

These cycle of poems were written in 1996/97 Mumbai

It was a time of tremendous crisis. I was young, freshly married, and my wife was expecting and the studio I worked for closed down so I was also virtually jobless.

Sometimes I wonder, If I hadn't discovered poetry, I would have suffered a certain breakdown. Poetry sustained me through this dark patch.

I often call this phase of my life as the Birth cycle as it was almost a second birth for me, a second life.

So here are the collection from 96/97 called the birth cycle.

Please report any typo error as I had to transcribe everything from hand written text and I am a clumsy typist.

I will post by typing one by one out of 20, which are further divided into three.

The First of the three is made up of 9 chapters and is called “**Mortal Coils**”

The second one also has nine chapters and is called “**The Wanderings**”

The third one is made up of just 2 chapters and is called “**Desires**”

Even though they belong to the same time, they are not related in any order or theme.

The last one is incomplete, basically things improved and the flood of poetry stopped. and it so happened that I wrote nothing for next 10 years.

Thank you for downloading and showing interest and do drop in your comments at: rajiv.mudgal@gmail.com

Regards

Rajiv Mudgal

MORTAL COILS

[1]

What is it that seeks to know the infallible in you?

**Like the mountain that supports the clouds,
Like earth that supports the heaven,
Like a woman that supports the child in her bosom, Lady such
love is being sought in you.**

**What am I but a weakling that seeks in you your strength,
for in your flash have I found that which from time immemorial
has nourished my weeping heart.**

**Like the morning dew kissing the lips of the delicate petals
trickling into its bosom only to be absorbed, to awaken itself to
life, such is your presence that my being has absorbed only to
awaken.**

**Like the sun rising, beholding the splendor which his own
inmost awakening has illumined the vast expanses of earth which
it now beholds in rapture the splendorous awakened by its own
arising, into such mysteries do I awake charmed into your
beauty, rapture[d], spread-out, engulfed and engulfing, like a
charmer charmed by his own spell, spellbound surrendering,
sinking in the sweet beauty which erupts like waves foaming out**

of the vast expanse of that which separates the Being from Non-Being, a self bewitchment bewitched by the inexpressible wonder that quickens and awakes and moves me towards you, to seek you, to know you, to delight in the joys that lays veiled, hidden like life within all things quivering.

My love my joy I know not what seeks me within you with such passions that I have no control nor any understanding as to why and how, nor an inkling of how to end this sway of passions that push my being, that stretch my nerves to their utmost despair.

Possessed like some dark heavy cloud willed by some unknown force ready to discharge it pyrotechnic with awesome thunder, such awesome forces are let loose within me to rip open my heart and let go a bizarre frenzy which pushes my being into unrestrained epileptic convolutions.

Thus they gather within my being and dig their nails in my back, behind my neck, to lift me up and throw me into some forgotten abyss of fire.

Thus my body erupts with Hysterical intensity and my soul is pushed forth like a pregnant women ready to release [life] and the terrible spasms that eject....., such terrible spasms engulfs me, push me towards you.

These were not desired, but desiring it-self, emerging from deaths steely sleep to full wakefulness, uncoiling itself, unfolding itself, pushing, pushed, ejected, ejaculated, erupted, auto emerging, thus am I pushed into thy presence, like some mirific power, unknown, beginning-less, self evolving, self enabling, emerging, propelled by its own movement, thrown thrust[ed] away like some self fulfilling destiny, whose only purpose is to be. This to be now self possesses my soul like an eagle gnawing his

own flesh from his inside, to tear itself out of itself, thus I am thrown, ejected, surfacing awake to be fulfilled in a nothing less than a total and full comprehension of your mirific stance, surfacing only to be completely shattered by your veiled presence, to die in its own self-fulfilment, such do I evolve, emerge waking self possessed by its own force, silent slow, sure in its rhythmic self destruction, possessed by a will that is so certain and so merciless that it knows only one reality, affirms only one Will, seeks only one certainty, seeking its end in your love as my death in you.

[2]

Pain arises out of the tired heart where are you, waiting the life in me has gone dry.

