.

- We are unhappy because we invite it on our own. We suffer because we don’t know how sweet it is to suffer! ‘Burdens become light which are cheerfully borne.’ Can’t we tolerate a little bit of rudeness? Can’t we digest a little bit of insult? Can’t we forget an injury done to us? Can’t we forgive the ones who were cruel to us? Enduring the mischief’s of others and forgetting it with a smile is a trait which is to be
found in kings alone. It is pettiness to react. Dust, which is ever trodden under foot by wayfarers, which is so lowly and always held in contempt, even that dust when kicked, rises up in anger. So what’s so great about it? It’ majestic mountains who ever endure the buffeting of showers (even as a saint would put up with the taunts of the wicked), but never react. Kings never react. Reaction of dust can at the most soil your cloths, but imagine what would happen if hills too were to react? Reaction is the symptom of low self-esteem as rudeness is nothing but a weak man’s imitation of strength. Can’t we be tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving, tolerant of those who are weak and wrong and kind to the ones who are cruel? Generous courtesy shows nothing but good upbringing. And what are we worth, if we can’t endure a bit? ‘A ship in harbor is ship, but that’s not what ships are built for?’ How dull would life be without adversity? As they say ‘the greatest burden in life is not having any burden to shoulder.’

If we want to do something and people prevent us from doing it, then instead of getting angry with them, can’t we just go silently and sitting in a lonely corner weep away our sorrow? We can address Lord only in the language of tears. Tears speak to Him directly. Tears, whatever be the cause of their birth always address themselves to the Lord. When helplessness becomes uncontrollable (blanketing us in hopeless gloom and manifesting itself in the form
of suppressed sobbing and sad tears which we shed in some silent corner of our lonely rooms), take my words for granted, help from Jim is very near. ‘It is always dark before the Sun rises.’ They talk all nonsense who say ‘God helps those who help themselves.’ God never helps those who can afford to help themselves. He helps only those who are powerless, weak, utterly helpless and solely dependent upon Him only. He ever takes care of them, who can’t take care of themselves. What is so great about helping those who are capable of helping themselves? Those who speak like this are nothing but idiots. They are the greatest fools ever born. To doubt that He won’t help the forlorn, the defeated and the lost is to challenge His power and authority. It is nothing short of refusing to believe in His omnipotence. What a pity it is to see a watch disbelief in the ability of the Watchmaker to do and undo it!

- We are unhappy because we are always lost in the thoughts of becoming happy. But our scriptures say ‘If you can’t be happy at this moment with what you are and what you have, you would never be happy.’ It would be too nice if we could spare a few moments for thinking about making others happy. Is it not a matter of great satisfaction to suffer for others sake and make them happy in turn? I have seen people fall in love, but instead of being concerned about how to be able to love the person perfectly, all that they are worried about is how to
be loved? You may not agree with me but this is what the truth is. Tell me why do we want to look good? Why do we want to be mannered, cultured and attractive? Why do we want to be rich? It is just because we want to be loved. To love requires nothing at all. If this were not true, paupers, those who are ugly, uncultured, having no status in society, illiterate and rustics would never be lovers. But is it so? Who can dare to stop anybody from loving? So the point is clear, we want all these attributes because we feel these qualities would help us in being loved. But we tend to forget – love has nothing at all to do with these trifling superficialities. Believe me or not, but I’d say, what I perceive to be true. A boy of ten, away from his mother for the first time sits in his lonely room and weeps for her. This is love. When you remember somebody and tears come in your eyes, I can say for sure, this is love. Somebody is leaving for ever and this parting makes you sob in your heart and as soon as you find a safe, secluded place, lying down on your back, you weep profusely, I can guarantee, this is love. Marriage is over. The daughter is leaving for her husband’s home, for the first time. She hugs her mother for the last time and both weep. The house where the girl was born – how attached she had grown with the very room in which she had spent some twenty years of her life. With what fondness she remembers her childhood days and weeps. This is love. When you weep at everything associated with the memory of your beloved. The
house they lived in, the road they travelled upon, the school they studied in, the city they belonged to, the words they spoke and a thousand such things; when a sight of all the places and a remembrance of all the events and memories associated with them or even a mere mention of them brings tears to your eyes, I have no doubt in saying, this is love. When someone very close to your heart dies and you weep – what’s it, if not a manifestation of your love? Those blessed ones whose love has attained to such dizzy heights keep weeping all their lives – for ever lost in the thoughts of the one they loved. Let me say with all the boldness which I can muster – only a lover can weep and those who weep (for their loved ones and not for themselves) alone are true lovers. Tears are the diamonds which shine all the more brighter on the crowns which lovers alone are entitled to wear. They are as precious to them as their life itself. Do you know why? Tears are that adorable nay worshippable part of our being which has decided to die, because it could not endure the pang of separation from the one we love. The loved one is away, yet we live …..A fie on us. But blessed indeed is that part in us which has decided to die in the agony of separation. Glory be to that blessed tear which cannot endure the pain of being away from the one he loves. Alas! We have forgotten the art of weeping, which is the art of arts; the king of arts, indeed. Those who have never loved may misunderstand me, but love can be expressed only in tears. Love can never be expressed in any other
way. True lovers have no time to think about themselves. They are not concerned about their looks, their appearance, their wealth, their shortcomings and their worthlessness. Where is the time to think about all these things? They are always lost in the thoughts of their beloved. They are always thinking about the ways and means to make their beloved happy. They are not selfish enough even to spend a single second, thinking about their own happiness. For them, in the joy of their beloved alone lies their joy. Take my words for granted – it’s love when all you want is your beloved to be happy, even if you are not a part of their happiness. True lovers would gladly spend their whole life-time in a jungle, if their beloved wants them to be away from their life; even though, for them to live away from their sight is more painful than death itself. But their behest is to be honoured at every cost! To live and die for them is indeed a matter of great pleasure, but to suffer for them (if our suffering could make them somewhat happy), is a joy of its own kind which will always cling to our heart and enfold it in the sweetest pain the world has ever known. But that pain is no pain because it is a gift from them. Is it not so kind of them to have given us such a precious gift? It’s their touch that lends prestige to all that is precious in the eyes of a lover. And no price (not even their own head cut with their own hands) is too big in this world for a lover to pay for honouring even the humblest wish of their beloved. True lovers are
least bothered if their loved ones know them or not? What have they to do with this? All that they desire is the happiness to make their loved ones happy. What does it matter whether their loved ones reciprocate their love or not? They are concerned only with the thoughts of how to love and not how to be loved?

Those loathsome idiots, who desire to be loved but never know how to love, alone have brought disgrace to the solemn name of Love. I am sorry to have to say that these selfish misers, who have tarnished the holy image of Love, deserve to be hanged in an open square. Alas! Who would go to such fools and tell them that a candle can never burn a moth without burning itself. What has a beggar to do with the job of loving? It is emperors, ever willing to offer their heads at the feet of their beloved, who can be true lovers. Pigs, dogs and brainless donkeys too have been trying to become happy but have they been successful in their efforts? No. Because they don’t know that one can be happy only by making others happy. And this requires sacrifice, which again only monarchs are capable of making. As they say ‘What is to give light must endure burning.’ Those whom we worship today were people who lived for us and died for us as well. How dull would life be if there is nobody in our life for whom we’ll gladly die! That man is not fit to live who hasn’t discovered someone or something which he would willingly die for.
All these petty causes pale away in front of that great cause which is the mightiest among all the causes because of which we are unhappy. And the cause is ‘lack of faith’. Lack of faith alone makes us depressed. Faith – what a word it is! Indescribable indeed! To worry is to challenge the authority of Lord and doubt His ability to do away with our sorrows. To worry is to question whether He is truly merciful or not? When I have accepted that I am His, then is it becoming of me to worry still? Now it is His job to look after my welfare. What has the servant to do with it? The Master will look after him on His own. My only duty was to take refuge in Him and surrender myself completely at His feet. Now the job is His. Lord will never forsake anyone who begs at His feet, seeking for protection. My Lord has always redeemed His plighted word and honoured His vow to provide shelter to the forlorn, the defeated and the lost. No one ever has gone bare-handed from His doors. Then why should I not have faith in His mercy?

In Eighteen Hundred something, the king of some erstwhile Princely State in British India, and his minister, who also happened to be his childhood friend, went to England and stayed there for quite some time. It was winter in England and both of them used to go for a morning walk daily. Once when they were returning, they met with a man shivering with cold, sitting lonely on a park-bench. There was a look of pity in his eyes. Although he didn’t speak anything, but his teary eyes said all that
which no tongue in this world could have spoken so eloquently. Both the king and his minister were moved to see such a pathetic figure, draped only in rags, trembling like a creeper in this chilly breeze.

At first the king wanted to give his over-coat to the shivering man but soon realizing how costly it was, he changed his mind and moved on, expressing his deep concern over the pitiable condition of the poor man. The minister, who was walking a step behind his Majesty, suddenly took off his over-coat and without speaking a word handed it over to the man and moved on to join the king, who by now had reached a few steps forward. When his Majesty turned his head to see the minister, he found him without his over-coat and a few steps backward he saw the same poor man struggling to put on the over-coat, with smiles dancing all over his face. The king turned all red with shame or say suppressed anger, on realizing what the minister had done, but kept quiet.

When they reached at the bend of that road where wild flowers sweetened the breeze with their pleasant perfume and from where the poor man was no longer to be seen, the king asked his friend to tell him the reason as to why he failed to gift away his own over-coat to the shivering man; eventhough he had hundreds of such lying useless at his palace, but he (the minister) took not even a single moment to decide to gift away his over-coat to the man. The minister smiled and begging his Majesty’s pardon said “Your Majesty, I gifted away my over-coat to
the man because I have full faith in my Lord, which is you. I know you can’t see me shiver like this for long and would surely get another over-coat tailored for me. On the strength of this belief, I could donate my over-coat to the poor man. But, I am sorry Your Majesty; you don’t seem to have got enough faith in your Lord. You couldn’t trust that your Lord too would provide you with another over-coat, if you donate the old one to somebody. My faith in my Lord is intact, that’s why I could do so, but that’s not so with you; that’s why you failed.” Today the morning breeze was eager with the sweet music of joy. Road-side flowers smiled and birds were all merry at the sight of the rising Sun. two tiny droplets fell from the eyes of His Majesty and he had awakened in a glorious dawn of new realization.

I claim that I am bad, but howsoever I am, I am His. He may renounce me if He feels like, but I have got no other place to go to. I’ll keep sitting at His doors, till I die. And if at all I may be remembered after my death, let it be as a servant of His. It’s the desire of my desires to become His servant. Why shouldn’t He take care of those who are totally dependent upon Him only? A good master is more concerned about the well-being of his servants than he is of his own. If my prestige is at stake and I know nobody else save Him, can He afford to remain silent? Is not the insult of His servant His own insult? Trusting His merciful nature, (if need be) can’t we stake our life and our honour in the
firm belief that He would never let us be dishonoured? He can never tolerate to sit idle if His devotee’s reputation is at stake.

Once, when India was green with jungles and villages appeared more or less like dense thickets, blanketed all over in a dusk of entangled boughs, cattle would go for grazing in jungles and return home when it was evening. One day, as usual, some goats and sheep went to graze in a near-by jungle and returned home safely. But a small lamb somehow got entangled in a thick bush and however much did he try, he couldn’t come out of it until it grew completely dark.

Now the Moon was shining brightly in the autumn sky. The air was heavy with perfume, the silence of the night was vocal with the chirping of crickets and the lonely lamb, bleated and bleated……The tiny creature roamed aimlessly through the meandering pathways overgrown with tall grass, until he reached the pond, where all sorts of animals would come to quench their thirst. The pond appeared like a vast mirror, in which the reflection of the Moon accompanied by numerous stars was so clearly visible. Suddenly the lamb came across a newly imprinted paw on the muddy sands of the pond. It was the mark of a lion’s paw. A-tremble with fear, the lamb decided to sit crouched near the mark of the paw itself. As there was no other place to go to, he decided to keep sitting there only. As soon as the lamb had taken refuge at the print of the king’s paw, he felt relieved. Now he was no longer afraid. The
helpless lamb had found a shelter. The foliage rustled to the tune of the blowing breeze, the ripples shivered in sheer ecstasy when the soft Moon-beams kissed them in the fond hope of rousing them to animation and the lamb slept soundly. Suddenly, the poor creature heard the sound of a howling wolf. A shadow approached him but the lamb was quick enough to say “stop, before you move forward, behold the paw of the one under whose protection I am sitting in this jungle.” The wolf got scared at the sight of the lion’s paw and ran away dismayed. Next came a tiger, growling like anything. To him also the lamb said the same thing “Behold the paw of the one who has sheltered me. Then decide, whether to eat me or not.” The tiger too left the place in sheer disgrace. In this manner very many animals kept coming and going. Ultimately the lion himself came, walking so proud in his native grace. The lamb got wonder-struck at the regal gait and the magnificent mien of the emperor. Ah! What noble courage, what fearless beauty was twinkling in his eyes! His flowing mane appeared like some royal insignia provided by the nature itself for the king of the forest. The lord of the jungle was coming all alone. Kings never love to remain in the company of others; it’s ordinary people who always want to be there in their company, but kings are mostly content in being all by themselves. A true king is not like the Moon which always remains surrounded by an army of stars. In fact he is more like the Sun in whose
presence nothing else can shine. Stars become visible only when the Sun is set. Now…..the lion roared at that tiny little thing which seemed to obstruct his Majesty’s path. And the whole jungle got thrilled with the majestic beauty of his thunderous roar but the little lamb still had the courage to repeat the same thing unto him as well “whosoever you are, but first of all behold the paw of the one under whose protective care I am.” The lion looked at the mark of his own paw and his eyes got filled with tears. “O! what a trusty faith you have in me. Now worry not, my child. You are my own and nobody would do you any harm. I’ll tear him into pieces that’ll dare even to look at you. Your faith has won my heart.” And so saying the king of the whole jungle took the little lamb in his arms, caressed him, licked him and held him tightly to his bosom, as a father would do to his son, who has met him after a long period of separation. Tears trickled apace from the eyes of the both and the air was silent like a sleeping child. When a poor lamb who had taken refuge at the print of a lion’s paw got saved, then why wouldn’t I, who have taken refuge at the feet of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords get saved as well? Then why wouldn’t problems which keep coming like wolves and tigers to devour me up in this dark night, get frightened and run away in sheer despair? These nocturnal animals like lust, pride, greed and anger would no longer be successful in frightening us to death, as soon as we get established in the firm belief that the King in
whose protective care we are, would take care of us, even in his absence. Faith would sustain us even in the face of death. Then why should we worry?

