

moments



NAOSHERWAN 'ANZAR'

TUNED IN

When will this pitter-patter
of rain stop ?
The drops create
a strange music
which remind me constantly
of sitar strains.
They haunt me violently
with psychedelic fever,
excite me to panting,
and around me
a crimson aura has spread;
one half of myself in space,
wide-eyed and confused;
a bewildered automaton.
The marijuana smoke
has pervaded the room.
The hippies are frugging
in sensuous movements
while the LSD-high-priest wails :
'LOVE'

Ha !
Love knows naught false reality.
The doors of seeing open not
Viewing through illusory prisms.

Love accepts
Love Infinite !
Love Eternal !!
Love untainted !!!

UHURU ! MY LORD

(*An African Dirge*)

Dead is my brother
midst the madmen's procession.
Shot by the whiteman's thundering gun.
Buried where
the Mississippi flows,
underground—
where caverns are hollow
and black clings to black.

Pa-Ca-bula, pa-ca-bula
pa-ca-deridio, pa-ca-dera
pa-ca-mumburiba, pa-ca-shera,
as the sound of the bongoes
played on my ear-drums,
as trombone with jazz
flowed from the cafe;
my brother, my love
was bent to the 'Mustapha'.

Negritude stepped in
with gestures all black—
black as the devil
with eyes all aglow,
black as the hate
that spoke of death,
black as the sin
that spoke of hate,
black as the evil
that spoke of sin.

Boom-boom-boom
boom-boom-boom
sounded the mystic drums
in the shadowless blackness
of the blackest night.
The naked dancers
wriggled hysterically,
limboed passionately,
as if the personification
of sensuality seemed to mock,
"We are black
heed my black brothers
and also non-white."
Uhuru ! my lord !
save my brother
shot dead last night
GUILTY OF RAPING
the white woman's
black soul. May he
live forever in
the lilting notes of the trumpet.
AMEN !

IF ME SAID I

If me said 'I'
My soul be damned.

I want not to live
in my own little cage
I call self.

I will not shallow
the dreams collected
nor hash them.

I will instead build
a monument to the Mind
and break the shackles
that bind it;
create a vision anew
from the fragments of the old
and construct a universe
I will call my own.

RENDEZVOUS

A thin wire
that casts its shadow
on the wall yonder
joins the chords
of my heart
with the antenna
of my soul.

Cold winds
whisper into the night

And my being
vibrates melody.
I say "Love speaks."
They say, "The Beloved speaks."

Two shadows
return home,
it is now dust
and souls must meet.

THE STONECUTTER

Stonecutter ! Stonecutter !
Why do you sit all day
In the monotony of Time
Murdering each day
This lifeless creation
Throbbing with life ?

Remember an old rock
Crushed, acidified
Magnified into revelation
Fifteen thousand minute fish
Wriggling in rhythmic movement ?

The Lifemaker called it
"Primordial Protoplasm."

The Lifemaker advertised :
WANTED
Human ashes
To resurrect
Human life.

Stonecutter ! Stonecutter !
Rest a while
Till the world be done.
Till men be no more.

BEACH TIME

Sandy and crowded
to the open sky
murmuring sweet nothings.
Lying amidst
slender arms,
naked waists,
glossy tresses,
shapely legs.
Curves and cushions,
pop bottles
flowing down the gullet,
moistened with the music
of the jazz and polka,
with twisters and hipsters
whisking statistics
to the lilt of the day.
Froth and surf
tickling bare feet,
shells and fishes
ogglng aimlessly,
binocs and goggles
covering true sight,
pics and cameras
set into motion,
ice cream and popcorn
bandied about.
These are the few
of our naughty perceptions,
viewed from
the green eyes
of Times' favourite hour-glass.

THOSE EYES

Love's long lingering smile
radiates no more
with the self-same modesty
of her pristine days.

The eyes
no more glow
with that strange twinkle,
the kiss too
is parched, stony and cold.

Is my beloved
the carving
of some unholy Muse
or is she
the design
of a jealous god ?

COVER :

This photo-montage by the author symbolises the lore of the apple that our foreparents bit and changed the course of Creation, leaving humanity half-awakened and ignorant.

God in his benevolence extends his hand to grasp the skeletal hand of Man and pull him out of the morass of Unknowing.

The ultimate must happen.

The microcosm merge into the macrocosm.

THE COMPUTER MEN

Crossing the barriers of literary hope,
Passing through dark vistas
Of sublime luminosity
We thread the threadbare linen
Of crass contempt.

We face the trials,
Our tears have flowed
Into the soured hearts
Of a distressed race
We call our own.

A Daniel scoffs at the judgment
Of the beasts of arrogance,
A Galanskov speaks not
Of his blacked-out symbols.
Let the free spirit of the oppressed
Yearn for succour—

So that the transcript of Ginsburg
Proclaims the Truth,
The Soul of Sinyavsky
Bleed no more,
The being of Bukovsky
Sings out in song.

Think not for once
That computerised bodies
Spill not wisdom
From the brain-urn.

MOMENTS

The morning leaps out of the bosom of darkness
Into the beloved's arms,
While the lover sits plaintive
Counting the dew-drops fall on the earth.

Reading Gibran and then riding away
Onto the peaks of enveloping memories.
Seeing Kafka in ruins and flying away
Into the greying haunts of death.

Experiencing Meher Baba
And being awakened to Love and more Love,
Emerging from the Everything into the Nothing.

STRANGER! GO BY

Snatches of alien clouds
Pass above our heads
As the eyes urge for sleep
And bodies for their beds.

