

# moments



NAOSHERWAN 'ANZAR'

## TUNED IN

When will this pitter-patter  
of rain stop ?  
The drops create  
a strange music  
which remind me constantly  
of sitar strains.  
They haunt me violently  
with psychedelic fever,  
excite me to panting,  
and around me  
a crimson aura has spread;  
one half of myself in space,  
wide-eyed and confused;  
a bewildered automaton.  
The marijuana smoke  
has pervaded the room.  
The hippies are frugging  
in sensuous movements  
while the LSD-high-priest wails :  
'LOVE'

Ha !  
Love knows naught false reality.  
The doors of seeing open not  
Viewing through illusory prisms.

Love accepts  
Love Infinite !  
Love Eternal !!  
Love untainted !!!

## UHURU ! MY LORD

( *An African Dirge* )

Dead is my brother  
midst the madmen's procession.  
Shot by the whiteman's thundering gun.  
Buried where  
the Mississippi flows,  
underground—  
where caverns are hollow  
and black clings to black.

Pa-Ca-bula, pa-ca-bula  
pa-ca-deridio, pa-ca-dera  
pa-ca-mumburiba, pa-ca-shera,  
as the sound of the bongoes  
played on my ear-drums,  
as trombone with jazz  
flowed from the cafe;  
my brother, my love  
was bent to the 'Mustapha'.

Negritude stepped in  
with gestures all black—  
black as the devil  
with eyes all aglow,  
black as the hate  
that spoke of death,  
black as the sin  
that spoke of hate,  
black as the evil  
that spoke of sin.

Boom-boom-boom  
boom-boom-boom  
sounded the mystic drums  
in the shadowless blackness  
of the blackest night.  
The naked dancers  
wriggled hysterically,  
limboed passionately,  
as if the personification  
of sensuality seemed to mock,  
"We are black  
heed my black brothers  
and also non-white."  
Uhuru ! my lord !  
save my brother  
shot dead last night  
**GUILTY OF RAPING**  
the white woman's  
black soul. May he  
live forever in  
the lilting notes of the trumpet.  
AMEN !

## IF ME SAID I

If me said 'I'  
My soul be damned.  
I want not to live  
in my own little cage  
I call self.  
I will not shallow  
the dreams collected  
nor hash them.  
I will instead build  
a monument to the Mind  
and break the shackles  
that bind it;  
create a vision anew  
from the fragments of the old  
and construct a universe  
I will call my own.

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## RENDEZVOUS

A thin wire  
that casts its shadow  
on the wall yonder  
joins the chords  
of my heart  
with the antenna  
of my soul.  
Cold winds  
whisper into the night  
And my being  
vibrates melody.  
I say "Love speaks."  
They say, "The Beloved speaks."  
Two shadows  
return home,  
it is now dust  
and souls must meet.

## THE STONECUTTER

Stonecutter! Stonecutter!  
Why do you sit all day  
In the monotony of Time  
Murdering each day  
This lifeless creation  
Throbbing with life?  
Remember an old rock  
Crushed, acidified  
Magnified into revelation  
Fifteen thousand minute fish  
Wriggling in rhythmic movement?  
The Lifemaker called it  
"Primordial Protoplasm."  
The Lifemaker advertised:  
WANTED  
Human ashes  
To resurrect  
Human life.  
Stonecutter! Stonecutter!  
Rest a while  
Till the world be done.  
Till men be no more.

## BEACH TIME

Sandy and crowded  
to the open sky  
murmuring sweet nothings.  
Lying amidst  
slender arms,  
naked waists,  
glossy tresses,  
shapely legs.  
Curves and cushions,  
pop bottles  
flowing down the gullet,  
moistened with the music  
of the jazz and polka,  
with twisters and hipsters  
whisking statistics  
to the lilt of the day.

Froth and surf  
tickling bare feet,  
shells and fishes  
ogglng aimlessly,  
binocs and goggles  
covering true sight,  
pics and cameras  
set into motion,  
ice cream and popcorn  
bandied about.

These are the few  
of our naughty perceptions,  
viewed from  
the green eyes  
of Times' favourite hour-glass.

## THOSE EYES

Love's long lingering smile  
radiates no more  
with the self-same modesty  
of her pristine days.

The eyes  
no more glow  
with that strange twinkle,  
the kiss too  
is parched, stony and cold.

