



Lights
Vivek Chakraverty

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Introduction

I was searching for someone to write an introduction to this collection of my writings titled **Lights** till I realized that I myself was the fittest person to introduce this collection as I have the best insight about the motivation behind these works.

As a whole these writings reflect my journey through the maze of life by which I refer to the constant evolution of my thoughts, feelings and beliefs as they form and reform as a result of constant growth. This growth does not come in a day, nor should it ever stop. When it stops, a person stagnates.

Now, most of my writings are pessimistic, dark and even fatalistic. This is due to the fact that these were written in a period of great depression in my life. I was brought up, by and large, by my grandparents. They were people of high cultural and intellectual richness and imbibed in me the highest ideals of humanity as they saw it. But it was my inability to live according to those high ideals which created a great conflict within my self, which ultimately took many years to resolve. The greatest reason behind this feeling was violence which was induced and was aided by an unstable temperament and impulsiveness. But to be candid, I even as a child was difficult to deal with. From outwards I was aggressive, extrovert and hard but inside I was highly sensitive, soft and vulnerable. I had not reached the maturity of realizing the shallowness of the general standards as set down upon us by various forms of authority and portrayed myself according to those standards. I don't know whether my grandfather had foreseen the great conflict and crisis of conscience that would eventually result when he named me Vivek (it means conscience). With the coming of adolescence the situation worsened. I sought refuge in intoxicants to escape the depression that is inextricably linked with such a conflict, which further compounded the problems. I found solace in the preoccupation with evil as exemplified by Byron and Nietzsche. But whatever I did I could not escape my conscience and the moral anguish remained.

After a point in time the inevitable happened. The conflict between my conscience and my actions reached its highest point and fortunately for me my conscience prevailed. I renounced my former self and all that goes with it. Rousseau once said "Man is born free but everywhere he is in chains" which is interpreted by some to be testimony of the fact that society corrupts individual goodness. Empirically that too will be my conclusion. So, I name this collection Lights as it reflects the initial flickering of hope and light that I so desperately sought in the darkest days of my life to the present realization that happiness comes from within. The journey from Inferno through Chiaroscuro Purgatorio to Paradiso.

Black Rose

It blows in the air,
A lone face stands out in the fair.
It does not like its existence
Life has been nothing but a sarcastic scorn,
He curses the day he was born.
That's the black rose,
Got an addiction for overdose
Of pain
Everything's lost, nothing to gain.
"Bloody God", he says,
"Nothing is true",
Everything isn't what it appears to be
Nowhere to go to,
Black, cos' circumstances made him so.
Lost all hope
No one understood his love,
Betrayed and fooled by everyone he believed,
How long can he cope?
He loves no fun,
Somewhere in between lost his laughter,
Now he stands on the ledge,
Needs just one step further.

Dreams Broken, Hopes Shattered.

- Third Quarter,2000

Streets of Modern Age

You destroy yourself,
In search for power and pelf
This is insanity,
I cannot see
How this could be?
The fate of humanity.

Humans selling humanity
Without any second thoughts
All those men in vain they fought,
For false vanity.
God filled with rage
The human spirit sold in the streets
Of Modern Age.

Kings fight each other,
And the ordinary man suffers
Hate for sale
In the streets of
Modern Age.

Let us stop this madness,
Let us be what we should be,
Let us start afresh'
Before Homo sapiens breathes its last breath.

-Third Quarter,2000

Il Penserose(The Pensive Man)

Broken and shattered
I begin to write this letter
To whoever may care.
Every single day of torment
All these years of discontent
Every disappointment, every regret,
Every single smile I faked
What I've learnt in all these years
That made me queasy
Every single fear
To sum it all in a few lines is not easy.

I was rather fine
Seeing the world in rainbow colored glass
Then suddenly, destiny,
Pulled the glasses out
Blinded it was all black
In desperation,
Like a lunatic for help I shout
But no one answered
Now I'm locked in this impasse.

I searched for sense
In this senseless place
I searched for a known face.
I searched for a way to end violence
I searched for happiness
With dreams of an eternal resting place
I put myself in immure
I hurled myself in a ball of fire
At last! With fresh air came the morning sun
The end of the run
Every answer lies in the funeral pyre.
Now he has hope,
Il penserose.

No use in fighting destiny
What will, will always be,
Shedding my prestige and pelf
Finally discovering myself
Everything I now have
As I lie asleep in god's lap.

-First Quarter,2001

The Search

Surrounded by people, I stood lonesome
In search of an answer I left home
Left everything I ever had
Gibberish of a madman
Shrugged off everything secure in pursuit of someone.

I went from the frosted deserts of Alaska
To the golden burying grounds of the Sahara.
From the ancient pyramids
To the loneliest streets
From the Indus valley
Myself I carry
Left stranded
The deepest sea, I searched in vain
Returned empty handed.

What am I but a fool
In search of a sip of wisdom
In this sea of ocean.
In the streets of human sacrilege
I found the Lucifer's gleam
Among the inaudible screams.
Every time you hate
You resign yourself to fate
The world began to crumble,
I stood standing, while others for shelter they scramble
But this time I did not fumble:
I changed destiny
As I confined, myself in this self created alternate reality.

At! I saw light
In the blinding darkness of a no-moon night
Him at last I find
In an uncharted territory of my mind.
I tell him my tale of woe
My dear, alter ego.

-First Quarter,2001

The Fallen Prince

Sitting in a dark room
He wastes wasted himself,
Engulfed with smoky gloom
With his eroded self,
Feels a rainbow of emotions,
As he closes in on doom
A little too soon;
An unanswered sos
And a metropolitan loneliness,
Alone stands against the raging storm
Perhaps an indication of his inner form.

"Is truth itself a lie?"
Lost in this world of
Contradictions, paradoxes and metaphor ,
Is his disillusion, an illusion?
He wonders,
Tired of all this blood and gore
In this world of misery and pain
No one's really well,
"Who can say that heaven
Is not hell?"

A diamond in the rough
Drowns himself in poison puff.
"What is life?
Some stinking chemicals,
Or a quest for satisfaction spiritual?
Is reality real?
Is hate fear."
AH! To see life from the rear.
In the abysmal depths of an altered state
He realizes what it is but fate.
In an exit less maze,
Slowly he decays,
As hopeless as the ant flying towards it's death
At long last! He's out of breath.
All the water of this world
Can wash his sins
The fallen prince.

-Second Quarter,2001

First Anti-Christ

In the calm valleys coated with green fur
With the wind blowing softly, the world serene,
Recollects the chosen emperor
In blur,
The scene,
Betrayed only by a child taking his first step to manhood
Segregated, sits alone in quarantine,
His turbulent smoky eyes thinking what should not or should
An Olympian in the making.
Ten flickerings of the eye have come since
Has found the answers or so he thinks,
Unites the quarrelsome family
As he lays down the foundation stone of the land of the free
Before realizes he,
That all these time his eyes had been the absentee
That his family consists of entire humanity,
That he will unite
The infinite, small factions
Even if he has to fight, He made it his mission
That he would eradicate centuries of ceaseless suffering
He would make the world one,
Before humanity is as guilty as sin
He would stop it before it all begun.
After another ten moments of failing
Though his body ailing,
His soul again smiles one last time,
He pleads the father
To forgive the creatures,
For their unknowingness
Then he vanishes into nothingness,
As close as a man will get to be divine
As he unites with sunshine.
Man made a deal with the devil
And condemned god evil,
And the priests enlist,
The Almighty as Anti-Christ.

