

# WEAVES OF TIME



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*Pages from a Poetic Diary*

Sangeeta Gupta



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# DEDICATION

For Tanmaya & Deepali,  
two grounded in truth.



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## FOREWORD

In this volume of poems, subtitled—pages from a poetic diary—we have, often enough at any rate, a fresh re-enactment of a hoary cultures, one key preoccupation, namely, the search for the self, and that whether in its micro or macro dimensions. The diurnal world is not ignored in the body of the poems, but this more modest aspect of a multifaceted reality is never observed from on high, with a cold eye, but with due affection. On the other hand it is the poet's own first personal singular voice that is treated almost with a clinical detachment. Here the speaking voice makes of itself an object, but one that still needs to be raised to the level of a true, self-scrutinizing subject, freed of its infirmities, its grosser attributes. For only by doing so may a mortal draw a millimeter closer to whatever is termed as divinity. Divinity is instinct in all creatures, but its true emergence from the midst of the Kurukshetra of workaday life can only happen after untold inner dialogues, of self with soul. Both these last two words are tryingly vague, but any who tend the acres of their inner landscape, free it of its weeds; they thus know that the soul comes about only by their incessant labor, that of a life-long conversation between the I and the me, between I and the thou, and that it is only so that consciousness gives birth to conscience. It is in some such way that the human creature rises a few cubits.

In sum, it is to all such life action, emotion and vision that the poet fastidiously works to give form. The strategies or the choices that she employs in her quintessential lines are not mere rhetoric, they convince us that for her the making of verse is not an end in itself, but that it is as well a means of remaking of our being. This especial stance is of value in our value bereft times. The poet, sufficiently aware of our present shortfalls, takes us on a meaningful journey via her diary. Health of spirit is the main goal to which her finger unerringly points out.

**KESHAV MALIK**



With you Time  
dramatizes into diamonds  
into pearly moments.

Nay, I do not 'spend time',  
with you, I weave it  
into a poem, a painting.

II

Time?—time  
Is an abstract notion  
you can almost do  
what you like with it

you can even recreate it  
so flexible it

you can make time timeless—  
waste it too—  
it changes with your each mood

it can be sad,  
be cheerful  
not it your master  
it is your obedient slave, you can  
tame it.

a powerful tool—  
to you given as gift,  
to be used as you wish.

you it is, who it perceives  
you who decide its fate.

you who,  
it has got to serve.

III

In this post-noon solitude  
a playful sun  
kisses your eyes  
but softly so  
and then instead  
of weaving dreams  
you weave silence

The inner fire is ready  
as though to explode  
like a playful butterfly

The rebel is reborn  
as if looking for a new horizon  
to grow in—for  
an awareness near total,  
for not else  
but reconnect  
to re-bond  
to be sheerly,

so you are  
alive each moment  
alive here and now  
and for as long  
as ever is.

IV

Love is so abstract  
it is of no guaranteed definition

Each one defines it differently

You can feel  
its there somewhere  
between earth and space  
may be all over

words fail

it can be understood  
only in the completest of silence  
indeed it is hid in the innermost core  
of an elusive existence

Touch core  
and it you will know.



In this  
sunkissed afternoon  
I realize  
you are often  
in my thoughts

the warmth of the  
soft velvet sun  
also has  
the warmth  
of your deep recall

VI

evening—  
filled with your laughter—  
suddenly makes me realize  
I am alive, that I am talking to myself  
that life itself is  
the key poem.



VII

In an utter silence  
I hear you  
hear the unsaid  
hear that  
which never touched  
your lips  
I hear feelings  
which are hidden  
secreted with utmost care  
in the in-most  
bole of your being

the pure, the raw truth  
is not spoilt,  
nor expressed  
in words  
which have lost  
their meanings  
in this, so utter a silence  
sans communication, sans connection

yet see  
how still I hear you  
understand you completely.

VIII

It is now I can grasp  
the silence—  
appreciate  
the steep beauty,  
the bliss of what is not

The sound and fury inside  
vanishing  
and the void is replated  
with the gong of silence

each moment of this same supreme quiet  
making you grounded  
in the here and now—  
of no sound  
only song.

IX

As artist  
I wish to paint nought else  
but pin-drop silence

wish to weave  
the texture of that special sound  
that is unheard

wish to share with you  
this, an element out of ear-shot,  
on the blank of a canvas

silence  
so abstract

well, you may feel it  
but not define it  
for words just cannot express  
what is rare

strange  
that one can sense,  
it, that is simply unsaid.

