

Gathering of Snowflakes



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Gathering Of Snow Flakes

Suddenly every thing appears so strange to me
So mysterious
The world around me
The world within me
The pattern of leaves
Flowers and clouds
From transient to
So confidently permanent
From the snow flakes
To the fossilized tree trunks
I marvel at looking at them
I wonder what they are thinking about me
These tokens of creation
A constantly changing
A constantly perpetuating cycle
Of generation and degeneration.

BACK

Butterflies With No Hassles

Butterflies
Let us forget our hassles
The worries of Wall Street
The naggings of the needs
The despair of desires
And let the trip of touching the flowers
Over the dirt
Over the thorns
Over the dead and decaying leaves
Become the destination

Let us dance to no rule
But ours
Let us go beyond the norms
And the class, the age and the status
And be the butterflies
Just for the heck of it.

BACK

Creations and Creators

Theories and speculations bound
About some thing that happened
Billion years ago
When the universe was created with a big bang
Or
Millions of years ago
When the spark of life ignited
or
Even thousands of years ago
When god created Adam and Eve
And gave man the power
To rule the earth, the sky and the ocean.

Inside a really old pond in the size of an aircraft carrier
A tiny fish postulating
who dug the pond
And seeded the fish and why.

I wonder more about
The creations people do every day
The poets, the musicians, the painters
The scientists and the cooks
The force that drive them to create
The pain of giving birth to an idea
And develop it
And protect it from an early demise

I wonder about
How much creative talent gets wasted
Due to lack of education, scope and support
Or just misdirected adventure into nowhere
Or just inertia of not doing any thing
but becoming normal couch potatoes.

Creators
The nuts, ugly, bipolar or depressed
Or just weird mad artist or scientist
with an urge to create
continue to create
Until they are summoned by the Creator
To come home

BACK

Chaos Within a Boundary

You are so beautiful to me
I know
Many will not agree with me
Your nose
Your eyes
Your lips
And the body's contour
Are so common,
So ordinary
Still
Out of thousands
When I see you
I know it is you,
My dearest.

In you, I see
The thousand avatars of roses
Of maple and oak leaves
Ants, elephants and tarantulas
Strawberries and sweethearts
Mangoes, oranges, durians and beautiful women
Desperado and diwanas
I see the footsteps of the cosmic dancer
The marvels,
The limits
The scope of possibilities
The exuberance of flow of life
That makes each of us unique
Just like you.

BACK

Finger Prints of the Force

You, the immortal
Not deterred by the calamities
That fell on earth again and again
The strike of a meteorite
The ashes of Vesuvius
The land slides of Mount St. Helen
The mudslides and devastating floods
That strike again and again

Slowly and surely
Your finger prints appear
In the molten lava of volcanoes
In the ever spreading Sahara desert
In the tsunami touched outer banks
Between the stone slabs of Angkor Wat
In the tiny cracks in the middle of the high ways
In the crevices of high rise parking structures

From the deep down frozen landscapes of the artic
To the hot springs deep on the ocean floor
To the decaying flesh and oil spills
Your finger print declares
I am omnipotent
I can be omnipresent
I am here for ever
Alive.

BACK

I Am Walking On A One-way Street

Long time ago,
I started crawling
And then walking
On an one way street
With no name or landmarks
I can barely see a thing ahead of me
While my footprints disappear
Just like that!

I meet
Emotionally scintillating scientists
Articulating artists
Youths in meditation
Rejoicing paupers
Miserable millionaires
Smiling small girls in office dresses
Nagging mother-in-laws of all ages
Grandmas with Hawaiian shirts
Pastors with blemishes

On the way
The strangers become friends
Friends become lovers
Lovers become strangers
Barbie dolls become heartthrobs
And pinups become grandmas
Fighters become geriatric patients
Stooping with all my baggage of my past

I am running
After the golden deer of future
To be happy and fulfilled some day
To become some one some day
I wonder
Is this one-way street
The way to my destiny
Or destiny itself?

BACK

I Wonder What We Are

I wonder when Darwin touted the ideas of
Survival of the fittest
Struggle for existence
For the origin of species in evolution
Was he looking at him in the mirror and data mining?
Finding what he wanted to find
To rationalize “the man eats man world”.