-9th June, 2001

Lord of the Unknown

In the dark alleys of an unknown street
In the limitless vacuum of eternity,
Stands in discreet
In the forbidden hell of inner city.
Wait for the fatal kiss,
From the prince,
Who stands in front of the tombstone
Hear the chilling baritone,
Of the Lord of the Unknown.
Close your eyes, and open your mind
Then only can you hope to find,
He who hides the roots of the plants he has sown
The mysterious Lord of the Unknown.

Break open the door,
One cannot afford to ignore,
The hidden truth; the deep yes anymore.
Realize our nescience,
And dare to cross the fence,
Into the middle of the sixth sense.

The faceless man you must face,
And the form of the formless you embrace
To immortalize yourself in this fabric of time and space.

-21st July,2001

The Decision

Dark clouds loom over the horizon today,
And the road goes on and on without an end;
The descent before we ascend
And my heart, runaway
A ticket to nowhere, one way.
Might be broken, but will not buckle or bend,
Will see this through till the bitter end
Before I go far and away.

I will just go out there and do what I do best,
Run over the tightrope;
Shine, when the times are adverse
The last fight before in peace I rest.
A pie of wisdom and a penny of hope,
Richer than the richest man's purse.

-9th September, 2001

Utopia

A world of unity and strength-
Driven by Liberty seeking Equality
Of free thoughts and tolerance, Passionate about fraternity.
May the buds develop into beautiful flowers,
The spell-binding beauty of the garden;hear the call
Cared for by nature watered by showers,
A dream of One World.
Let the states develop in harmony,
The national replace factional:
The less developed ones should develop similarly
To achieve the goal of International.
This dream I want to share
A mere dream? Nay inevitable reality:
I announce to all those who care-
An honest and ideal polity.

-23.09.2003

Road

Alone we are born: on the road
Wet pitch or parched earth
In search of a hearth,
The burying ground of so many souls.

Lonesome we are
The soul and its creator.

-15/05/2004

The Hungry Zillions

The framework of a rag picker boy:
Attenuated everyday
A meal a day with luck.
An infant with his scraggy mother
Trying to lull him to sleep
No food to give.

The corridors of power
Themselves they feed
With the blood of an orphan boy
Crying alone in the street.

Nobody remembers
The millions of scantily clad
With their billion miseries
Lord help them in agony,
The hungry zillions.

The passages of haves
Exploit and oppress
Those in dire need
Of a few pieces of rice.
The ordinary mass head for disaster
In the utopia of the masters.

-17/12/2004

Untitled

A few lines of meaningless abstraction
Of concentrated feelings; indited emotions
Of failed loves, broken hearts
One way passions:
Ruptured dreams,
Within- a thousand screams.

But still the face wears a smile
To make the devil rile
O' Lord God rid me of unrighteousness
Of selfish wickedness; grant me grace-
Rid me of mendacity
Lost in the dark roads of inner city.

-21/12/2004

Youth

By the divine power of youth
Things change; progress is made possible
Indomitable young blood-the truth
To take on the mightiest task we're willing and able.

We will break open death's door
Idealistic and honest we're incorruptible
Our life's a ship on sea, searching for the shore
We might be young but to look after our own we're capable.

We give our lives fighting for the greater good
We dare to run on paths where others fear to tread
Often misunderstood
Dauntlessly we face what others dread.

Selflessly with our blood we cleanse,
The paths of its sins and selfishness.
The deep wounds; hope is the suture,
We are the future.

-21/12/2004

Wisdom

The wisest are fools
The silent conversations
The mean is a golden rule
In the desert of information.

Wisdom is the oasis
Lying on the other side of the door
Knowledge is the key
Rests the sapient being on the shore.

Extremities are alike
In a circle the extremes lie adjacently
The wisdom of the immortal psyche
Truth is an oxymoron, truthfully.

It is a queer creature
Wisdom-knowledge's offspring
If knowledge is a teacher
Wisdom are its teachings.

-11/08/2005

All I Seek is to Create

All I seek to create
A few lines of descent rhyme,
To withstand the ravages of time-
A gate guarding the great.

What practical fulfillment
Materialistic comforts;
Can I give you I know not
Except, by the grace of god;
To immortalize you,
Between a start and a dot
An eternity of name,
Which can give only an artist
An everlasting fame,
The making of a goddess.

Words that come out of the depths,
Of the mangled heart-
Last of an extinct race
True love in this world of hate,
So close yet apart.
In this world of false promises,
A stands the lone dove
Among the frozen fields of love.

I search for someone to trust,
Without being beguiled
To love, for I must,
Listen carefully to the unsaid.

-16/08/2005

On A Chilly Wintry Afternoon

As I sat near the hotel window
Overlooking the hilly main road
Felling chilly by a soft cool breeze
I chanced upon her face.
Suddenly I found a warmth inside
Like a single flourishing tree in an otherwise barren landscape
An oasis and shower in a desert,
Her ethereal beauty inside me.
I ran down the stairs only to find her gone
I had to know her but how could that be
My heart asked me to imagine her with a beautiful soul
I think of her often feeling pensive and sad
She brings suture to the mangled heart
I sing a lonely song of a chilly wintry evening in Kurseong.

-31/08/2005

On Shakespeare

Like an eternal summer
You persist in the hearts of men
Like the tallest mountain
You stand tall in the minds of men.
Thou like an undying ocean
Delving deep into the soul of one and many.
An inspiration for poets to come
An example for artists to follow,
As time flows on you grow in stature
More fertile than the most fertile plain
Is your fecund mind
A heart of gold in thou one find,
The perpetual wisdom of thine
Thy immortal is your rhyme.

-31/08/2005

I

Frozen teardrops, Empty rooms
Random images, False notions
Smoking pots, Lethal flowers;
Scraggy infants, Protruding bellies
Alleys of fear, Lanes of sins
Spirit of Man, Commercial popularism
Nuclear stockpile, Global disarmament
Black roses, Love for sale
Kisses from guns, Poison ivies
Fugitives on the run, Prodigal Son
Allegory of life, Sweet intoxication

II

Amoralism, Anti-Hero
Nietzsche, Sartre
Truth, Non-violence
Socrates, Christ
Hate, Fear
Buddha, Hitler
Evolution, Mutation
Baudelaire, Rimbaud
Poetry, Mathematics
Plato, Napoleon
Dreams, Sci-fi
Self-deception, Confession
Myth, Reality
Herewith, Immortality.