X

When is silence, when speechlessness  
a poem's kin?

I know it in my bones  
its really the roll back  
of the tide of times  
we spent together,  
times that seemed timeless  
those so secretly stored  
in the invisible most pore  
of ones being

the joy of knowing without being told—  
bliss of understanding,  
the satisfaction  
of being understood without strain  
minus speech  
and once more one is aware,  
of a Presence  
during when the molten silver of silence  
flows like a poem,  
like a flowing pen.

XI

A glorious day  
slowly crosses  
the river of a misty evening  
only to dissolve  
in a mysterious night  
and I go through it  
all the way

may be, as part of it—  
but at the same time  
only a witness to it—  
of the magical happening

In deep silence  
I talk to me  
Who am I?  
The real I?  
one who, of it is part  
or perchance  
simply one witnessing  
that same *it*?

and in my heart of hearts  
I answer  
may it be I just know  
I am both

A universe that exists in me  
and I  
in that very universe.

XII

Adam,  
an evolved being, dove-tailed into a whole,  
by nature stands alone  
on the crossroads  
to create life afresh  
the life of his choice,  
as a being, not just thing.

Though it's always easy,  
secure and comforting  
to follow the proven path  
still one is also given the choice  
to carve only an own path  
to walk on and on  
on an uncertain, unknown terrain

to explore in the freedom,  
the invention of an own destiny,  
to avail the opportunity  
of a vertical take off

to transform the mundane  
heat and fret  
into blazing night light.

XIII

The Creator  
Of creators  
has gifted humankind  
the choice  
of hewing his own life

so go ahead  
create a day by far beautiful,  
indeed so  
each moment of your life,  
to enjoy this lucky freedom of choice.

make own path  
alone walk  
that One  
always holds  
your solitary hand  
nay is always  
part of your beating heart

so creative be  
it makes the maker  
proud of thee.

XIV

a lazy  
unstructured Sunday:  
the luxury of  
going for a walk.

The humming bees of silence,  
the enjoying of my all alone time

the dew on wet grass  
looks happy  
perhaps being sunkissed  
on this, the wintery morning.

Sun making every shivering being  
live after the cold, dark,  
impersonal night.



XV

Time disappears  
come the hour  
of tight-lipped silence,  
then when no sound is  
only stillness

no noise even of any thought,  
absolute bliss it is  
for once you are not amiss,  
but centered in your  
crucial life-cell  
and as to realize  
you are  
complete by yourself

by yourself—you?  
yes you a whole Universe.

XVI

Only in an unfractured silence  
can one thrive  
there then is no wandering mind,  
no sound, no noise,  
no thought  
no past,  
no future nor

Time only in the moment is.  
So aware be  
of each passing moment  
time, time only in the present is—  
no not  
in no past, no future.

in that moment alone joy,  
alive like the crazy  
honey-drunk bee

XVII

I, on a journey  
so inward  
so intimate,  
so personal am

so all by my singular self  
in sea-deep silence,  
that it helps  
materialize me—  
to actualize  
my utmost possibility.

Now am I aware  
Me, myself, I can transform  
can redirect the flow of a life-line—mine,  
and that the  
gift of choice is  
given each one  
to become aware

Life, that one gift  
of the choice to be,  
of creativity.  
Miracle  
without a parallel.

XVIII

Have thee realized!  
are thee aware!  
that even as we meet  
there is, of energies  
a concordance,  
an inter-play  
of minds, in the air; in bubbling chemistry

a rhythm, a solace, and a peace,  
yea, the very celebration of cosmos

Ah me, for me  
these meetings are tidings  
worth waiting for,  
and for much more?

XIX

When the like minded meet  
a miracle shall happen:  
the you and the I  
be hugely recharged, be revived, rejuvenated,

each time  
we are gathered together  
I instantly sense  
an intense energy field  
tightly encompassing us.

there is, then, as though magic in the air  
laughter in hearts  
music in our mutual souls  
life feels, life reels

oh, my own twin.

XX

I was musing  
will our evenings be yet  
as magical as when  
we were close together

Well,  
I can almost read my poems  
when I look into your eyes

I hear music in the air  
when you are around  
then is there laughter  
there then joy  
there timelessness abounding  
in the bonding.

XXI

wish I could carve you  
on the palm  
of my hand,  
carve you  
as my one and only destiny!

wishes are,  
alas, nought  
but wistful thinkings.

