

# SOUNDS OF LOVE AND WORSHIP

*Poornima Dayal*



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[www.BlueRoseONE.com](http://www.BlueRoseONE.com)

[info@bluerosepublishers.com](mailto:info@bluerosepublishers.com)

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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# Preface

'Sounds of love and worship', is a devotional collection of 40 poems that present heartfelt moments of joy upon seeing the form of the Lord and fervent prayers. They delve into the subtle reverence of the Divine, celebrating our existence within Him and His omnipresence.

These poems offer my humble gratitude to the Lord, hence, offering a devotional sacred sanctuary for us humans.

Each poem consists of many rhyming couplets that constitute the verses.



# Acknowledgment

I am grateful to the Divine for helping me write these poems.

‘As You hold my pen and guide me through,

Oh, my Rama - Krishna, I am dedicating this book reverentially  
to You’.



# Table of Contents

1 Radhe Krishna .....	1
2 The Rama Idol .....	3
3 The Lords Leela .....	5
4 Inspiring story of love .....	7
5 My Krishna .....	9
6 My guide Shri Krishna .....	11
7 Krishna's Fun filled banter .....	12
8 Embodiment of Dharma .....	14
9 Just surrender to the Lord .....	15
10 The Only One .....	16
11 An ode to God .....	18
12 God in every moment .....	19
13 Krishna in Nature .....	20
14 I trust You, my Krishna .....	21
15 The Kirtan .....	22
16 Mahashivratri .....	24
17 Devotion of the Naga Sadhus .....	26
18 Lord Krishna's mercy .....	29
19 Revelation .....	31
20 A sacred Prayer .....	32
21 Ma Saraswati .....	35
22 Living within You my Lord .....	37
23 In Krishna's devotion .....	38
24 Devotee .....	39

25 Vithala .....	41
26 Panduranga.....	42
27 Their Oneness .....	43
28 Hare Krishna .....	44
29 Prabhupada.....	46
30 Lord Krishna is merciful.....	47
31 Krishna Krishna I chant .....	49
32 Thou art everywhere.....	51
33 RamSita.....	52
34 Lord Rams Victory .....	53
35 Divine Ekadashi.....	54
36 His Sublimity .....	56
37 You are Supreme.....	57
38 From the start till the end.....	58
39 Lord Padmanabha .....	59
40 Gratitude.....	61



# 1

## Radhe Krishna

Radhe Radhe, Radhe Radhe  
Krishna Krishna,  
sing along and praise the Lord  
his mellifluous flute and each of its chords.  
Those big, transparent eyes so pure  
watching, guiding on paths so sure.  
Truth prevails, only truth prevails  
the only reality to inhale.  
Lips so tender and hands so soft,  
draped in velvet cloaks with copper dots.  
Wise is he who listens to Thee  
lucky is he who gets to see  
those luminous, big eyes  
that speak no lies  
Only truth prevails - only truth prevails.  
Oh Krishna, my Krishna, as I call  
you hold and caress, lest I fall.  
Those unconditional vibes  
that best describe  
your magnitude  
the length of every longitude  
the very breath of all latitude.  
The universe, the world all one  
and besides You, there is none,  
in every country, grassland town and city

in living beings, in every nitty gritty.  
Unfathomable, perennial and everlasting,  
It's a love story that's forever lasting.  
The only truth that prevails  
where every ship of life sails,  
seamless, imperial and royal  
Oh Krishna, a cry from Thou slave  
to keep me in prayer and always loyal.

## 2

### The Rama Idol

You are bathed in splendour,  
Marigold garlands and Petunias I render.  
The majestic bow and golden arrow,  
a diamond necklace with glittering edges  
and delicately weaved drapes with lace cut into wedges.  
'Jai Shri Ram', as they shout with fervour  
I am waiting to be Thy server.  
As they install your idol so unique and fine,  
witnessing such magnanimity, the pleasure is all mine.  
The sculptor, a blessed soul  
plays such an important role  
with such dexterity, engraving every piece of stone  
in ways that none can ever clone.  
Such a marvel, bringing so much joy  
such amazement at this sight to enjoy.  
Saffron robes of priests alike  
singing hymns and songs with utter delight.  
Welcoming the Lord, in this installation,  
the bells tolling, causing a devotional vibration.  
Thronging in thousands are pilgrims from far and wide,  
offering sweets and bounties, without any divide.  
A child snuggled in his mother's lap  
awaiting a glimpse and till then he naps.  
A vibrant, young woman with that silvery nose ring,  
holding a basket filled with floral, vermilion strings,

Also a couple, in love as they may seem,  
hustling, jostling to reach the Supreme,  
holding hands, one behind the other  
as they make way through the bar and beam,  
coming to life is their remarkable dream.

His face is gleaming,  
blessing each passer by  
devotees venerate, letting out a devotional cry.

I thank and bow,  
amazed at such glory  
beyond any book or it's story.

Praise be to Lord,  
adoration to God,  
thanks to God.

### 3

## The Lords Leela

It's so beautiful to stand under this shade,  
of some divine wonder, it is made  
under the Sun's intense rays,  
It sways.  
A row of many,  
sheltering so many,  
a clear glimpse into the temple ahead,  
for those standing below, and to the Lord, they may be led.  
Near the stone and brick painted ground,  
where so many flowers and pruned ,small shrubs surround.  
Watching from somewhat a distance,  
as people in queues wait with persistence.  
Worshipping the deity, being their only motive,  
the leaves playing to the winds, being emotive.  
In the subtle whispers of the day,  
under those loud and radiant rays,  
where measures of time could be given a pass,  
and near the roots are growing shiny blades of grass.  
Krishna's Idol central to a blue pond,  
fish swimming and dancing, it's like a lover's bond.  
His flute, a golden blue  
their skin a blackish hue,  
floating and swimming near His feet,  
their hearts for their Lord, lovingly beat.  
Sounds of loud bells tolling,

chants of ' Hare Krishna', so alluring,  
albeit, from a distance may be heard,  
before him all else, stands absolutely blurred.  
They continue moving - oh these trees are grooving,  
to loud sounds of the Mridangam, sparrows appear to be  
crooning,  
a part of such chorus, where the Lord is being praised,  
as children are thronging, the curtains being raised.  
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna  
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare  
Hare Rama Hare Rama  
Rama Rama Hare Hare.