III

Blood and puss
Chakra and cross
Hell and jannat
Races and supremacy
Superpowers and the 3rd World
Clash of civilizations and global fraternity
The individual and society
The genius and mediocre
Pious and whore
Paradox and metaphor
Pastiche and plagiarism
Contradiction and another-ism
Physical and platonic
Life and death
Clean and filth

Cancer and health
Half-truths and hidden facts
Secret myths and unknown heroes
Culture and anti-everything
The show and sing.

IV

The stage called existence
The hero called man
The plot called eternity
The chorus called society
The oracle called conscience
The semi-divinity called science
The god called soul
The anagnosis called youth
The anti-hero called Satan
The comic relief called human follies
The conflict called self
The hubris called humanity
The denouement called history
The dramatic irony called life
The hamartia called trust
The comedy called suture
The climax called future.

V

Burning roads, burning trees
Burning codes, burning breeze
Burning spirits, burning pride
Burning wit , burning tide
Burning screams, burning sins
Burning gleams, burning Berlin
Burning wisdom, burning shots
Burning bloom, burning plots
Burning hate, burning faith
Burning debate, burning death
Burning pyres, burning bodies
Burning prayers, burning skies
Burning oceans, burning fires
Burning emotions, burning desires.

Mix

Broken dreams, Frustrated hopes
Silent screams, Blackish taupe
Shattered visions, Unfulfilled desires
Unbearable indecision, Spirits afire.

Shattered black, Frustrated desires
Visions scream, Silent dreams,
Hopes afire, Unbearable unfulfillment
Broken indecision, Taupe spirits.

-06/02/2006

A Prayer

O' Lord God Almighty
Rid me of unrighteousness
Of selfish wickedness
And lies
About the ethereal meaning of it all
As time flies.

Make my heart pure
One with a pious soul
This cancer of sins, cure
Illumine in the larger scheme of things
My role.

Grant me favour
To create a few graceful lines
To understand fate's signs
To do the faire savor
The ability to rhyme.

Bestow me with the power to change
And wisdom to use it wisely
For to create and to destroy
Are but the two faces of the same coin,
At home with the extreme, uncommon and strange.

-07/02/2006

Desire

As soon as I saw you, your eyes met mine; I knew it would be love divine. Open up to my eyes; share with me all your darkest secrets for I seek to know you, body and soul. Why waste time upholding false society imposed inhabiting customs when we can be together- blissfully enjoying pleasure in our own microcosm. Let us savour the pleasure of youth while we're still young. I put my fingers on your forehead and slowly run it down which reveal a mere promise of things to come. I kiss your neck biting it, sucking it till it is all red. The alluring call of your feather soft red rubies makes me unhinged, devoid of control and reason; intoxicated as I am, by the opium odour emanating from the wavy curly locks of your hair. I would like to smear your body with molten chocolates and champagne in order to enjoy your parts one by one. Let us unite forgetting all artificial social conventions and rules. A deep kiss from you makes one inebriated. I lose my self in your delving eyes, so deep that many a men would lose their souls in the unfathomable depths of them.

-07/02/2006

Black

A mad rush of desolate dreams
The terrible loneliness of a godlike isolation
Splendid in darkness
Worth its pain in gold
In a few lines of graceful verse.

Death and decay in the gardens
With dying serenity
Insuppressible sounds, silent screams
Rotting humanity, the reaper in all his glory
An invitation to darkness undimmed.

The alluring call of ebon forests
As civilizations moulder cities fall
Abstruse enigmatic shadows
In search of a peaceful place of rest
The play ends, curtains call
Destruction beckons here and now.

Annihilation summons, have to answer
Don't feel like fighting anymore
The war of life
As shadows metamorphose
Into the final answer
That questions our existence.

O' Lord God, the Creator
Only thou can give:
The understanding I crave for
The rest I long for
The peace I seek for.

-07/04/2006

Dreams, Hopes & The Journey

To be dreaming is a sweet intoxication
Inebriated with faith
False hopes taste bitter
With unrealized expectation
And consciousness once again
Is plagued by agreeable visions
Again in vain
The cycle continues
Until the black and white days
Are deceptively transformed
Into all the colours
All the hues.

The road behind me is a lonely one
And the path ahead solitary
All that is with me
Is what I couldn't do without
The Holy Ghost, the Father & Son
Is all I have for company
And all that I see
Manifested in a pilgrim- devout.

I seek happiness, but find only sorrow
Today I may lose, but we'll see again tomorrow.

-21/04/2006

Dear Death

In the blissful abode
Of the azure sky
I lie entranced and vacant
Liberated from all worldly ties of maya
Free from pain and woe
In life and death's crossroads
A glimpse seen by all who are son to die
Awakens conscience previously dormant
To a state of non-existence
Emancipation from sorrow.

Death, sweet death
Come and take me away
To a place where there is only
Silence and peace.
Where my soul finds its home
And is at rest
Take me to that promised place
That justified existence.
Give my aching bones some repose
Which are tired by the unceasing onslaught of fate
Like stones are slowly turned to dust
By the rolling waves of the ocean of time.

O' Lord take me to where you reside
Where light and happiness dwells
Immerse me within you
Till I am one with you.

-21/04/2006

Miscellaneous Lyrics

I

Sandstorm

Where dreams and lives are bought and sold
Songs, stories and secrets no one told
Sand in my eyes
This lonely heart of mine
Storm in the sea of dust
To break free and venture into for I must
Alone and forlorn
Into the midst of the sandstorm.

13/06/2006

II

The Poet

Unwanted prodigy, scorn of society
Chained to anguish, destined for misery
Finding hope in lines of rhyme
Not what today, but what could be
Thy talent is thy blessing, thy curse
Creativity increases with desolation
The most unstable elements are also the most powerful
Damned by fate, cursed by God, Love's fool
Lives on the edge with no regrets
Time freezes as I salute The Poet.

15/06/2006

III

The Dreamer

He lays down and dreams
Of forgotten promises
And unspoken words, unknown sorrows
She came so close and passed by
Stealing this soul this heart of mine
Glimpses of a colourful tomorrow
For today
Is just black, white and grey-
A world free from silent screams
A happier tomorrow of which he dreams.

16/06/2006

Sepulchre of God

(Dedicated to the loving memory of my late grandfather)

I want to, I want to believe
No matter what the scientists say,
In spirits, spirituality and that the cosmos the souls never leave;
That we will meet again.

You struggled greatly, supported your family since a teen,
Forgive me for all my faults, you are a phenomenon,
In the eternal play of life ends your scene,
But as a venerable inspiration to posterity you will continue on.

As your son I would like to reborn
Till then I stand alone and forlorn.
Now that you are gone
I had no shoulder to cry upon.

Who will now tell me what to hear, who will now console me,
At present who will pamper me, who will now spoil me,
What I am today without you I could not be
You have endowed me with an intellect fresh and free.

Cruel fate indulged in deicide and snatched you away
No one left to share this suffering
In my dreams I will see you everyday
In my memories, in my heart you will continue existing.

Old artificer, mentor and godfather-
To meet you again, even if only once, I would rather
Than to brook a life of suffering,
Encounter you in a blue moon, in a rite of spring.

