

Poetry Series

Jagdish Singh Ramana
- poems -

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Jagdish Singh Ramana(01/07/98)

Jagdish Singh Ramana is born in Sri Ganganagar Rajasthan. He is the son of ksh singh Ramana, a peasant of SGNR. and mother eet Kaur. He writes in Punjabi, Hindi, Urdu and English and In Persian as well. He has deep love for Urdu and Persian. He has Masters in English Literature from Maharaja Ganga Singh University, Bikaner.

He is a NATURE lover as his POETRY shows;

" Nature is a paradise beyond the racial world."

He finds a divine power, exists in all. He says, we're made for nature, nature for us.

He classifies the creatures in three groups; the first- human, the second- animals, birds, insects, trees alike, and the third- micro creatures generally not visible. It is the first ones duty to maintain the nature cycle.

Cherishing my heart for poetic reflections.

(a Dead Tree) Haiku By Nr

I ask a dead tree
why are you standing alone?
replies; for your pen.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

(nature)haiku2 By Nr.

Go deep into life
making the dark into light
you shall find nature.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

****i Will Chase You Down Beyond The Horizon****

I will chase you down beyond the horizon,
I am born into you, into you I will submerge.

I will sacrifice the blissful glance of the World,
A single glance from You will make me bloom.

I dare no more to inhale hereafter,
I will transcend to the world in a second.

There're no stairs in her home, from her home;
how will I travel to the God's abode.

Call me not a useless stone in your path,
I am a petal, if I move, I Will falter myself.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

A Mysterious Question

Some of men are being seated in a Hall
Round the table to know a big Q
_"what do women most desire?
The answer is provided:
"The man must give the woman
The upper hand in marriage
To be happy".
Laughter, laughter all around

Jagdish Singh Ramana

A Question To Him On My 21st Birthday

At the age of twenty one
A question gyres into my universal skull:
Have I drunk rather a five per cent of nectar of knowledge
Flowing into the unmeasured world?
You say, "there's nothing like hundred percents,
Drink much you can"
Yes! My Waheguru I consider.
You say, "waters of the oceans
Can never be measured,
It's all vain to count the uncountables."
Yes! My Waheguru I count
And I'll never forget Your preachings.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

Coming Of A Plastic Giant

All around the waste, a Waste Land,
Dirty, smelly and terrible it seems,
Dangerous smogs soar up above the sky,
To toll the death knell that is high.
The five elements one is made of
But, here six are the elements to bear
A soul, a dark soul made of trash,
A giant is born into the trash, and
Horrible he seems. Although made of trash,
The plastic, but his food is nature and we.
The more waste he eats the more he strengthens,
We have born him to see destruction,
He glances around wherever he can see
To find his food, his hunger never ends.

He is coming not to play with us,
He is coming to kill us and the mother,
He is coming, for he has cause to come,
He is on duty, the duty we have given,
He is coming to prove loyal to us,
He is coming to loan off the debts.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

Corona: The Purger

How beautiful and alive the days look like!
The smoke of material man has fade away,
The 'waters are so ultramarine'*
the firmament so pure,
Far from the Himalayas are seen crystal clear.
The birds chirp on the trees,
animals stroll onto roads and in reeds,
now the fishes and the frogs are free
to 'leap about and play'•but we
Stuck in the cells of unbearable noise.
Unheard clamour and heard solitude is heard on roads and in fields
'Cause Corona is here!
Corona, the avenger of the fowls
And friend of the innocents.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

Haiku03 By Nr

Thou and me
Deep in spell nature
Like lotos.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

I Will Chase You Down Beyond The Horizon

I will chase you down beyond the horizon,
I am born into you, into you I will submerge.

I will sacrifice the blissful glance of the World,
A single glance from You will make me bloom.

I dare no more to inhale hereafter,
I will transcend to the world in a second.

There're no stairs in her home, from her home;
how will I travel to the God's abode.

Call me not a useless stone in your path,
I am a petal, if I move, I Will falter myself.

Note: *???? ? ? ???? ? ? ???? ???? (the line is not that clear for me,
suggestions are needed.

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My Lilac Tree(Haiku11)

O my lilac tree
Swaying into rains and winds
God bless thee! My dear!

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Nature: Three Classes Of Creatures

Nature is heaven
container of wonders,
haven for creatures; the first, human,
the second, animals, birds, insects, vegetation,
and the third, micro creatures visible-invisible.
it's the first one's duty to maintain the nature cycle.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

Night As One Likes

In a lonely night
Beholding the lonely moon,
But in my sight;
Not alone, a poetic boon.