 Knowing full well that my Lord is an embodiment of amiability, meekness, compassion and love, I am quite confident that He will never forsake me, knowing me for His own, though I am the vilest of all the sinners ever born, in fact I am the king of all those wicked rogues, who ever lived on the face of our earth. But, tell me, would a mother throw away her child just because he is dirty? Dirty I am, no doubt, but still I am His.

 And those alone worry about their shortcomings who in the heart of their hearts are confident about their strength and think that someday or the other they would overcome them surely. They are great. They are capable of doing away with the anomalies on their own. But what about me? I am a poor child, totally dependent upon my mother only. I shall remain dirty, if my mother cares not to wash me clean. If ever I shall become clean, it’s only through the efforts of my mother. I won’t make any effort on my own, because I cannot make any effort. I am so powerless and weak. And why should I desire any power of my own? Is it not enough for me to know that my mother is all powerful, omnipotent, and capable of doing everything? Why should I worry then? My joy lies in being what I am – the smallest and the weakest child of hers. Lying peacefully clinging to her heart, with her arms hugging me so closely to her bosom – what else do
I desire? When a child sleeps free from cares, in his mother’s lap, he is then the emperor of the whole world. I don’t want to grow up; for I am afraid, growing up would snap the tender bond of love which binds the baby with his mother so perfectly. Growing up would dry the tears, which is the only gift which this poor child can offer at his mother’s feet. Mother! May I ever remain your darling, content in your lap – forever and ever a small baby of yours, who knows nobody else save you?
If at the distressed call of Draupadi, when her honour was at stake, Lord wouldn’t have turned up in time, who would worship Him today? When Draupadi had lost all hope, had become completely helpless; then alone Lord came to save her modesty from being outraged. Had He not done so, who would call Him merciful today?
When the Elephant called Him for help in deep distress, He came and saved his very life. It is because of this, that He is worshipped today. That God who is deaf to the piteous cries of His devotees is not a God at all. To hell with such a God! He is fit only to be kicked like a bloody football. What businesses have we to do with that so-called God, who cares not for the ones who are totally dependent upon Him only! I hate such Gods and if at all I could find them, I’ll lynch them to death.
But, my Lord is more worried about the reputation of His devotees than He is of His own. When his life was at stake and Prahlad had told his demon-father that yes, Lord is very much present in this
pillar also with which he is tied, my merciful Lord had to appear in person, to uphold the veracity of the statement of His devotee. Would He not come to save the honour of this fool as well? I’m pretty sure, He certainly will.

We are unhappy because we have lost all faith in our Lord. We’ll trust just every Tom, Dick and Harry but not Him, who has never allowed the honour of His devotees to be tarnished even at the cost of losing His own honour. Just to keep intact the vow of His devotee Bhishma, my Lord broke His own plighted word. Glory be to Him who can shed His own honour to uphold the honour of the ones who call Him their own!

One should never beg, as begging brings us shame. To beg is to lose ones honour forever. And the one who has lost his honour is not left with anything else to lose. But; if it is very urgent and begging is inevitable, I’d prefer to go to my Lord straight and say, “give me this thing, Father”, asking for what I want. One, who goes to the Lord and weeps, even if it is only because he wants something, is rare indeed! If a child won’t beg of his mother to give him sweets, then tell me, in front of whom would he do so? There is a dignified majesty even in begging from the Lord, which is more glorious than even donating your whole property to the world. Even a worm that moves towards God is greater than the greatest of men, who have not turned towards Him. No matter what sort of a person one is, if one goes once into the presence of Lord, one becomes worthy
of honour. No matter what sort of a wood is thrown into the fire, it will burn. The moment our faith gets established in our Lord, the heavy burden of sorrows which we keep carrying all our lives, vanishes forever. Now, it is He who must carry our burden.

Now, one thing more – ‘Happiness lies in being pure only.’ We can’t be happy unless we are pure – pure in thought, word and deed. As we can’t be fearless without being true, likewise we cannot even imagine to be happy without being pure.

If you are unhappy, take my words for granted, some latent impurity is lying hidden in your mind or heart. Purity gives us bliss which no other thing in this world can. Now, here too, only a king can be pure because it’s a king who can never tolerate to be a slave of anybody – not even of lust, anger, pride, greed or infatuation. The head that wears a crown cannot bear the insult of stooping itself low in front of just anybody, be he howsoever strong and formidable. And tell me the truth – are we not the slaves of inordinate lust and anger? Only an emperor can resist, subdue, suppress, eliminate and extirpate these sworn enemies of goodness and virtue, in front of whom the whole world lies shamefully defeated. I challenge that idiot who says it is impossible to overcome lust, anger, pride and greed? By so saying we dishonor those pure souls, who have existed on this earth before us, who exist on this earth even now and who will exist on this
earth in the days to come. By so saying we doubt the very existence of Purity itself! Tell me are the stories of Bhishma and Hanuman mere stories? Just because you cannot do a thing, is it wise to say that nobody can do it? Let me repeat “the greatest pleasure in life is to do what people say you cannot do.” If we can learn to remain pure, I’m sure nobody would be able to make us unhappy.

I don’t know what most of us understand by the term religion. But as far as I am concerned, I feel religion is what we do with ourselves when we are all alone. When nobody is there to watch us, then in the dead stillness of solitude what we do and what we think, that alone is what we truly are. In the presence of others, we may show off as if we are the greatest saint ever born, but when we are all by ourselves, we may even put to shame the dirtiest of all the sinners by our detestable deeds. We alone know what we truly are.

A truly religious person is an embodiment of living sacrifice. If at all we have to offer anything to our Lord – let it be pure – as we cannot offer anything unclean or impure, maimed or mutilated at the feet of our Lord. And nothing could be purer than our tears of guilt shed in the overflowing silence of night, with our head placed at His toes, eyes laving His feet with torrent of tears, throat choked with emotion and our palms holding firmly His lotus-legs, with nobody else to see the child weep at his mother’s feet. They are fools who think that worship consists of fasts and prayers. When would they know that worship is nothing but offering of a pure and contrite heart
at our Lord’s feet and weeping in His presence, begging for His mercy! Let me repeat it once again that we can worship Him only through tears. We can talk to Him only in the language of tears. Everything else is a mere feint. All this outward show, this praying and fasting is nothing but foolishness and heresy. Weeping alone is true worship. Offering water, incense, flowers and fruits is ever so easy; just anybody can afford to offer all these things at the feet of an Idol, but genuine tears would not come so easily unless we have become completely helpless and forlorn. And the thing which is worth offering at His feet is the water of our own eyes only.

He is poor indeed who has no tears in his eyes, to be laid at his Lord’s feet. Alas! We have forgotten how precious a tear is? It’s the treasure of treasures, which can never be compared with any other wealth. We think of Him and tears come to our eyes – then never mistake those tears for mere tears. It’s He Himself who has responded to our call. We called Him in our distress and He has come in the form of tears. He always comes in the form of tears alone. He Himself weeps for those who weep for Him. Tear is the most potent shaft which a child has in his quiver to melt the heart of his mother. If your tears are genuine, they’ll surely have some effect on Him, but don’t make any artificial effort to produce them. They will be born on their own. He, whom He favours, cannot help but weep at His infinite grace and kindness shown unto him, which he never deserved at any cost. How foolish we are can be guessed by the very fact that we go to temples and recite prayers and psalms written by others. Neither the words are our own, nor do we feel the same emotion which the writer
experienced when he composed that prayer and many a times we don’t even know the meaning of the borrowed prayers we recite and yet, we say that this is worship. O fool! Haven’t you got anything to say to your Lord? Can’t you converse with Him in your own words? Even if you are angry with Him, speak harsh words unto Him, curse Him, call Him names and insult Him, still I’d call it worship and true prayer because the words are gushing out of your heart. The emotions are your own. You haven’t borrowed them from anybody. So they certainly will bear fruits.

Haven’t you seen a small child – sometimes he speaks so dearly to his mother and at other times he is angry with her; similarly a devotee too – at times he is happy with his Lord and at times he is not, but whatever he speaks unto Him is a prayer. You go in front of your Lord, speak your heart out and take my words for granted – you have spoken the greatest prayer ever written. Be truthful. Let the emotion be your own. A child has not to borrow phrases from others to talk to his mother. He speaks whatever comes to his mind. That’s enough for him. Then why are we dependent upon the prayers written by others to talk to our Lord? Is it not the height of foolishness? Would you not call this a prayer which a boy has spoken, with tears of helplessness in his eyes, standing in front of his Lord:

“Lord I am not confident of myself. I have never been; If ever I was confident of anything then that was Your Unfailing grace. I always knew that Your grace would Never fail me. You would never renounce me or, Leave me an orphan. Lord I’ve undertaken an assignment Which I feel I am incapable of accomplishing successfully Without Your help, guidance and blessings. Lord albeit
I’m very much unworthy of receiving Your blessings & love,
On account of my indulging in those very activities only Which You don’t like; then how can I dare to come in front Of You and beg of You to help me? But son as I am and A forgiving father as You are, this erring son of Yours dares
Once again to beg of his father to forgive him, embrace him And bless him so that he might fail not ever again in life. Lord! You knoweth everything. You know my mind, You know my heart and my sins. You know my infirmities, My anomalies, my mistakes, my faults and my tears as well. What’s hidden from You, Lord? Father, please condescend To forgive this unworthy son of Yours and bless him that He may fail not ever again in his life and also bless him That he may strive successfully to become worthy Of receiving Your undiminished love and affection. Lord! If You decide to renounce me, where am I to go? What am I to do? I can succeed but only with Your Help and guidance and otherwise not, so please Lord, Give me an another chance and see to it that this Time I succumb not to the temptations of the world.”

Prayers must come out straight from your heart. Let the words be your own. Why to speak in sentences borrowed from others? Indolent wretches like me, who have no devotion, dispassion or wisdom in them, who have never had any association with saints, who haven’t accomplished anything to deserve His grace, rely on the strength of His grace only. I’ve heard that my compassionate Lord holds those poor fellows very dear to His hearts, who depend exclusively on Him. This inspires me with a renewed hope that the ‘befriender of the meek’ would take pity on me as well,
someday. That’s why I worry no longer. Who has two heads that he would dare forcibly to cross the boundaries of the Lord’s servant? He who has the might of the Lord’s arm for his protection, fears none at all in this world. Why should I worry, when He is there to protect me? We can be happy only when we have lost all the cares that trouble us. Burdens of numerous kinds, which we keep carrying like a donkey, all our lives must be thrown away before we can even think of happiness. Unless we have unburdened ourselves completely, we can’t have any joy in life. Those who wish to climb a mountain, carry very little luggage on their backs; similarly if we also wish to rise any higher, we must jettison every piece of load that plagues our conscience or worries us. Unburden yourself completely and place your entire burden on His shoulders. His shoulders are sturdy enough to carry all our woes. Can’t we entrust unto Him all our responsibilities, even those which appear so easy for us to accomplish. When I have put all my weight on the horse, why carry a few things on my own head? Why not put them too on the horse’s back? Even when I carry something on my head, does not the horse that carries me, carries that burden too? Why not then put all my weight on the horse’s back and become completely relaxed?’’ In this way alone we can hope to be happy.

Live here in such a manner that when your time to leave this ‘phantasmagoria of fleeting existence’ arrives, your mind may be free of all worries, free of all guilt feelings and free from all burdens! May you have nothing to hide, nothing to conceal from anybody! Depart from hence with your mind completely empty; leaving here everything, taking nothing from here, remembering nothing, forgetting all, all your deeds; making public everything; hiding nothing, not even your sins. Depart from here with a clean mind, devoid of any qualms whatsoever; so that in his presence you are not afraid or guilty. And lie assured, with
no burden to plague your conscience, at His lotus-feet, bedewing them with tears of repentance.

These sonnets of mine are nothing but tears, shed at His feet. Weeping alone lessens the depth of our grief! How refreshing it is for a child to weep away his sorrow in his mother's lap? Tears speak more than our words ever could. We grown-ups who have forgotten the art of weeping have also forgotten how to unburden our great sorrow!