It is you who first held my hand and introduced me to idea's realm,
It is you who initiated the noble ethos in my bloodstream.
Taught me to learn from the lives of great personality
This separation is not a finality.

No matter how much the dark woods call
I will go on, strive on
I will get up again every time I fall
To materialize all your dreams, fulfill all your wishes I will fight on.

02/10/2006

Addicted to Dreams

I've had enough, it's over
No, no, no, I can't give it up
I'm addicted, I'm habituated
I'm addicted to dreams.

They break, they hurt
They never come true
No matter what, for I must
Cos I'm addicted to dreams.

Comfort me, console me
When all is broken and gone
Just can't stop myself from:
Now I'm addicted to my dreams.

Visions of pleasure
Into whose arms I can submit
When it's all over
For I'm addicted to my dreams.

-11/07/07

Before

Where I stand
Empty corridors
The love I have
Hate
See you once
Before I go away
Before I resolve
Before it all comes to an end.

The anarchical collapse
The distance
The silent words
Talk to you once
Before shame embraces me
Before it's all over
Before the light goes away.

Love me once
Before hate overwhelms
Before the flowers decay
And the nectar is snatched away.

Remember me once
Before I fail
Before I dazzle in its glory
Before I become a martyr.

-07/09/07

Back in Black

Blinded by the blizzard flowing within
With faltering steps I stand at the stairway of your ancient temple
With sacrilege in my eyes, desecration in my heart
On bended knees: I await deliverance.

Maggots of corruption devouring the corpse of our civilization
Souls for sale; freedom for auction
When goodness is unforgiven like parched earth
When the oasis escape route is but an illusion.

Now everything hurts
Like cactuses amidst a woeful desert
Waiting for a drop of rain
Midst a famine of pain.

But hope I have still
You can break me but can't subdue my will,
They can sate me with sorrow,
But can't stop me from dreaming about a joyous tomorrow.

-24/03/07

Contentment

I can't sleep
The memories are killing me
They just don't go away
The promises they made and didn't keep
When wild was the sea
As the distance between keeps on ever increasing
Recollections of the days gone by
Like broken glass they pierce my skin
I search for sanctuary
My hope, my enlightened intelligence tells me
It is there
Just further down the road
When I'll again care
When in light I glowed
The choice between right and wrong at the crossroad.

In the depths of darkness, I found the light
Learnt; with my conscience not to compromise
Today I maybe pensive engulfed with sorrow,
But necessarily not so tomorrow.

Providence grant me success
Bestow me with grace
Give me some attainment
Fulfill, at least some of what I dreamt.
Impart me with happiness; furnish me with joy
These shackles of sorrow- destroy
Grant me contentment; end my trial
Provide me with rapture which when reflected in my verse can make a melancholy
soul smile.

-12/03/2007

Down

Frustration, disappointment, expectation
Blood, gore, passion and its deification
Life, death, the alive non-living
Madness, insanity; decaying
Water, earth, fire: burn
Caged, enraged, nowhere to run.

All i have known: Frustration
All i have felt: Pain
All i have seen: Indifference
All i have experienced: Unfulfillment.

There's no way out; no escape
It's been always down
I dream in vain
I fall deeper into darkness never to rise again.

-29/03/07

Fifty

Fifty ways of saying I want to love
Fifty ways of portraying the life I despise
Fifty ways of expressing pain
Fifty times to rediscover hope.

A half-century of accounts of resignation
A half-century of tales of the depths of calm despair
A half-century of narrations indited emotions
Of shattered dreams and broken hopes.

Fifty times to walk on
Fifty ways to strive on
Fifty reasons to fight for
Fifty causes to dream again.

Fifty steps I've come
Fifty since the beginning
Fifty rounds of the fight have elapsed
Awaiting for the next fifty to arrive.

- 05/05/07

Hope

The evening breeze, refreshingly cool
Let time freeze, excellence rule
Molten pitch, life's a bitch
Countless times, endless rhymes.
I've promised not to dream
To lift the load ahead, silent scream.
Imagination runs wild, innocent as a child
Free like the wind; to destiny resigned.
Not to forget, there's love in spite of hate,
There's the moon and star even in the night
A nearness in the far, the sun as shines
The heavenly object, cause and effect.
Follows the scorching summer, the delightful monsoon even if latecomer.
The thirst of nature, the parched earth is relieved by the wet cure,
There's success in failure, joy follows sorrow
Today maybe over, but there's a new tomorrow
Let hope reassure, a moment more endure.
Trust your heart, have faith in your dreams
No matter what they say, make your own way
The soul is god, the indomitable spirit supreme
Happiness comes from within, tomorrow you will win.
No matter what they do, believe in you
Have hope to cope with despair, express your care
As you fall, so you will rise,
Knowing the fool's call, thus you will be wise.

04/06/07

Hope Regained

Not only of pain i sing
Not only am i sorrow's offspring
Not only do sadness i bring
Not only winter but also spring.

Not only the black
Not only the joker and the jack
Not only the losing horse in a racetrack
Not only a brighter flashback.

Time came and time went; let it go
Unreal dreams i am in love with so
If dreams could be brought to life
I would die a God tonight.

Hopes will be and will remain
Amidst so much that is in vain
A cherished dream amongst the masses
The sweet time of teenage flowers and kisses.

-08/10/07

Maybe

Maybe she will talk to me
Maybe she will care
Maybe she thinks of me
My sorrow will she share.

Maybe she will try to know me
Maybe she will like what I have- rare
Maybe she will set me free
My sorrow will she share.

The door in the wall
Surrounded by wall, useless door
A beautiful night; the moon call
Round in circles no more.

Come and my heart do take
I want to feel again
Sit beside me in the desert; by a solitary lake
See through this indifference I feign.

-03/06/07

Mother

Mother let me lie on your lap
Let me take rest
Let me dream
Let me lie in a trance.

Mother, heal me
Let me get rid of all anxiety and stress
Let me cry away my pain
Let me love again.

Mother, make me laugh
Let me give relief to this weary heart
Let me find my way out of the maze
Let me be released from the cage.

Mother, grant me death and rebirth
Let me see my dreams fulfilled
If not in this, then in the life next
Let me amidst sorrow find jolly mirth.

-25/03/07

Once

The pleasant dream is over
At least in the dream I wasn't alone
My tormented soul at last I condone
To do my duty; fulfill my purpose once-over.

Once upon a time I could love
During a collapse of inside goodness: under & above
Now all there's left
Is a bitter indifference
Fate adept at weaving sorrow; deft
Doomed due to my action's consequence.

Names, names & more names
Just floating by
The heart in distress
Presently we're all heavens apart; they & I.
Once I used to care
Once in a deep despair.

Once was I faithful
Once I used to admit the truth
Once at least to myself I used to confess
But today even to myself I am faithless.

On the ledge
Now I stand alone
On the forgotten paths, on the edge
I walk alone.

-6/3/07

Perceptions

I took on the world
Innocent and carefree
Unstained and optimistic
But shattered I stood, by what I see.

