

The Pendulum Clock, The Gramophone, The Typewriter and The Pen!



Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



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(Poetry)

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by

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



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by **Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**

Head of the Department

Cardiothoracic & Vascular Surgery

Prathima Institute of Medical Sciences

Nagunur Road, Karimnagar - 505 417, Telangana.

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Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

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Prasanthi Hospital

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Mobile : 8897849442

Email: lankasrprasad@gmail.com

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1. The Pendulum Clock, The Gramophone, The Typewriter and the Pen!

After the retirement from clockwork,
the pendulum took rest in its own long house,
Of the attic of a big house! Now tell me,
in the age of remote control and mouse,
Who has time to rewind time and lose one's nuts
and springs to get untimely sounds?
The digital novice has ring tones that replaced the
cuckoos and tick-tock of hourly rounds!

And by his side was sleeping a good old swinger of
His Master's voice in its chords!
His flaring brass horn, the turntable, the stylus ,
the tone arm and the black disc records,
From the magic days of Edison to the present genre of
DJ turntablism and scratching,
Gramophone was the king of the machines of the
talking world and the music lovers darling!

On the other side was sulking another deposed king:
From Hansen writing ball to the bored
Present day typewriter, it was like a piano that
kissed millions of fingers on its keyboard!
The QWERTY keys danced and moved in random to
touch the inked tape with fervor,
And to reproduce the kisses on the white paper
cheeks with all the love in letters flavor!

The grandfather clock stood erect with his
pendulum moving to and fro with its tick tock!
The gramophone went wild with his tone arm
and stylus swinging on the rotating disc block!
The typewriter was in frenzy and churning out
thousands of words by releasing its key lock!
The distinguished trio came alive bringing back the
memories of many generations stock!

I am the sole witness that attended their mystic
magnificent show in our old attic!
I am the fountain pen of the poet just joined the
old legacies of the scientific boutique!



2. The Art of Wearing a Poetic Saree or Sorry...

It is always great floating in the drapes of
gossamer fibers and wings of fire!
Where do you get the onomatopoeia echoism,
o maid! come down with smiles of desire!
On the abode of an ode the body is a golden temple
that needs drapes of divine lyre!
Prepare the world of words with allegoric fables of
under garments of alliteration flair!

Prepare the materialistic ornaments and
figures of speech in bangles bracelets and ear rings!
A simile saree blouse, a long petticoat of a live
metaphor, a few bobby and safety pins of puns,
Here you can have kennings of stick-on bindi,
and synecdoche shoes of show elegance!
Add on bangles of pun, irony, conceit, paradox,
hyperbole, or periphrasis, to your side glance!

First wear the image enhancing bombast bra
and over it a balladic blouse
To house perfect the treasures of the bubbling
youthfulness in very tender close,
And below over the panties a long blank verse of
petticoat that caress the body like rose,
Go select a pair of metaphysical shoes that heels
high and low to expose your line prose!

Make a pastoral knot on the top corner of the
plain end of the saree and tuck the knot,
Into the left side of the pretty petticoat and
make sure the embroideries of your plot,
On the poetic saree facing out, then make a

complete turn from right to left and allot
Around your alluring waist the epithet fabric
like the beloved hug and start making the pleat,

Now your index and middle fingers do the
magic of making six to eight pleat verses,
Let them play hide and seek with your interlude
navel in morphemes and phoneme reverses.
Adjust the lines of folds even and straight with
proper meter and in distinguished feet!
Once the pleats are safely tucked secure them
with a safety pin of palindromic feat!

Now with the extra saree of a flying wing,
make another round from right to left,
Get hold of the title pallu the decorative end
of the your saree poem and let it
Go under your right arm and climb over your
majestic left shoulder like a sonnet!
Secure the pallu with a safety pin from the
inside of the blouse, o moon of the night!

Adorn the saree with a sparkling brooch of
intense intuition and style your hair
With bobby pins and decorative clips,
and enhance your beauty with makeup fair!
Loose some powder and concealer of phrases,
eye shadows, catchy liners and blush flair!
A decorative bindi on fore head, flirting bangles
and bracelets adorning hands can create stir!

O dear! Have henna on your hands and feet and
let that mystic lipstick whisper love in my ear!
In this poem of saree you and me have nothing to
feel sorry but the memories to stay forever!



3. I am alone with a Lunatic in My Attic...

Me and myself never lived harmoniously
at any period or point of given time!

He loved to live in the clay pot called body
fairly dressed up like a poem without rhyme!