Is my beloved  
the carving  
of some unholy Muse  
or is she  
the design  
of a jealous god ?

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### COVER :

This photo-montage by the author symbolises the lore of the apple that our foreparents bit and changed the course of Creation, leaving humanity half-awakened and ignorant.

God in his benevolence extends his hand to grasp the skeletal hand of Man and pull him out of the morass of Unknowing.

The ultimate must happen.

The microcosm merge into the macrocosm.

## THE COMPUTER MEN

Crossing the barriers of literary hope,  
Passing through dark vistas  
Of sublime luminosity  
We thread the threadbare linen  
Of crass contempt.

We face the trials,  
Our tears have flowed  
Into the soured hearts  
Of a distressed race  
We call our own.

A Daniel scoffs at the judgment  
Of the beasts of arrogance,  
A Galanskov speaks not  
Of his blacked-out symbols.  
Let the free spirit of the oppressed  
Yearn for succour—

So that the transcript of Ginsburg  
Proclaims the Truth,  
The Soul of Sinyavsky  
Bleed no more,  
The being of Bukovsky  
Sings out in song.

Think not for once  
That computerised bodies  
Spill not wisdom  
From the brain-urn.

## MOMENTS

The morning leaps out of the bosom of darkness  
Into the beloved's arms,  
While the lover sits plaintive  
Counting the dew-drops fall on the earth.

Reading Gibran and then riding away  
Onto the peaks of enveloping memories.  
Seeing Kafka in ruins and flying away  
Into the greying haunts of death.

Experiencing Meher Baba  
And being awakened to Love and more Love,  
Emerging from the Everything into the Nothing.

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## STRANGER! GO BY

Snatches of alien clouds  
Pass above our heads  
As the eyes urge for sleep  
And bodies for their beds.

Paunchy and vulgar in his night dress  
He sits in strange antinomian  
Postures.

Feet tarred with the grime of the earth,  
Diamond rings on hairy fingers,  
Bedraggled beggars  
Turn into balmy singers.

If eyes were the balls of magnetists  
His pupils would predict the crash in  
Profits—  
For his fingers drum  
Like computer tapes—  
Eight, nine, ten, crash;  
He stands and gapes.

Smokers sit with bobbing cigarettes,  
Creating half-happy faces in  
Purgatory.

Dead grass, putrid stench  
Dry dust, heavy hours,  
Upturned feet, belching mouths,  
Infants defecating on all fours.

Silhouetted mother suckling  
Its young of the empty reservoirs of  
Purity.

The wheels rattle on broken edges  
A song so coarse, so divine,  
Heads loll to its dainty music,  
The smoke meets the skine (sky).

Soft breezes of summer emerge  
From the covers of winter with  
Pomposity.

Humanity goes by  
Bidding farewell  
As the iron horse  
Races on.

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## THE TAVERN

In meditative silence  
The song was sung.  
The trickle of wine  
Into the golden cup  
Blushed and rushed ahead,  
While the wine-server  
With pursed lips  
And dreamy eyes  
Clung to the remnants of the past.  
Those beautiful sad moments  
When the lover knocked  
At the tavern  
Two diamonds  
Into the night welcomed him.

Then nocturnal kisses,  
Warm embraces,  
Loving plaints  
And tender promises  
Bring forth the morn  
In soft-silent-splendour,  
And the Sun smiles  
And says :  
‘Love’s devotees are truly blessed.’  
Blessed are they who  
Are silent  
For through them  
Shall be revealed  
The secrets of the heart.

## THE UNREAL

If only the wild oats  
in the wilderness  
were to crack open  
and each of them  
yield a pearl?

The autumn leaves too  
would fly against  
the prickly pear tree  
wrapping itself  
till the bark is

overshadowed. Coiled  
serpent-wise, till  
illusion sustains reality,  
the false—the real,

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## GIFT OF MAN

Moments of joy  
now spread over  
my conceptions  
of knowledge and beauty.

My brain-children  
have now grown up  
to be solemn and slender.

Because  
they have been nurtured  
by the waters of my eyes  
and baptised  
by the blood-streams  
of my heart.

I call them God.

## RHYMED RHAPSODY

Singing and dancing  
have I lived in this world  
watching the butterflies  
wing their way  
midst the medley of colours  
and the breezes that blow.

I have tripped  
to the songs  
that are sung by the birds  
and joined  
in the melodious chorus of joy.

