

POEMS BY SOHAN SOROYA

Extreme thoughts may be the problem of man (Some Thoughts are better)

Some thoughts are better
Some thoughts are better
Thoughts are high and low
Earth is also high and low
No body is lower or higher than it
It keeps revolving and revolving
Thoughts keep flitting in and out of mind
Some fly high -
Have difficulty coming back to earth
Some gravitate to earth too much
And sink into earth
The ones keep rising and can return to earth are better
And are ones of more pure clear energy
Extreme thoughts may be problem of man

Hale and hearty thoughts into action

Hale and hearty thoughts into action
Fresh thoughts woke up
With them the steps lifted
Wind potent clean and fresh blew
Athlete Began to flow like wind
Breaths accelerated
Shrunk Breast opened like bellows
Drank breaths more and more
Like fish drink water and live
Sent energy all around the universe
And energy came back from all corners of the universe
Waves of peace fell all over the being
Unsettled heart beat became calm and regular
With it mind became balanced too
Became new
Like the rising morning sun
Witnessing world
Ruptured into smiles
Like rising morning smiling rays of sun
Hale hearty thoughts came into action

In Imagination it was a Rose

There was sound in the ears
The Voice had blossomed
It was
Fresh rose was itself
There was spring in the background
It was the dream of the soul
It was not dependent on anything else
Spring had dawned in the garden
In imagination it said
There is no need to see anything else
I forgot for a moment
To see the heavens
When the voice came from the heart
I don't want anything else
I have that sweet voice in my ears
In imagination it was a rose

Symmetry of flowers

Symmetry of flowers
Arrangement of petals
Presentation of beautiful Nature
Something worth learning.

Flowers blossomed

Flowers blossomed
Countenances blossomed
Turbulences tumult
and flux of times
Earthquakes came
And myriad storms blew
But could not change bounty of universe
Or the Penultimate spring of nature
Flowers blossomed
Heat waves came
bleak winters came
Flowers dwindled
Flowers blossomed again

Mother has decorated this flower

Mother has decorated this flower
It is the garden of the world
Beauty is not for nothing
It grows from a mothers heart
That's why it glitters
It is a anodyne
It is hope

Benevolent world of mother
Has grown for this reason
It's rose, it is good character
Good mothers ray
Spreads over the world
It smiles
The painful path begins to smile
Mothers tears
Continue to smile
Because she possess affection
It is hope, it is morning
From mothers seed bed
Which is not grown
From eras
High flyer flight
Mother salutes you the whole universe
The pain you have borne
To the appreciator
He respects that
Mother sons story
Is the universe story
Which has been written
Mothers book is open

Mothers cradle
Mothers music
Without it, the garden is desolate
From a child's heart beat
Comes the voice of the mother
Listening to this heart beat
Singers sing melodious songs

I Don't Write About The White

I don't write about the white
I don't write about the black
I write about those pious at heart

I don't worship the beauty
I don't worship the romance
I am after the pious treasure of the heart

I am searching for that beauty
I am searching for that romance
I am the trader of that light, about which Christ sang
And Buddha found

I don't touch the beauty
I don't turn my head away from subtlety
Nor do I twist the flowers

I only search for fragrance
I see the heavens
I search the oceans

Think, think become thoughtless
I grow flowers of devotion
Then I find a bank
The Thames is the flow of complete truth

Nature is the queen of kings
If you want to live,
Do not discriminate in humanity

All are his expressions
At land, in the skies and at sea

He is omnipresent
Life is a show without faith

I don't write about the white
I don't write about the black
I write about those, pious at heart

Statue of Light

I am a statue of light
I am a bubble of water
Struggling to become a wide ocean
So that the stream of light may go on

In the hope of life
I search the Earth
I go to the skies
I come back from the stars

Any step I take
May it be good, the hope of life
May my head be robbed
Where have I come from?

Where am I going?
I am a statue of light
I am a bubble of water

I Was not Under Compulsion

On the banks of the stream, multicoloured pebbles,
are spreading
My childhood was swimming, overpowering the powerful
currents

Spread in the forests, there is beautiful greenery
Bright were the days, my dreams were far away

What are caves
The peak of the mountains were calling
A miles distance was not too far

All alone deep in the forest
I lost my way
Tall trees called
My problem was away

Bright were the days
My childhood, was not under compulsion.

(Poems by Sohan Soroya)