Hopeful about the essential nature of us
Sanguine about my mission's future thus
Humanity doesn't matter to Ryan and Bryan
My phantasm broken, I stood in disillusion.

I sought refuge in the verses of seers
I sought sanctuary in the wisdom of philosophers
Found no solace, wanted but could not let it be
At last! The revelation came to me.

We must fight
Though the dice may already be cast,
The farmer tills his land
For he must.

-Vivek Chakraverty
13/02/08

Sigh

Empty pages
Ancient sages
Only wrongs
Monotonous songs
Come, come tonight
Set things right
I see you here
Love song fear
I hate love
There goes the dove
Unwanted prodigy
Never really free
End my pain
It's all in vain

There's only you
Sagacious wisdom of few
Devoid of good
Lost in the wood
End this despair
So again I care
I dream you again
Desert rain
For you can see it in my eye
Carrying the deepest secrets of my
The seer's single kiss
There's no heaven but her lips
That someone make me meet
And I don't give a shit.

Or do I?
In the inside sigh.

-02/02/08

The Sea

Time goes and time comes
Nothing changes as it succumbs
Nothing alters my rolling on
Where I was I respawn.

Where mountains were sand remains
Defying the sun I bring rain
Behold! The beautiful sight
When I shimmer and sparkle in the moonlight.

I exist beyond time's domain
Eternity covers my memory lane
For all time I stand
I soon devour where men land.

The sky and I meet in a perfect symmetry
My knowledge is enshrouded in mystery
I roam about without care- home free
I am the sea.

-09/10/07

Valorous Ghosts

The glories of yesterday-centuries old
Daring spirits, hearts of gold
Indomitable machismo, dauntless spirit
Courage against the odds, the will to never submit.

Fearless fortitude and heroism
Conjuring visions of grandeur
Tales of battles long ago: telling the serene earth
A time when it was soaked with blood.

Awe-inspiring forts; in the desert- water bodies
Palaces on lakes; the progeny of blue blood
The all pervasive subtle beauty
Touches every heart....the experience is unforgettable.

The birds play in the trees
The song of the flying bees
Inspired thus into delirious fancy, my imagination is released
As i think of the City of lakes; the Venice of the East.

-
-05/05/07

Lunacies of One

(From the writings on a piece of paper by a lunatic in a madhouse)

“Who are we?

Who we are.”

Said someone. And with these words I start this inquiry of myself~ this trial where the persecutor is myself. the defendant is me & I am the judge and jury. Who am I? Who i am, with all my faults and drawbacks. Even if my minutest flaw had been absent I would not be me. In spite of knowing all this, I am still cursed to this state of nescience, shackled to ignorance. Or am I? In a not so distant past I used to be so unsure yet so startlingly certain, & now I am so sure & paradoxically disheveled as well. Or is it the other way round? Am I what I perceive myself to be or how others discern me? Am I my actions or my words? Am I my body or my soul? The answer undoubtedly is that I am a mixture of both. A miscellany of supposedly unmixable extremes. A pot-pourri of everything and nothing. Nevertheless to understand my actions you have to first apprehend me, conversely to fathom me you have to grasp my actions before. The riddle is quite undisentangleable or is it already solved. I am quite at bay when I ask myself to put the finger exactly on what is wrong, just .the same I am convinced that something is there which does not feel quite right. Or is it my imagination? Is it possible that in order to fulfill my wish of inventing a seemingly unelucidateable paradox I have created one which is evidently beyond even my grasp? Or is it just that I have gone mad? That all these years of living on the edge have finally taken their toil & pushed me beyond the brink of sanity. Here again I am forced to question the very nature of saneness. The unaverage, the uncommon to the extreme are generally interpreted to be mad So, have I lost my sanity, my sense of balance? It is much like the equation $2+2+ 1-1=4$. Though $2+2$ would do fine, but in order to comprehend the equation to it's fullest the apparently nonexistent $+ 1 -1$ have to be known also It is quite possible, in fact most probable that there is no such $+1-1$,but somehow I just know that the metaphorical $+1-1$ is present. Is it's existence, it's value, something that can never be known? But until that unknown is known, I remain, a bit uncomfortably a stranger even to myself.

-25'th July,2001

The Voice

Animesh Sen awoke from his neither shallow-nor deep slumber with a violent jerk. The first thing that his mind pondered about was the time. Evidently it was quite late as the municipal streetlights, which are usually put out well past midnight, were turned off. He sat in that position, his feet & torso still in his bed like young schoolchildren unwilling to go out of bed on a chilly wintry morning, while the upper part of his body was in a sitting posture bearing much resemblance to the seemingly strict mother who actually sympathizes for her children.

For quite some time, Mr. Sen, stared blankly at the dark brown painted wall which in the darkness of the deep night looked darker still. Not a sound was to be heard anywhere, the place had nearly reached the mystical non-existent state, supposing there was one, if it was not but for the clock which tirelessly tick-tocked its way through the smooth black silk of silence. One could also hear the musings of young enthusiasts, provided one listened intently enough, but soon stopped looking for it branding the act immoral, a tad embarrassed himself like the child caught red-handed stealing cookies from the 'kitchen enshrouded by the safety of early morning. Animesh got up & went beside the window & opened it which the wind had shut as if intent on immuring her infant from all calamities. He looked out of the window & saw that dark heavy clouds had encroached upon the moon, which in turn, not one to easily accept defeat, stared right back at him through some unknown corner which reminds one of the mischievous trickster who always has something unexpected up his sleeve. For a moment our man wondered whether the black clouds were harbingers of some unforeseen ill omen, symbolic as they were of the darkness, representing the unknown. But whether it was a blessing veiling itself under the misty form of some ill omen or was in reality a curse is something that depends on the point of view with which it is looked at.

Animesh turned back & headed towards the bathroom. His apartment on the fourth floor was quite spacious in spite of being small, or perhaps it was spacious because of the limited amount of space that he needed. He was a bachelor in his mid-thirties & lived alone. His work entailed him to spend long hours outside & so little entertainment was to be found around as this apartment of his was merely his resting place or perhaps because he needed none, so engrossed as he was, with his work. It wasn't as if he did not give a thought to married life, he in fact secretly admired family life, but could not muster up enough courage to go through the process, one of the peter-pan's of this world as he was, also proud enough not to admit it even to himself. He poured some water into his face & eyes & for some time stared queerly at the face peeping out of the mirror. Something was amiss, he figured. He had been looking at this face since time immemorial, as far as he was concerned, but somehow this time something appeared to be different. Dismissing these abstract thoughts he went back to his bedroom, put the lights on & lighted a cigarette. He puffed away thinking about the whole wide world of things, as it appeared to him, to do the next day. He carefully thought out the schedule even taking into account the possible lapses that might occur." But the most thing that important must be done tomorrow is " he weakly said to himself, but immediately stopped sensing something amiss. For a flash of an eyelid it seemed, seeing him, as if the whole gray sky had fallen upon him. Quickly recovering his poise, he cleared his throat & said in a distinct authoritative tone" But the most important thing". Now he knew for certain exactly what was

