

To Sikhs: A Homage

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Where all others disappoint
The human hope's sky overcast
Turning ever deep dark grey
Emerges from Gurbani page
The sole redeeming chance
Sparkling on Khalsa sword's sharp blade
Or at the tip of the piercing lance.

The Sikhs!
Where they be aslumber?
Lost in religion's rituals!
Lost to their real calling-
The charge
Create in Panjab Khals-Raj
That is today's Ram-Raj!

Wake up! Sikhs!
Feel your hearts
Touch your nerves
Summon your souls
For, time calls
And now for how long
Hoarse rendered its voice
Now reached at its tether's end
Troubled even the multitudinous throng.

Set on Panjab soil society
Where truth must prevail
Justice's sun ashine
Over every human travail.
Do it!
It is your call
Show the world
Here is how is lived
One with nature's reason
After intents of Waheguru
Benign on earth
Kind on fellow beings
Soft, sweet Sikhs!

Come! Take field
Let come to fruition
The Gurus' envisioned yield
Harvests upon harvests of heavenly humanity

Amid a soured modernity's thousand inanity.

Fair fervid Sikhs!
Now show!
The world awaits
Your fervor's Khalsa glow.

But the truest one
That ensures battles won
Again that indefatigable
"NISHCHE KAR APNI JEET KARO" run.