A small baby babbles in his own sweet tongue, which has no definite meaning at all. But the mother listens to the melodious music of her lisping lad and makes out fully what the baby has to say! It's the sound of love. It's the language of tears which the baby and his mother fully understand. And what better means of communication could be there between the two?

I haven’t written these sonnets, as some may mistake, to deliver any message. What message can a dull-witted fool deliver? If at all I wanted to teach anything to anybody, then that was my own mind; as could be easily surmised by the fact that many of the sonnets have been addressed to my wretched mind itself; for example:

*Listen to my advice, my heart own*  
*(Sonnet No. LXXXVI)*

*My dull-witted mind, you’ll have to repent*  
*(Sonnet No. XI)*

*My mind you Ram, Ram, Ram repeat*  
*(Sonnet No. X)*

*O mind of mine, be humble, meek*  
*(Sonnet No. XXIII)*

*To my sane advice, heart be all ears*  
*(Sonnet No. XLIV)*

etcetera. My intention had ever been to make myself an improved and a better man, so that I may be sure, there is one abhorrent rascal less in the world at least, instead of trying to make others any better.

Who in the hell am I to teach others? First of all let me try to teach myself. That’s more than enough. Everybody here
is more learned and intelligent than I am. So would it appear appropriate if an ant tries to teach a fish how to swim?

All that I have written in my sonnets and even in this preface is primarily meant for my own mind to ruminate upon and digest, so that it may bring about an improvement in itself, accordingly and be somewhat better. What can I tell to others? I am just a small baby standing ashamed in front of my Father, confessing my faults with downcast eyes and begging for His mercy. ‘Is it not always better to confess one’s weakness, when it is certain to be revealed sooner or later, than to leave it to be exposed by posterity?’ Still if anyone feels that I am trying to assert my moral superiority or am trying to show off as if I am somewhat better than others, I would like to make am humble submission to him not to misunderstand me. I am worse than even the worst of fools ever born. I am just an ordinary slave who has sold himself to Lord Ram, forever. In the end I beg of you all to forgive me for being so outspoken. I am really sorry for writing anything that may have hurt the feelings of some, wherefor I tender my sincerest apologies to them and beg their pardon at the same time.

To tell you the truth, I was very much reluctant to write any Preface to my work because I had no idea as to what to write? I couldn’t find anything good about my work, which needed to be told as it’s so full of shortcomings. The only merit which I could find in these sonnets of mine is the name of my Lord Ram, to whom have these sonnets been addressed.

Some 142 times or so the king of names, the name of names, that is “Ram” has been used in this work of mine. So the ones who believe in the glory of the Name would condescend to read this work only because of the scope which it provides to them to recite His Name and those too
who don’t at all know about the priceless-ness of His Name’s glory, would get benefited (even without their knowing) by going through this work of mine, even though just only for the purpose of making fun, (I would never disappoint them, they would surely find some silly pieces to laugh at.) a fire if touched would burn you for sure whether you are aware of its power to burn or not? As they say in jurisprudence “Ignorance of law cannot establish innocence.”

Glory of Lord’s Name! What am I to speak in this regard? I have no words to depict the glory of the Name; what to say of me, not even Lord Ram Himself can adequately glorify It. All that I can say is that – don’t be afraid of your sins, don’t worry any more that you are a sinner; keep sinning as much as you can and I shall see whether you get tired of sinning first or Ram’s Name gets tired of destroying your sins first? Which sin is powerful enough to stand against the Lord’s Name? His Name has the power to reduce to ashes in a moment, all the sins not merely of the present life but also of the countless past births. “No matter how ancient the darkness is in a cave, it flees when a match is struck.”

And to say anything about myself, I had no intention at all. More so what is there about me that I can tell without blushing with shame at every word? I occupy the first place among all those detestable sinners who ever were born on this earth. Though akin to a crow in my doings, I have put on the garb of a swan to befool others. Albeit I’m a sworn sinner at heart, yet I pass for a saint in this world. Abandoning the track of scriptures, I always tread on the evil path. I am verily an embodiment of falsehood and a repository of various sins. “Those who are imposters, claiming to be devotees of Lord Ram, though slaves of mammon, anger and passion in truth and who are unscrupulous, hypocritical and foremost among intriguers –
I am a king of them all. Were I to recount all my vices, their tale will assume large dimensions and yet I shall not be able to exhaust them. Hence I have mentioned very few of my vices only. A word should suffice for the wise.”

Yet I am confident, that people would read my work because of the single merit it has (in the form of the gracious name of my Lord). And this merit is heavy enough to outweigh all the demerits which my work undoubtedly contains. Tell me who gets not exalted by remaining in a noble company? Even a spoon is licked for being in a bowl of porridge. And even smoke rising from burning aloe wood gives up its natural pungency and gets impregnated with the latter’s fragrance.”

I know, some of you would complain that this sonnet-sequence of mine is nothing but a dull repetition of the same old unchanging idea over and over again. But, tell me frankly the Sun rising in the east, appears not new like a new-born babe, albeit it is as old and aged as we can imagine? All days are alike but tell me, are all the days the same? Daily the Sun rises and sets, the night follows the day yet certain days are there, memory whereof lingers for long and stays with us forever like the perfume of some flower, whose petals have all dried up and fallen to the dust. Was it not a day when we were born and would it not be just a day when we would die? How different are both the days, yet fools say, days are after all just days. There are tears and tears, yet are all the tears the same? Who would dare to peep into the depth of that sorrow which lies hidden in the heart of a tear? Who can read that epic of pain, which lies unread in that drop of ink, which we fools call tear – yet there are tears and tears!

So there are sonnets and sonnets in my work yet each is distinctly different from the others in many ways for the one who has the eye to read what is unwritten. It is easy to
read what is written, but very difficult to read what is not written, indeed!

Now the time has come, to conclude this brief Preface of mine. To begin with, let me add a word of caution that it would be very stupid to presume that an ocean which appears so calm and humble has not the innate power to wreck ships and drown cities in his tempestuous rage. An ocean even when calm can swallow you to death. Beware of its humility! Who can dare to say that a sleeping lion would never wake up? Never be mistaken or else you’ll get torn to pieces. This humility of the lion is not to be mistaken as his weakness.

It is his greatness that the king has deigned to speak in the language of a peasant. But mind you, a king even when disguised as a peasant is ever a king. Never be tempted to believe in the words of humility which his Majesty speaks out of his infinite compassion for the poor, so that the poor may bear to stand in front of him. But never forget that you are talking to a king in a pauper’s disguise. To ask a king why he is roaming about in such a disguised manner is nothing but the height of stupidity. The cause of everything lies in his will alone. Emperors have the dignity of a great river. They tread not ever on a beaten path; wherever they move there grows a path, giving way to their royal will.

I myself don’t know how much proud I am and the world says pride is a sin. But I feel no sin is so sinful as not being proud of being His servant. I am very much proud of being a servant of Lord Ram and nobody else’s. I have never bowed my head before any other God save the Lord of Lord’s, that King of Koshala. The head that stoops before Him only need not bend itself before anybody else, be he howsoever great and glorious.

King of the jungle never cares a whit about the fate of the deer which he tore open the last night and left half-eaten.
It’s for the wolves, jackals and vultures to comment upon its tasteless insipidity. What has the lion to do with this all? And here the lion hasn’t torn open any deer, but his own heart, to be offered with all humility at the feet of his beloved; his Lord. What else remains there to be said?

Emperors make history, become history and leave history behind to be studied by teeming millions, in the ages to come. They never care as to how they would be talked about, after they are gone forever; but the glory of a temple never gets diminished, just on the account that a crow which perched on the top of its dome has pissed upon it. So who should worry and why? Dogs keep barking at him but an elephant never cares to look at them because he knows in the heart of his heart’s what he verily is. And indeed he is what he is! I am not yet sure whether what I have written is a gift of Devotion to poor Poetry or an offering of Poetry at Devotion’s feet? I leave this for the critics to comment upon.
SONNET NO. I

My head at my Lord Ram’s Feet I lay,
Lord, before I begin, to anything say.
And with tears in eyes; at the outset pray:
“Lord! offence not take, at my rustic way

I am neither a scholar, nor devotee great
I’m sinner wretched, whom whole world hate
Nothing but garbage is there in my pate.
Am unworthy of Thy love at any rate

But still, I – a fool, Lord Ram dare
To come in Thy front and Thy Lotus Feet stare
Then my repentant heart, in Thy front I bare
And to atone for my sins, then recite a prayer”.

“At my foolish wrongdoings, Lord, offence not take
And this sinner Lord, Thy servant make”.

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SONNET NO. II

With folded hands, in Thy front, I come.
I look at my wrongdoings, silent become.
My sinful acts make me guilty, glum.
Like thorns they prick, my foibles some.

I am left with none; no faith in me
I have lost all trust in myself, see.
I am lost, O! Lord, in this doleful sea.
No way out’s there, but Thy mercy.

I tried again and again and again
But tried O! Lord, I just in vain
The shower of lust, it came like rain
And drowned I was in dirty drain,

I am guilt-ridden, I cannot speak
That’s why Lord, Thy Love I seek
SONNET NO. III

My only shelter O! Lord Thou art
My only refuge O! Lord Thou art.
My only protection O! Lord Thou art.
I have lost all faith, in my own heart.

Lord, I went wrong on a dirty way
My past is dark, in future is no ray.
Whether now I’ll win, I cannot say?
Make me worthy of Thy Love, Lord pray.

Thy grace O Lord can make me win.
Thy help O Lord can slay my sin
Thy mercy can kill taints, hiding within
And make my faults grow daily thin.

Lord fill me with Thy Divine Grace
So that my trials O Lord I may face.
SONNET NO. IV

I know not Lord how to pray and greet
And too much is dirty my heart’s seat,
I cannot sing in voice too sweet
Lord let me surrender and lie at Thy Feet.

Thou only can, Lord make me pure
Thou only can, love a sinner Lord sure
The wrongs I do, only Thou could endure
And Thou alone are my sure shot cure.

Hold my hand and say I am Thine
Put Thy hand on the head of mine
Thy touch would make me verily shine
And I’d be so good, so pure and fine.

My soul suffers nightmares of anguish
Lord make me free from all blemish.
SONNET NO. V

I prithee Lord, never ask me to go
Separation from Thee, is my bitterest woe
Thy nearness Lord, is blissful, I know
Make me Thy servant, O Lord therefore so.

I know Lord, I am a sinner great
Nothing but evil is filled in my pate
But Lord Thou can make me good of late
And I know would change for sure my fate.

Thou art an Ocean of Mercy, I ween
I never came to Thee, how I am mean.
But, let it be, what hast Lord been.
Now, on improvement Lord I’m keen.

Forgive my sins and make me Thy own.
I prithee Lord and weep and moan
SONNET NO. VI

Own wife renounced, own brother forsook
But never at the misdeeds offence took
Of Vibhishan and Sugriva or brought them to book.
At the faults of His devotees, my Ram doesn’t look.

I am treasure-house Lord, of loathsome vice
Even worse I am Lord than a cur or grice.
I have always sinned, have never been nice.
Therefore with Thee Lord, my prayers cut not ice.

I have heard “who refuge in Thy Lotus-Feet takes
Who is guilty of his sins and whose heart aches
Him the eldest-son-of-Dasharath, never forsakes
Gives shelter in His Feet, His devotee makes”

I have also heard “Lord Ram’s heart is huge
Whoever asks of my Lord, He gives refuge”.

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SONNET NO. VII

My throat is choked, from heart I speak,
I am helpless Lord – so sad and weak.
Ashamed of my guilt, I am, silent meek.
In the shade of Thy palm, I shelter seek.

Thy name uttered Lord, never my tongue.
Thy glories Lord; I have never never sung.
In the worse of the worst, I’m first among
Shame-ridden is my heart, head low is hung.

What’s remedy Lord, of my guilt and woe
How to please Thee Lord, I do not know
What should I do, where should I go?
To my rescue come, O Lord please so.

Lord place Thy palm, please on my head
In response to the guilty tears I’ve shed.
SONNET NO. VIII

My pain which melted, Lord I ween
In the form of tears has flowing been.
Lord Ram my regret canst be seen
On my flowing tears crystal screen.

I cry aloud Lord, I bitterly weep
Fire of Thy Grace, Lord make it leap.
And allow it to burn my misdeeds heap.
Thereafter nigh Thy feet me keep.

Lord clouds of my heart-deep pain
Melt in form of tears and rain
My tears Lord, would they go in vain?
Or reach Thy feet, Lord they would fain!

My tears Lord weep and tears beg
To lave the luck to wash Thy leg.
SONNET NO. IX

Here to think is to, be full of woe
Lord when I think, I weep Lord so
From thoughts of my sin, where can I go?
I am silent then, my thoughts forgo

When my faults, Lord Ram I think
Pain’s poem is penned, by my tears ink
In the sea of my tears, my being would sink
If like Agastya, this sea you don’t drink.

You are capable Lord, of doing everything
Tie me to Thy feet, by Thy Mercy’s string
Lord I can cross this sea, on Thy Grace’s wing
And otherwise not, I ween, O Ayodhya’s King.

Lord Thy Lotus-Feet, are the only boat
In sordid sea of sorrow, to keep me afloat.
SONNET NO. X

My mind you Ram, Ram Ram repeat
Ram Ram Ram Ram, Ram Ram sweet,
While you rest or you, walk on your feet.
For uttering not, you, your tongue beat.