## 4

### Inspiring story of love

The most endearing love of Shri Radha Rani and Shri Krishna  
growing up in Vrindavan, with Her supreme love, Her  
Krishna,

playing, dancing, rejoicing, mesmerized by His celestial flute,  
Its sounds are mellifluous and of great beauty.

There love forever cherished as one,  
unfathomable, comparable to none.

As the trees open up their lustrous leaves,  
to which flowers and wooden branches cleave,  
Her beauty so radiant and ethereal,  
their love is timeless and the only truth so real.

As he plays His melodious Flute, to grazing, holy, cows  
my heart surrenders completely taking a bow.

A young lad is He with body so blue  
casting in the universe His light with an enchanting hue.

As adoring Him, She envelops and surrounds,  
to Radharani ji , we pray in leaps and bounds.

His strength, His love oh so Divine  
in her resides the glories of the sublime.

Loving partners to the world  
with His hair so thick and curled.

Her hair resembling an ever flowing waterfall  
adorned with pink flowers, a sight that endlessly entralls.

In her lotus like eyes he rests and nourishes  
His soul encapsulates the world, oh, it flourishes.

A charmer, a Divine cowherd  
roaming freely across lands with His fortunate cows and their  
herds.

Adorning His head with peacock feathers,  
around Him His bhaktas as 'gopis' always gather.  
Immersed, whilst he remained forever in His Radha's  
captivating smile,  
and his followers travelled to catch this adorable glimpse  
from across miles.

Oh, Her petal shaped eyes, enchanting His heart,  
her molten, gold complexion setting her apart.

To Her love He is eternally betrothed,  
to their inspiring love, I ask to remain forever devoted.



## 5

# My Krishna

In the season of monsoon  
where clouds asunder and gracefully loom,  
I am thinking of Thy beautiful form  
in my heart, my love for You conforms.  
Oh, You are looking so resplendent  
dressed in gold and blue, on You, I am forever dependent.  
With magnolias and plumerias, the temples must be  
decorated  
each day being special, as You are so divinely sacred.  
And the priests must be chanting, while bells would be tolling  
Your name they would be singing,  
as the curtains may be unrolling.  
The Loud cheering at 'Arti', when we may close our eyes in  
worship,  
opening in between that marvel, catching a glimpse or a clip  
of Thy supreme form and light  
extreme passions of devotion they do ignite.  
Just looking outside my window, on this bright, rainy day  
Wanting to bathe in Thy effulgent rays,  
wishing to wash Thy holy feet,  
offering You a bejeweled, royal seat.  
Oh, if I could be that fortunate  
to dress You in silks and ornaments so ornate,  
Knowing of Your omnipresence  
I feel and enact as though I may be present

In Thy temple at this hour where people may be rejoicing  
my heart too shines, for my Krishna, its , forever exulting .

And when You look at me with Thy eyes so luminous  
my heart sings and rejoices, in love it turns voluminous  
the stars, the Sun, the Moon, all visible in Thy compassionate  
eyes,

perhaps orating such praises are even the cloudy, blue skies.

The rain has almost stopped,  
but for You my heart beats non stop,  
my guiding light, my reason for survival  
upon You I look and pray fervently for revival  
of more love and believe in Thy magical ways  
oh, towards You and within You my heart wishes to  
constantly feel joyful and gay.

## 6

### My guide Shri Krishna

Krishna, please take care of things  
I know they are not my belongings,  
Yet, I seek favors and may have got attached  
to outcomes and from a few emotions I couldn't then detach.

Pray, teach me Thy ways of complete surrender,  
to hold You so deeply in my heart and mind, engrossed in Thy  
wonders

That I may let go, worship and believe  
and Your visions and sights I may never leave.  
May I never deviate from Thy path, the only truth,  
in Thy love and light, I seek shelter, only my Lord, my  
thoughts, please lovingly soothe.

I wish to be immersed in Thy might  
covered and draped in Thy Divine light.

I wish to wear the blanket of Your warmth,  
safeguarding me from any so-called harm or wrath.

Make my faith so magnanimous and real  
and within You may my heart forever be concealed  
treating experiences without much ado  
so lost may I be in Thy grace, in the present and even in all  
thats old or new.

Oh Krishna, I love You and I wish to regularly reiterate,  
please show me ways of rejoicing your love and to humbly co  
create

under your blissful palms may I rejoice  
worshipping You forever is always my selected choice.

## 7

### Krishna's Fun filled banter

There is 'Raas' in His play  
as we revere and we pray,  
to His presence so fine  
oh, my heart swells at Thy sight, my Divine.  
His friends are waiting  
His brotherly glimpse, they are forever seeking  
some may be grazing cows,  
while others are wanting to take their bows  
He glitters more than a celestial star  
comparable to Him is none, no one at par.  
In those forests so lush  
as His playmates rush  
knowing of His arrival  
without Him there's no existence, no survival.  
As the swings would merrily sway  
In His presence, they appeared to dance with gay.  
Along the waft of the gentle winds  
with Him, His friends would laugh and joyfully swing.  
There are jokes and fun filled banter  
interesting tales and lots of chatter,  
being with their Krishna, was all that did matter.  
Swimming in the glorious Yamuna river  
and when it was cold, am sure they may have quivered  
but with Krishna's warmth and love so Supreme,

their hearts would melt and it would feel like a joyful, fulfilled  
dream.

It's even been told that they may have engaged in mock,  
friendly wrestling bouts  
where children would gather in large numbers or crowds  
watching such show of strength and might  
while Krishna lovingly held all, in His love and light.  
They would run, jump and climb tall trees for fun  
Krishna is the Lord, their and our only one  
And when birds would sing along with His melodious flute,  
enchanted thus were all, it was the way to their hearts, a  
lovable route.

