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Srimad Bhagavad Gita: A Poetic Voyage into Spiritual and Philosophical Realms

Eons ago in a battle field,
A valiant knight agonized sit,
Gazing at the sorry sight,
Brethrens who loved dost now fight,
The mighty king thought it right,
To leave the war, abandon the strife.

Then he laid his arrow and bow,
The seed of blood he refused to sow,
Lest lamentation expropriate him,
And denigrate his blood from root to brim.
To his rescue came Lord Krishna,
A gentle soul to ease the dilemma,
To give him a profound insight,
Into human soul, the wrong and the right.
There he oped his mouth and spake
And words like sweet honey filled the dry lake
Of Arjuna's heart.
"Oh! Friend of mine, the purport of thy life,
Is to do thy duty,
The body of clay would in ashes crumble,
Thy deed, thy soul would forever rumble.
Thy deed wouldst take thou beyond thy reach;
To the world where thy soul wouldst nirvana meet.
Mingled in ease to my holy tune
Of bliss of pleasure of eternal joy."
"Oh! Peerless Archer, do thy work,
Do not be swayed by the checkered lot,
Do thy job and expect none,
For expectations are too many under the sun,
Men pin their hope in the galleon of life,
Yet at the end they have to strive,
To defeat the ineluctable lot;
Who for them a different story got,
Thou I see art overwrought.

Thou cannot see the opponent's gambit
Yet, don't be afraid and do not submit.
Be strong, be steady, sacrifice
Abandon the wrongs and the artifice
Then my dear, wouldst thou be an ultimate devotee,
A pious spirit who does his duty.
The blessing of knowledge in the peregrination of life,
Is the provenance of all thy human duty,
For if knowledge doesn't precede action, futile is the duty.
The eternal consciousness within you,
Wouldst always be subservient to you,
And thy soul would be thy humble servant,
Whilst, thou be the legal master.
O captain! Of thy soul rise up and play thy role,
For thy destination seek you to rise,
Be modest but not shy.
Millions and billions of light years wouldst pass,
Yet the soul would perpetually last,
Scintillating like a bright star,
In the galaxy of knowledge.
Betwixt the heart of the omnipotent god,
Thy soul a place wouldst have got.
At the brink of life as you reach,
Oh! My brother, listen to what I teach,
Thy raiment tattered wouldst be shed,
Thy body in oblivion wouldst surely fade,
But thy soul, thy eternal soul,
Will take up a new role,
In new attire it would be decked,

A new father it would get.

People have different race,
Different colors on their face,
Yet, all have an eternal soul,
That find its abode in my Mighty heart.
Beyond the bounds of life and death,
There I stand, Oh! My friend,
The Omniscient spirit dwells in me,
Thy soul eternal is a part of Me.

I am omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient,
I am the Creator and the Survivor,
Many worship my eternal soul,
But the one that loves me has the strongest hold.
I need no jewel or gold,
But the love of a tender soul,
Thou may genuflect before me for worldly pleasures,
Lots of joys, riches and leisure,
Yet, I wouldst love thee,
For without devotees Krishna cannot be.
Do thy work and capitulate to me,
I would protect thee,
Save thee from worldly cares,
Extract you from the eternal quagmire.
When the world wouldst in darkness melt,
When the anathema of death would spread,
When the hostile master wouldst rise,
When humanity wouldst be demeaned to the smallest size,

When the morning sol would be a curse,
When Life would be stale and terse
When chained down human spirit would cry in pain.
Oh! Falguni, I will bring benison and rain,
In mortal body I would come down,
Save the world and restore Nature's crown.
Fear not Partha, surrender thy tired mind."

The mighty Lord Sri Krishna,
Then showed the anguished man his Viswarupa, (divine universal
form)
The thousand faces that he has,
The thousand duties that he does,
In Brahma, the Creator, In Vishnu, the Survivor,
In a sapling green, in the great mountains,
In an ant and in a drop of rain,
Dwell the Immortal Lord.

The beauty of the sight awed the world,
Filled with benison; dew from heaven drop,
Spellbound, overwhelmed was Arjuna now,
He could not believe the sight he saw,
The agony in his heart now sweep away,
Arjuna now urged if Krishna may;
Be his charioteer in the war,
With a gentle smile the Lord agreed,
And, oped his mouth again to speak.

“Oh! Great Pandava I would be the doer,

Thou be an instrument,
I would play the tune,
Be not intimidated by the war,
I am there like the brightest star.
Here I reiterate the facets of my devotee,
A gentle man who no pain could see,
A man who no foe has,
A person who loves my art, the world and its children.
Happiness and sorrow are same him
An ideal man he may seem
Such a devotee is what I seek
He may be mild he may be meek.
For what matters is the soul,
The eternal body, the eternal role.
The mortal body is a fertile soil
And there the mighty soul toil.
Like a reaper cuts down ripened grains
Oh! Arjuna, thy soul the same duty holds.
Golden crops of happiness it may sow
Or, morbid poison of death row.
I am the King of that soul,
I control the land, thy body, thy goal.
Rise up friend of mine,
See the insinuations, the twist and twine.
Behold my greatness Partha, the bold.
Be my devotee and surrender thy soul.
Do the works as the Vedas say,
But keep your head in the process, if you may.
An excellent chiaroscuro is the journey of life,

Tales of laughter and sorrows and strife,
You may not be infallible,
No human being is
Yet, you may do your task and fear not the lees.
The paths of Duty, Knowledge or Devotion,
Oh! Falguni, you have a great many option.
Choose the one you may,
Listen to what your heart might say."
The bemused, Arjuna now spake,
"Oh! Krishna, I am a little man,
Follies, foibles I have done,
Ablution from sins I do seek,
Yet, I know not the road to meet.
Born with independent spirits we all art thy protégé,
Save me my Lord, Nature's effigy."
Sri Krishna then spoke again,
There poured the final drops of rain.

"All who have faith in Me,
All who in me their soul see,
They will have to worry none,
As, Krishna is for them under the scintillating sun.
To bless, to love to care like a father,
And in the end they climb the ladder
Reach my soul in glee
And there they would forever be."
Here I end the spectacular tale,
The holy words the Lord did tell.

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