Paunchy and vulgar in his night dress
He sits in strange antinomian
Postures.

Feet tarred with the grime of the earth,
Diamond rings on hairy fingers,
Bedraggled beggars
Turn into balmy singers.

If eyes were the balls of magnetists
His pupils would predict the crash in
Profits—
For his fingers drum
Like computer tapes—
Eight, nine, ten, crash;
He stands and gapes.

Smokers sit with bobbing cigarettes,
Creating half-happy faces in
Purgatory.

Dead grass, putrid stench
Dry dust, heavy hours,
Upturned feet, belching mouths,
Infants defecating on all fours.

Silhouetted mother suckling
Its young of the empty reservoirs of
Purity.

The wheels rattle on broken edges
A song so coarse, so divine,
Heads loll to its dainty music,
The smoke meets the skine (sky).

Soft breezes of summer emerge
From the covers of winter with
Pomposity.

Humanity goes by
Bidding farewell
As the iron horse
Races on.

THE TAVERN

In meditative silence
The song was sung.
The trickle of wine
Into the golden cup
Blushed and rushed ahead,
While the wine-server
With pursed lips
And dreamy eyes
Clung to the remnants of the past.
Those beautiful sad moments
When the lover knocked
At the tavern
Two diamonds
Into the night welcomed him.

Then nocturnal kisses,
Warm embraces,
Loving plaints
And tender promises
Bring forth the morn
In soft-silent-splendour,
And the Sun smiles
And says :

‘Love’s devotees are truly blessed.’
Blessed are they who
Are silent
For through them
Shall be revealed
The secrets of the heart.

THE UNREAL

If only the wild oats
in the wilderness
were to crack open
and each of them
yield a pearl?

The autumn leaves too
would fly against
the prickly pear tree
wrapping itself
till the bark is

overshadowed. Coiled
serpent-wise, till
illusion sustains reality,
the false—the real,

GIFT OF MAN

Moments of joy
now spread over
my conceptions
of knowledge and beauty.

My brain-children
have now grown up
to be solemn and slender.

Because
they have been nurtured
by the waters of my eyes
and baptised
by the blood-streams
of my heart.

I call them God.

RHYMED RHAPSODY

Singing and dancing
have I lived in this world
watching the butterflies
wing their way
midst the medley of colours
and the breezes that blow.

I have tripped
to the songs
that are sung by the birds
and joined
in the melodious chorus of joy.

I have heard
the whisperings
of the frothing sea
and stared at the gulls,
that are seen in the sky.

The trombone and castanets
I have played to the night
and greeted the fairies
that appear in the morn.

But in those rubied lips of love,
bathed by the wine-drenched eyes,
in that moon-faced visage,
curtained by the tender veil,
rests the Moment
of an Infinite Eternity.

A THOUSAND AGES

Down the circles of clouds
have men descended
for a thousand ages.

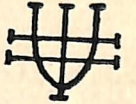
Smiled, talked
and lay down to sleep.

As we follow the caravan
of monkies and men
our memorie stands nude
to the lamenting thoughts
dotting the surface of Time.

Our eyes watch
the kaleidoscope of colour-pattern
and complex-charade;
memories spreading its fingers
on the puetrifying corpse
of a metallic age,

The rustling of leaves,
the trickle of water,
the hearts of men,
may hereafter form
a new human frontier
—a new human age.

DEDICATION



MOMENTS arise on the placid waters of my life,
and like a bubble in its moments of glory it glows with
a radiance that is alluring, to once again simmer into
mere froth at a Moments' wink.

In moments of despondency my being puts on a
different hue, greying clouds of melancholia envelope
me, and the world appears a hazy imitation of the
nothingness that predominates life.

Moments emerge when Knowledge draws forth
satisfaction and Beauty seeks joy to an immeasurable
extent. Such are the moments I experience, which
T.S. Eliot described as the 'intersection of the Timeless
Moment' and I term it as the 'Moment of Truth'.

These verses I dedicate to my moon-faced sister
Maharoukh, whose immensity of love is greater than
what she can contain. May these verses stir the self-
same sentiments as I have experienced. I share them
with joy.

—NAOSHERWAN 'ANZAR'

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NAOSHERWAN NALAVALA, who uses the nom de plume of ANZAR, is a young journalist-poet who has tried his hand successfully in every department of authorship.

Born and bred in Dehra Dun, a Master of Arts in English, he has contributed articles regularly to newspapers and magazines. He has evolved a unique style of reportage, of narrating succinctly, yet powerfully, the daily kaleidoscope of life.

Underneath his catholic coverage runs an unmistakable streak of spiritualism and metaphysics, a relic no doubt of his profound interest in the mystic philosophy of Meher Baba. At 18, he was the youngest delegate to the Congress of World Religions where his thought-provoking dissertation was well-received.

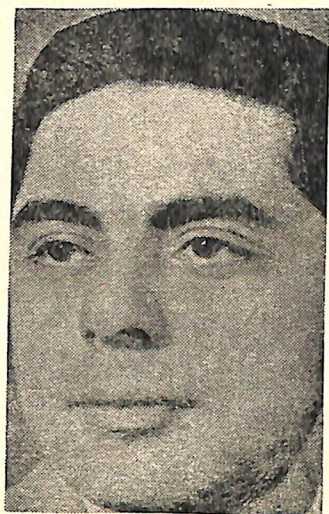
This mystic touch can be best appreciated in his two volumes of poetry, "In Lap of Love" and "The Signal." He has also authored a number of tracts on Meher Baba and his rubric.

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—S.P.

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