Inspite of this being so  
how I wish to carve  
a destiny.

Am told, that,  
I perforce am given this choice

Oh, pray why?  
For am I not destiny's own child  
and you  
that very destiny are.

XXII

You  
my reincarnation seem,  
seem my mirror image  
and that even  
while I am  
not yet gone.

I wonder, though,  
how such things transpire!  
I speak to self, say  
that once in a while  
magic will come about,  
though not known how

Remember,  
there is a gap of decades  
between our two births  
on this top-like whirling planet  
and still I am dogged,  
namely that you are none other  
than my twin  
I over and over speak to self, tell:  
that at all times, miracles and magics  
will happen.



XXIII

My hip hip hurray baby has grown  
to be a man  
and so now not to be cuddled  
nor, no more for it the lullaby  
to make him sleep deep

But then he still is  
the greatest of God gift to me—  
a best friend—  
my best, the most creative craft  
masterpiece  
lifeline  
as serves  
my biggest source of strength  
true inspiration  
my reason to be.

Some things in life—  
do what you like—  
just do not change  
even with the passage of time,  
that headlong running thief.

XXIV

For a change,  
this evening, I don't have  
a "to do list" tagged to it

so, unplanned, un-structured  
I decide to scan  
newspaper  
listen to music  
perhaps to do nothing  
but only to realize to my utter surprise  
that a kind of sadness  
has crept up inside me,  
and that as well a sense  
of sea-deep emptiness.  
I search unknowingly  
and suddenly stop  
and of self ask  
is doing something  
or the other  
all time—  
seemingly mindful  
still mindless?  
is it to drop dead,  
hit bed post in deep slumber

the purpose of living?—  
The question lingers long in my hurrying heart

is this then the goal and purpose  
of life!— any life?

XXV

Life kept searching—  
a whole night—for me

it kept searching my dreams  
asked about my whereabouts

Life even inquired from  
the dark night,  
but none could help.

Life kept on the look out for me  
night after night quite desperate  
only to realise  
that I was lost  
entangled in  
the sun-struck rays  
of an arising dawn.

XXVI

The mounting morning mist  
surely is the manifestation  
of Nature's very own  
non-stop symphony

the soft music  
of the breeze reaches me  
and after a meeting with you  
we both—  
born after a divide of decades—  
are still twins  
of that one timeless  
moment  
where souls lock  
beyond body and belief.

Love has its own dialect  
not expressed except in fine feelings

words spoil  
loves purity  
without fail

hear, silence alone  
manifests love  
better than the lines  
of all my poems.

XXVII

Eating samosa?—  
Oh that, of taste-buds,  
no mere indulgence;  
a ritual, rather,  
of remembrances  
of memories  
as fresh as  
morning dew.

My evenings were once filled  
with the steaming samosas  
you brought  
and I, always,  
could see a samosa  
transform from inane  
to metaphysical—  
abstract, and so ephemeral  
as love.

You are not here more  
so now I buy that one  
once in a while  
eat it, with a smile  
as ritual  
in the elation of what was.

XXVIII

Sitting in my dingy studio—  
listening to  
the song of songs—  
of silence—  
the trees outside window  
dancing  
with the breeze  
as if they all had a bath  
in the rain  
last night  
while I slept.

In deep slumber  
I could not hear  
the whispers . . . .  
you were unfailingly sending me  
in your dreams all through.

Oh but  
I prefer to stay away  
from all night dreams  
for do I not dream throughout  
the day!

I? I'm the perpetual  
day dreamer.

XXIX

Love is self attrition  
it comes with a package—  
of hurt and pain

when love does happen  
hurt and pain  
are not far away.

Fully aware,  
one still craves  
that one sheer magic,  
it that gives each a heady feel

Its fire, as sings  
a passion  
as destroys completely—  
makes of one a poet  
of another a painter, or anything you name  
thus devastated, and destroyed,  
one still Becomes . . . . a being  
enriched and entranced.  
And this is no paradox.

If you have not yet  
suffered love  
how could you  
have lived?



I die each day  
and yet am reborn again  
come day.

All hurts, shames,  
all humiliations, all sorrows  
die with me come morn.

In my reincarnations  
I have a selective, knife-keen memory!

But forget not  
I only remember love  
and its blessings.



XXXI

I loose sense come night  
though only to wake up every sun-break  
with a fresh discovery: Me.