Black clouds like heavy winds turning and twisting, sweeping down only to torment the soul, these mighty clouds race through my being searching within it feverishly dark reasons whose presence I never knew...existed.

Now they move, seek and churn within my heart with empty motive, while I watch them play their fiendish games in silent agony waiting it to cease, wanting it to rest, to sleep, to die, but it mocks my hope with its chameleon like activity and to tease me they disappear like a flight of swifts dissolving to arise again anew from some unknown void, as if from here and now from there and still nowhere is its origin to be found...
How much to terminate.

Sweeping, sizing my body like a hawk, it gnaws the heart as my restless awareness simply watches, then busying oneself

with trivial things, afraid of the acute sensitivity which has come paralyzing me as its victim this my own Will haunts me now dances in a growing swirl of wisps that searches in its sways means to its own end as I attempt to loose myself in faithful activity hoping it will cease in a situation that has become interminable.

And some how these means have now become its own end.

In olden times one would have communicated it with the Gods, pleasing them with self sacrifice, wishing the ordeal to end, but here the Gods seems to have left, swallowed by ones own smart and cunning reason, so acute and so penetrating that one delights in its stealthy maneuvers.

Hardened with cunning industrial logic, this self caused “Mist” hardens like blocks of ice, fortifies the acute cunning.

How and in what way should I invoke “Indra”, arm him with celestial insight...and pierce the belly of this demon and release the waters of life...let it once again flood.

Self fortified in its own “Will”, some how the stupefying power still reaches to gnaw the heart, to suck the nerves of its blood dry, but now the Gods are no where visible, they who once bestowed grace seems to have left, they the beautiful, the bright, the inspiring, they who by their brilliance once cleared the way for light to manifest, by whose ever penetrating gaze heaven and earth emerged so that man could dwell and make sense of things. Now their light and intelligence are no longer to be found, and no longer the prayers nor the sacrifices reach anyone, reach anywhere, and all that stir, moves, evolves fanged by repentance and resentment towards that which forever recedes.

The Gods that once healed have left, the drinkers and bestowers of rejuvenating spirit have left and all that remains

burns in flame red and yellow, leaping, licking the wounds one cant even see.

I have lost my eyes, I have lost my ears, words fail me, and light has left my tongue that speaks only in voice of the dead, the past, the nonexistent.

About these painful spasms one wonders who left them, from where-hence this suffering, what is it that burns, sure they are pains born out of wounds existing here and now gnawing eating the heart away.

In this world where life arises only to pass, how much of an event this life is worth, and of its measures and its meanings, how much true.

And among these what passes away, is forgotten, only suffering makes our self-awareness raw.

Here the anticipation of loss generates fear, here only fear and trembling is witnessed as fate, and if fate is all this, and if it is all such, then all this will always return, forever return, always coming back, eternally and thus always empty.

Surely this pain will end as it too has to pass away, for surely as a child I knew it not, and I am certain that which exist now will cease to exist, will be terminated.

Fear, you sweet darling of expectation feeding on the sense of loss and anticipation, surely what is at stake here will someday become meaningless, not worth, not sought after, then where shall you be.

And when all such criteria ceases, of what one would cherish of loosing, surely then all this will come to pass, will pass away, will lose its value, and no longer will be measured, nor be sought, and will be forgotten, left, gone, terminated.

Behold my love, watch attentively within thee, for here events are on the move, what is to be left is leaving, what remains awakens, what ever awakens longs for you, seeks you, desires you, like a perfume unseen, spreading, the Intent awakes and the body soaked in violent throbs, shocked by unknown spaces reaches out, surely you too must be aware, surely you too must be awake to such trembling, these are my longings reaching out, pushed, ejaculated, sent forth.

My love, don't you feel the unknown move and throb within you.

I know that you have not missed me, but still naive as I am, hopeless and wretched, I do plead you to watch with attentive eyes, let your feelings become the extensions of your being, feel its force, see it reach out, flow out, to move and possess the life in you, only to guide and make you aware of longings which come from afar.

Don't you feel it flowing within you, have you not felt its sway, surely you too must be restless, you too must be awake to the awakenings of my emotional fields, this explosive power, this emotive blindness, this Will within you gone amok.