It sounds so strange to me
Human beings
Are not very humane beings
Billions are spent to make weapons
To kill people with shock and awe
Wow!
As if life is an action movie

Remember what Jesus said
About loving our neighbors
In the name of God, the magnificent
The compassionate One,
Residing in living and nonliving alike
We demonize our own kind
Scared by the color of the skin or by attire
Or by just the perceptions of -isms
We cluster bomb
We pulverize the kids, women and old folks
As if the destiny of mankind is self-immolation.

I never know
What drives a man to do that?
Except some thing I read long time ago
“Man goes to war
Because he secretly wishes to die.”

BACK

In My Mind's Sky

Like the birth of the stars
From the womb of dark night
Like the swarm of bees
Rushing to the freshly
Awaken lazy rose buds
Like the migration of salmon
Like a sudden snow storm
Questions sneak into
My mind's breeder reactor
Incessantly.

Like thousand new born
Colic babies
Lots of queries
Keep me awake
Crawl on me like millipedes
And I wonder
About the grand design
About it's principles
Of cause and effect
Or is there one any way?

I wonder about
Who are really the haves?
And who are the have-nots
About the vanishing horizon
Between right and wrong
About the never met soul mates
About the unbroken string of love
That flows across the oceans
Defying the realm of possibilities

I wonder
About why something just happens
About who deserves what and why
And where did it all begin
And will it all end one day?
And does it have to?

In the life's lottery game
Who is a winner?
Is the winner a winner after all?
What for the snow tramples a tulip bud
What for the soul pines
Seeks and seeks
For something
For some one
Who may not be there after all?

My life is a river
Full of love
Full of life
Full of desires
Full of smiles
Full of sighs
Full of wounds by stepping
On the splinters of broken dreams
Still
Mysterious
Mystical
Mythical
Giving birth to so many queries
Like the birth of the stars
In my mind's sky.

BACK

Do Something

Every one chided me
Don't sit there, do something
And I did
Read books and wrote poems and dramas,
Played soccer and volley ball
Ran on the tracks

As a student I was busy
As a worker I am really busy
Exhausted when I come home
To eat, do more work and then sleep
With the thought what has to be done tomorrow.

In my dream
I am working too
Stumbling on my ways
Due to mishaps and limitations
Working and working whole night
To wake up exhausted
To continue my walking on a trade mill
Twenty four, seven

Then I read
"Don't just do it, sit there"
That was strange to me
But some thing different
So I did
I sat there closing my eyes
Watching my breath
Calming my nerves

But my mind was the autopilot
On a whirl wind trip
Ruminating my past
Inspecting my fears and desires
Entangled in the web of confusion
I was lost in my self
I never knew
'Just not to do something
And sit there '
Could be so hard to do.

BACK

In Search Of Divinity

**I usually visit the shrines
To marvel at the art and devotees
But not to seek the stairways to heaven
Which I don't need
As it is here
All around and in me.**

**All around me
Often hidden, buried
In the mountains of debris
Like the full moon under the dark clouds
I love to discover
All the beautiful things
Those solemnly exquisite heavenly icons
Wherever I go
Whoever I meet
Whatever I do
Whatever I see**

**Like a mother tending her sick child
Her only child
I love to touch and preserve each moment
The delicate but transient fractal
With all the love in my heart
To live in the heaven
In my mortal life.**

BACK

Living in an Oxymoron World

I always look at people
And wonder what makes them do
What they do every day
Again and again.

I look at couples
Holding hands
Or walking few steps apart barely talking
And wonder how they found each other
And how is their life together
Are they really soul mates?
How many times they make love
And how many times they fight
Making up by having children

I read about the gangsters
Who shot innocent bystander at random
Or the general who ordered to drop a nuclear bomb
To make a point
And worry about his mom and dad
And sweet heart and kids
How do they feel about the life?

Every day, I see people come to work
Convinced to be somewhere
By end of the day
Or by the end of their carrier
They work from 6 in the morning
To 10 in the night or more
24, 7

I wonder about their wives
Husbands or girl or boy friends
What happens to their love?
What makes their life livable?
Is it all but a momentum?