Oh, for great, childlike mischief they were known  
where passersby would stop and at times frown.

Stealing pots full of delectable, pure butter  
while maintaining quiet, not a word would they utter  
climbing one above the other, like a creeper, whilst one of  
them may have pretended to be a vigilant gate keeper  
lest they may be noticed by their mother's or aunts  
as also preventing them from being supposed victims to  
complaints or taunts.

Hiding behind colossal, green trees  
in games of hide and seek, so that nobody could see  
or simply running around making merry  
and playing carefree sports, all in a flurry.  
expressing such deep camaraderie and brotherly love  
of which we read and listen, thanking the Lord above.

## 8

### Embodiment of Dharma

And the day was special, when You came and blessed  
this world, this land and every living nest.  
Thy radiant smile and charming countenance,  
lifting from human hearts all grief or presence.  
Oh, Rama Thy big, captivating eyes  
creating truth bereft of lies.  
Avatara of Lord Vishnu, handsome and tall,  
lifting all miseries , preventing us from any fall.  
A skilled archer, holding His quintessential bow and arrow  
protecting from demons, today and tomorrow.  
Those fears or worries that may grip our heart,  
chafing and removing them, throwing them apart.  
His loving bonds with his brothers preach lessons to learn  
oh, only I wish such blessings we could earn.  
An embodiment of dharma,  
evoking within us sparks of Sanatana Dharma,  
His tales of valor comparable with none,  
For me He is Krishna, my only One.  
Pray bring me good luck  
as fragrant flowers I may pluck,  
while chanting Thy name  
Whilst playing my part in this life and game.

## 9

### Just surrender to the Lord

It doesn't only have to be a blooming flower,  
It doesn't only have to be a luscious, green tree,  
It doesn't only have to be a dignified looking, pink swan  
It doesn't only have to be that priceless friend.

He lives in the stone,

In the forest fires.

He lives in thunder and in pyres.

He lives and rests with the living and dead

He moves and walks as we tread.

He is joy, He is in so called sorrow,

Then why must we bother about tomorrow.

He waters the seeds that he sows,

Not asking us to take any vows.

He's in the weeds and even in swamps

We need not bother and unnecessarily clamp.

He writes the script, for our every bit

He has it jotted, we mustn't feel rotted

He designs our future, just steadily hold onto to His feature,

He gives us our best, our minds we must rest.

Oh, if I could just surrender so easily,

letting go to His will, so pleasingly,

life would be just a pleasant trip

I won't have to ever question or quip.

## 10

### The Only One

My heart strings beats to the melody of Your love,  
Striking a chord, I feel like that white dove,  
Pampered so often with blissful romance,  
As I keep gazing above, almost lost in some trance.

Pray, shield and comfort me when worn  
Warn me of pastures, where I may feel torn.

Keep me away from roads of no merit  
Towards Your victorious paths, may my journeys be lit.  
From the inner streams of my veins, I pray so strong,  
oh, please keep me in Your reign, forever and long.

You art the one and Only one  
And besides You there is none.

So I kneel and bend and revere,  
Knowing so well that You are taking care.





## 11

### An ode to God

O Gracious Lord, my source of light,  
whose boundless love makes all things bright,  
from dawn's first blush to evening's hue,  
our hearts are lifted up to you.

For every breath, each beating heart,  
for strength to play our humble part,  
for sunlit days and gentle rain,

We offer thanks again and again.

Through trials faced and joys we've known,

Your steadfast presence has been shown.

A guiding hand, a listening ear,  
dispelling doubt and calming fear.

For beauty seen in flower and trees,  
the vastness of the boundless sea,  
the great Messiah of us all,

we stand in awe before Your call.

For kindness shared and friendships true,  
for comfort when with burdens we may stoop,

for all the blessings, great and small,  
and hearing us whenever we may call.

So let our voices now ascend,  
a thankful ode that knows no end.

O God, we thank you for your incredible grace, finding our  
solace in Thy sacred space.

## 12

### God in every moment

Even in those moments when life didn't speak,  
When it took me beyond borders, where I did cry and seek.

In those moments of quietude,  
where I may have had a lack of fortitude.

When darkness didn't leave  
for many days, it did seem to cleave.  
There was Your light, somewhere lingering  
Though I could not see, but I was longing.

In every day, in every night  
In every moment not even so seemingly bright  
In the still of the night,  
When only owls fly left or right,  
There's always that shimmer of Your guiding light.

In every moment, today I know  
You exist and You do surely show  
What we need to learn to love completely  
All that happens is only Yours, and I love You so deeply.

## 13

### Krishna in Nature

The Chataka bird, appears in rains  
bringing with it waters, her singing heals the pain.

As You bless its wings, it flies asunder  
As You bless its heart, it heals with wonder.

The nightingale is Your lamp in the dark,  
it hums and plays along with its friend, the Lark.

It sings of love, of Your magical ways  
From branch to branch as it moves and sways.

And not to miss the movements of a peacock,  
its vibrant hues no one can ever mock.

In spring and Monsoon, when the weathers quite pleasant,  
It looks into the skies, like a guided peasant.

In birds, in the sky

In herds and even in the flies,

In swarms of bees

Or In the warmth of trees,

In ocean waters so blue

And in river waters also there's always a clue

Of Your presence so prime,

it's truly sublime

like glittering pearls

The truth unfurls

For only You exist

And nothing else persists.