Say Ram Ram Ram, & Ram Ram Ram.
Praise my Lord Ram, in sugared psalm
Say Ram Ram Ram Ram, and clap your palm
If within be Ram, then around be calm.

For help ask Ram, and alone Ram know
Ram Ram Ram Ram, ‘Wielder of Bow!’
Lord Raghav alone, would with you go
Lord Ram alone, would quell your woe.

Say you ‘Raghav’, Raghav Raghav Raghav
Pray to Raghav, ‘Raghav’ Raghav love.
SONNET NO. XI

My dull-witted mind, you’ll have to repent
After precious life has been wasted & spent.
Which to reach the Feet of my Ram is meant
You’ll weep; forever would be lost the hent.

When this life be lost, my mind you’ll weep
Now committing crime, my mind you keep
This world is a dream, you are lost in sleep.
When you cactus sow, wherefrom mango reap?

This world is transitory, fleeting and fake
All attachment to this world you better forsake
Pray; from bonds be free, from sleep awake
To have devotion in His Feet, some effort make

Seek my mind you the shade of His Palm
And exclusive devotion to the Feet of my Ram.
SONNET NO. XII

Sorrow’s Sun is set, Woes wind is calm. They afflict can’t in the shade of Thy Palm. I ask for that shade, my Lord in my psalm Give me shelter beneath Thy arm, my Ram.

When I think of the years, Lord I wasted I blush in shame and my face turns red. In silent shame, Lord is hung my head I am silent Lord, and eyes tears shed.

Sorrow-Sun’s rays, overhead Lord beat And here me burns, Lord desires heat To eschew these, I desire shade sweet O merciful Ram, of Thy Lotus-like Feet

Lord be all ears, please to what I speak Lord, grant for sure, I refuge in Thee seek.

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SONNET NO. XIII

I am guilty Lord, how can I speak?
I am shame-ridden, so sad & weak,
So lonely stand, on my foibles peak.
    Lord mercy have, I pardon seek.

    Thy Grace alone can forgive me.
    Lord forgive please & merciful be.
    Lord mercy have I pray Lord Thee.
    I bend Ram, O Lord on my knee.

To my Lotus-heart, Lord Thou be Sun.
    Lord I must not think of anyone.
    Save Lord Thee, all else I’d shun
Now I must rest, till now I had run

    All life my, I ran helter-skelter
Now in Thy Feet, Lord I seek shelter.
SONNET NO. XIV

Can tears wash guilt of my heart?
They can’t; though I act over-smart
Tears can’t turn hill of guilt in wart
What shall I hide Thou omniscient art!

Lord I have sinned and I am bad
My regret, woes to my sorrow add.
Lord I am ashamed, Lord I am sad.
Lord Thou art Father, I Thy lad.

Though I be not good, but am servant Thy.
Though I be worst but Thine am I.
My life’s all regret, sob and sigh.
Lord mercy have on tears my.

Nearness to Thy Feet O me Lord give,
And shade of Thy Palm to always live.
SONNET NO. XV

Everybody is toiling and is awake.  
Beggars for alms some efforts make.  
Students of their studies, care take.  
A king is awake for his crown’s sake.

Lovers for their love are awake & weep.  
For pearl’s sake divers, dive in sea deep.  
For one thing or the other, men toiling keep.  
But ‘Raghav’ in this world is fast asleep.

I using as pillow, my Lord Ram’s toes,  
Have got Lord’s shoes, to snuggle my nose.  
I am fast asleep and I pity all those,  
Who wake & toil, carry burden of woes.

In the affectionate shade of my Lord’s palm  
I sleep with my head on the Feet of Ram.
SONNET NO. XVI

Expectations, desires, selfishness and ego
Are four foot, on which steed of sorrow go.
Self-abnegation, desireless-ness, my mind know
And humility & devotion to His Feet ends woe

In my earnest effort to evil ego shun
Keep helping me Lord, as You have always done
Even as a mother protects her immature son,
So protect me like a mother, O Raghukul’s Sun.

O merciful Ram! I my pathetic plea repeat
O merciful Ram! I am fed up of defeat
O merciful Ram! I surrender myself at Thy Feet
With outstretched palm, to beg devotion sweet.

Lord Raghav! Thou art ‘Raghav’s’ Lord
Help ‘Raghav’, Raghav in Thy own accord.
SONNET NO. XVII

By whose touch, sinners, saints are made?
And which can all evils evade?
In presence whereof, all vices fade?
Of that Hand, I crave Lord shade.

When will Thou place on my head Thy palm
And sooth my wounds by Thy Touches’ balm?
And Lord my anxious heart too calm
I ask Thee Lord, Lord tell me Ram?

Don’t hide for long, please appear soon.
I pray to Thee Lord, I beg and croon.
My dream is this, me grant this boon,
I gaze like partridge, Thy face-moon.

To my Chataka-eyes, Thou cloud be
And bless this wretch – Lord that is me.
SONNET NO. XVIII

Believe me Lord, I swear by Thee,
Who else will sympathize with me?
If Thou renounce, I cease to be
Forsake me not, Thou Mercy’s sea.

Vice-incarnate I’m being, I know
Lord look at my regret & my woe.
Redeem me, ‘Greatest Wielder of Bow’
Being helpless Lord, I surrender so.

My tears can’t cool my guilt’s heat
So I surrender myself at Thy Feet.
With fresh resolve, so firm and sweet
To always Thy sweet name repeat.

Raghav, Raghav, Raghav, ‘Raghav’ say
Then forgive you Lord Raghav may.
SONNET NO. XIX

Lord, lust and anger, pride and greed,  
Are, my enemy Kaliyug’s, steed.  
I told him “harm me not, I plead.”  
It paid to my request Lord no heed.

He attacked, I fought & now I fail  
Nobody else would hear my tale  
In utter desperation, weep, I wail  
Seeing no way-out, Lord Thee I hail

All methods I knew, Lord I did try  
But failed bitterly, now I cry  
I wept till all my tears went dry  
Thou alone can save this little fry

“All Raghav is Raghav’s”, say this just  
He’ll drop his arms, he will, he must.
SONNET NO. XX

When my tears, Thy feet would meet?
When my tears, Thy feet would greet?
When my tears, would wash Thy feet?
When’d come true, my dream so sweet

I remember in my heart, Lord Lotus-feet Thy
Sing I glories to Thy feet, my voice by
To Thy lotus-like feet, Lord I bow head my
In Thy lotus-feet Ram, Lord shelter seek I

Which are fertile soil for Devotion’s seed
Touch of which Lord, Ahalya freed
Mention of which, quells lust and greed
Show me Thy feet, Lord soon I plead.

To the pollen-dust of Thy lotus-leg
Let me be bee; I pray and beg.
SONNET NO. XXI

We, glory whereof in Vedas read
From imprecation, Ahalya freed
Sight whereof all joys breed
Presence of which ends lust & greed.

Those feet which sages do worship
And wherefrom honey of devotion sip
Which frees one from this Maya’s grip
To cross Bhavsagar which are ship

When shall I chance, to see Feet Thy?
When blessed would be, Lord eyes my?
When reward would get my sobs & sigh?
When shall chance to touch them I?

To the pollen-dust of Thy lotus-feet
Let this bee, suck honey sweet.
SONNET NO. XXII

Name of Ram, Ram, Ram repeat
Ram, Ram say while sleep & eat
Thick of Ram, Ram’s lotus-feet
For thinking not, your mind beat

Think of Ram, if aught you think
Ram Ram write, if write with ink
Ram Ram say, while float or sink
Ram Ram utter at every wink

Ram Ram utter and Ram Ram say
Ram Ram say in home or way
Ram Ram vices your will slay
Ram alone would make you gay

Name of Ram is sweet sugar
Let me sing it all life Sir.
SONNET NO. XXIII

O mind of mine, be humble meek
Your power is Ram, if you are weak
Just Ram Ram speak & Ram Ram speak
At every second of all the week

Incorrigible I am being, this I’ve known
Retrieve my woe, my sins condone
Though loathsome seeds just I’ve sown
This orphaned destitute make Thy own

Who no one has, his Lord Ram is
Whom Ravana kicked, He made own His
O mind of mine, you brood on this
Live just for the sake of seeing His phiz.

Make me Thy foot-stool, if not seat
Lord, place on me Thy lotus-feet.
SONNET NO. XXIV

Wherever I see Lord ‘damsel-flame’
Send my, ‘eye-moths’ to burn in same
Want to scale the sky, am albeit lame
My deeds are the worst, yet best my aim

Lord death is nearing, life is scared
To accomplish tasks, I never cared
   I failed in life, very bad fared
Still ask Thee for mercy, I dared

I am lying on pyre, this I can wis
I am left alone, fire leaps and hiss
Where is mother, her lap and kiss?
My father’s shoulder, now I miss!

All kiths have gone, I am left alone
Reaping seeds of deeds which I’ve sown.
SONNET NO. XXV

As ‘Sanctifier of wretch’, Thee people know
As ‘Redeemer of sinners’, O Ravana’s foe
As ‘Refuge of the weak’, ‘Destroyer of woe’
As ‘Shelter of the sinners’, O ‘Wielder of Bow’

Lord Ram, Thy vow to protect recall
Who take refuge in Thee, those all
Regardless of my doings, so sinful small
Ask for mercy; at Thy feet I fall

Remember O Lord, great grace of Thy name
Grant me Thy devotion, my dream & aim
Lord honour Thy vow & Thy sobriquet’s fame
As dishonor of a vow is full of shame

All sinner are wells, I’m a sea of sins
Thy name’s my prop, O Koshal’s Prince.
SONNET NO. XXVI

If Thou want, then let me fail
If Thou will, then let me wail
Let Thy will, O Lord prevail
Victory to Thee, O Lord I hail

If so Thou wish, I’ll fain embrace
With humble heart, all failures base
If so Thou will, I’ll bravely face
Repeated failures, with patience, grace.

I myself loath my dirty deed
My conscience pricks & makes it bleed
Pick out Lord all extra weed
Thou failures give, I success need

I bow my head to orders Thine
Thy behest is Lord, religion mine.
SONNET NO. XXVII

My flaws in character make me weep
They prick in my heart & hurt so deep
My virtues crawl, but my vices leap
I’ve failed O Lord, to my promises keep

My foes are strong and I am not
As bravely as I could, I fought
I fought with the power all I’ve got
I succumbed still; lo! Luckless lot

Ambition is my enemy first
Mine enemy number two is lust
Now greed is unquenchable thirst
And anger number fourth is just

I powerless am, so lean and weak
Thy help I sought, now shelter seek.

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SONNET NO. XXVIII

When would put on my head that Arm
Which blesses devotees, sages charm?
In distress sunk, when they send alarm
Rushes to their help, and averts the harm

Which *Monkeys* hugged with utmost glee
   Even *Kith of a foe* which welcomed see
Which blessed even *Vulture*, vile & wee
By That Hand, would I ever blessed be?

Which *Kevat* hugged like brother own
Which *Crocodile* slew at *Elephant’s* groan
King *Janak’s* to end all worry & moan
Which broke *Pinaka* and had it thrown

   Lord, beneath which all sorrows fade
I shelter seek under Thy Arm’s shade.
SONNET NO. XXIX

When Thy Feet shall I serve and nurse,
Which freed Ahalya from her curse?
It makes me crave for Thy feet, tale hers
Thy devotion, donate me, from Thy purse

Thy Feet hast freed Lord sinners much
For lames-of-luck, they are only crutch
Thy feet Lord Ram hast glory such
That sinners get sanctified at their touch!

When beneath Thy feet I’ll have my seat?
When Thy feet, my eyes would meet?
With tears of repentance when shall greet?
With devotion pure and behold Thy feet

Sandals whereof Bharat worshipped Dad?
Would I see those Feet and be but glad?
SONNET NO. XXX

My body shivers Lord, my feelings ache!
Why insults brook Lord, for my sake?
At mistakes mine, they umbrage take
But curse me not – fun of Thee make

For servants’ fault, Thou responsible hold
“Philosophers-stone makes iron gold
You iron remained but”, me they told
I answer them not, am silent & cold

Is tarnished being Sir, reputation Thy
For faults of mine and wrong-doings my
What a servant wretched, I sob and sigh!
A curse on me Lord, a shame and fie!

Thy reputation shall remain O Lord intact
My case shan’t give any wrong impact.
SONNET NO. XXXI

When time is gone, one can’t but weep
   In rare this birth, I dallying keep
Life is a dream, a fleeting sleep
Awake, arise and take quick leap

At time of death our hands are bare
All kins are left, all dreams and care
None go with you – none can dare
So pass your time in Ram’s prayer.

We burning keep in leaping fire
That fire is fire of dream, desire
This fire alone ignites your pyre
Arise, awake and quit this mire

Ram’s Grace alone can freedom give
In shade of His feet all joys live.
SONNET NO. XXXII

Who else hears our calls and moan?
Who else has freed and made His own?
A Bird, and Whore, and Hunter, Stone
Who else has run at a Tuskers groan?

Lord I have done no good I tell.
For hollow world, I virtues sell.
In mire of lust and greed, I dwell
I am most eligible Lord for Hell.

Still hearing of Thy virtuous trait
Thy pitiful heart is huge and great
I’ve come for seeking, shelter straight
Ram! Forgive me, my flaws abate

I know I’m worse than all of them
Still I ask Thee to make me a gem.
SONNET NO. XXXIII

One taking refuge is made Thy own
From sages of yore, this I have known.
Sins uprooted are his, also thrown.
He is left with no reason now to moan.