I look at the sky and see
Universes after universes
Creation unlimited

Unfinished
Unrealized
And look at me back
And smile at the transient manifestation of molecules.
And feel sorry and adoration for others and myself.

Does my world buzzing with
The space probes, Ipods, skype calls
And encrypted messages
Make any sense to kids and moms
Tending cows in the out skirts of a village
Bare foot, hungry and with a sunken belly.

When I hear some one dropping a million dollar bomb
To test the best ways to kill other human beings
I think about the poor children,
Who have nothing to eat but something
Collected from city dumps.

Are you sure?
We are all human beings
Creature of the same life force
Do you see us all being human
All being the children of some god
God made to human order
To lead us all to heaven on earth
Or to safeguard our prejudice
To feed our homophobia
And paranoia
We all segregated by fear and hate
Hibernating in our own cocoon
Called civilization.

BACK

My Lovely Jasmine

**Hello my lovely jasmine
I wonder about you
Where you come from
And where do you get your beauty,
Fragrance and tenderness?
Where do they all go, once you wilt?**

**Do you mind?
When the uninvited butterflies
Come and kiss you
Cuddle up you
Then leave for another flower
Like an unfaithful lover?**

**Do you mind?
When the bees come
Those noisy black bumble bees
With hugeness written
All over them in Chinese
And smolder you
Like a drunken husband
Don't you cry in pain?
Don't you yell at them?
Do you complain?
Don't you think that
Enough is enough
When another bumble bee
Is waiting on the wing?**

**Then the ants come
Those dirty street urchins
Those tasteless, shameless creeps
Looking for a chance to kiss you
Do you slap them?
Do you call the police?
For harassing you?**

Or
Like so many women of the world
You just think
What you have
What you go through, is your Karma
And you are to bloom and
Dress up for others.
Cuddle up with whoever comes
And then bear the fruit
Before you wilt

Then,
How do you feel?
When nobody shows up any more
Don't you feel lonely?
Do you cry silently?
Like so many women of the world
With nothing but the tear drops
To decorate eyes and cheeks?
I wonder
A lot about you
My lovely jasmine

BACK

Pollen Count

**Pollen count was very high today
And my daughter was sneezing a lot
Her eyes were swollen.
I was worried about her.**

**I was more worried about
The poor pollens
Millions of them
Like the desperate lovers
With half of the information
Seeking desperately the other half
To make a genome complete again
To enjoy in life once again
The sunshine, the winds and love.**

**But alas,
On their destined paths
Like the millions of sperms
Millions of watermelon seeds
Fish eggs end up as food
Or worse
Become the sand**

**I worry about the poor DNA strands
Weathering dehydration
Like my cells in my old age
To be born again
Somewhere with some mission.
I am not sure.**

**Minutes of my life
Like the pollens and eggs
Recycling but in a catabolic path
I stand here embracing
The composition
The decomposition
Endlessly
Making me ponder
About the pollen counts.**

BACK

Running Amuck

So many imaginary ropes
Pull me in all directions
But the one I should take
Like a dog on a morning walk
I run amuck
From one thing to another
Sniffing and tasting
Marking each site I go
Thinking this is it
And it is all mine only.

Distractions entice me
Like the temptations on the path to salvation
Like those things on 75% off sale
The more I buy the more I can save
Like those get rich quick pop up flashy commercials
I want to have them all
And hoard like a squirrel before the winter

I pile up what I think I need
I think I am good at
What I would like do
But suffocate myself with noise
Never listening and
Realizing the music of my essence

BACK

Salmon Run

I put on my rose colored glasses
And swim away
From the winter of discontent
From the snow storms inside bedroom
From the traffic jam in my career
From the cold rainy evening of existence
To the autumn of self discovery
To enjoy the colors I have inside me
Hidden for ages and ages

I put on my rose colored glasses
And swim away
To the steamy summer days
Of full moon and evening breezes
And pounding waves
In my lover's heart.