## 14

### I trust You, my Krishna

And there are still some waiting in the deepest corners,  
    though there may be many as forerunners,  
Making haste, such that their time may not go to waste.  
Our body You designed, filled with precious feelings,  
    Oh, in this ethereal joy, I am still reeling.  
For the poor and the meek, exists Your love  
For the rich but the weak, exists Your love.  
    You are the giver, the Mother of us all  
    You are the miraculous father of us all.  
        Do I even exist, I ponder?  
        Within You is this holy light  
And in that lives my body, whenever alive. You are my  
    charioteer, as I enjoy this drive.  
        Even in death I am not ripped apart  
Within You I rest, while the soul continues to play its part.  
    Oh, this game of life is so enchanting  
Giving me that chance once again, to be chanting  
    To pray and hence, ask for gifts  
Without bringing about, within me much shifts.  
    I know You always consider me,  
No, it's not my pride. If it is, I wish to be free.  
    It's my belief brought upon through life  
As You held and lifted me through my every strife.  
    I know it's not time yet, or, maybe I don't  
Steadfastly, I trust Your light always shone.  
Letting off all thoughts about death, I breathe,  
Living and trusting life, with some profound belief, I proceed.

# 15

## The Kirtan

A gathering of pilgrims assembled,  
a glowing, sacred sage - the Kirthankar, resembled.

Combining various hymns and holy verses,  
chanting from holy texts, such dedicated words and phrases.

'Oh my beloved, Though art so pure,  
Thy holy hands and magic are such a lure' .....

'Since times immemorial,  
since eternity, or may be beyond,  
with warmth and love you surround....  
my being, my very soul, within you  
and with each birth and time, Ye renew' .....

' Your merciful touch, Your love - filled glances,  
immersed in you, oh, my heart dances.

Leading me on is Thy spring of holy waters,  
bathing and washing my sins from all quarters' .....

'Sparkling lights of love from above,  
filling my heart, oh, with such ethereal love.

Though art in Heaven and on land,  
Though art in water and in the sands.

Though art in air,  
to the holy throne, the only heir,

Though art in space,  
blessing me with Thy, holy grace' .....

'As Ye fill my heart so tender,  
of Thy presence, theres always a reminder.

May I caress those feet, so holy  
oh, my Lord, upon seeing you, I am jolly' .....

'Born to you - of you, Oh Mighty  
nurtured and nourished by you, so rightly.

I know not what this world would mean,  
had Ye not kept me in Thy sheen' .....

'My spoon is filled with Thy sweet nectar,  
polishing me, you are my only lector.

Oh, my heart would swell if you would appear,  
intimating beforehand, when you may be near.

In your lap, I will rest

it is my only cosy nest' .....

'Thou art my father and my mother,

Thou art my aunt and my brother,

Though art my friend, my confidant

on Ye I rely, I cry and to you I rant.

Picking up my threads,

guarding them from becoming shreds,

I eat Thy loaf and vegetable mince,

hoping my heart and mind may be rinsed' .....

'Take me oh, Ye Lord, onto Thy shores,

or am I already being sailed by Thy oars,

Pick me up - don't drop me down

let me see Thy majestic crown'.

And such hymns and verses, he belted,

while my heart and theirs melted.

What a harmonious day it is,

let's listen and glorify, without giving it a miss.

## 16

### Mahashivratri

With Mahashivratri approaching thus  
with crowds thronging planes and bus,  
making their way to Varanasi, Ujjain and Mount Kailash,  
since time immemorial and when there were saints like  
Vyasa,

the celestial night in 'Phalgun Masa'.

The Marriage of heavenly Lord Shiva and Parvati  
bedecked with twinkling jewels, in plush silken robes  
with Emerald and Ruby studded earrings around their ear  
lobes.

Singing praises of them is the 'Skanda Purana',  
worshiping with reverence in the 'Linga Purana',  
as written is also above in the 'Lotus Purana'.

The night of His surreal Tandav Nritya  
creating, Preserving and destroying  
as every devotee sings truly enjoying.  
Fasting, meditating and dancing through night and day  
mists and Sandal fragrances do they spray.

A blissful wedding is commemorated  
his passionate dance being venerated  
on the hindu date of Magha Chaturdash,  
when pilgrims leave for temples in a rush.

Burning oil lamps and cubes of Camphor,  
Bhasma and Sandal pastes is filled their hamper.  
In Somenath, Dharmasthala and Murudeshwar



are sights to watch as people worship their favorite Ishwara.

Oh my Neelkantha, my Mahadeva, Maheshwara,  
oh my ever enchanting Jagdeshwara.

Holding hands of his consort Bhavani,  
my very mother Durga, Bhavya, Gauri and Shivani.

His beloved and forever lovable

Devi, Sharda or Amba,  
a night to remember and chant Jagdamba.

With perseverance her penance she performed  
winning his heart so deeply warmed.

From Sati to Goddess Parvati was she born  
for us to worship and help us reform.

A night to remember and never forget  
captivating, charming and forever dazzling  
as we rejoice and celebrate with all engaging  
recitals and programs are bhaktas staging.

## 17

### Devotion of the Naga Sadhus

The Naga Sadhus, covered in ashes with matted long hair and  
usually naked

to devotion and prayers have their lives dedicated.

Ascetics in their own rights

care not of what may be their plight.

Carefree and devoted

besmeared with Ash and with Wheat they are coated.

Renouncing pleasures and luxuries

living a life of surrender and no worries.

Divine warriors seeking liberation

knowing the Lord is their only aspiration.

Minimalistic clothing

And all other religions, they appear to be opposing

supposedly militant in nature

with no care for any stature

usually fighting for Hinduism

following just no other system.

Organized into monastic orders

having each other as supporters,

enduring every season

they never have reasons

to crib or complain

about extreme hot summers or any rain.

In months of the holy Kumbh

leading processions or performing rituals

They roam around as intellectuals.  
Bathing in the river Ganges, a sacred bath  
to keep them on their revered path  
staying away from all greed or wrath.  
A spiritual congregation  
when it's time for their celebration  
to take a dip and cleanse all sins  
from head to toe, from chin to shin.  
With coiled hair they share,  
in unclad bodies, almost bare  
their knowledge and stories are just so rare.  
Protecting Sanatan dharma  
remains their so called karma,  
protecting sacred sites, as they do  
and also pilgrimage sites quite a few.  
Trained in martial arts  
and similar other warrior crafts  
taking care of Hindu temples  
as religious armies they assemble.  
Their strength of withstanding extreme cold  
comes from the discipline and faith they so sincerely hold.  
Vowing never to marry in life  
They live on their own without husbands or wives.  
Amongst men and women are found  
Nagas and Avadhutas standing their grounds.  
Post the Kumbh they retreat  
what they achieve ain't any easy feat.  
Found primarily around Uttarakhand and Uttar Pradesh  
They may also be lingering around Madhya Pradesh.  
Eating Wheat, Fruits and vegetables

selectively choosing their edibles  
nuts, roots and milk they may consume  
a Satwik diet is what many presume.