Why shouldn’t Thou help me, I ask Thee Sir?
But why should I be helped – as rules per?
Lust and greed, I am a bonded-slave of her.
Craving for the world, wagging tail like a cur.

Lord improve can’t – but am rotting instead
I desireless-ness crave – but with desires I’m fed
Lord many a tears for my faults I’ve shed.
Lord forgive me and place Thy hand on my head

Lord power I have none to myself improve
I pray, as prayers mine – Thee may move.
SONNET NO. XXXIV

Lord failures are a boon in disguise.  
They are stepping-stones rather stairs to rise  
In cursing Thee Lord – I was being unwise  
I forgot, he falls who dares and tries

Lord, what’s gained sans labour is valued not  
Failures determine value of our goal, I wot.  
Lesser the failure, means worthless goal is got  
A worthy goal demands, see stumbling lot

Lord struggle I will though I may be weak  
May fall many times but will reach the peak  
I’m not a do-nothing fool, though I am meek  
Either I must die or goal successfully seek

Lord! ‘Raghav’ can break but bend never  
I will never never stoop; lief die ever.
SONNET NO. XXXV

The worthier the goal, the more difficult the way
   Only easy goals are gained sans toil I say
I shall fight my foes, come what come way
   Getting defeated is better than running away

   I have laboured a lot – so failed I too
Tell in a single attend, does succeed who?
   Though I’m broken at heart, yet labour I’ll do
I may succeed this time, after failures million two

   Sitting idle would make my foes powerful just
So I must be up, my Ram, to do them to dust
See, how they laugh at me, dirty greed and lust
   I effort should make, O Lord I must.

   Repeated failures have dried up all my hope
My faith in me is lost – this woe I can’t cope.
SONNET NO. XXXVI

Lord shelter give to this orphaned boy
   In hands of lust, I am but a toy
My foes are powerful, I am coy
   In fleeting world, I find no joy.

   In scriptures I am given to belief
\textit{Ram,} He loves even sinners \& thief
I have ruined my life which was but brief
   Give helping hand \textit{O Ram!} me lief.

   Thou made Thy own in days of yore
Even monkeys, Lord and stone and whore
   So make me too, Thy own therefore
     I standing am, at my Lords door.

\textit{O Ram!} Please come and take care
Thou can’t Lord turn down my prayer.
SONNET NO. XXXVII

Virtues are being loved by all
But who would love a lust-filled ball?
Giants are loved and loathed small
Cows graze grass, but trees not tall.

As bad I am, so hate Thou me
I complaint not, just tell Lord Thee
For faults of mine, I’m what Thou see
My taints are big, my virtues wee.

Improvement want O Lord I now
So cleanse me of, my taints O Thou
And tame my mind like simple cow
Do all things Lord, I know not how?

I’ve come to Thee, to help some seek
I am ashamed, so sad and weak.
SONNET NO. XXXVIII

Many flowers our eyes daily meet
All flowers have beauty – they are sweet
But those are worthy – them I greet
Who chance to be offered at Thy Feet!

Lord flower am not but a thorn so bad
Condemned to be cursed and be but sad
Lord pluck this thorn in petals clad
If offered am, this thorn would be glad

With mother’s affection, my wounds paint
Thy touch will turn me in a saint.
My sins would die and all my taint
My luck would smile, my foes would faint

Lord, my head is bent with secret shame
But my faith is intact in Thy merciful Name.
SONNET NO. XXXIX

Lord what if all the people clap
But Thy hands don’t become my cap?
Lord what can fill that deepest gap
Between a throne and a mother’s lap!

Lord! Thrones prick and laps allay
Our sorrows we can weep away
In mothers lap and be but gay
Thrones joys kill and smiles slay

I need Thy feet Lord just to touch
I need Thy shoulder as my crutch
I want Thee to hug me Lord as such
I want Thy kiss and pat too much.

Lord would Thee not me all this give?
Then why this life and right to live?
SONNET NO. XL

My guilt heart hangs like a cloud
Which drapes me, in a gloomy shroud
My heart it aches like lightning loud
But rain O Lord! Is not allowed

I can’t bear the burden any more
Let eyes my rain and downpour
Torrents of tears to Thy feet adore
And cleanse the guilt to inmost core

Thereafter weave with tears of grief
A necklace Lord, so bad and brief
With beads of sorrow and pain chief
To adore Thee Lord, I’ll offer lief

Refuse to accept, offering Lord Thou wilt
What else I’ve Lord, save tears of guilt?
SONNET NO. XLI

Lest I droop and drop in dust
Am trampled under feet of lust
Or wither in darkness Lord I just
Pluck me Lord – me pluck Ye must

I crave not being in garland Thy
For offering at Thy feet, I sigh
Touch of Thy feet is desire my
Lord pluck me soon, as droop is nigh

My smell is faint and light my hue
Neither am I washed in dew
Nor my bloom is fresh and new
And unfit am, to be offered to You

But pluck me ere my scent and bloom
Is turned in rotting droop and gloom.
SONNET NO. XLII

How can I blame Thee don’t I wot
I lessons give, learn myself not
Lord all the sins, my heart has got
I sleeping am on delusions cot.

Of dirty lust I’m being a slave
Though it leads me to my grave
My heart, is tossed on desires wave
Who else but Thee can now me save.

Still I call myself, servant Thy
Still Thou aren’t angry with my lie
A curse on me, a shame and fie
Such shameless is see, heart Sir, my

On shamelessness my – Lord happy be
Please cut my knots and free make me.
SONNET NO. XLIII

Who else is such a donor great?
Gave fortune to those unfortunate!
Gave love to those, who Him did hate!
Who else has such benevolent trait?

Salvation gave to a vulture, behold
Salvation gave to demons, untold.
Who else would monkeys, tell infold
Brood my mind on what I told.

Your hands are empty, thin and lean
Because to *Ram*, you’ve never been
Because His Feet, you’ve never seen
This results in thy penury, I ween.

Just go to *Ram*, you needn’t ask
Giving alms is my Lord *Ram’s* task.
SONNET NO. XLIV

To my sane advice, heart be all ears
Weep for your sins, as death nears
Nothing cleans our guilt, like tears
   Fool, tear alone our sin clears.

   You have shed your tears when
Then with tears wash, heart guilt-ridden
In fire of repentance burn yourself then
   A vow to improve then, must be taken.

   My numberless sins, so huge are they
Even for years I weep, night and day.
   They won’t get washed, this I say.
   So I take refuge in Ram and pray

   Would Ye let drown my perforated ketch?
   Lord would Ye not sanctify this wretch?
SONNET NO. XLV

Had you fool loved Lord Ram’s Feet
Had you ever accorded teary greet
If you would His, name repeat
So lovely, luscious, sugared and sweet

Then why had you to go a-begging
For belly-full meal and petty thing
If you would His glories sing
He’d satiate ye, with His blessing

Now too reck my savvy rede
With utmost care, pure life lead
With holy thought, ye yourself feed
In every thing, His Glory read

Lord forget and forgive all sins my
An ocean of Mercy is, nature Thy.
SONNET NO. XLVI

Weighed down by the burden of defeated hopes
   Guilt-laden heart, tied to suffering by ropes
Being duped by sin, roll on melancholy slopes
Lord come to my rescue, my heart Thee gropes.

Long monotonous days, Lord again and again
Perturbed nights of anguish, I’ve spent in vain
   In memories of bitterness, throbs of pain
   Lord I stand defeated, eyes my rain.

O merciful Ram, I’m standing at Thy gate
As much as Thee likest, Lord I canst wait
Thou wilt have to respond to my call, of late
   As Thou hast got a mothers heart great.

Lord why Thee forsook when come my turn,
Thy mercy and compassion, and became stern?
SONNET NO. XLVII

My armour be to my temptations evil. 
   My scimitar be to my faults kill. 
   Bee epee to thwart all that is ill. 
   No foe escapes, let me fight till

Sir overlook not, sanctify this wretch 
   Let reach goal, Sir my frail ketch 
      If sold, I won’t a penny fetch 
   Lord I am being, sins, subtle sketch

     Have mercy, on me, Lord I pray 
     Have mercy, on me, Lord I say 
        Mercy have, all night and day 
     Mercy have, in goal, on way

     Lord! Rescue me from evil’s jaw, 
      And do away with, all my flaw.
SONNET NO. XLVIII

Neither is moving (Thee) my tale of woe
Nor I have art to make it appear so
What should I do, Lord nought I know?
My heart is pained, my head hung low

I have scholarship none, neither poetic art
Nor devotion have; nor knowledge-full cart
Lord what I have, is a dream-full heart
My hands are bare, to anything start

I envy Lord all the saints of yore
They were poets great, whom I adore
Songs being good, theirs, moved therefore
They sang, I bark and bray and bore

Lord, had I too been a poet good
Then move Thee Sir, my songs too would.
SONNET NO. XLIX

Lord saints were flute; their song was Thine
Thy touch Lord made songs so fine
Their splendour had been Lord Thy shine
Of humility and goodness, Lord they were a mine

Their heart was a void vacuum and hollow inside
Which overflowed with Divine Love, on all side
But in my heart, lust, greed and anger hide.
Then why I envied and why I cried?

Be hollow like a flute, so clean to the core
So that He may His songs, through you pour
And make you overflow, yet pour more and more
A babbling brook be; not a reservoir, store

His touch would make your life, a song
A sugared melody, musical cadence long.
SONNET NO. L

Temptation is my grave I feel
Desire’s knife, my happiness peel
Resist temptation must, with all my zeal
For my success Lord, I pray and kneel.

Lord where I go, tell leaving Thee?
Who shall give shelter, tell to me?
In shade of Thy feet, I’ll live with glee
Separation means Lord ceasing to be

Thee forgave many, in days now past
Their number’s great and big and vast
Redeem me too as a sinner last
Though worst I am in sinner’s caste.

Lord my dilemma is where else I go?
If Thou refuse to accept me and throw.
SONNET NO. LI

Lord sinner I am, Thou redeemer are
Lord night I am, Thou brightest star
Closed room I am, Thou door ajar
   My goal Thou art, I roam afar.

   Lord Thou art master, servant I
   Thy hands give, and take hands my
   Thou art my father, I son Thy.
   Am down-fallen and *Ram* is high

   So very many relations, we have got
   Deem me Lord, as Thou will and wot
   Thou can give what I have not
   Lord redemption give please to my lot

   Shelter of Thy feet me verily give
   Lord wherein I may happily live.
SONNET NO. LII

No fault is Thine only I am bad
As a result of my fault only I am sad
I came not to Thee, in world was glad
Leaving behind Thou – my caring Dad

Now I must suffer and I must thole
For my fault I am responsible sole
Not partial Lord, my fault is whole
Now suffer let me, in guilt-gaol.

Just keep having grace on Thy fallen son
Save Thee O Lord, is mine none
But what is done, can’t be undone
But Thy grace lost battle could be won.

What grace can do and do so well
This better Thee know than I can tell!
SONNET NO. LIII

My heart is broken, faith is lost
Self-esteem died in guilty frost
My hopes are gone, my strengths exhaust
Dreams have vanished, I sad am most.

My pledge is broken and my oath
“I’d succumb not”, this I had quoth
“To my foes”, Lord whom, I loath
But succumb I, O Lord, I doth.

My treasure is gone, with my defeat
I shed my tears at my Ram’s feet
With proud head, I dreamed to greet
With weeping heart, but now I meet.

Would I ever remain a slave of sin?
Tell me Ram, would I never win?
SONNET NO. LIV

Empty my heart of all that’s there
Jettison Lord, that’s beneath the layer
Then fill it Lord with, Thy love’s air
Lord this is my want and this my prayer.

I’ve ruined my life, Lord so far now
Then how would I be free Lord tell me how?
Can look after my welfare, Lord only Thou.
Take away my sins and Thy devotion endow

My welfare lies Lord in hands of Thine
Recall Thy vow, Lord well-know fine
To deliver all who, in Thy feet line
I shelter seek, Lord! Behold plight mine

It’s against the nature of Lord, I say
To turn beggars, bare-handed away.
SONNET NO. LV

What purpose solved with body this?
You craved for wealth and woman’s kiss
An opportunity for salvation, you did miss
You lived like a pig, petty, proud I wis.

You have ruined your life in worthless deed
All that you did was born of lust and greed
You yourself sowed your sorrow’s seed
Deserve punishment severe, yet desire ye meed.

That someday you will die, this you forgot
You cared not a whit for your end I wot
That death when comes, bodies fear and rot
And prayed to Lord Ram, you never not.

O mind my! You have delved your own grave
Now none else, but Lord’s Grace, you can save.
SONNET NO. LVI

Lord! I drench my couch, with my tears all night
Holding hopes to my heart, so close and tight
And cherishing a dream, in my sorrowful sight
To improve a lot, and become an ascetic right

My eye wastes away, Sir because of grief
And sad I am at being ‘all sinners chief’
But my only hope lies in this mine belief
That Thou love alike, saint, sinner and thief

Respected Lord, let my cry reach Thy ear
Merciful Ram, please my weeping hear
My naked heart Lord, behold in my tear
And show me a way, to become Thy dear.

I have cried a lot, Ram, a lot I have prayed
Now endow me Sir, with Thy Palm’s sweet shade.
SONNET NO. LVII

Lord I want sincerely to be an ascetic 
Yet burns in me so well desire’s wick 
Of world and its ways, Lord I’m very sick 
Still grubs of mundane joy, I’d fain lick.