Surely you too must be restless, dumb struck with dread, with awe, surely you must be, for otherwise how come such frenzy here.

**Or have I been deceived, left, forgotten, abandoned, stupefied by my own "Will", my own frenzy?
Possessed by my own Demon?**

Am I the very Demon that quietly slipped within my own heart to torment and play havoc there with its little mischievous games.

This surely must be a curse cast by an wandering Demon that I wander helplessly towards no destination, here I move with nowhere to go, no means to go, no desire either, still like someone possessed I wander within self extended spaces which change their shape with kaleidoscopic perfection.

And speaking of such possession where there is no mark by which one can either express, no means by which one can either bring it to clarity, words fail as one gesticulates to spell it out into existence, of this spell, of its bewitchment, how is one to speak and how much can we faithfully follow its path.

It seems a mischievous spirit has finally cast a spell over me. Now it (the spell) moves changing form, they slither within my heart conjuring massive structures built as if with beams of restless air. These bewitching edifice of knowledge...these “*ORIENTING* Fields”, these that ground your being...this dark bewildermentThe background fields through which you make sense, like a thought, a lightening particle that uncoils into a language, like desire they arise only to collapse and arise anew flickering of cinematic light in the breathing fog of the attendees, like cultural projections. Like the very mischief existing only in the mind of a Demon, whose only purpose is to mislead, misinform, deceive, delude, whose very existence is a deception, a trick, so does my heart runs hither thither by spaces conjured by its own mischief.

After long spells of tormented cry, my soul only seeks you, your bosom and its warmth, your subtle liquid eyes, those lips in whose quivering the life in me quickens, in your arms refreshed, in your breath rejuvenated invigorated by your love and by your touch only to arise like the mighty and majestic Soma from its own ashes, arising transformed, transmuted into lives final self fulfillment, its yawning glory, its deepest promise.

In my dreams have I conjured you in many forms, in my longings have I sought you in many sighs, In my verse I have evoked you, In my songs have I sung you, still you elude me like a distinct song heard by the passing pilgrimage on the other side of the valley, or like the chants of some forgotten temple....

By many nights I have awakened feeling your presence by my side. In lone hours I have watched the moon reflect in the river searching in its shimmer your eluding sight.

At times in my throbbing heart I felt the surety of your existence.

When I was young and knew not the ways of life, was it not your truth that sheltered my uncultivated instincts from dreadful injury.

When as a child saddened by my futile expectations, did not I feel your gentle heart disturbed and reach out to me full of love.

Did I not then knew that you were there some where aware of my existence.

Yesterday walking besides the stream, I felt the beatific force reach out from all sides only to flow into and out of me.

That which flowed out of me was the very stream, I could see it rush towards the river, I was the river, like its topsy turvy flow with subtle twists, so did my heart with its rapids move into its groves, gravitating with its multiple gyration, its joyous gradations, with its degrees, I gravitated into the fields of your arms stretched open like a sea to receive me and absorb me into your cheerful breath.

Tell, was not the stream my emotions gravitating towards you?

And hear this my love, for there was not a time when you were not my destiny, nor was there a time when I never reached you, even now my emotions reach out to you through unknown spaces, for if you are not – then how come this gravity....

My love, my delight, to thee I praise in many chants like a peacock signaling the water laden clouds of its readiness, its fitness to receive thee into my life.

Whether you like it or not, can you escape the wonderful colors dipped as they are in melodious songs that I display evoking thy grace, that you may bestow your charm on my child like activity.

Would you not be compelled by your compassionate heart to stoop low as to have a look, to behold, to witness, to glance at the silly mortal who from time immemorial only sang youthful songs of your stupendous magnificence, your splendorous glory which he has never seen and only felt and that to as something far and distant.

When a deer senses the presence of its mate its joy knows no bound, so also the very thought that some day I shall find thee

face to face, body and soul, and would finally rest in thy heart sipping the juices that flow from the well of immense love that forever churn multifarious delights that soothe the suffering heart.

Then and there letting go of my self in your arms I shall finally rejoice, for surely I would know that my life and my efforts have not gone waste.

