

# Poems by Aju Mukhopadhyay

## What Peace is Like

Peace is like the early rays of the Sun,  
slightly auburn, spreading on the eastern sky.  
Peace is like the mild setting Sun, sure of its return,  
splashing colours on the western sky.  
Peace is like the rising full moon, bright in its orb,  
from above the rows of giant palm trees.  
Peace is like the resting of the elephants  
in a sward before the promised sunrise.  
Peace is like the birth of an arc-rainbow  
after the gale and copious rain.  
Peace is like a sleeping pregnant cat  
on top of the hay stacked in a burn.  
Peace is like the child's sucking sound  
from the round breast of its mother.  
Peace is like the deep silence of the wood  
pregnant with promises near.  
Peace is like the concurrent rain  
spreading across the vale and dale.  
Peace is like the trustful pacing of the child  
holding his father's finger top with nail.  
Peace is love, Peace is smile  
Peace is fragrance of the flower.  
Peace is faithful surrender to the Divine

Peace is enchanting shower.  
 Peace has its last resort away from the earthly bower  
 in the Nirvanic void;  
 beyond the domain of science, history or logic  
 even as it baffles the ideas of Freud.  
 Peace is love, Peace is smile  
 Let the true Peace spread  
 Let this not be fragile.

© Aju Mukhopadhyay, 2008

### **Act like a Sage**

After retirement at the ripe age  
 even when a nonagenarian  
 and out of usual vocation,  
 seek the real and act like a sage  
 beyond what you have so long done-  
 seek the one you have not sought so far;  
 either the absolute or the details of the matter.  
 Better wear out than rust out-  
 monk Vivekananda said aloud.  
 If you have a disease do not lull or tend  
 rather help the body to flush it out or amend.  
 You were not born as you had wished

so there is nothing to lament about it,  
duration of life no mortal can fix.  
Now is the chance in life to flourish  
none can outlive life  
as none can unripe the ripe.

© Aju Mukhopadhyay, 2008