When I am alone
I am not really alone,
Loneliness gives me wide opinion
For that is my real companion.

In a weary mood, I count stars
Some peeping into the young tree,
A star falls down into the dark
And hides when I long to see.

Into the dark some stars scare
And some show their twinkling dare.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

Our Flying Kite

Our kite flies
With friends,
Furr! furr! It sings
And dances into the sky.

Always string tends
Of love,
Says never to paecha(cut-loose the string)
From coming behind.

Fly above into the sky
With friends,
All are good for nothing
Make spring at dusk.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

Poetry Of Words

When poetry is pursued with a lot of devotion and efforts
Elevated it is to the heights
Where the deads can hear and the blinds recover sight;
Owls can see in light and all others in night.
The poet is as Ezekiel has sung,
"The best poets wait for words."
Coleridge describes poetry as
"The use of right words at right place."
And Thumboo counts the "words of great relevance,
But, "we make them into poems."
The poetry is called of the words
Which makes the rainbow
Into the sky of poetry.

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Resurrection Of Donne

Resurrection of the dead tree
Twas standing merely for me,
Today sprouting with green hope
Makes me lively and proud of.
In the dawn my eyes looking through
A couple of pigeons by heart flue,
I grow red and pink
My heart throbs for thee and sinks
Into the waves of love.
Oh! hold me for I am Donne!

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Sing My Verse (Haiku 12)

Sun shines and moon rests
I do write my verse for thee
Sing my verse aloud.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

Sing My Verse 2 (Haiku 13)

Moon shines and sun rests
I do write my verse for thee
Sing my verse thieflly.

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The Life: A Fragment

since the life is a journey of steps;
Darkness to colours, and to light,
Every one steps into the seven hues;
Embryo, infadolescent, youth, lover of life,
Turning man, father, turned gold, the old,
RASA of all colours, and the last, all sold.
Youth never ends for lover of life,

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The Philosopher Trees

Trees are the living-ones, they have
Their hearts and souls, the souls
Which reverberate love in the hearts
Of philocalists, the philocalist owls.

They see, they sing, they hear, they taste,
And they sense our senses in true sense,
They are makers; they make poets,
Obliqueness is their beauty, and fragrance.

Winds are their messengers, their lovers
Are flutterbies, bees and we, the poets,
Every leaf that falls down reverberates her
Sonnet, ballad of life, and odes.

The last leaf tells her story and
Accompanies her friends- in the grove,
They tell their ballads to wandering winds
And winds sing it to buds and bees.

The ballads must be set in autumn archive,
O, poet jagdish, the philosophy must be alive.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

The Wind

Wind is the one who can bring back
The years rolled in one's prime,
No other thing can do but wind.
Each single year we've seen feels us back
T'is merely the wind of that particular wind
That felt we in our prime.
Whether the sweet jargonig of birds
That makes the heavens mute,
Or the singing monsoon rains
That inspire the buds to dance
And quench the earth's ears thirst,
No other thing can do but wind.
Wind is a hope for a dying one,
For him who has forsaken all his will,
For him who is drowning in the water
Would any blade of grass may save his life.
Wind perches in nests, in earth's womb
For seeds to grow, and in firmament
That the clouds will melt on to us,
In fire that blows its flames sharp
And in waters, to let it go forth
On the voyage of new land shores.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

The Wind: An Extreme Instance

What is the wind? -a flow in many forms,
What the bards have call'd thee
All are their melodious evergreen songs,
As a philocalist I see the wind in me.

Wind, a divine secret agent of the almighty,
Invisibly roaming over seas, soils and nature
For tidings of the colourful world slightly,
And the deeds, white and black of the creatures.

Wind, a messenger, takes the messages fairly
Of innumerable flowers' fragrances,
Sweetness of fruits, melodies of bird-songs, tastes of poetry,
And to the peasants love of animals' disturbances.

Wind, a bondage of love and peace
Amongst the diverse hearts of its creatures,
And for a painter, wind is a moving picture
Of far-fatch'd fields, blue skies and solitary seas.

Wind, a wander'r rolling up the fallen leaves
With her into the spelly paths making sound,
A Sufi singer; the song of herself can be listen'd
In a loud silence all around.

Wind, a great saviour, a transparent shelter,
Creatures, all the three, are under her absent presence,
They find haven in heaven of the lady defender,
The wind is wind, an extreme instance.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

Translation Of A Quatrain Of Hazrat Amir Khosrou

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Maiñ tũñ hoiya tũñ maiñ,
Maiñ tân hoiya tũñ jañ,
Hùn koi ni kæh sakda
Maiñ hor æñ té tũñ hor.