[5]

Sleeping under the tree, awakened by the awakening of the multitude songs of tiny little sparrow birds- the heart rejoices.

And so also did it rejoice when the sun seeping through the morning mist reached out to all that receives, so have I received your presence within my heart illuminating the unknown spaces that shine forth illuminated by your grace, and the many things that even I knew not lay hidden within the unknown depths of my heart which through the awakening of my love for you have risen forth and burst open like a thousand galaxy's harboring multitudes of stars unknown, unseen, only now to be illumined by the emerging force of fondness which has emerged to reach out to you in open spaces..... now sings in many voices, rejoices in many tongues, like the whole host of the sparrow bird's awakening to the glimmer of the day, so to the mysterious within me awaken to the thought of your unseen presence which has arisen within my heart like a rising sun .

As the cold chill of spreading winter reaches out and the body warms itself besides the fire such warmth have I felt by the abhava of your existence.

Just like a couple grasping each other wrapped in woolen shawl escape the cold in frenzy love making, so too have I made love to you in cold nights by exploring within the throbs of my heart and in the feelings that move there confirming your presence.

So have I escaped the cold chilly winds which blow upon me from lonely heights of my sorrowful waste lands, emerging from distortions and twisted representations that fan the dying amber's of an abandoned life.

[6]

Know thee my heart to be a shadow of thine ineffable source

I have seen the distant glimmer which has often come to me from a far and unknown source, like some unidentified and mysterious truth baffling the intelligence by its ungraspable ways, such have I experienced you as a truth here and now.

I have seen you whisper in my ears in dreams, and like a ribbon uncoiling I have felt it rip my sureties to pieces, mocking my intelligence as if in a subtle laughter.

Often I have awoken in mysterious states, as if in dimensions which one can definitely name as the other, even in such forms inexpressible have I witnessed you subtly steal a glance at me, I have felt thee reach out to me as if to touch and caress the curls of my hair, it was your very hands that moved over me, I have without doubt felt your presence and watched the stupendous will ready to grab me, grasp me in its unseen arms.

Now I am certain that your being extends as the very existence of my being, and the being through which I reach you is the very being through which you reach me.

Now I am certain that wherever I shall be so to you shall be, being one like night and day inseparable, complementing, supporting each other.

For now I know that just as I have suffered multitudes of sorrow, so have you suffered pains that defy being expressed in mere words.

Ah how much pain and woe you too must have suffered my love, the very thought that you suffer saddens my heart, see tears are already flowing.

You too must have died in pain immeasurable in your desire to reach me, to know me, to realize that which moves within thy being bringing forth value in such a meaningless world.

You too must have cursed the unknown ones in sleepless nights and in states of helplessness that moan's and rips open thy soul by its stupendous force of dread and anguish like a burden which has no "body", no center, sight as if unseen.

In your pains I too have suffered many a sleepless night tossing and turning, restless, disturbed, still unable to pin down or solve the mysterious restlessness that defy all rational understanding.

In hours that seems to stretch into timeless extensions, the heart slowly gives in to the pulsating pain, source-less, causeless, acauseal, simply squeezing the body of all its nourishing patience, tossing it as the wind tosses the little fly hither and thither, so too the peace within me is tossed and played with, and that to without mercy and rest.

At time I have prayed that you attain the peace that your being so helplessly seeks, so that the restlessness that reaches here is also quieted.

But it seems that such agitation born from our mutual separation has now become our only destiny.

[7]

Summer breeze kissing the hair in her lazy jest swiftly rushing in circles skimming the edges of the skin sending shivers through the body with almost a smile bordering on the crest of a mild laughter.

So have I seen you smile lost in soft dreams. And in nights I have entered your dreams and often we have made love leaving you smiling and moaning with feelings bordering as if in ecstasy.

Don't think that it was a illusion or just a chimera born from your evolving youthful fantasy, some creature fashioned out of the void of your romantic beliefs, It was but me in many faces awakening you to your mysterious power as bliss emanating ejaculating oozing out as my throbbing heart my very self manifestation, my joyous outgoing.