Repeated failures have dampened my spirit 
Seeing fresh resolve mine, my foes grin at it 
Which is falsely-grounded not, even little bit 
Lord they laughing keep and I weeping sit.

Lord am I not destined to be free in this life? 
Difficulties, temptations, thorns, woes and strife 
Which are found in copious amount are rife 
Add to the problems on the path, ‘like-knife’

Pleasures of this world may me not tempt 
Lord let me succeed in my ascetic attempt.
SONNET NO. LVIII

Lord keep not sins of mine in mind
In me, them only, You will find
Piled very high, and very long lined
Of Thee it would be, Lord very kind

One counting them would aeons take
Even he counts sans taking break
Then too counting, one can’t make
So count them not for this poor me’s sake.

Lord faults are mine, yet what to do?
Lust and greed are my foes who
Torment me and weak I am too
What should I do, I ask Ram You?

My foes are legion and I am one
Tell me O Lord, what should be done?
SONNET NO. LIX

Lord! What I have save future dark?
My gone-by past is black, too-stark.
In present too, seems, hopes no spark
Lord! What should I do? My plight mark.

Lord Ram I seek my relief in woe
And comfort find in sweet sorrow
Lord! My very life, to pain I owe
And gifts of fortune, none I know

I myself have Lord nothing when
Save tear in eyes and ink in pen
Unlike the prayers of other men
Lord what I should, Thee offer then

I offer my tear-petals, at Thy feet
As my own honest, offering sweet.
SONNET NO. LX

Gifts of Fortune, though I have none
But Fruits of Labour can ever be won
Let me thoughts of Past and Future shun
And to improve Present, get ready anon!

How memories fond in the calm of woe!
With thoughts of guilt, make heart aglow!
   Alas! I have ruined my life, I know
Then remembrance past makes tears flow.

I’ve ruined my life, have ruined Lord just
Precious time I’ve lost O Lord in dust
   A slave I’ve been of desires and lust.
   As sinned I have, so suffer I must.

Eye dew-drops drops, my breast I beat
My head I bow and beg at Thy Feet.
SONNET NO. LXI

Lord loneliness brings to the mind I tell
Painful memories, wherein guilt doth dwell
Which makes the heart, which sorrow swell
And sense of shame, makes heart a Hell

Wherein my sufferings, forever would last
Enhanced all the more by the thoughts of past
   Lord thoughts of guilt like tears run fast
Sorrow’s Sea I drown in, alone and aghast.

   From the Bow of Guilt, when it does part
   Gives deadly wound, Grief’s envenomed dart
   Trembles body then, tears wildly start
My tears Lord flow, sighs break the heart.

   In Thy lap-of-love, Lord let me weep
   Away my guilt, then calmly sleep.
SONNET NO. LXII

Inordinate lust and ambition they
Are thorns in spiritual progress’s way
They’ll bleed me to death O Ram! I say
O come my Ram and them please slay.

Lord faults are mine I verily know
But powerful very are Lord, my foe
They are the cause of my only woe
Pick them up, from my path Lord throw.

I am powerless Lord, and powerful Thee
My foes are powerful, save Lord me
Thou art like a sheltering tree
Me shelter give, my welfare see.

My only hope O Ram Thou art
I pray to Thee from core of my heart.
SONNET NO. LXIII

I want to reach my goal ere die
Ere death comes and my breath fly
My goal is, being to Thee, too nigh
Grant me Ram, that succeed I

Though I’m all flaws and foibles too
Ignoble more than even loo
For my virtue one are vices two
So tell me Lord what should I do?

Dream has vanished, hope is flown
Joys are gone, what’s left is moan
For down-fall mine, responsibility own
Who’d hear to my heart-deep groan?

Am I condemned to a life of woe
Tell me Ram, I want to know?
SONNET NO. LXIV

What a mixture I’m being of queer things?
Of animal desires and spiritual yearnings
‘Great glory to Thee Lord’, this ‘Raghav’ sings
Have mercy on me Lord, O King of Kings.

Without Thy grace Lord who canst reach
By crossing over ocean of world to that beach
Where livest Thou, this scriptures teach
I surrender unto Thee, Lord Thee I beseech.

Without Thy grace Lord who canst clean
One’s heart, sans which Thou cant be seen
Thou knowest Lord, most impure I’ve been
I can’t be pure without Thy help I ween.

I seek refuge in Thy feet, O Lord! I tell
Lord grant me refuge or throw me in Hell.
SONNET NO. LXV

Lord! protection give me under Thy arm
Then who can do me any harm?
Then how can tempt me feminine charm?
Then how can attract me, family; farm?

When they would see me sitting on seat
Beneath Thy arm, by side of Thy feet
They’ll turn about and run and retreat
And no more would they me defeat.

My sole hope lies in Thy mercy just
My faith in me Lord, has gone to dust
I have lost in me, all faith and trust
Now come to my rescue, Lord Thou must.

Who else can I look up for help?
Save Thee O Lord, tell Dashrath’s whelp?
SONNET NO. LXVI

These are tears of the guilty heart
Embers of Repentance’s fire these art
Are burden of guilt on Sorrow’s cart
My conscience pricks – these guilty dart.

What purpose solves Your looking at me?
No merit in me Lord, You can ever see!
To my request please, Lord all ears be
And instead look at Your Names’ glory.

‘Sanctifier of the wretch’ Lord You are known
You are famous as ‘Who sinners own’
‘Caretaker of the knaves’ O You are lone
‘A joy giver’ too, You are ‘Killer of moan’.

Be in danger of violation, lest Your pledge.
Protect me with Your blessings hedge.
SONNET NO. LXVII

To win Thy Love, Lord! What I did?
Of my faults, never tried to get rid!
I’ve done only that which Ye forbid!
    I cried never for Thee, like a kid!

To happy make, what efforts made?
 Did only that which Thou forbade.
Desired and sinned and played and played.
Then weep why when time comes to fade?

    Why should Thou Lord me then?
Thee never adored, O Lord; I when!
Lord guilt’s my ink and repentance pen
Tears choke heart and woe blurs ken.

Lord Thou hast got Thy servants many!
Save Ram, is Lord, tell, mine any?
SONNET NO. LXVIII

I write these Lord, to my tale relate
How guilty I am, and a sinner great
How love I evil and goodness hate
And pray to Thee Lord, to my woe abate

I seek refuge Lord in Thy loving care
I ask for Thy help, and my bosom bare
Thou refusest none, I’m pretty aware
And that’s why Lord, such effrontery dare

But to tell of my pate, I’m ill-at-ease.
It seeks for honour through verses these
When my mind is my foe, how can woe cease?
This desire for fame, Lord kill this please.

Lord desire for fame is sorrow’s root
Lord root it out ere, it bears fruit.
SONNET NO. LXIX

I am bad and worse and the worst of all
Taller than the tallest, my sins are more tall
I have jumped and danced like a lust-filled ball
In mire of sins, I dive, drown and fall.

Of the past and the present and the future they
That I am being their king, Lord all sinners say
Mere mention of my name, Lord all virtues slay
Lord who will compete with me, Lord tell who may?

Lord in the land of sin, I sow sin-soaked seed
I reap Lord sin, I grind Lord sin and sin I knead
It’s nought but sinful, Lord the path I tread
Lord when my body is cut, it’s the sin I bleed.

If Thou wilt keep Thy palm on the sinner’s pate
Lord! Then I will think that Thou art really great.
SONNET NO. LXX

Who is more worse than me Lord tell?
None worse than me, in this Universe dwell
My mention mere, makes run all the Hell
From the giddy height, of vice Lord who else fell?

Who hast given me this body, Him I forgot!
All mercy shown by Him, I remember not!
Only doing evil deeds, is Lord what I wot!
With the passage of time, I ripe not; rot!

I crave after joys of this world, greed, lust
The Hell is the place meant, for me Lord just
Thy Grace O Lord all my sins would burst
Thy grace will reduce all my sins to dust.

Lord I beg for mercy, Lord me please save
Lord endow me with, shelter and make me Thy slave.
SONNET NO. LXXI

I take refuge in, Thy Lord feet
With Thy feet, O Lord me beat
Like Thy slave, O Lord me treat
And make me pure and clean & neat.

Keep Thy hands on my head like cap
On my cheeks Lord, give tight-slap
To give me joy, Lord beat Thy clap
And take me up, Lord in Thy lap.

Whether any merit or not I’ve shown
Accept me Lord, and make me Thy own
No one else Lord, I have known
Mercy take Lord, me leave not lone.

O Lord Thou art, my surest refuge.
Give me a coign, Thy heart is huge.
SONNET NO. LXXII

My taints and faults would find a cure
That someday I will improve sure
My faith in me, was firm and pure
I wist my faith would aught endure.

The more I toiled, I failed the more
My own defect would water pour
I try to ope, they shut the door
Now hope’s buried in soil of yore.

In myself I’ve no faith and hope
I weep in vain, in vain I grope
To clean my taints, to find a soap
Now faith is gone, entombed is scope.

Alas a dream! A dream I had got
That fulfilled it be, it’s necessary not.
SONNET NO. LXXIII

Lord gave me more than what I deserve
My pot’s broken, wherein Thy love I preserve
How shouldst I thank, I have got no nerve
Allow me please just to serve Lord, serve.

In Thy servants, I am being most unworthy, I feel
My taints, O Lord! Thee off please peel
Treating me Thy son – whichever way Lord deal
But make me Thine own, I weep pray and kneel.

In this wide world, Lord Thou art alone
My truest well-wisher; whom I have known
Whereeto would I go – if Thou too disown.
Lord leave me not, to bewail and moan.

What I am, Lord is Thy gift to me.
And what I become, is mine to Thee.
SONNET NO. LXXIV

Lord what I need is mercy Thine
Because I don’t have any power of mine
To make my heart Lord! Pure and shine
How helpless art Lord! Tears in my eyene.

To cleanse my heart and become good
Give me power Thou verily should
For millions of year, in this Hell I’ve stood
Lord! Mercy have, Thou only could.

I pray Thee Lord, me Lord protect
And weed Lord out, my all defect
And fence of Thy grace, O Lord erect
And me O Lord, Thy servant select.

Of lust and greed, Lord my mind is welter
Therefore Lord, in Thy feet seek shelter.
SONNET NO. LXXV

Thou knowest all, what should I hide?
Thou knowest face and heart inside
That I am a sinner, can not be denied
Though I may pretend as I have lied.

My faults are my own and sins are mine
Going scot-free; this I don’t Lord pine
Lord I may improve and be better and fine
I prithee Lord for mercy great Thine.

My vices get better of my virtues see
I succeed can’t and a victor be
Lord I have lost all faith in me
For help and solace, I look up to Thee.

Overlook my faults and keep me Sir
Else I would become a Master-less cur.
SONNET NO. LXXVI

Lives and works of Thy great devotees – I read when
What a pigmy and dwarf, I appear before the great men
A sense of guilt, waste, helplessness – me blankets then
I weep alone in dreary desert of existence; vicious den

I look upon the greats, the sages, the devotees with envy
I’ve ruined my life; their virtues I can’t have nor them be
Lord! Is weeping my fate and ash my ultimate destiny?
They strong were; I powerless am – solely dependent on Thee.

Yes – a sinner at heart – I pass for a saint; self-styled
Thou art all merciful – with Thee my case I’ve filed
Take care of me Lord – I am Thy most frail and fragile child
Infold me to Thy heart, lord! Though I’m foolish and wild

Lord, call me a cheat and call my prayer but a subterfuge
Let me be what I am, but in Thy feet let me take refuge.
SONNET NO. LXXVII

Tell me Lord who am I trying to befool
My prayers these – are not they the tool
To have fame – which makes me drool?
Thou knowest all – yet Thou art cool.

To coax the world and cajole Thee I sing
How stupid – I want to have both the thing?
But must have His due – entire creation’s King
Settled and squared to the last farthing.

O merciful Lord! Omniscient Thou art
Thou knowest, what’s there in my heart
I’m Thy child Lord, Thy very part.
Lord to my help – pray anon start.

Thy grace may help me reach Thy lap
Amidst dancing joy and blissful clap.
SONNET NO. LXXVIII

Lord’s lap is better than a sovereign’s throne
Nothing soothes better, our heart-deep moan
Than His affectionate pat on our back-bone.
Can it ever be repaid, Thy affection shown?

Being Thy servant is better than being a king
Thy wrath is better than cadence lingering
Even enemies Thine, Thy virtues they sing
Isn’t this sinner-at-heart, Thy servant-in-making?

How to reach my destination – I knoweth not?
And equipments too – any I haven’t got.
I need not explain – Lord everything wot
Now at Thy affectionate mercy, Lord lies my lot.

Merciful Lord – my prayer isn’t mere lip-deep
It’s written with the ink of tears I weep.
SONNET NO. LXXIX

My dream looks blurred through a mist of tears
My confidence is gone and my doubts me fears
My anxieties increase as my death-day nears
To what I say, merciful Lord, please be all ears!

Tell me Lord, would my dreams ever be fulfilled?
Virtues taken care of and my vices be killed?
Would the tree grow Lord, if barren land is tilled?
It can be so Lord, if by Thee alone it’s willed.