wrong. He could not hear his own voice. Dismissing all these as mere fragments of his imagination he tried again and again to speak but in vain. The words were coming, that was for certain, but he was unable to hear his voice. But he could clearly hear the gentle clatter of rain outside, as the clouds were dispersing & a soft cool breeze blew. He came to the conclusion that all he needed was a little rest & then he would wake up from this horrible nightmare. But that was not to be. He lay on his bed with his eyelids shut for quite awhile. Every moment appeared to be like an eternity to him but nevertheless he forced himself: with much effort, to lie still. After awhile he grasped the courage & dared to try to speak again, again in futility. Now a sense of panic suddenly overpowered him and he tried to shout. This failure evidently made him lose his composure in totality and he hit out the mirror in his room with the full force of his fist. Instantaneously the room was flooded with blood but strangely he felt no pain. He tried to shout continuously as he banged his head repeatedly against the wall at last and until he collapsed. By now it was early morning & hearing all the shouting and noise some neighbors gathered before his apartment & decided to break down the door only to find him lying in a pool of blood.

-26th July, 2001

The Obscure Meaning

'Madneso moderno', they call it. Yes, that is the name given to the root cause of it all. The non-existent virus. Fatal. Dangerous for its non-existence. Lethal, even. The scientists are not exactly happy. Nevertheless they continue their quest, their faces depressed. Glumly. Unable to figure out why they fail? Incapable of making out head or tail. Sixteen, the disease has claimed. As of yet. The people are fearful, lest it may break out like the plague. Among them. Gloom envelops the town. The inhabitants roam about dressed in a frown. Le Judgement? Perhaps.

Two months since the man was discovered. Lying upface, in the graveyard, on a tombstone, all alone. His vacuous eyes staring. The limitless sky. So much light. Enveloped by darkness. A flash of black lightning against the bright sky. Contrast. Old and new. New and rust. Paradox. Obscurity. Love and lust. Hell and heaven. Pandora's box. The mad and the sane. Lay there for quite awhile. Some boys, seeing him, filled their hearts with scarce scare. "A corpse". They thought. Ran helter-skelter, with fear. The parents being informed first rubbished it all. Persuasion. "I'm telling you the truth, mommy dear, I swear." Other witnesses offer their testimonies. Half convinced inform the police: the local officer, a friend. Raising storm over a cup of tea, the new trend. Excitement. Drops of rain. In between heaven and hell. Risen and fell. Eight times, rings the bell. Told and still to tell.

A group of two. Night guards. Half-sleepy red eyes. Graying hair dyed. Black. Mid-life crisis. Pity! The wife. Dim light. Long shadows metamorphosing. Black phoenix. Rising." Hey! You there, pray! What are you doing, in such an unearthly hour, here? The man lying dazed. Intoxicated? Maybe. He turned his head slowly. Good built. Black eyes. Heavy shoulders. Large thick eyebrows. Maniacal face. A new race. To the ordinary beholder -"Dreaming, Contemplating, Reflecting." "About what?" The question.

"Listen to the poet's voice
Harken to the sacred dreamer."

"Victor Hugo." A husky voice. The answer. Left his mistress's letter at the back of the drawer. One of the guards, remembers. Alas! Satan allows no choice- without fuss, he ventures to ask again" You making fun of me? Wait till you find yourself inside the cell, for a night, serves you right." "Makes no difference." "I am still in chains." "Waiting for the good lord to decree, me to be free." The guard looked at him in disdain. Came and went. Received and sent. Past and present and future. The wound and the suture. Love and hate. Destiny and fate. Hand in hand. Watery sand. To expand oneself contractually. Me, others, you. A heady brew. Abdiel. The unfallen angel. The lunatic stare. Without hate and without care. The other guard in sudden rage, raises his club to lay him waste and equally suddenly, with fear insane, runs away in haste.

Rain of pain. Crossed the fence. Into nothingness, absolute wilderness. So before you. I present my case. The cursed guards. All they meet with become mad. All that hadn't have or have or had. Darkness fall. Answer the call. His Highness. Owner of all seeds

in this land sown. Known and unknown. The ruler. Yes sir. The emperor. Is looking for the man. Find him if you can. The reward. A hundred herd. Dangerous. Approach with caution. Pursue. Inform immediately the local imperial station. Whereabouts. Without hesitation. So that, this fact, you don't rue. Often candid. This royal bandit.

-14th August, 2001

The Nomad

He is quite a strange creature, this nomad of mine. A creature of moods, of unbridled passions and impulses, unrestrained by the shackles that imprison, ties that bind. Without any home or hearth he wanders on and on, along the fields, in a ceaseless pursuance of the horizon. Embarking upon the journey in search of some unknown, unspecified destination. Though his restlessness and fickleness agitate me to no end yet I feel a strange mixture of sympathy and respect for this prodigal son of our family. Sometimes, though scarcely, the nomad stops at a place for a brief interval, only to take a bit of rest, to rest his aching bones, before he sets out again in quest of that illusive truth that does not let him rest, meanwhile entertaining and amusing me with the stories of all the unnatural incidents that he chanced upon naturally in the course of his journey. And even rarely, it might happen just once during his entire lifetime, he suddenly feels the need of a secure warm fireplace on a chilly wintry evening and he decides to settle down. But just when it seems that he has finally adapted himself to a normal life, one fine morning he wakes up, and seeing all the others around him somehow senses that he disturbs the equilibrium of the place so very delicately poised in the middle. Before the day is off he sets out into the beige sky once again. And he tells me all this yet I do not understand him. Perhaps that is why he confides in me.

-06/01/2002

The Lighthouse

The darkness seemed to be all-pervasive. The light at the top of the tower was extremely faint and one had to strain one's eyes really hard in order to be even aware of its existence. The place was strangely cold, strangely because the coldness that a structure of stone radiates is quite peculiar to a person living in an urban Indian city, used to brick and mortar. The thought, why I chose to visit this rather weird place did cross my mind, but finding no suitable answer I let it be. There were no reasons for this particular action of mine, only an overwhelmingly unsuppressable desire which I had to fulfill, so I concluded. Struggling to find mine's own in the blinding darkness, I somehow managed to bump upon the stairs, and took the first step cautiously. The stairs were moist and the mixture of dust and moss that had accumulated over the years made it all the more slippery. There were no railings or some similar structure for support and the wet walls were no more useful for the purpose. One could easily hear the waves of Neptune crashing against the rocks, slowly but surely eroding it away till it is dust, and then the sea carries it away in accordance to its wishes.

Despite the difficulties I, started to climb the stairs rather strugglingly. Barely had I one a hundred and fifty steps or so that I suddenly slipped and fell right on my cheeks. The stairs though steep were quite broad and I lay there for quite awhile.

