

Oh ! Lord of Mysterious Cosmos

Lokanath Suar

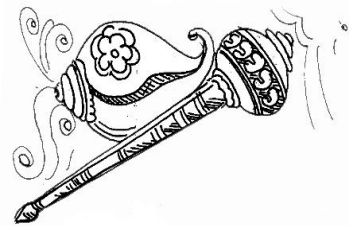
Having round shaped big big two eyes,
You didn't give me merciful looks a bit.

Though, you are called "Mahabahu",
You didn't protect me at any time.

When everything is over, and
Nothing is left with me, that
What would you like to steal from me ???



I made myself just like devotee "Dasia"...
But, you buried me with pain, sorrow, miseries and despair
I made friendship with you,
Just like devotee friend Sudama,
But you didn't ask me once...??
That....are you in trouble???



Everyday from dawn to end of the night,
I silently worship you,
As a devotee in my heart and mind, and
Ruined entire life just like lamp wick.

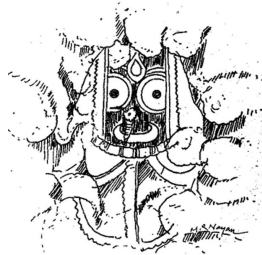
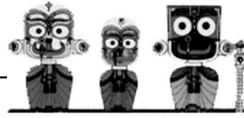


Still... you didn't recall me at any moment !!!
I have never scolded, or
Passed a single harsh word
Like Balaram Das, against you,
But, you have taken ordeal by fire test,
Of me, number of times...
Still, I have drunk all the pain silently,
Entire desires and wishes are dead now.

Do you think ? Have I possessed anything with me...!!
At length, I can say...
You have made yourself....
Unknown, mysterious, cosmos Lord
For me... for me...



Lokanath Suar, Lecturer in Law, G.M. Law College, Puri-752003



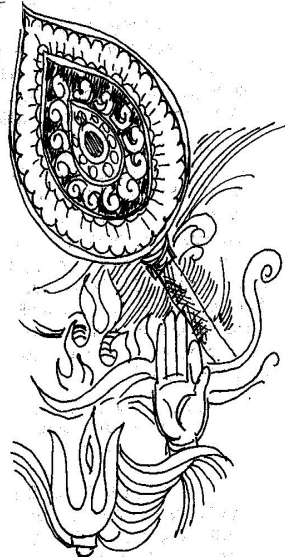
God Bless Us

M. Kisore

Oh, God ! Almighty
Come to my eyes
See you again and again,
Where is your Nandighosha!

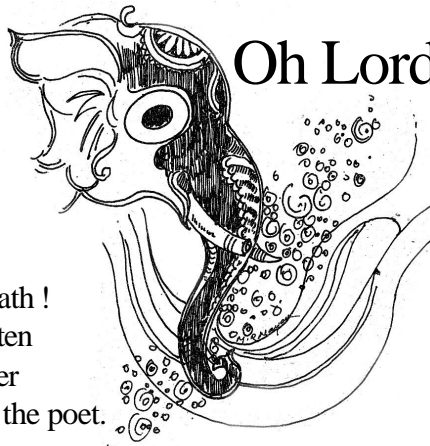
Sitting on it silently
Looking around the world
Sweet breeze blowing
Shower from the sky
touching the Skin !!

Perhaps you have forgotten
Your intimate friend Sudama
Who is just standing
near Your chariot,



Thousands of thousand Sudama
Standing with folded hands
Praying for shelter
Under your golden lotus feet
extend your
two elongated powerful hands
Oh Lord;
Save the human beings
Save the Universe
Bless us
Protect us
Oh, Supreme Soul.

M. Kisore, E/50, Sect-7, CDA, Bidanasi, Cuttack.



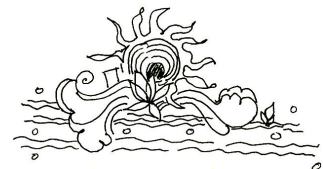
Oh Lord Jagannath !

Prasanna Mohanty

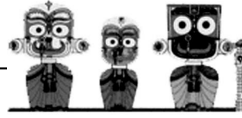
Oh Lord Jagannath !
You are not written
In an easy manner
And straight, by the poet.

You are not understandable
And a mysterious one,
Only a feeling.
Your murmuring
Is unclear
And far expanding.

You are not Rama
Not Krishna, Not Narahari
You are an image,
In a mirror,
Of everybody.



Prasanna Mohanty, Shanti Nilaya, Sagadia Sahi, Puri-1



Two Poems for Lord

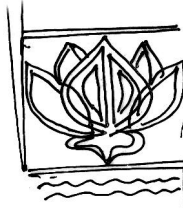
Prayer of a Scorpion

Shyam Prakash Senapati

Bhagaban Jayasingh

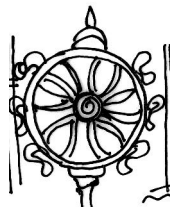
The Wood-God

As Viswakarma
You have carved out
Your own form
The form of wood
The giver and taker both
Thanks to
Your Lila divine.



The Lord of Universe
The Reliever of
Man's agonies
All his anguishes.

Will you please
Wipe out the dust
Of plight
From the forehead of
A fallen man like me !

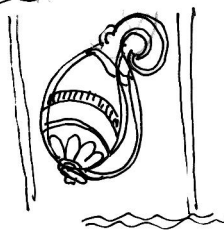


Mahabahu

O You, the Mighty Arm,
Your arms
Have stretched forward
To embrace
All and sundry.



Transcending caste and creed
Uniting through a single string
Of equality, love and harmony
a Consciousness
Splendid as You, my Lord !



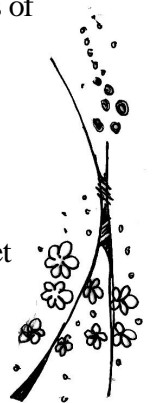
The devotees shrill
as the conch blares,
Thousand sighs
curl into billions of seas of tears
When You come out
Swinging into the open.

Your wheels churning memories
of my innumerable births
My acts of transgression
My frailties
turning into mountains of sins
The repertoire of your raw grace.

Look, how I burn as fireflies
on the graveyard of my desires
The burden of which I carry
like honeybees carrying pollens
to the honeycomb
of dreams.

I do not know how I should
dance to the rhythms of Your dark wills
Hiding through the smokes of
my seared age
my outmoded being.

Yet
Will you please grace
the scorpion like me
to sting your formless hands and feet
At every turn of your
Gracelessness.



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