It is the day's challenge  
to know this one  
and I'm dying to explore  
an ever strange new me, day after day

This alone is for me life—  
this journey  
is for me to meet me  
but only to loose that one;  
to meet it once again  
and so it goes on and on, and on.

XXXII

Life's biggest hurdle?  
to understand and comprehend  
your own tiny dot called self

Yet I do not expect to be understood,  
that is,  
since I have not even  
understood my own allotted life-cell.

XXXIII

You always beautiful were,  
spring doing wonders  
to your secret beauty  
you ever sit in the lap of history—  
proud yet elegant  
you give the gift  
of immense possibilities,  
infinite opportunities  
to each and all  
who seek,

so to me you gave  
roots to grow and to bloom in,  
wings to fly,  
you made me feel  
that I was deserving of your hospitality

I was welcomed here  
and you sustained me  
for long years of a ceaseless wrestle

I survive  
all because you were there by my side  
you it was who gave me cognition, as recognition  
made me what I presently am  
to you I belong  
Oh! City by the yamuna banks  
how can I,  
you, not adore!

XXXIV

Love is a prolonged growth  
the more it grows,  
the deeper it

Butterfly kinds  
never experience love.  
Before love grows its roots even  
away they fly.

Butterfly kinds suffers perpetually—  
neither to love  
nor to be loved

Butterfly kinds  
lay love waste.

XXXV

Love is to be accepted  
with utmost grace

Most are  
so afraid, insecure so  
love they escape.  
Too powerless to love,  
of being loved incapable.

If escape is a state of mind—  
that is, when you shun suffering—  
you as well escape love, escape life

Own love, accept life  
every moment nothing less,  
and then  
alive, alive, alive  
is all there is

XXXVI

One can never pray—  
oh no,  
for that is not an act,  
but a ritual  
to be performed  
in silence absolute

no noise,  
monologue none  
a second when your pit-patting heart  
becomes a gesture, a prayer—  
the prayer of true care

XXXVII

Constant the conversation  
through the flux of text messages  
and you are no more there,  
nor do I exist  
in your eye-view

oh even though being right there  
besides you.

I was then with a self —mine own—  
and enjoyed what was mine.

For this I didn't need you at all  
the said meeting, hence, was futile,  
heavy on time's heart.

Oh! the waste of moments—  
those the mortal's precious pearls.

XXXVIII

You may stay  
away from me—  
choice all yours.

Though,  
I keep you safe  
in my thoughts,  
in my infectious laughter  
as in my poems  
and in my paintings,  
in prayers

you are part and parcel,  
an inseparable,  
of my being and becoming.



XXXIX

Toasted your tall triumphs  
with my one and only friend  
who came laughing into my fervent prayers  
said  
blessed you are,  
I come to meet with you  
as do all pals.



What is learned  
through the roll-call of education,  
well may have to be unlearned  
through meditation.  
for not else, not otherwise  
can you change a dire fate.

Difficult alright,  
yet so  
only till you do not decide.

With decision, begins change.  
this happens, and the universe helps.  
It is possible then to alchemise the crude ore to gold.  
Take own responsibility for what or who you are  
and change is on the cards.  
Well it is your choice,  
for have you not a hidden power right within!

Carve then your destiny, I say,  
as one does a bread slice.

XXXXXI

Death is born  
with life, most like a twin.  
Like a bamboo-shoot  
grows with life it does,  
life itself reaches its peak in death.

XXXXXII

Say nay to violence  
give respect to self  
say yea to dignity  
say yea to life.

You deserve to live  
with self pride.

Mistake not  
we all make mistakes  
take wrong decisions  
once in a while.  
Oh, it is all right  
to accept failure  
in relationships  
and to move on  
with life.

Never say no to the light of life.  
Its this, the chief gift to you,  
so use it well.

always  
life must be on the go—  
be an act of faith.

XXXVIII

Don't punish yourself  
for taking a wrong decision.  
we all have a right  
to make those and then re-learn.

Trusting and loving someone,  
who did not deserve our commiseration  
is a small mistake,  
yourself forgive for it.  
Be kind, to self,  
we all have to learn  
to love ourselves.

Life is to be lived  
Moment to moment.  
just looking back at the past  
is not to respect  
the new moment.  
which is constantly to be preferred  
so we live.

Accept the most high's gift of each split-second  
and live it well.  
That alone is thanks giving  
to the One that really counts.