Lord, I doubt not Thy grace but my own shortcomings
Thou hast always been merciful, O Monarch of Kings
But I’m afraid of my own defects and vicious things
Lord it’s sorrow-incarnate, the poesy that me sings.

O merciful Father! To reach my goal I’m aware
What I need most is Thy affection and loving care.
SONNET NO. LXXX

When life would part and death would meet Death’s servants when mercilessly me beat No one would rescue – I lamb-like bleat None would rush for help – save Lord Ram’s feet.

After I am gone, my parents, friends and wife I wed Who would be willing to accompany the dead? Though tears of remorse, all of them would shed None of them would accompany me, but my Lord instead.

When I am enduring tortures in the fire of Hell When whole body aches and wounds they swell When for countless aeons, in the inferno we dwell Only Ram comes to help; my miserable agonies quell.

O merciful Lord! Call me a donkey or a swine If then also I worship not, holiest feet of Thine.
SONNET NO. LXXXI

O Lord! All people of the world me verily loath
I’m the most unfortunate; this fate himself quoth
Therefore Lord, make me Thine own, please doth
I worship Thee Lord, with folded hands both.

If to meet our Gracious Father, we make no haste
Lord if we aim and strive not at becoming chaste
If the name of Ram is not sugared to our taste
Then sans doubt, life is nought, but a lamentable waste.

There is no peace within and without is no calm
Lord! Place Thy love in my outstretched palm
On my broken heart – paste soothing balm
Give me shelter in Thy Feet, O Gracious Ram.

Lord, this world is a desert, cumbersome and huge
In the shade of Thy feet, I have come for refuge.


RAGHAV DWIVEDI
SONNET NO. LXXXII

Pits, ditches, holes – road is dotted with all
Chances to reach my destination are fainter than to fall
Selfishness reigns supreme – no one hears our call
Instead of helping, everyone treads upon and kicks like ball.

Thorns of lust, greed and anger are strewn all along
Sorrows and sobs and sighs sound like a gong
Pains, throes and tears are just like song
Which we hear and dance to, in our journey long.

Our affection for feminine beauty and charm is our foe
Our love for spondulicks, adds greatly to our woe
Defects in character are more dangerous I know
Lord! So wretched I am – tell me where should I go?

Please tell me Lord – O Lord, I ask Lord You
If You’d refuse – who’d come to my rescue?
SONNET NO. LXXXIII

These prayers are but, a revelation of my taint
I confess; even millions, would not wholly paint
Billions of such, give just a picture faint
But by His Grace, I too could become a saint.

Lord! Deep sores of accumulated impurities
They prick and hurt more – my defects these
Lord Thou alone couldst, sooth, cure, relieve and ease.
Lord I ask Thee for help, while praying on my knees.

Blemishes addeth deeper crimson to my drooping rose
They addeth a shameful scent, to my writhing woes
Lord how sorrowful I am, this me alone knows
Lord protect me please, else to death, life goes.

Lord wouldst Thou condescend to make me pure
Thou alone hast the Panacea – to my illness cure.
SONNET NO. LXXXIV

I was born in a small village of poor illiterate parent
As luck-less, ill-fated and unfortunate child, sans any hent
I worshipped never Thee Lord, now I weep and repent
Taking pity out of Thy infinite mercy, gave me poetic talent.

How merciful, loving and caring, is my Lord Ram!
What a fool I was Lord, not to sing Thy glories in psalm
Grant so much unasked – what if I had outstretched my palm!
Forgive my mistakes – make my mind Lord calm.

Let all my thoughts, and deeds be directed towards Thee alone
Let me live a life of penance, My Lord! For my sins to atone
Forgive my faults and please pay attention to my moan
Let me reach the end of the road which Thou hast shown!

Protect me Lord! Thou wielder of Bow, O Raghukul’s whelp!
I stand at Thy door O Propitious Ram! And ask for help.
SONNET NO. LXXXV

In my prayers, should I ask Thee for forgiveness?  
Ask for devotion or salvation or my sins confess?  
I look more at my defects and at Thy face less.  
Thou knowest my feelings, my propitious Lord I guess.

I stare at Thy face, O Lord and silent remain  
I stare at my faults that bind me in chain  
Sorrow’s cloud inside may burst in tear’s rain  
Deliver me Lord, from this – unbearable Pain.

Life having no love for Thee has got no worth  
Sans Thee there’s a void within and without a dearth.  
I feel it’s worth than death, such useless birth  
That aims not at finding Thee; our Real Home & Hearth.

Raghunanth! I owe to Thee all I have, but yet I ask  
Thy Grace to assist me, in fulfilling my only task.
SONNET NO. LXXXVI

Listen to my advice – my heart own!
For Lord Ram now, empty the throne
He’ll sit on the throne, see all alone
He shares the throne, with none, I’ve known.

Where there is Ram, there can’t be lust
Extirpate it, and throw it in dust
Clean the thrown, my heart! You must
Would sit my Ram, my heart then just.

My Ram, who wields a quiver and bow
Whose face is bright with light aglow
Be humble, make thy pride then bow
As low as dust, and still more low.

Then Lord may fulfil hopes of Thine
And place His Hand on head of mine.
SONNET NO. LXXXVII

What I deserve, Thee givest much more
Am unworthy recipient – ‘vices ore’.
Head’s bent in shame, see Lord therefore
I thank Thee Lord, from my bosoms core.

Wouldst Thou keep me, loving this way
I deserve Thy wrath; love never, nay!
I kneel Lord down and Thee Lord pray
Become worthy son, Thy I someday!

Ram! With my faults, never angry be
Lord! Overlook them and forgive me
I fold my hands; Lord worship Thee
I’m Thy son and this is my plea.

Unflinching love for Thee, I only ask for
Neither scholarship want and talent nor.
SONNET NO. LXXXVIII

When my corpse would be draped in shroud.
Would gather round me, see teeming crowd.
Braying their sorrow in sentence loud.
To the ear, where sound is not allowed

With me none would, will to go
All would weep and cry although
And express their artificial woe
This is the way of world, I surely trow.

What should I have to do with this all?
Why dance ever like a covetous ball?
And why not respond, to my Ram’s call?
And Ram’s image, in my mind install.

To renounce this world, Lord give me power
On Thy unworthy son, Lord blessings shower.

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SONNET NO. LXXXIX

Lord! Realization Thy very difficult seem
Lord! Could ever be fulfilled, my heart-deep dream?
Betwixt Dream and Reality, flows Difficulty’s Stream
How to do away with this – is Lord my theme?

Lord! I surrender myself at Thy lotus-feet
I’m scorching in my own blemishes heat
Lord! My heart is not pure and neither neat
Lord! My foes are many in well-equipped fleet.

Being a child, shall I be left behind in race
Incapable as I am, so I seek Thy grace.
I’ve come to seek, from Thee succour and solace
Lord with what expectation, I look at Thy face!

Lord being Thine, my victory would be Thine
And my defeat, too would not be mine.
SONNET NO. XC

I repose my trust and in toto rely
On merciful nature, of Raghuvir Thy
Me give Thy love, Thou shouldst why?
Why should Thou listen to a sinner’s cry?

I have merits none; and blemishes galore
Am unworthy of Thy love, O Ram therefore
My sense of guilt, hurts all the more
Wouldst Thou pity not take, I Lord adore.

Lord! Hold me up in Thy lap I crave
I’m drowning Lord, me Raghunath save
In this boisterous ocean, high is wave
Do Thou want me to have a watery grave?

I rely on Thy help, my Lord!
Then help me Ram, in Thy own accord.
SONNET NO. XCI

My ark Lord sinks and water downpours
Hold the rudder! And guide its course
Of any help – are shut all doors
Lord! Embrace me – as I am Yours.

I write to Thee – with tears ink
Arrive anon Lord! Ship would sink
Thy poor dog – me well Lord think
And arrive here – in eyes one wink.

Thou only couldst, Lord save from these
At Thy will – will tempest cease
My fear-stricken-heart, it needs some ease.
Bless me Lord – my Lord Ram please.

If Thou refusest – where shalt I go?
My life is then – incarnation of woe.
SONNET NO. XCII

Fruits galore, they dangle to be picked
Flow with luscious juice, when they’re pricked
Which invitation send, to our tongue, to be licked
But let not Lord! This son of Thine to be tricked.

Lord! Give me power to resist, temptations great
Help me Lord to sit abstemiously and wait
Till Thou hast finished Thy lunch, at any rate
And then O Lord! Put Thy leavings on my plate.

Mother! Clasp me firm at Thy overflowing teat
And let me wash, with my tears – Thy feet
Lord! Let me live, forever nigh Thy seat
And receive forever, Thy love so sweet.

In teary stream of repentance – let me purify
Myself Lord and become a true servant Thy.
SONNET NO. XCIII

Who else such care of devotees take?  
Transmigration ends – Ram’s mention make  
All bonds and chains, whose name does break  
He got Himself tied for Yashoda’s sake.

With utmost fear, Gods stare Whose face  
To wash Sudama’s feet tears trickled apace  
Men die in search, but Him can’t trace  
That Ram would, monkeys fain embrace.

Whose servants are Aj, Har, Hari great  
Is a porter petty at Ugrasen’s gate.  
Annapurna has Who, to serve His plate  
He Shabri’s offerings gladly ate.

Lakshmi’s meant to serve, whose leg  
He went to Bali, some alms to beg.
SONNET NO. XCIV

As an elephant draws himself out of a swamp,
   Which is full of squalor, muddy and damp.
   As light emerges out of a burning lamp,
   Let me come out of sin using Thee as clamp.

   Give me power to endure, words that hurt
   And insults, blames and abuses, as it wert
   My goodness be thrown in ingratitude’s dirt
   Still I may endure and be not curt.

   Lord! Let my weapons be endurance and Thy grace
   I may oodles of odds on liberation’s way face
   Lord failures may not make my tears run race
   What I need is just, nigh Thy feet Lord, a place.

   Saving me from problems, help me reach my goal
   Lord Thou art my Master and my companion sole.
SONNET NO. XCV

I am always defeated Lord by sin.
My deficiencies Lord, they always win.
So I pray to Thee, to make them thin.
One more sin – as I pray – but crops within.

My faults O Lord have not been few
One more O Lord has sprouted anew
It’s ready to say to my goodness adieu.
Lord come to my help – this covet hew.

A dormant desire for honour and fame!
Lord ere this spark it grows into flame;
And reduces my life to an ash of shame
Lord come to my help, as Ye earlier came.

Lord! Desire for fame is the worst desire.
Which burns one to ash – it is such a fire.
SONNET NO. XCVI

Silent grief eats into over-fraught heart.
Sorrow given not words, Lord pricks like dart
Nameless sadness crushes like brick-full cart
   All sorrows mine Lord, they nameless art.

In Mothers lap, child weeps his sorrows away
Fathers shoulder supports, broken heart in dismay
Lord Thou alone art, my Father & Mother I say.
   So to Thee I came to tell my tale and pray.

   Listen alone to my tale, my merciful Dad
   Thy listening is enough, for Thy son so sad
   Who is seething with guilt, for misdeeds bad.
   Lord! Thy forgiving me, would make me glad.

   Live life of remorse, die death guilt-fraught.
   Lord this is my lot, if Thou forgive me not.
SONNET NO. XCVII

I desire to have no desires at all. Desires are the cause of down-fall. All Plants of Desire, eventhough small Bear Fruits of Sorrow, trustful tall.

Don’t fulfil any of my desires but one. Lord! That of having desires none. My other desires to death be done. I pray to Thee O Raghukul’s Sun.

Lord quell my wants by disc and mace All vestiges thereof and all the trace I crave Thy mercy, Lord Thy grace O Scion and Crest-Jewel of Solar Race.

Do please grant my request Lord. Lord free me from all Cravings cord.
SONNET NO. XCVIII

As Sorrow stands on Desires knees.
Desires spent; all worries cease
Anxieties end and Cares decrease
Recuperates mind its calm and ease.

In River of Desire, Contentment’s Ford.
It breaks and shatters Craving’s Cord.
Thwart my wants in Thy own accord.
Save this one, my propitious Lord.

“May my tongue Ram Ram repeat.
Thy name is honeyed, sugared, sweet.
May my tears Thy remembrance greet”
Grant intense devotion to Thy feet.

I pray to Thee Lord, I ask and beg
For a right to serve Thy lotus-leg.
SONNET NO. 1C

Since left Thy feet; served desires hoof,
   And decided Lord to live aloof,
Ever since I deserted, Thy lap and roof,
I have unhappy been, I say with proof.

I have ruined my life, O Lord so far.
Lord to let thieves in, left door ajar.
My only hope now, Lord Ram Thou are.
Thou alone can make what I did mar.

My life is Lord in ruin and rack
My grief has reached a cul-de-sac.
What should I do, I wisdom lack.
Me pardon – place Thy hand on my back.

Thy forgiveness, and not, tears I weep,
My grief can wash away and sweep.
SONNET NO. C

To ask from Thee for a boon I came.  
But recalling my deeds, am filled with shame.  
Recalling my deeds, am silent and tame.  
My eyes are downcast, can’t utter Thy name.

Wherfrom muster courage, Lord what to say,  
Even ask for forgiveness, Lord how I may?  
Tears of guilt at Thy feet, I can simply lay.  
And with a heavy heart silently turn away.

All vices dwell in my bosom’s seat  
Like peacock that; speak words I sweet,  
Has stony heart and snakes which eat.  
Full faith I’ve but, in Thy forgiving feet.