On my trip to Varanasi  
a young sadhu did i see  
wearing a long necklace made of pieces of wood  
and minimum clothes as he stood  
a Naga Sadhu or perhaps the like  
such a resemblance did he strike.  
Humbly perched, lost in his world  
crossing him as I did with my hair curled.  
Leading a life of complete liberation  
Nagas begin to live soon after their initiation.  
Seeking enlightenment is their only aim  
try they not for any name or fame  
from this big world they have no shame.  
Letting go of egos or any identity  
living a life of intense sanctity  
representing unwavering faith,  
creating such a distinguishable lot as the Lord saith.

## 18

### Lord Krishna's mercy

When I was born little did I know, I was already held  
When I was crying, little did I know of his presence around  
When I studied and took those exams, little did I know He  
held my pen.

When I grew up to be thirteen, I kind of knew about His love  
and His eternal sheen.

When I held that brush and painted  
He already had the canvas tainted.

When I turned sixteen and knew of romance,  
He held my hands at every stance.

When I went to pray at the nearby temple,  
He taught me with his grace, by a few examples.

When I got married and left my parents,  
to me He felt around, but was not so apparent.

When I started life on this new chapter,  
He was there, guarding all boundaries like a smooth river  
rafter.

When I became a mother and for me then there was none  
other,

He nurtured, nourished and clasped our souls.

When my children grew, and the so called, many perils life  
threw

He led me on and kept me going on.

When my children went away too far off lands,  
He gripped me tight, he considered my plight.

And now that I have grown up more

Those tales appear from some old lore.  
I thank His might,  
His luminous light,  
No gratitude seems enough  
for He lifted me from what was so tough.  
I thank You Lord  
From the depths of my heart,  
Living in the joys of knowing that from You I can never part.

## 19

# Revelation

And now I know why I may have been born,  
It was tough learning from You every hour and morning.

How would I ever rever Thee  
or ever even learn to serve Thee

If I wasn't gifted this life

How would I ever adorn Thee  
with velvet robes and that crown of silver.

I think it's a blessing to live,  
this life and every that He may give  
It gives me hope to learn and know  
That he is only one, even in scorching heat or even in huge  
mounds of snow.

Today has been such a revelation  
You have brought me here for my salvation.  
To learn the reasons for my birth, has been so precious  
on this day in my life, Thou have been gracious.

## A sacred Prayer

I ask You to choose and embrace me,  
 I ask for Your mercies and pardon.  
 In favoring me, You have gifted me life  
 In Your heart, I choose to shine.  
 Oh, pray, show me the way and lead me on,  
 Lest I may make small mistakes, or I may fall  
 Heal my heart and show me love  
 grant my wishes, oh, my Holy Father above.  
 You are so calm and majestically supreme,  
 Just look at your appearance and that sheen,  
 Those robes of saffron at times a bright yellow,  
 As people throng your temples, shouting loud and at times  
 mellow.  
 I would like to bathe Your Lotus feet,  
 And drink that sweet nectar, as a repeat.  
 I would like to brush and comb Your hair,  
 Oh, my God You are just so fair.  
 Give me this chance to fulfill my wishes,  
 To sweep Your path with my kisses,  
 Am I so pious that You may allow,  
 Am I special enough, so that Your land I may mow?  
 Let me serve and honor You with reverence,  
 Oh, my Holy father please bless me as Your preference.  
 Though I know You do not differentiate, between man and  
 woman



For You all are holy be it animals and all things living,  
In teaching me of such magnanimous love,  
You are surely blessing and showering me from Your treasure  
trove.



## 21

### Ma Saraswati

I have revered You since my childhood,  
as before you for long , I had stood.  
Your image at my school,  
for me it was a definite rule,  
to fold my hands as I crossed  
and as the early morning rays upon you had glossed,  
touching Your holy feet regularly,  
while passing, I would venerate habitually.  
I prayed, asked for those favors  
for scoring marks and then Your blessings I'd savor.  
My Goddess of the arts, language and poetic inspiration,  
my Divine consort while I write, oh my Goddess of creation.  
Holding Your 'Veena', as You must be stringing,  
glories to the world, am sure its bringing.  
Your delicate fingers, so precious and sacred  
give me a chance, my mother to affectionately drape it,  
with Silks and jewels and Rubies and emeralds,  
as my mother, this artistic season you herald.  
I beg Your mercies  
for all my follies,  
Pray help me make that fragrant garland  
with White Jasmines, lillies and Wintergreen from Scotland.  
I wish I could endlessly and perennially look,  
and for You I would so lovingly and earnestly cook,  
whatever I can

Whatever You will,  
Let me be Your servant,  
it's my desire so fervent.  
for me that's such a treat  
as for You my heart forever beats.  
My 'Veenapani', awe inspiring and graceful  
let me be Your disciple, so faithful  
Pray, let me rest at Your holy feet  
and serve You daily, before I eat.  
Your 'Veena' inspires,  
within humans it transpires  
a zest to live, sing and dance  
as we worship, immersed, absolutely in a trance.  
I haven't ever seen such majestic elegance,  
none, even close or even of relevance,  
Thou art my Mother, oh, so Supreme  
within You I breathe and live, as You gleam.