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Mân tu shudâm tu mân shudi,
Mân tân shudâm tu jaañ shudi,
Ta kas nâ guyâd ba'ad az in
Mân digram tu digari.
Hazrat Ameer Khosrou(Dehlvi)

I have become you, and you me,
I am the body, you soul;
So that no one can say hereafter,
That you are are someone, and me someone else.
-Unknown

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Which Language Is Great?

Which language is great? ,
Asks a scholar to a child.
What was the answer? Don't
You wanna know? Of course!
He uttered, ??(what?)
The language beautiful and melodious!
What my mummy speaks!

Jagdish Singh Ramana

?? ?????? Kya Mila? ?????? ?????? What Got?

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Ishaq-e-oo mein kya haasil hua?
Furqat!
Na jaan-e-man!
Furqat-e-oo baad ham shayar huwe.

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What did you get in her love(one-sided) ?
Separation, agony!
No, My life!
After distance from her I became a POET.

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Jagdish Singh Ramana

? ???? (?????) Ai Baado

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Ai bado, ane do khat ja-e-lafani se,
'Aql gumshdah' maiñ parh sakuñga asani se.
Suna hai maiñ ne ki khatoñ ki tahrir ishqia hai,
Aqldari se na parhi jaye nadani se.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

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Jagdish Singh Ramana

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Tiddi dal- tabahi! Bhaya! Dinbhar!
Raaton mein paschugana- kya kahein!

Jagdish Singh Ramana

???? ???? ?? ???? (Dard Byaan Hai Tujhey)

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Dard Byaan Hai

Jo mehnat ki khatay hai,
Wo kabhi nafrat nhi faelatey|

Jo nafrat faelatey hai,
Wo kabhi mehnat ki nhi khatay|

Nafrat faelana hai kaan unka
Jo fal-ann nhi, mans-khoon khatay|

Jahannum ki aag mein sarrna hai unhe
Jo mera Tiranga fnaah kar nighaas paatey|

Fnaah to ek din unhe bhi hai hona

Jo sanwidhaan nazarandaaz kar bheedwad laatey|

Kabtak khoon bahaogey in lal hathon say,
Idhar-udhar parri kartien hai laash baatey|

Ramaney Jagdish ka sijda hai tujhe,
Jagdish! Agar jag mein ho aman-pyaar ki baatey|

Jagdish Singh Ramana

?????????(Beware! Beware!)

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Beware! Beware of Corona virus!

Don't shake hands and keep distance,

But not that of hearts, only physically.

Say enthusiastically, "Namaskaram"

Or "Sat Sri Akal! " Or so...

Jagdish Singh Ramana

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Jagdish Singh Ramana

????-?-???????(Raaz E Ghafalat)

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Raaz e ghafalat bta ai shayar e beh khabar,
K kyoñ har roz tu mast-maula sa rahta hai.
Mat puchh tu yuñ shor macha k is bhed ko, k
Fursat meĩñ khud se milne ko ghafalat kahte haiñ.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

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Jagdish Singh Ramana

?????-?-????????? ???(Halaat-E-Behyaqeeni Mein)

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Halaat-e-behyaqeeni mein shareeni nahe'n hoti,
'Ger dilbar roothe, ghum mein hamesha peeni nahe'n hoti.

Shajar k saye mein likh falsfa-e-zindagi,
Kaun kahta hai pattjharh mein rangeeni Nahe'n hoti.

Jagdish Singh Ramana

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Jagdish Singh Ramana

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Jagdish Singh Ramana

????? ???? ???? ?(Badder Ala Shayar1)

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Transliteration:

Kal chari 'ch totay baithe see
Kai khandey c, kai gaundey c,
Meri kharh-kharh sun k udd gye|
Eh dekh cheena v taron paar gya,
Uh paar gya, Pakistan gya|
Badder ala shayar labh-labh haar gya||

Jagdish Singh Ramana

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Jagdish Singh Ramana

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Saddi uddadi patang

Saddi uddadi patang
Yaaraan belliyaan de sang!
Furr furr hae gaundi
Te natchey charr ambrin! !

Paundi ae sadaa
Ehe jhole pyaar dey!
Kahey na kaenchi main pavaan
Pichhon di aan key! !

Javey ucchi charr di
Yaaraan belliyaan de sang!
Saarey yaar belli ae malang
Ja baney aathney basant.

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