This good trait only Lord I have got.  
Lord! Be happy with this, improve my lot.
SONNET NO. CI

By shaft-like glances, of a fawn-eyed dame
He hasn’t been smitten, Lord who can claim?
Whom hasn’t made mad, Lord lure of fame?
It’s difficult Lord such a person to name.

Only he O Lord! Who is protected by Thee.
Only he O Lord! Whom shields Thy mercy.
Who is loved by my Ram, O Lord only he,
I’m pretty sure of this, such a person can be.

Such a person Lord, would Thou not me make?
Deliver me O Ram! for Thy mercy’s sake.
Allow me in Thy tabernacle and pity Lord take.
And Lord! Let me be a swan in Thy mind’s lake.

In Thy lotus-feet Lord, I want just a place,
And to take care of my needs, Thy parental grace.
SONNET NO. CII

In times of sorrow, wouldst Thou not comfort me?  
In times of pain, O Lord Ram! My relief be.  
My peace Thou be, O Lord, in times of anxiety.  
In times of decision, give me guidance Lord Thee.

Thou helped me, when in womb I did sleep.  
Thou helped me, when as a child I’d weep.  
Thou helped when, crushed me trouble’s heap.  
As Thou hast kept Lord, still helping keep.

In times of fear Lord, for courage I plead.  
In times of weariness, Lord rest is what I need.  
From my iniquity & transgressions, I want to be freed.  
Lord I desire Thy love, Thy affection and Thy meed.

In times of temptation, please strength me give.  
And the shade of Thy Feet, to happily live.
SONNET NO. CIII

May all that I speak, be prayers of Thine.  
May pilgrimage be, all movements mine.  
May in all of my deeds, Thy worship shine.  
With every breath, for Thy vision I may pine.

May my mouth not open, but to utter Thy name.  
May my ears always hear, O Lord the same.  
May my eyes ever, Thy sweet sight claim.  
May to reach Thy feet, be my life’s lone aim.

May always keep touching, Thy feet, my head.  
For being separated from Thee, eyes tears ever shed.  
May with the alms of Thy grace, I ever be fed.  
Find place in Thy feet, may I after I’m dead.

May my soul sip the honey, of devotion sweet.  
Like a bee to the dust, of Thy lotus-feet.
SONNET NO. CIV

Judge not these prayers, by their poetic worth, dear.
Instead prithee I Lord, please try to hear,
Silent sound of sobbing and trickling of tear,
And the voice-less undertone, of crying so clear.

Lord! To attract his mother, it’s the easiest way.
For a child to weep, as loud as he may.
Than doing aught else, to make her attention pay
Lord! This is the truth, which all scriptures say.

These silly sonnets sound, like a little child’s weep.
To attract his mother, crying who all the time keep.
These verses are his tears, not mere lip-deep.
From tears whose untold, sorrows Lord does peep.

Lord let me remind, these poor sonnets art,
Not prayers in verse, but tears of heart.
SONNET NO. CV

Repenting in truth, and in verse it show
I sought fit words, to paint my woe
So that while reading, Lord You might know
About my pain and sympathetic grow.

A knowledge Lord, of my shameful pain
Would win your pity, and grace obtain
To seek fit words, to your sympathy gain.
For this purpose Lord, I cudgelled my brain.

Other poets great, I turned their leaf.
To find echo in them, of Lord, own grief.
I searched their pages, Lord like a thief
But I forgot this truth, so clear and brief.

‘You abide in heart, what shall we hide?
In front of You, why not place heart open & wide?’
SONNET NO. CVI

Dry, weak, grass-twig, how does behave
When is caught by one, who’s dying on wave?
For the shame of having been called to save
Either saves; with man meets watery grave!

Lord all straws, when their repute’s at stake,
    Save men or die, for reputation’s sake.
Why don’t at me, Lord You mercy take?
And forgiving me, Your devotee make?

Before this body is, mixed with clay
Please mercy have, Lord Ram I pray!
    I have said all that, I had to say
Now my body at Your Feet I lay.

Your heart is big, forgiving and huge,
Please let me, therein take refuge.

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SONNET NO. CVII

My needs and cares in toto cease
And now I rest in perfect ease
Now take care my, Lord O please.
Pray take care of all things these.

I take refuge in Thee, Lord Thee
Lord! Uplift please and purify me.
Protect me Lord, my welfare see.
Save me, make my foes Lord flee.

A touchstone Lord I’m verily told,
It makes all iron, shine as gold,
Virtue and taint, it’d never behold.
Thou art greater therefrom, million-fold.

Lord! mercy have, faults mind not!
Lord! forgive sins, improve my lot.
SONNET NO. CVIII

Does a child require, any language know?
To tell to his mother, about his woe?
A frown on his face, or his tears flow,
Can impart his feelings, to his mom well so.

Even lisps of a little babbling boy,
In complaining to his parents, who’s not coy,
These lisps of a child, don’t ever annoy
Instead give their parents, a lot of joy.

I spoke Lord, whatever came to my head.
Confessed faults & regrets, in tears I shed.
Please offence not take, at what I said.
Forgive lisps of this child, O Lord instead.

Once again, I, my, patient listener greet.
And offer my poems, at my Lord Ram’s feet.
SONNET NO. CIX

On a serpents head, in a mountain mine
Where gems are born, do much they shine?
Get splendour they, times more than nine.
On the crown of a king, or queen’s neck fine.

Gems look not good, where they are born,
But thencefrom when, these gems are shorn,
They shine in all glory, when a crown adorn.
Or, by a moon-faced girl, on her neck are worn.

Worse poems likewise, by worst poets made
Get glory they, at Thy feet when laid.
Like a jewel, they glitter, in Glory’s shade
Their commonplace-ness & shortcomings fade.

Amidst, tears of joy, which eyes weep,
These poems of mine, at Thy feet I keep.
SONNET NO. CX

Whoever his head at my Ram’s Feet bows,
Bare-hand from His doors, he never goes.
Lord’s being merciful to even His foes.
Who are devotees His, what to say of those?

Lord! Whoever has come, with his forehead bent
Bare-hand from your doors, no one ever went.
Everyone with his fulfilled request, is sent
Mans desires end, but His Gifts are never spent.

After Your food, Lord Ram, You have ate,
Please put Your leavings on my plate.
Which my hunger forever would satiate.
For such moment Lord, I wait and wait.

With outstretched palm, at Your doors I stand,
Will You ask me to go, Lord empty-hand?
SONNET NO. CXI

In Thy front I come, with outstretched palm
   To beg from Thy door, some petty alm.
With no peace within and without no calm.
I am standing at Thy doors, my merciful Ram.

The stings of pleasure and the stabs of pain
Have emaciated body and dulled my brain.
They have made me Lord, well-nigh insane.
On what should be done, I clueless remain?

With empty-belly Lord, I’ve come at Thy door
   O merciful Ram, please me not ignore.
That would enhance my woe, Lord more and more
Lord to quench my thirst, please nectar pour.

What’s left-over from Your sacred meal,
   To have that Lord, I pray and kneel.
SONNET NO. CXII

Ill-fated I was born, O Lord I guess.
A loathsome liability on earth, yes.
Would my life remain O Lord useless!
Will You never come this wretch to bless?

He alone is blessed; he alone fortunate,
In front of him, fortune falls prostrate,
He alone is born with the best of fate.
In Lord Ram’s feet who has devotion great.

Lord Ram’s feet who has devotion got in,
Even for his shoe, isn’t worthy my skin.
His sight has the power to slay our sin.
His sight can for us graces win.

Lord unflinching devotion, please me give.
And shade of Your palm to peacefully live.
SONNET NO. CXIII

Greenish-blue like a peacock’s neck
Ram’s blue-lotus face is swarthy eke.
Wherein pearly teeth ruddy lips bedeck.
Lord’s chin is adorned by a donnish speck

Like a jasmine bud, newly washed in dew,
Shine in moonlight, whose petals new,
Is my Lord Ram’s limbs to my mortal view.
Thy curly hairs are dark-black in hue,

Thou hast swans gait; are wagtail-eyed though.
Thy accoutrements are like oleanders yellow.
Ram’s pomegranate teeth have a pearly glow.
Which look like roses blooming in a row.

Thy roseate-hued and lotus-like feet,
May ever abide in my bosom’s seat.
SONNET NO. CXIV

Vernal season is Ram and saints are trees.
Trees dance in Joy to the tune of His breeze.
His moon-faced face is a moon for lilies.
Lilies art no other than His dear devotees.

Lords face is like autumnal moon.
That I be a partridge; beteem this boon.
Pigeon-necked Lord; please appear soon,
To my ever-eager-eyes, I crave and croon.

Sapphire-hued with an emerald’s streak,
Is Lord’s visage and roseate are His cheek.
Whose nose is like pretty parrots beak.
In Feet of that Ram, I devotion seek.

Let He be a cloud, Lord gazelle-eyed;
And I petty Papiha, gaze Him with pride.
SONNET NO. CXV

Lords face appears like a fresh blown rose.
*Chancharik’s* two are His black eyebrows.
When His petal-lips smile, His dew-teeth He shows.
That sugared, scented smile, is a Panache for all woes.

Lords resplendent raiments have a golden glow.
Which resemble the flowers of oleanders yellow.
His lotus arms are wielding the *Sarang* Bow.
Arrows in His quiver are arranged in a row.

Lord *Ram’s* feet resemble two lotuses pink,
Whereof and nought else, may my mind ever think.
Wherefrom honey of devotion, may I ever drink.
Ah! In a surge of devotion may my bee-being sink.

Would Thou ever bless me Lord, in a manner such?
That my head gets a chance, to Thy lotus-feet touch!
SONNET NO. CXVI

Where flowers are blooming of numerous shade. Shedding perfume sweet, which’d never fade. There under a mango tree’s cool shade, Whose branches have an umbrella made,

Green velvety grass is carpeted on sand, Which as soft as a quilt, is spread on land, In the shade, on the grass, my Lord doth stand. And a mighty Bow, He is wielding in His Hand.

Green grass, green leaves and parrots green. Coral rose and flowers of many a sheen, Gentian-hued Lord, who stands in-between, Leaning against a bough, Who could be seen.

Midst perfumed flowers sweet buds as well, May such image of Lord, in my mind ever dwell.
SONNET NO. CXVII

In a cool dense grove, Lord was standing once there. Charming peacock-plumes, adorned His curly hair. With bunches of flower-buds, stuck here and there, And pretty pearls and gems, strung and woven with care.

Yellow flowers of rose, daffodil and zinnia yellow. Sweet and perfumed mango fruit, which is ripe and mellow. As far as colour is concerned, it seems a well-matched fellow To the golden-hued sunflower, or oleanders yellow.

In the sweetened air, under dense cool shade, As soon as my Lord, hath His entrance made, These flowers which hitherto, vied with the shade, Of my Lord’s habiliments; wert now willing to fade,

When jade-hued Lord, dighted in yellow robes came Seeing Him, these blushed; and discandied in shame.
SONNET NO. CXVIII

I am very much proud, all people know.
   I too am happy, at being known so.
   I don’t kneel, or bow my forehead low
At anybody’s feet, save that wielder of Bow.

Who’s Lord of Lords and the King of Kings
Whose praise, the antique Sama-Veda sings.
A slight knit in Whose brow, destruction brings.
   At His Feet, this servant, Himself flings.

Neither believes, nor believed, nor would ever believe
In any other god, save the Friend of Sugreev.
   Who alone can, me, of my woes relieve.
Have mercy on me Lord, don’t forlorn leave.

   At Your doors, this poor beggar begs,
To be touched by Your Lotus-like legs.
SONNET NO. CXIX

Reputation of Your servant is at stake.
I know of me, they will, fun make.
I beg at Your feet, Lord pity take.
And come to my rescue, for mercy’s sake.

With my eyes full of tears, I stand at Your doors.
Lord knoweth all, need I cry myself hoarse?
Lord my prestige shall drown, as the ocean roars.
Lord what am I to do, save standing at the shores.

Lord my only hope lies in Your mercy great.
Lord helpless and poor, at Your feet, I prostrate.
Lord I am the one, whom, all people hate.
And are You not the refuge of the unfortunate?

Lord the faith I’ve in Your lotus-like Feet,
Let it remain intact, I beg and entreat.
SONNET NO. CXX

Silent sorrow of a sobbing heart, these art.  
Pathetic uttering’s of a repentant heart.  
My story of guilt, to the end from start.  
    Not story full, but just a part.

If all my wrong-doings, I will say,  
Can I finish the book, in a life never nay?  
Even if penning Lord, keep I may  
    From dusk to dusk, on every day.

But, being addressed to Thee, Thy name’s there.  
Thy name in this book, is only good, rare  
And repeating Thy name is greatest prayer.  
So to read this book, Thy sons would care.

Praying for Thy motherly love and grace,  
    In the end my book, at Thy feet I place.
SONNET NO. CXXI

Which poet deems not his poems perfect!
Whether effective they are or lack effect?
But poems those, which wise don’t respect,
Have for sure got some daft defect.

Poems of others, who condemn and hate,
Their numbers are how big, I cannot state!
But poems of others, who appreciate,
Are very very few, those persons great!

Men like rivers, world very many knows,
Who, at own growth, with joy overflows.
One like the ocean – rare are those,
Seeing full grown Moon, in joy which grows.

I have spoken all that, I wanted to say,
Now my head, at my Lord Ram’s Feet I lay.
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