I put on my rose colored glasses
And swim away
To the spring of my life
When the emotion buds smile at me
Inside and outside
To feel close to the flowers, butterflies
And to the colorful bird sitting on a twig
I swim and swim
Against the rapids of time
To realize all of me

BACK

Stranger In Paradise

The ocean in the form of raindrops
Wanted to kiss my forehead
And trickle down on my cheeks
But I was inside a car
Driving
Every thing away
To be safe, secure and healthy
Otherwise,
My insurance bill will
Go through the roof.

The pine pollens
Did not smear my face
I am susceptible to allergy, you know.
The grass flowers on the meadow
Did not touch my feet
There are stinky bugs there
Infested with parasites.
The wild mustard plants
The dandelions
Become
A constant nuisance
Even though
I "rounded up" them
Along with the ants
Bees and butterflies

The singing stream of water
The cows grazing in the meadows
The autumn leaves
Floating casually on the streams
The shameless, sensual spring flowers
Baring their bosoms in bright day light
The tiny lazy green buds waking up from sleep
And yawning for a long time
They all remain strangers to me
Because I am too busy in making a living.

BACK

The Melting Ice Slab

**I still keep thinking
About the, dirty, sweet,
Enticing, abhorring
Attracting, repulsing
Four letter word
"Life"**

**Is it like the water
From a slowly melting ice slab on the roof top
Falling on a big taro leaf drop by drop
To lose its identity in the sandy soil?
Or
Is it a serene, giving and forgiving
Underground current
That washed away sand castle
And other man made artifacts
To make us immortal
During our lifetime?**

BACK

The Discovery Of The Interior

**It took a while
To listen to the voices
Of the desires and dreams
There was so much noise
In the back ground
Overwhelming all my senses**

**The voice was there
But really choked
By the superfluous flesh
By the body trashed by
Age, weather and stress
By the kinkiness of the cultures
By the cacophony of myriads of languages
But in the interior
Sleeping like the core of the onion
The eternal wish of all
For love
And search for some one to hang onto
Was alive and well
Like magnolia buds in winter**

BACK

The Quest For My Present

**Where are you?
My present
My gift
So apparent
But so transient
From one side, the roaring past
With the tidings
The things that happened
The things that did not
But should have
The anger
The frustration
The resentments
Overwhelm me.**

**On the other side
The ever-encroaching future
The dreams bootstrapped with fear
Apprehension and what ifs**

**So fragile you are
My present
Like a moving line on water
Still
The annotator of my life**

BACK

The Search For My Identity

**I, me and myself
Diversity within an entity**

**As my worlds collide
With each other
And with yours, theirs, her and his,
I wonder,
I despair
I feel cheated, hurt and sad
And am surprised
How could he/she do that to me?
Same tune reverberating
From her world and his.**

**I hear what I want to hear
And see what I want to see
To frame my world.
While the truth remains
Mutable, pliable
The eternal playing with dough of the fuzz factor.**

BACK

The Silent Mutations

**New things are sneaking into me
All the time
And lo and behold
Every second, I am becoming some one else
Slowly and surely
Inside and out
Emotionally and physically
From molecules to cells
An automorphosis is taking place.**

**I live in a house with ever-rearranged furniture
Remodeled
Refurbished
Every minute
And also with old reminiscent
Like my baby blanket
To feel secure
To feel connected
To guard against
The sneaking in changes all around me
Asking me to welcome it
Embrace it**

BACK

The Truth Is This

When I was very green
Greener than the green mango
I was very clear
Of many things:

I was told by parents and teachers
And knew for sure
What is right
What is wrong
What is truth
What is a lie
What is fair
What is moral
What is not

I knew
Who is beautiful
Who is smart
What happens when we die
What God said
Etc. etc.

Now,
Things are like the first look in the morning
Without glasses
But with very defective eyes.

The boundaries
Between good and bad
Moral and immoral
All but disappeared
The heaven and hell
Are synonyms
Terrorists are
God's chosen children
And freedom fighter

Primitive practices become cutting edge science
Sophisticated urbanites
Meditating
Chanting and counting beads
I don't know any more
Who is a savage and without culture
And who is really cutting edge technocrat

I wonder
Why God should bless only a certain country
And whose God is he or she any way?
and
Why the suffering of certain people
Are worse more than others

In a strange way
The reality is so much like the gods
Our creation
For our own sustenance
Biased and unreal
We sleep walk on a moving platform
To cry and laugh
Fight and die
Not knowing that
The truth is
Nothing but an inference

BACK

Those Delicate Flowers

I thought of those flowers
They look so delicate
Vulnerable
Left in the rain, cold and scorching sun
They will not last long, I thought.