## Living within You my Lord

I will dress You up with garlands of love  
 Oh, thank You for holding me hand in glove.  
 I may not be worthy of it,  
 Pray give me that chance,  
 of adorning and worshiping You, as I gleefully dance.  
 Completely immersed in Your magnific glory,  
 After garlanding You, with my hands, so purely.  
 How deep is our love, my Lord  
 In this thought i spend the rest if my life, my beloved God  
 Grateful for Your mercies for bringing me to life,  
 For helping me realise Your Supreme presence, as I glide  
 My bond with You is everlasting,  
 I no longer have to be mercilessly fasting  
 Thank You for enlightening this truth  
 Of my perpetual existence within Your holy suit.

## 23

### In Krishna's devotion

Sounds of love pouring from Thy flute,  
and playing to this is Thy devotee on his lute,  
Moving carefree to a rhythm so sweet,  
gaping at and admiring Lord Krishna's holy feet.  
The evershining glow in Thy merciful eyes  
inspiring, dazzling amidst those clear, blue skies.  
I am enamoured by Thy great sheen,  
and upon Your light and form, I always lean.  
In Radhe I have fulfilled my dream,  
it's absolute, complete and without any seam.  
Oh, my heartbeat rises and sings  
of Her magnificence, every season and in spring.  
Oh, my Radhe - Krishna, Thy immortal presence  
brushes away loneliness, marking its absence.  
I needn't shudder to think of life without You.  
You are eternally present in this lifetime and even if ever life  
may renew.  
I am dancing, immersed in Thy melody  
Oh, my Lord, thanking Thee forever for such ecstasy.

## 24

### Devotee

Since I am born,  
I am Thy devotee.  
I breathe and yearn for Thee.  
Ye may move me around,  
Or perhaps hold me on the ground,  
Ye may lead me to new pastures  
For Ye, my heart beats much faster.  
Every year, every month, every season,  
Remembering Thee for or without any reason.  
Worshipping Your sacred form in festivals, Pondering upon  
Thy incredible marvels,  
Ye light up my nights,  
And make them truly bright.  
Oh, my Master  
For Ye, courage I muster,  
That holy lamp of love Ye light,  
That guides me through the day and night.  
Awakening my mind to the truth,  
A holy prayer on my lips, enjoying its luscious fruits.  
Oh, the smell of Sandal rosary  
Wrapped in a red bag of Cotton hosiery,  
My fingers glide and slide, chanting  
Thy name, so holy, my wishes, I hope they are granting.  
Forgive me, if I seem greedy  
Thy servant, I am forever needy,

For Thy love to caress my heart,  
Resting within Thee, I am Thy part.  
So humbling is this thought, so divine  
I am honored, it's a blessing, sublime.  
Guard me and my thoughts forever,  
Concentrated on Ye, they will be always and ever.  
I am ignorant, I know not one bit of it all,  
So hold me, guide me lest I should fall.  
If I do sometimes quiver or doubt,  
Thy warm embrace absolutely turns my thoughts around.  
Ye are my soul, my life, my very body  
Without Ye I am nobody.  
And before the last call may come,  
Or even in moments today, all and some,  
With every breath that I may take,  
Please let me pray, living for Thy sake.  
Ye are my reason for survival,  
I wouldn't else have lived, oh, my reason for revival.  
Since my birth, every day and hour  
Living in Thy blessed lap, under Thy merciful shower.



## 25

# Vithala

Vithala, Vithala, Vithala  
with akimbo hands , standing on brick 'sthala'.  
Of Your grace and charm, are many poems and stories  
thronging Thy temple in Pandharpur, are innumerable  
devotees.

And if I ever had a dream  
of Your form and its sheen,  
I would bathe in Thy holy 'Rasa'  
writing more glories of Thee, learning from sages like the  
intellectual and pious Ved Vyasa.

Oh, and if You would appear with Rukumai,  
it would my heart, and I would blissfully look up at the skies,  
in my dream I would weave garlands of lilies and purple  
carnations

I would sew clothes and dresses, for Lord Vishnu's  
incarnation.

Washing Thy lotus feet with my humble hands,  
drinking this water like nectar, oh, it would feel so grand.

Pray, give the chance to see the lusture  
glistening are Thy eyes, as You walk on heavenly pastures  
With stars twinkling and You dancing on the white,sparkling  
moon,

looking upon Earth, granting us miraculous boons.

Oh, my Vithoba as You are adoringly called,  
by haridasas, abhangas and Sanyasis alike  
Your presence makes me boundlessly joyful and alive.

## 26

### Panduranga

Panduranga of Pandharpur  
someday, i will come to Your temple,  
Your devotees and haridasas are living examples,  
Singing praises of Thy beauty immeasurable,  
hearing hymns about You are immensely pleasurable.  
Look at Your glowing skin and the light upon it,  
enlightening my heart, a lamp of love within me gets lit.  
If only I knew the reasons for such magnificent fortune  
What may have I done, to be able to see Your form, as bright  
as the glistening moon.  
Forgive me if I falter, for my vocabulary is limited,  
I am illiterate and ignorant, yet, knowing of Thy charm which  
is unlimited.  
Oh my Panduranga  
allowing me to write some heartfelt abhanga's  
could certainly be a gift  
towards Your sublimity, my mind would, hence then  
definitely lift.

## Their Oneness

'I am culminating into You, my Krishna'  
 Radha Raniji, announces her eternal, ineffable love for her  
 Krishna.

They meld and blend delicately into the other,  
 while trees cover and shelter, lest they be noticed by another.

The skies are covering as sparkling blankets of love  
 Their romance is eternal, like a perennial treasure trove.  
 Look at those canopies formed of blossoms and green bushes  
 and watching them play, even the rivulet gushes.

Such holy love, indescribable and beyond human expressions  
 offering blessings and inspirations,  
 of devotion and strength blending into one  
 of the highest unity and integrity comparable to none.

She flows in the moonlight

He dances like the shining Sunlight  
 together they create the Universe with their unison  
 birds are chirping, and there is a delightful emission  
 of countless love and joy supreme  
 blessing the lands with such sacred light beams.