To emit out, to spit out, such have you been thrown into the mysterious state that you find yourself, for your being is but my moving out, going out, throwing out, as intent, the stupefying impulse outstretch rippling through your being as pulsating life force.

When as a child you talked to the birds, but that which reached out to the birds, that impulse was your love to reach out to me, In its innocence and in its purity it was love itself, It was that which as my very self stretched out, moved out and spread out only to emerge as your reaching out to the birds.

Enough of these, for who can say that you are not mine, Searching deep within the recesses of my heart have I found you, plucked you out from the obscuring energy born out of my unconscious self.

Knowing thus I know that you would come, following the very love now swelling, growing, reaching out from within your being, such is it that even without thy knowing thou shall be given forth to me, Yes through the very force of your being shall thou reach me.

Of this I am certain that out of the very chaos of your heart thou shall reach out for me, find me out.

**Know that which throbs within your being as the dark, as the potential movement, as your movement towards your mysterious other,
Know this other to be my very being,**

What is it that moves and seeks to express its self within you, This force emerging as a self-propelled emotional flux, swelling and reaching out of your body as a sigh, as violent mourns, only to engulf your body with gentle pains, they are now thrust out, thrown out as raptures unfolding within your being, What are they my love but the plexus of my very self now evoked within you as your ultimate sexual self expression.

Raptured within your heart they explode to reach out and posses me, to rip open your heart and pour that marvelous spirit over me, that which you had preserved with sacred longings.

Here I await with restless heart, waiting with folded palms, full of piety and wonder for your arrival for I know that thou shall come now any moment.

For you I have prepared garlands of songs with flower plucked from finest muse stitched from my very breath. Thus do I await your arrival full of wonder and joy.

Yet sometimes I feel Restless, and some times doubts play havoc with my sureties, but still deep down I am certain that you will come, Yes thou will reach out for me, moved only by the force of your self evolving love, for I know; that the mystery of your very love will lead you to me, will sort things out, will fashion events, churn out the circumstances which shall lead you to me.

**Its been long since I sensed your coming, waiting my spirits have gone dry how much more, how much long will it be my love, restless filled with fear my doubts leave me petrified, Its time you show up
Come quickly hither my love.**

[8]

**When I am sad people ask me, what is it that troubles you? I tell them, It is the separation from my beloved.
They ask me where is she gone and for reasons why,**

**I stare at them with bewildered eyes, silent expressionless quietly
nodding my head in astonishment and awe.**

**They watch me with pitiful eyes, sigh with almost a helpless
unease, evoke the lord's name, for they think only He can save
me.**

But they know not who my beloved is.

**How can they know for I too have only known her as
love arising out of the depths of my heart.**

**How much am I to express that which is the inexpressible
expressing itself only as the very throbs of my pulsating Life.**

**When people ask me at times I laugh then go in
some sort of a spell as if transfigured into a blank gaze, I laugh
for what can I tell them about my beloved.
Should I tell that she lives in some far away land searching within
her heart traces of my existence. That I know her as the arising
inspiration that finds expression in words that border upon
poetic virtuosity.**

**That she sits as the perfume in the flowers, and quietly slips into
my soul only to emerge as the voice in my songs, the enchantress
seducing me with many faces in my dreams, the chasm that
provoke me to find means to solve the mystery of her
incomprehension, the very charisma of life, the hope in
hopelessness, the light within the abyss, She is that possibility by
which the possibility of my very existence becomes possible.**

**How am I to tell that she is that which emerged as love,
evolved as life, is reaching out to me, although I have only seen
her as a faint pulse throbbing through the evoked fields of my
chants,**

**That In my visions I have conjured her with many songs,
toyed with her feelings within the pulsating throbs of my own
heart and played love games with her there.**

And when I tell them that she is close to me as my very breath and still so far as some elusive dream, they sigh at me and say, may the lord help you.

By what voice and by what songs have I to tell your unseen presence to the world, like the salt unseen in the water, so have you merged within me, like the perfume of the flower, you cant be found apart from me, and still searching within me they will find you not.

[9]

I have seen the rising of the storm, subtle winds lick the dust, push it loose slowly but surely sweep here there, only to convulse towards a mighty center of whirling force of pure might, sweeping arising out of its own unquenched hunger.