The infectious cold numbness, acquired from the place had robbed much of the sting of the pain caused by the fall, but I could still feel blood oozing out from the wounds and gashes on my hands and hind limbs. The quiescentness of the place, the inert lifeless dormancy, was disturbing yet alluring. I did contemplate about turning back but the sheer perilousness of the steep descent downward compelled me to change my mind at once. How I let myself commit this perfidious act of coming here and putting myself in a spot like this was beyond my grasp. Anyhow I continued my journey, creeping through the stairs. I continued in this manner for a period of how much time I cannot recollect; meanwhile the creeping had become mechanical and autonomous. The light was clearer now, yet still enshrouded by misty fog, which prevented one from beholding it in all its glory. My energy was fast diminishing and about a hundred steps away from the top, a feeling of complete exhaustion overcame me. I could think no more but still just had to climb the remaining of the stairs, a feeling of compulsion so very strange, to go to the very top, to feel the warmth of light, away from this chilly darkness. Why was I continuing this ordeal, punishing myself so very severely, not calling it a day, I am at loss to explain.

I lay there for quite some time before setting forth to climb the remaining of the stairs. As the top came nearer I could feel the radiant soothing warmth of the light emerging from the lamp, but could not actually see it unable to open my eyes, instead using that last bit of strength to climb the stairs. At last I was there, one step away from the top, I opened one of my eyes and extended one of my hands trying to touch the light, while I fell unconscious in a sudden ecstatic delight.

12th January, 2002

Epigrams

Fragments of Wisdom

I

It is hope that makes life so much more painful, so much more antagonizing & ultimately unbearable.

It is also the ambrosia that elevates a mere mortal to the status of gods

II

Lovelorn love is better than utter indifference. Say yes to love, say yes to life, for to love is to live.

The downward spiral of failed affection; the absolute, unqualified frustration of disappointed passion is far better than complete apathy towards the finer emotions which though sometimes hurtful are what makes it all worthwhile.

III

I prefer to die – a martyr to a cause, no matter how much pain and hurt is inflicted, since to believe, to hold on to one's belief amidst adversity is the surest mark of culture. To be otherwise is but an excuse for one's own insolent insincerity.

Hence I myself am condemned on account of my own occasional faithlessness.

IV

Change is the eternal law
Chance the perpetual flaw

V

Those who adapt to changes-survive; those who don't perish.

VI

Dreams are the walking sticks that guide weary and lonely travelers through the maze of life.

It is also the force that redeems Man from the mess of modern civilization.

VII

Many dream. But the thing is to live one's dreams.

VIII

Yes, it is a fact that I am handicapped. I can see and feel only emotions.

Vivek Chakraverty
10/12/2006

Literature, Philosophy & The Individual

Having the liberty to choose the subject of my choice for this article, I would like to muse on two subjects that were, is, and will remain close to my heart, Literature and Philosophy.

I have been into creative writing since the tender age of thirteen. The first poem that aroused in me an emotional upheaval which only great literature can evoke was "The Charge of the Light Brigade" by Tennyson. His lines

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

left an indelible impact on my mind which perhaps found vent through the following lines written by myself in one of my poems

"We must fight,

Though the dice may already be cast,

The farmer tills his land,

For he must."

Time flowed on. I discovered new heroes in Gogol, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Pushkin, Coleridge, Kafka, Joyce etc. Thus at a comparatively young age I got acquainted with a host of universal personality types through their works. I discovered for myself that Hardy's realization "Happiness is but a mere episode in the general drama of pain." is indeed a truism. But the fight did not get the better of me, at least not till yet.

Another burning passion of mine is Philosophy. Around the time when I began to be receptive towards literature I stumbled upon a book on Philosophy in our house which was none other than the iconic "History of Western Philosophy" by Bertrand Russell. I read each chapter again and again, at first barely understanding its contents but I was hooked. Upon reaching the stage of having a perception of its concepts, I singled out Heraclitus, Descartes, Rousseau and Nietzsche as my favorites. Knowledge never goes in vain. I learnt that for myself when I found that the logic that goes with the propositions and arguments of Philosophy is the same that is behind a script in web programming in PHP.

So what have all these great masters taught me. Well to begin, I must refer to Descartes's "Cogito, Ergo Sum" meaning I think, therefore I am. To elaborate, by this statement Descartes points out the fact that the starting point of Philosophy is the thinker's existence. While dreaming the dream appears to be real. Life itself may be such a dream. Life may not exist at all. But as I am the person who is thinking, I must exist. Nietzsche taught me to question all ethical, moral and intellectual prejudices that we naturally imbibe from our environment, shaking the very foundations of my notions of good and evil, right or wrong. The truth is, everything is relative including truth itself which depends on the perceiving mind. Thus the great Bengali sage Ramakrishna said "Joto Mot, Toto Poth." Which when roughly translated to English means- There are as many paths as there are opinions.

But there are two things that do lie beyond this almost universal realm of relativism. They are Heraclitus's change and the search for truth which every human being worthy enough of being called an individual must embark upon to discover for himself. And I consider being recognized as an individual to be the greatest honor that one can ever get.

On Education

The issue of theory and practice of education evokes different responses in different people. The term 'education' has come from the Latin words: 1) Educere, to draw out or in other words to bring out the potentialities of the learners, 2) Educare, that is to bring up or rear and 3) Educatum, which is teaching. The corresponding Indian word 'Siksha' has its etymological base in the Sanskrit word 'Shash' which means to discipline, to control, to order, to direct. In this sense Education means disciplining the behavior of an individual. The term 'Vidya' meaning knowledge is another Sanskrit word which sheds light on the nature of education.

By examining the different definitions as given by great educators of the Orient & Occident, we can develop a basic idea about the nature and meaning of education:

"Education is the manifestation of perfection already in Man. Like fire in a piece of flint, knowledge exists in the mind. Suggestion is the friction which brings it out." – Swami Vivekananda

"By education I mean an all round drawing out of the best in child and man- body, mind and spirit." - Mahatma Gandhi

"The highest education is that which does not merely give us information but makes our life in harmony with all existence." – Rabindranath Tagore

"Education is something which makes a man self-reliant and self-less." –Rig Veda

"Education according to Indian tradition is not merely a means for earning a living; nor is it only a nursery of thought or a school for citizenship. It is initiation into the life of spirit, a training of human souls in the pursuit of Truth and the practice of virtue." –Radhakrishnan

"Education develops in the body and soul of the pupil, all the beauty and all the perfection he is capable of." –Plato

"Education is the child's development from within." –Rousseau

"Education is unfoldment of what is already enfolded in the germ. It is the process through which the child makes the internal external." –Froebel

"Education is the harmonious and progressive development of all the innate powers and faculties of Man- physical, intellectual and moral."-Pestalozzi

"Education is the superior adjustment of a physically and mentally developed conscious human being to his intellectual, emotional and vocational environment."- H.H. Horne

"Education is the complete development of the individuality of the child so that he can make an original contribution to human life according to the best of his capacity." T.P. Nunn

Thus it appears to me that the goals and meaning of Education can be approached from three different angles viz. moral, intellectual and economic or professional.