## Hare Krishna

Oh Krishna,  
 Lift me up to you,  
 Hug me tight and feel me through  
 For you are the absolute, only truth.  
 An illiterate passer, as I am  
 of this world of many a woman and man.  
 Just your mercy is enough  
 when life brings moments that may seem tough.  
 Gaping at Thy mighty form  
 to ward away unnecessary worry or storm.  
 Way forward, is the only way  
 Not looking back, as you say Nay.  
 Mounted horses ,mountains and peaks  
 Clad in blankets of Silvery snow  
 as white as a very old man's brow.  
 Living in hotels and  
 sundry , tiny motels  
 with airy windows  
 and wooden beds  
 with quilted sheds  
 made of woolen threads.  
 Gushing Blue waters,  
 from every quarter  
 Fresh, cold streams and pretty, clear brooklets  
 meandering through steep hilly slopes

in the Garden of life's booklet  
with joyful visions and vivid dreams  
with fiery passions and endearing memories,  
enjoying Colorful Fantasies and happy riveries.  
Oh Krishna, my savior  
the Doer of our lives  
Who am I to know more  
bathed in Thy love as it sores.  
Hey Krishna, lift me upto you  
Hey Krishna , lift me up to you.  
Pray I, this very soul  
to take me away from all that's supposedly foul  
happy to be just that little foal  
eating from Thy hands and the holy bowl  
That's all I know for there ain't any other real goal.  
Ho Krishna Ho Krishna.  
Hare Hare.

## 29

# Prabhupada

In swami Prabhupadji I find Thy reflection  
Thy mercies, as You are present in all directions.

Rising up to the sounds of Manjiras  
with few men rolling their fingers upon the strings of  
Tanpuras

In Krishna bhakti engrossed and submerged  
men, women, children are chanting totally immersed.

What splendid sights to see, and sounds we hear  
as the morning unfolds, and for the day we may gear.

Cheerfully positioned on His humble seat,  
as voices shout for Krishna, and they repeat  
Prabhupada, lovingly nurtures and glances  
His vision fixated towards the Lord, oh, my heart dances

Its a feast today,  
and i am thanking Lord Krishna for this day.

Hare Ram Hare Ram  
Hare Ram Hare Hare  
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna  
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare.

## 30

### Lord Krishna is merciful

And killing the venomous serpent Kaliya, as above Him You  
gracefully danced

while devotees and Thy lovers got the chance  
to watch such mesmerizing feats  
as with valor and effortlessly Him, You did easily defeat.

The intimidating Kaliya had the villagers fearing  
under his torturous ways they were always reeling  
his venom swirling across the waters,  
the river appeared turbulent from every quarter.

But now the Lord had finished Kaliya's story  
and the villagers were singing praises of Krishna's glory  
As the Lord stood historically upon his hood,  
pleading and begging for his life, Kaliya's wives prayed and  
stood

And Gopala's merciful heart let off the serpent  
leaving the river, to depart and repent.  
Krishna, when Thy mercies are so great  
Why do we humans have to wait,  
at times it seems to take so long  
in ques and lines do devotees throng  
to catch Thy glimpse and fervently pray  
asking for boons and favors, erasing all despair or dismay.

Pray, lead us on those paths so clear  
while I revere, almost emulating a seer  
I am no one to feel even slightly proud  
but, my heart truly begs You, cheering aloud.





## 31

### Krishna Krishna I chant

Krishna, waking up to Your thoughts, opens up mind  
and of Your blessings it does remind  
the mind, sometimes however may falter,  
but prayers to You help me alter.

Visions of Thy beauty gratify my heart,  
Pray help me float on Thy merciful wings, never to part  
My soul, I know rests in You  
I know not much else, not even a few  
words or phrases  
or letters or verses.

As I am born on this seemingly gigantic Earth  
living within You is every worth,  
Pray if even for a moment I may ever forget  
or allow the material to drain me or perhaps I may get swept,  
Please release my doubts or my fears  
wiping away any internal tears,  
lead me then back to Thee  
liberating me and setting me free.

Krishna, Krishna, as I chant  
Kindly forgive me for any complaints or rants.  
Pray, hold me thus lifting my mind  
removing any concerns and any so called grinds.  
There is no worth of such belongings  
to attachments, emotions or such longings  
let me be detached

and allow myself to perennially attach  
to prayers and worship  
and to the service of Thy Lordship.

## Thou art everywhere

Oh, my Lord help me be unto Thee  
living within You forever, is my heartfelt plea.

Across the zenith of my being  
beyond the end, and till when life may seem.  
Beyond dreams, aspirations and the fires that may be lit  
beyond my breath, life and beyond my pyres.

Beyond the oceans and skyline  
beyond the rainbows and their incandescent shine

Thou be within, beneath, beyond and above  
oh, my Krishna- Radha, my sublimities of love.

## 33

### RamSita

In Lord Rama's heart compassion dwells  
Of His strength and valor, holy texts tell  
A warrior true, with righteous might  
holding us, guiding us unto His resplendent light.  
Dharmas path, Lord Rama trod  
A perfect son, my mighty God.  
An exile He so willingly embraced - a fathers plea  
living with loyalty, sincerity and upholding morals for all to  
see.  
Goddess Sita's love, a radiant flame  
forever betrothed to Ramas holy name.  
Their renowned love story, a timeless tale  
inspiring belief, as these stories regale.

## 34

### Lord Rams Victory

From the Kingdom of Ayodhya, a hero's call  
Lord Rama emerged and the residents He did enthrall.  
To the shores of Lanka, His journey led  
to Vanquish Ravana, who as evil bred.  
With His loyal Laxmana, by His side so true  
And an entire army like a sincere crew  
Facing the demon, and his plight  
to restore Dharma and its incomparable light.  
A fierce battle, a clash of wills  
Lord Rama's arrows doth the evil kill.  
Ravana fell, hence ending the feud  
Announcing Victory for Lord Rama, and listening to such  
fantastical stories, are children glued.  
Dussehra's triumph, a day of celebration  
In Rama's win, is life's jubilation.