Moving with unsure steps, drunk in its own frenzy they howl mad possessed as if by some Demon, they swirl and roll and turn fierce and with destructive intent they rush in with self unfolding hostility towards that which has made its very existence a possibility.....Such storms I have seen arising within the silent spaces of my heart, howling screeching they evolve and whirl its destructive violence upon my gentle wakefulness, here they move and unfurl their dark terror like wolfs dancing to unseen tunes howling in many voices.

Being born one emerges into life, still what is life but a desire spread out as mass expanse with multitudes of forces set free.

Now where desire flows into the other...the higher, the Ideal, The "This" that which once was Measured and Fashioned through man's will and play, now found playing and willing man

itself...this the above man...these merciless forces, these terrible ordeal coming in from some distinct past, steered by life seeking finite motive, they corrupt and enhance cunning.

I have seen thee concealing thy superfluous and empty self within the Projected states of meaningful activity that thou forever churn, hoodwinking even the finest seers into believing that they are pursuing a life rich and worthy of attainment.

O wizard of blind faith, Thou truly are a master spell caster, now I know thee very well

I have seen the multitudes swept into the vortex of thy rationalizing activity rushing hither thither to attain thy deceptive rationalized goals, now I know the rules of your games, still thou are a fair player and I have no resentment towards thee, but my heart reaches out for the weak and sensitive spirits whose innocence is not spared and in your endgame some simply choose stony sleep over painful wakefulness, for who here can withstand thy sarcastic hoots.

Sorrow you twain sister of fate and hope your dwelling I have known, thy hand spread out over all that lives and moves, thy nails dig in deep into the very saps that sustain life and bestow hope, but I salute thee with folded palms filled with tears of many women and men who chose deathly silence rather than conform to thy whims.

I have known thee and learned from thee life's cruelest lessons, In the art of teaching thou are my teacher and guide, Thou have taught me humility at the face of the absurd shimmering on the borders of the dread, thou have taught me to confront that which manifests as my limit within my own being, Here deep within my own self have I found the juices that

feed your reality, Now sipping the very juices that sustain you I unfurl life in all its diverse intensity, Although you unleash thy whims over me, these very whims I take within my being and bring forth wrapped in wounds that vomit terrible cry's, now these very cry's dipped in my blood I bring to thee gathered in my palms as many songs.

Truly O merciless one, truly thou art the highest teacher, friend and guide, and in all the three worlds there is none as persistent in its art as you are. It is to befriend thee that I chant thy name and perform numerous sacrifices.

Ah illusion maker, for now I know that thou are unreal and thy world thy own self-reproduction.

Born art thou from superfluous self-reproductive instincts that move in spaces built upon empty self-projections,.... For what are thou but a projected fantasy ejaculated forth as a dream world,,,,,,For I have searched thee and found within thee no dreamer nor any [self] projecting reality,only a flow of historically evolving orientations, a perpetual lifeworld of self disseminative fantasy.

Where is thy base, On what grounds do thee ground thy magic worlds of hope this stupendous projected well-being of the beyond.

.....bewitched by language I have searched for ways to come in terms with thee but the more I sought thee, the more deeper I sank into thy rut.

Like a rat running in a treadmill, I fashioned artful means sharpened with superior technique but found myself sinking into deeper confusions.

Deluded I mistook thee to be my very self.

**But now I know you very well O falsifier, it is upon me
that thou play thy mirific game, for without me, who is there to
witness your artifice, My “Seeking” is thy base, my self is thy
arena. I am the very grounds upon which the possibility of thee
grounding anything possible becomes a possibility.....**

**Now I know thee, for what are thou but a shimmering
chimera having no self-reality of thy own. Falser art thou than
thy false appearance, Now I know thee very well O falsifier – now
there shall be no more tricks.**

**There is nothing to speak....all modes perpetuate you,
Now I know it,.....I am that by which the possibility of posit[ing]
anything possible; becomes possible.**

**Now no deluding immortality, nothing beyond
Now I shall not be cheated out of my Mortality
.....What am I
I am a body with desires flowing through me.**