I have heard  
the whisperings  
of the frothing sea  
and stared at the gulls,  
that are seen in the sky.

The trombone and castanets  
I have played to the night  
and greeted the fairies  
that appear in the morn.

But in those rubied lips of love,  
bathed by the wine-drenched eyes,  
in that moon-faced visage,  
curtained by the tender veil,  
rests the Moment  
of an Infinite Eternity.

## A THOUSAND AGES

Down the circles of clouds  
have men descended  
for a thousand ages.

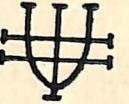
Smiled, talked  
and lay down to sleep.

As we follow the caravan  
of monkeys and men  
our memories stand nude  
to the lamenting thoughts  
dotting the surface of Time.

Our eyes watch  
the kaleidoscope of colour-pattern  
and complex-charade;  
memories spreading its fingers  
on the petrifying corpse  
of a metallic age,

The rustling of leaves,  
the trickle of water,  
the hearts of men,  
may hereafter form  
a new human frontier  
—a new human age.

## DEDICATION



MOMENTS arise on the placid waters of my life,  
and like a bubble in its moments of glory it glows with  
a radiance that is alluring, to once again simmer into  
mere froth at a Moments' wink.

In moments of despondency my being puts on a  
different hue, greying clouds of melancholia envelope  
me, and the world appears a hazy imitation of the  
nothingness that predominates life.

Moments emerge when Knowledge draws forth  
satisfaction and Beauty seeks joy to an immeasurable  
extent. Such are the moments I experience, which  
T.S. Eliot described as the 'intersection of the Timeless  
Moment' and I term it as the 'Moment of Truth'.

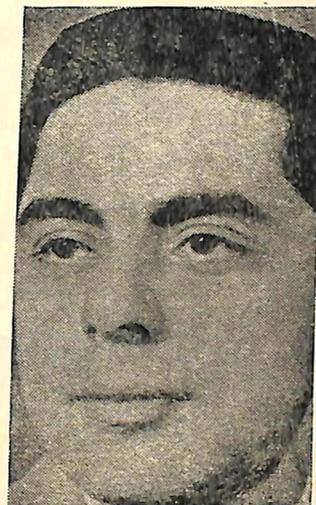
These verses I dedicate to my moon-faced sister  
Maharoukh, whose immensity of love is greater than  
what she can contain. May these verses stir the self-  
same sentiments as I have experienced. I share them  
with joy.

—NAOSHERWAN 'ANZAR'

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**NAOSHERWAN 'ANZAR'**



NAOSHERWAN NALAVALA, who uses the nom de plume of ANZAR, is a young journalist-poet who has tried his hand successfully in every department of authorship.

Born and bred in Dehra Dun, a Master of Arts in English, he has contributed articles regularly to newspapers and magazines. He has evolved a unique style of reportage, of narrating succinctly, yet powerfully, the daily kaleidoscope of life.

Underneath his catholic coverage runs an unmistakable streak of spiritualism and metaphysics, a relic no doubt of his profound interest in the mystic philosophy of Meher Baba. At 18, he was the youngest delegate to the Congress of World Religions where his thought-provoking dissertation was well-received.

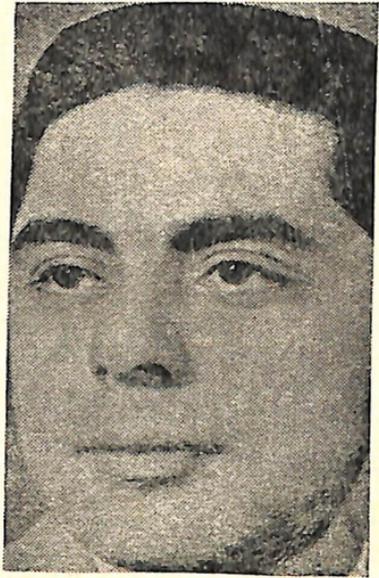
This mystic touch can be best appreciated in his two volumes of poetry, 'In Lap of Love' and 'The Signal.' He has also authored a number of tracts on Meher Baba and his rubric.

Mr. Nalavala has edited a quarterly magazine titled 'THE GLOW', dedicated to the propagation of the lofty ideals that inspire man to aspire towards loftier heights. Under his stewardship, the magazine has been one of the best produced theological journals in the world.

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—S.P.

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