## 35

### Divine Ekadashi

On the auspicious occasion of 'Ekadashi', I have a feast  
I gaze upon Your form, for me that's an everlasting treat.

Thy eyes so pure,  
while the priests appear so sure  
adorning You with the best  
it's a divine, celebratory fest.

He fans and recites  
in Thy glory and might  
he confides,

The holy waters he sprinkles  
as gazing at You, my heart twinkles.

Today's that special day where Lord Vishnu is revered  
and visiting the shrine, is always preferred.

Thousands thronging Thy temple in queues  
waiting to catch a glimpse and to view  
Thy form so ethereal and enchanting  
as in soft, fabric bags, the holy rosary devotees continue  
chanting.

Hare Krishna chants are so alluring,  
and in my mind, Thy image, I am adoring.  
And if You may ever ask me to stop and continue glaring  
it would be a reward and a gift most enduring.

Loving You may be the least I may say  
no words, no phrases can fill what for You , my heart may.

Radha - Radha, my lips revere

Wishing to get close to You, I persevere.  
Its an exceptional day to ask and achieve,  
more devotion and blessings, as each of us may seek.

## 36

# His Sublimity

Krishna please guide me  
to choose that which abides with Thee.  
To move on paths secured with love  
To live in lands insured with Thy light from above.  
I trust You to lead on forever  
As only You exist, always and ever.  
You know our best and give only that which is required  
when of doubts or queries I may have enquired.  
Even if in moments I may have despaired  
when it didn't work my way, my heart You completely  
repaired.  
Oh, Your ways are magical  
They heal my mind, oh The process is classical.  
Neither do You demand nor ask  
nor do You ask me to perform a special task.  
You are my true parent, my closest friend  
forgive me for taking such liberties, i hope i do not offend.  
To have me serve at Your lotus feet is a boon,  
oh, pray grant me such every morning, evening, night and  
noon.



## You are Supreme

The peacock unfurls  
 as the clouds bounce and curl  
 forming the canopy of blessings  
 all animals and humans as You are caressing.  
 It dances and swirls  
 as the bells herald  
 a new day beginning  
 and with the sands the droplets are mingling.  
 Washing upon the shores are flowing rivers,  
 oh, my Lord, Thou be art gracious giver.  
 And this vast Universe You have created  
 within it life and the non living You have initiated.  
 In the drop of pearls  
 and in those waves as they twirl,  
 in the grains of the soil  
 on which farmers and others may seemingly toil.  
 In the layers of the colorful clouds  
 amidst the herds of animals and in the crowds  
 in the depth of the oceans  
 in care freeness and in precautions,  
 in every laughter and in emotions,  
 in every count of a million second  
 at every hour we humans beckon,  
 I am a devotee, I believe and I reckon  
 Pardon me for follies, oh my Lord  
 my miraculous, Supreme, splendid God.

## 38

### From the start till the end

At the start of my life and at its end  
to You I revere, I know I do not pretend.  
Krishna- oh, my Krishna towards Thy charming ways,  
my heart, my mind, my body sways.  
Wearing my anklets, I would cheerfully dance  
whilst meditating upon You, I may be in some trance.  
No, I do not wish to be proud,  
I know the bodies wither like shrouds  
after so called death doth them apart,  
as ashes it does, from Earth always part.  
Imagine the feelings of merriment I would feel,  
Oh, such ecstasy in which the soul would bathe and reel.  
Merging with the Infinite is such a gift  
as from the soils it parts, when You bless it with Your loving  
lift.  
Egos burning in fires,  
as the bodies lie in pyres  
raising, uplifting to Thy Divine grace  
fortunately, letting go as it's no longer a human chase.

## 39

### Lord Padmanabha

Lord Padnabha seated gallantly  
destroying all enemies, creating valiantly.

The Lord of sustenance and dissolution  
worshiping Him with folded hands, I ask for resolutions.

He reclines magnificently on the serpent Ananta,  
While emerging gloriously from His divine navel is Lord  
Brahma.

With the charming Goddess Laxmi as His consort,  
I bow and worship Them, they are my only resort.

The Lotus blossoming from Thy navel  
is nothing short of a wonderful marvel.

If only I could press Thy feet  
when You rest, and bless while on Thy serpent seat.

I wish to buy the best Marigolds  
decorating the temple walls and all its corners and folds.

With Rich tapestry I'd cover those side tables,  
placing sweetmeats made of chickpea flour, Jaggery and  
maple.

Walking humbly, in ritualistic stride,  
circumambulating around the sacred sanctorum, oh, You are  
my guide.

Let me feast my eyes enough,  
Let me inhale that lavender incense burning on the golden  
brass trough.

Let me hold those pillars so strong,

crafted with black marble and they are so tall and long.  
And I taste that white, coconut 'prasadam' so sweet  
forgetting about the weather and the outside heat.  
You illuminate this Earth with Your brilliant light,  
You also are the creator of every twilight.

## Gratitude

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna

Krishna Krishna Hare Hare

Hare Rama Hare Rama

Rama Rama Hare Hare

To the Lord I revere

With my prayers I wish to persevere.

And thanking Him may not be enough

To express such, for me, is quite tough.

Pray give me words and phrases more

To write verses, praising Thee

Oh, Thy art my cure.

Of tolling bells and ringing conch shells,

Of fragrant temples and Sandalwood incense sticks,

Of priests and fellow devotees,

Of devout devotion and holy recitation,

Of meritorious horses and holy cows,

Of chanting hymns and sacred fires.

Of ritualistic traditions and free spirited festivals

Of dancing in celebration and singing with heart filled  
devotion.

Of children seeking and parents worshipping

Of golden, silk dresses and those curly, long tresses

Of bowing and venerating and begging with folded palms

Of asking favors and immersing in Thy charm.

And this could be unending,

its forever transcending  
all barriers or boundaries of time and space  
Thy mercies and presence are beyond all human scape.

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna  
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare  
Hare Rama Hare Rama  
Rama Rama Hare Hare

