The Dance of the Flowers

The flowers in the garden in front of the hall were invited by the Rose to a big garden ball. The Pansy and the Tulip with many a pretty frock, the Dahlia and the Sweetpea and the Hollyhock. The modest little Violet was present there too. Nearly all the flowers were there, except of course a few. Those came the lovely Dillies newly washed with dew. And the fresh white Daisies whose frocks looked so new. The Bluebells and Buttercups came dancing on their toes. And they all flocked together to a place that no one knew. The crooks were their music while high above the sky the round, silver moon gave light to all night. The grasshoppers played on their fiddling sticks and the Bats showed many of their little tricks. Dancing lightly and gracefully to and fro all the pretty flowers stood in a row.
They danced and danced in the clear moonlight,
But alas! They soon had to take their flight,
For the red Sun peeped over the hills,
So they tucked up their skirts and frocks and fulls,
Got to their carriages, and away they fled,
Each little flower to its own garden bed.
Quit India!

Wait, O brother, Judi, wait,
Soon we shall open the prison gate.
Soon Judi as captives shall be free,
The captors back across the sea!
Be not hasty, hide your time,
To forget non-violence is a crime.
Sanath did not mean it so,
That's not the way to meet the foe.
Courage and hope is all we need,
Trust in that God who sees every deed.
All that He does is for the best,
Courage brother, bear the test.

That day is surely close at hand
When true lovers of this sacred land
Shall see the soul of peace and love
Shining from the heights above.
The College Bhisti - Inspired after a hot bath

Be it morn or eve or day
Oft she heard our bathers say
"Bhisti, pani lao!"
"U cha' baba" bhisti cries.
And "Bhisti, Jaldi a-oo!"

Up and down, now here, now there
The Bhistis wanted everywhere,
Limping bravely on his way,
Answering calls of "Bhisti, hey
Bhisti, pani lao!"

Oft she stood and watched him pour
From boilers his hot water store
And fill his buckets one by one.
Though 'course he knows there ain't no fun
In running onwards all the day.
The same old way.
Yet he works far reach and all
Replying as dirty babas call for pani.
I’ve never heard him murmur
Not a distant groan or grumble
At every “puri la-oo!”
How persevering he must be
To work so hard for you and me
Spreading cheerfulness and health
Just for eight rupees of wealth!
We could not do without him, no,
What would we do if he should go?
What if “O Bhisti puri la-oo!” you cried
And none replied?
Cuckoo's Song
O Mind,
You are like a thousand galloping steeds Rushing madly, wildly, spurred by desire Unbridled, unharmed, across the sweet meadows Of pleasure and fancy, with heart all a-flare.

O body, Like a spider web gossamer thread That seen in the sunshine looks silvery bright, Though really you’re more like the fly That is dead Enmeshed in its coils with the coming of night.

O soul, Like a stagnant pool That’s choked by old weeds And cannot reflect The blue heavens above, That yearns gentle showers To clean it of reeds So it cleanses its waters and ripples with love.
Cuckoo's Song

On meeting the first rays of the sun on the terrace each day
Come, awake! Thy thirst, the draught drink deep
O Thirsty one!
Thou awakened, fresh from sleep
Make haste thy steps His trust to keep
Before the sun.

Come, ope thine eyes cans't there not see
Him everywhere?
Intangible, yet flower and tree
Earth, air, birds, skies, all speak to thee
In accents rare.

Come hear His voice, 'tis Him That sings
O sweet elation!
To be commingled with all things
In harmony divine That wings
Through all creation.

Come, awake thy thirst, the draught drink deep
O Thirsty one!
Thou awakened, fresh from sleep
Make haste Thy steps His trust to keep
Before the sun.
You ask for love, I give it thee;
With thought sincere and feelings true
You ask of me to give thee all.
I plead nay, it cannot be —
How can I give such love to you?
You speak of reason,
What can I say
But that it plays no part
Again hear me I pray
No cause its true, how to explain
I answer "nay?"
Love has no reason, loves insane.
You'll understand, I'm sure you will,
To know me as a friend,
So trust you'd love me still.
With love that loves all
We must our being fill —
A love that doth not dim nor wane!
Lines to Som. En Memoriam

We bow to thee, O valient Son of Hind
Whom of Thy youth and life's blood freely gave,
Who flinched not from the sacrifice supreme,
Thy Country's name and other lives to save

Like a flaming meteor you came and went,
Brightening a brief moment our lifes sky.
Beloved of all the gods to earth was sent
To teach us how to live and how to die.

Perfect in outer form and inward grace
Thy dear picture in our minds is set.
Sweet memories of thee, Thy loving ways
Live with us ever, we can ne'er forget

Alas, we are bereft and Thou art gone,
But still we feel Thy presence as before.
A star, a light, to guide us on the path
Of Love and Duty, O guide us evermore!

Nov. 3rd 1948. To commemorate the valient death of my beloved brother SOM.