XXXXXIV

poems are candles  
which burn  
at both ends  
so that on certain days  
the dark world's dark  
is brightened  
if just for a second.

If this happens,  
even for a wee-flicker, a passing flash  
it will make  
life and living worth it;

this one heart—mine— is swollen  
with some such hope.  
So it is I pen,  
poems.

XXXXXV

Time will  
carry away my existence  
if though I leave behind  
some few poems, some paintings  
which may or may not be of interest to anyone

it may be I will be born again  
and then what?  
I will read those same poems  
admire those same paintings.  
The idea certainly fascinates me  
I will traverse time,  
and space, as this birth  
and this death  
to a stage come back,  
come back to these poems and paintings.

They do not belong to me  
but I to them.

XXXXXVI

In the process of  
rediscovering me myself  
who did I find?

none but you,  
my seeming mirror image

in loving you  
is like loving myself.



XXXXXVII

When one paints  
one penetrates a deep-well—  
that of the sub-conscious,

and connects to  
one's unconscious,  
uncovers one's self,  
seeks to know who one is  
and in the process  
breaks bonds,  
liberates one's chained spirit.

Is it not so?  
Approach the farthest  
and you are connected to the cosmos

you? a nowhere, a nobody!  
and yet how still you are, to persist

you belong to the Whole,  
that we, the Universe call.

XXXXXVIII

Even as one paints,  
one as well meditates  
transcends, transforms, transmutes

As you create, you die  
but then you are reborn,  
though you cannot be,  
what you were.

You are some other.  
Yet folks try to find  
the old you, and thus fail.

You are reborn,  
with memory none.  
You scale time and space.  
You are not there, or here,  
you die and you are come  
beyond time, beyond space.

XXXIX

Shrouded in darkness,  
in silence wrapped,  
lying on bed  
I, the inner being feel.  
And so my heart swells  
with a deep sense of gratitude.  
to realize that  
the creative one  
can see what none may,  
hear what none will hear.  
What more can one want  
what more is possible  
to be so elate?

In that one still moment  
one knows—  
Knows that you your energy most conserve  
and then to explode it  
in your creativity  
like a fire-work.

You are still,  
very silent.

Like salt  
you dissolve,  
in your own energy pool  
only to be reborn  
again and yet again.



We,  
*dasas* of time  
are provided with  
a cycle of twenty four hours.

Challenge to one's own  
is how we create more  
of a self, as of passion  
from this very daily cycle,  
is how we create each moment  
of compassion.

Timeless be, I say,  
within time.

Fly beyond it,  
inscribe your own zone.  
break each boundary, liberate,  
be a high flying kite.

XXXXXXXXXI

Desire is bondage!  
So empty be,  
be bare space.  
Desire, a barrier,  
and so even the One  
One cannot be desired.

That One will be yours,  
will explode,  
in infinite energy within you  
if only, of desire, you are done.

Let your emptiness  
be with the unknown filled,  
filled with the mystery,  
so sweetness of divinity  
enters you.

XXXXXXXXII

The day  
you will be  
happy with being a self-less self,  
that day you will be grounded  
in the *here and now*,  
and silence sound like a poem.

The season of the present  
will thus play the music of spring.

The day you will be content—  
your own palms  
filled with nothing—  
that one day you will smile most lovingly  
at your own appearance,

The and only that day you will become  
aware of who you are,  
and then come  
the scented bloom.

XXXXXXXXIII

I existed,  
I was there—  
there since eternity.  
Oblivious of me  
I searched for the “I”  
all over the seas,  
from earth to sky—  
I seemed to be part of what Is,  
yet did not just  
belong there.  
I was discovered  
but that alone during  
my journey deep within.

XXXXXXXXIV

I begged for time  
to be with you  
but time did not comply

So no more do I,  
but carve on my own,  
sculpt and paint  
and make for you room.

This one time is timeless,  
indefinite, surely infinite.  
Has scale none, no boundary  
no limits, no cycle, zone none  
I have crossed endless time  
to be nowhere, only with you.





Creation leaves  
no space for tedium  
One is surely inventive  
but in small change.  
One does not seek,  
has no goal, no ambition.  
One already is  
what one wants to be.

Fragrance of deep fulfillment  
Linger ing all through.

One absorbs the universe  
in deep receptivity,  
pours  
whatever is absorbed  
in one's sponge of imagination.

When one surpasses  
self, only then  
one is closest  
the whirling Whole.