Moral: Moral Education to me is synonymous with enlightenment. Now what do I mean by enlightenment? Enlightenment is the identification of the individual with all men irrespective of caste, creed, nation, colour, race or religion. It is the realization of the humanity that binds us all. The other important trait of moral education is the practice of virtue. Now what is virtue? Is it not a truth that virtue varies according to values

which itself depends on time and space? True. But according to me virtue is the realization of the ethic of serving mankind and acting according to it especially for the poor, the hungry and the needy. If a learner acquires such education what will be its benefits apart from its inherent ethical and humanistic desirability? Firstly the problems of racialism, fundamentalism and religious intolerance will be solved. Secondly the sufferings of the disadvantaged will be reduced. Now what are the obstacles to such an awakening? Firstly such realizations are rare even in case of highly instructed conventionally educated persons. And even when there is such realization it is even rarer to find them translated into action. Their problem is that they have acquired information under the guise of knowledge but not true wisdom. Our present social status is based on wealth, power and fame but they should be based on merit, honesty and altruism. This will encourage people to work in the rural areas and to provide essential necessities such as education and health-care. How can this be done? Well, we will have to go through a transitional period when there is a conscious effort on part of enlightened citizens to encourage such ideals. Then people will try to aspire to these values inspite of the fact that it may not come from within. Though it is not the ideal situation but the overall condition should improve. This is what is called social planning. The willingness to implement steps so that the highest ideals of our nation and civilization will flourish.

Intellectual: Matters of the intellect are a different thing altogether. There are thousands of opinions, views and ideologies which in our history have peacefully co-existed. So in this respect the goal should be initiation in the path for the search for truth. Indeed as the sage Ramakrishna said “Joto Mot, Toto Poth” which when translated into English reads- There are as many paths as there are opinions. But the end goal should be the ideals of truth, free thinking and concern for mankind.

Economic and the Professional Aspect: The economic or professional aspect of education is the most widely prevalent aspect that most people are aware of, perhaps the only benchmark of education that most people recognize. This type of education is often synonymous with instruction. But this system too has some inherent flaws. Often people pursue professions that provide the best opportunity for realization of higher social status and not in accordance to his aptitude and passions. There are exceptions of course but I feel this is the general trend. The permanent solution is glorification of the moral aim of education as outlined before. Apart from that a person who pursues his professional activities according to his aptitudes and passions is more likely to be happy and satisfied with his life thus enhancing his productivity which again will benefit the society and the nation. But how are we to achieve this? In all schools and colleges there should be trained psychologists of various age groups, well versed in educational psychology and a particular subject. The challenges posed by a problem-child should be resolved by dedicated counseling. Pupils who show promise in a particular subject should be encouraged to further his studies on that particular subject under special supervision and a distinct curriculum as done in some western and developed nations. This will definitely increase our intellectual resources.

Democratic Reforms, The Digital Payment System And E-Governance

One of the major problems of our polity is the lack of accountability of the legislatures elected by the people. They have tremendous influence and power over the police and the administration. Thus they are able to do whatever they wish to. This discretionary and unofficial power invariably leads to the abuse of power, often manifested as corruption in ethical and economic domains.

This can be countered by Recall. Suppose in a particular constituency the crime rate has increased significantly. Some of the people of that constituency authorize a petition demanding recall of their representative. If the number of petitioners crosses a certain threshold a Recall is held. This will lead to the accountability of his actions. But due to our population and limited resources such Recalls are not feasible in the present system. To conduct a safe, secure and correct democratic exercise much resource is needed which indeed are not available to us at present. But the concept of ID cards containing biometric information together with the application of available technological knowledge can present a viable solution.

The government can provide each citizen with a card reader that can scan and read the biometric data given in the card and after verification connects itself to a particular network of governmental servers via Wi-Fi. Then that citizen pushes a particular sequence of numbers aided by an interactive voice response system that accepts his/her particular choice. This can be used in such Recalls or any type of democratic exercise. This will be a great resource saver apart from ushering in a new era of direct democracy when the society is prepared for it or the awareness in the people is strong enough. But some of its limited applications such as Recall can and should be implemented today itself.

But this solution, like all others, throws up a few more problems. What if a candidate forces the voters to vote for him by virtue of the physical strength of his supporters and here I use the word physical literally. In the absence of paramilitary forces, observers and media persons one can ensure one's success by sheer brute force. This too can be countered. If we reduce the time window of the election to 45 minutes or 1 hour, no candidate will be able to force a significant number of voters. The short time window itself should not be a problem as a voter will be able to cast his vote from any location. Another problem is security. Wi-Fi can be insecure but if well directed research is made this too can be solved. Also the biometric data should also include retina scans and voice scans. Another area of concern remains. What if a party comes to power and then manipulates this digital system to its own advantage? The solution to this, it appears to me lies in making the whole system transparent, about which the public has a right to know under The Right To Information Act.

This system can also be extended to the realm of financial transactions. When a card is activated one can do all the necessary transactions. Thus all transactions will be recorded and if a person spends significantly more than his known sources of income

for a considerable amount of time then the relevant authorities can look into the matter. This will result in the total elimination of black money. What is the use of money that you cannot spend. Also all sorts of financial misdeeds will come to an end and considering that financial motive is one of the major causes of crime and illegal practices, this too will be curtailed.

This system also has the potential to change the very essence of governance. Suppose you have a police complaint to file, you just access this same system and make your complaint which a speech to text software transcripts and files. This will also remove the detriment of literacy and distance, by which I mean that persons who do not know how to read or write can also access such a system. But again I reaffirm that transparency and accountability is the key behind the success of such a system.

**To,
Thee**

To,

The All-knowing,

The Everpresent

The Infinite

The Truth.

Thou knowest all

Thou see'st all

But is your heart carved of stone

Are you but a stone,

A mere figment of imagination

Or a reality?

What divine wisdom guides thou?

The World, The Maya,

If thou is?

The image thinks he is thou,

So does the innumerable,

But merciful all knowing,

You smile.

But if thou is?

Why do people hate each other?

Why does a single evil deed happen?

What divine wisdom guides thou?

You know my soul,

And let your divine wisdom guide thee,

Like an isle of peace

In the tumultuous infinite ocean of hate and injustice.

-13/10/2012

Intolerance

I am Don Juan,
Cursed from age to age,
By priestly tract & sentimental stage,
Branded a villain and believed a fool,
Battered by hatred,
Seared by ridicule.
-James Elroy Flecker

Donning the hat of that eternal romantic, the Poet and some indifference characteristic of the Philosopher, I deliver myself again to this pen. The mass and the philosopher are quite understandably miles apart. So is the poet. Misunderstood, vilified and maligned, people have always and still continue to see fault even in the best of my intentions. In the middle of 21st century we are inching backwards into the 12th. The main cause behind this is, it appears to me, is intolerance. One cannot write, one cannot criticize and most tragically one cannot create to ones heart's content. At every step there are obstacles, people with no vision always try to stop one who has. As I recollect reading somewhere "I have my visions and my peace, and I have not sold my soul for a mess of porridge."

But reason inspires me to believe that there are people who still have tolerance, some semblance of sanity and go their own way along their paths and let others do the same. This piece ends with the hope that they prevail.