But I was wrong
They, the orchids, the petunias
And even the grass flowers
Weather and smile
Some times better than me

I looked at those beautiful flowers
They look so innocent
Like a sculpture made to perfection
I thought
They may not be interested in passion
Desires and dreams and touch
But lie there like a canvas
For the bees, butterflies to paint.

But I was wrong again
They, the jasmines, the lotuses
And evening prime roses
Clasp the bees, butterflies
Tightly to their bosoms
Drugging them with pollens
And making them zombies
To visit them again and again.

BACK

Treadmill Safari

With my black sunglasses
Placed neatly on my head,
With the sneakers to cheat the cheetah
With the Hawaiian rainbow T shirt
With my wireless notebook on hand
And a SLR-digital camera
I am running
On a treadmill
Day after day.

I am like
The distant bald mountain
Hurt while
Trying to kiss the teasing clouds
Now licking the wounds
By running nonstop
On the treadmill.

I am trapped in the circle
Of sunset and sunrise of my fortune
Of the birth and the death of my desires
Of pleasure and pain
Of love and despair
Silently humming
On my treadmill safari

BACK

When does the Life Begin?

When does the life begin?
This big debate
Forgets to take into account
The unbroken continuity of a life force
From parents to offspring
Through sperms and eggs
Or otherwise

Like small rivulets coming out of a river
Either making it to the ocean
Or dying in the desert
Life propagates
Often in the process
Becoming the food to sustain other living beings
Like cauliflowers and carrots
Crabs and even cows

Or just passes into oblivion
Like millions of sperms
Millions of pollens
Millions of pine or mushroom spores

Out of those millions
A few make it
Like the acorn
That does fall in the forest
But not on a drive way
And joins the relay race of life
To pass the gene to the progeny.

BACK

With a grain of salt

My Princeton professor said
Take it with a grain of salt
Of what you read or hear
Or see

This iconoclastic statement
Amazed me
Destroyed my inner assurance
Of the facts,
Of the truths
Of Gods
Of science
Of the concept of heaven and hell
Suddenly every thing was amorphous

For me
Philosophers
Scientists
Poets
Were living gods
What they say was the truth
To be believed and revered
Not questioned

Now
As I listened to him
As I followed him
As I read the methods they used
And analyzed their's data myself
Before reading what they think it means
My perception of me and my world
About the inner working of the cells and mind
All got struck by a fly swatter
So many theories of creation after all.

My professor was right
Every one's inference might be the fact
But check it out yourself.
Trust but verify.

BACK

Wonders of Being Alive

The silence kindled
In the desolate land of mine
I looked at myself
Like I have not seen me before

Let it reveal
My singularity
My essence of being human
A mean to discover
My outer self
My inner self
To acknowledge
My pure self

I had dialog with
My wishes, desires and fears
I dared to look down into
The Grand Canyon of my faults
I smiled at my Great paper Wall of confidence
To emerge
From the subversion of life
Undiluted
Uncorrupted
Unambiguous
Unpretentious
Like a new born baby
I wondered, wandered,
Enjoying the ecstasy of
Just being alive

BACK

Wonders of living

I enjoy the falling of snow flakes on my head.
I did not ask for it.
The colors of the sunset baths the horizon
Overwhelming my senses
I did not pay for it.
Children smile,
Their blue, green and brown eyes
Glisten with life
The shapely bodies of the girls
Speaks aloud about the wonder of creation,
I did not buy ticket for these.

The butterflies dazzle
The peacock dances spreading its feathers
The rainbows lose their way
In the sprinklers on the corn fields
I neither did nor arrange these.

Randomness
display of eternal creation
by the creator unknown.
I do not have control over it
This is beyond my capacity to create,
To evaluate
To apprehend
But to appreciate
With the senses
That are gift to me
By the same creator.

BACK