Now i am talking about myself always lived
in the attic that has no boundaries,

Even in sleep i dwelled in the realms of dream
visiting the grottoes and dormitories!

If i were to be the person who is talking
with you then who is the lunatic?

Are we that means me and myself are
so often exchanging places automatic,

How do we recognize one another as who is
who between me and myself ?

Is today a full moon day otherwise why I am
talking to myself in this shelf?

Talking about shelf tell me if you know,
what is the shelf life of any mind?

Never mind! I know when it is full and
burning then i go berserk and rewind

My springs, screws and nuts to reset my clock
and its pendulum to the original find!

Why do you stare at me like a mirror with
albinism whenever I laugh or weep without bind?

I see gods and demons, i smell rats and hawks,
I fly illusions and delusions with no tension,
I am searching for myself in my attic to propose
a treaty if not war without any pretension!



4. Looking at the time as it Looks at you...

What is your greatness o time!
You are so inconsistent i often lose interest,
While i write this elegy you were present
as past present and future with unrest!
Do you exist or just an illusion our minds
often create to sway in idleness tale!
You seem to me like Ouroboros a blind snake of
infinite length eating its own tail!

Who is permanent, you or me?
May be you are the fourth dimension so what?
When i fly in my mind's sky your speed
seems to me trivial and hopelessly short!
You are after all what 'a clock reads' and
miserably measurable in hourglasses
And Clepsydras with grains of sand or
drops of water running down into themselves!

I often laugh at you when you go freeze in
Markov stopping rule zone!
When my heart go freeze in emotional
upheaval I care you no more than a stone!
Still i don't know why we hang to your posts by
a thread or rope of our brittle life,
And we go round and round like the donkeys
in the circle of olive press in strife!

May be you are Chronos of Greek or
Maha Kala of ancient Hindus what is to me?
When i sleep in the arms of my mother or
Mother Nature you can not touch me!



5. On one full moon day of Vaisakha, Another Full Moon...

To whose mother in a dream a white elephant
with six tusks entered her womb?
In a garden at Lumbini under a sal tree who was
born to queen Maya on her way to home?
On whose body were present thirty two major
and eighty minor marks of benevolent aster?
When his mother died after seven days of his birth
who was raised by her younger sister?

Whose name implies - ' he who he achieves his aim'-
and was predicted to be a king or hermit?
Who was the prince at the age of twenty nine
crossed the palace gates first time to a meet,
Who had a rendezvous with disease, old age and
death that made him to be a mendicant?
Who on his horse Kanthaka accompanied by
Channa left his wife and child at midnight haunt?

Who was that ascetic that rejected throne and
succession offered by father and teachers?
Who was the sage along with his five friends led by
Kaundinya or Kondanna tried penance?
Who was that monk revived by madhupayasa or
milk porridge offered by a village girl Sujata ?
Who after that understood self-mortification was
useless and preferred meditative Dhyana?

Who was that seer in his meditation of forty-nine days,
under a pipal tree in Gaya, attained Enlightenment?
Who was that Awakened one Buddha preached the
middle way and four noble truths of atonement?
Who converted two merchant brothers as his disciples

and later his old friends Kaundinya and others as monks?
Who at Varanasi set in motion the - 'Wheel of Dharma' -
giving his first sermon followed by Yasa and
Kassapa joining his ranks?

Who transformed a savage Angulimala and
cannibals like Alavaka into docile sages of jingles?
Who preached nobles and servants, relatives and
friends, to attain nirvana with peaceful life?
Who agreed to the ordination of women as nuns
to join the sangha to live without strife?
Who at the age of eighty received his last meal from a
blacksmith Cunda, and died in the Kusinara jungles?

Who said his last words - 'all composite things are
perishable, strive for your own liberation with diligence?' - ,
He was the Awakened one who was born on
Vaisakha full moon day and taught us the
middle way to live in peace and confidence!

(Buddho, sammāsambuddho, vijja carana sampano, sugato, lokavidu,
anuttaro purisa damma sarathi, sattadeva manussanam, bhagavati,
araham- the nine virtues)



6. L'ART POUR L'ART'....

Art for art's sake or ars gratia artis or heart
for heart's sake how do i know?
Neither i know any art nor i have the heart to
announce it in public flow!
O Gautier! O Cousin! O Constant and
O Edgar Allan Poe! What's this glow?
Is this poem written solely for the poem's sake?
Was it a Bohemian creed or no?

From Ruskin to Swinburne, from socialist realism,
romanticism to aesthetic movement,
A rebellion against Victorian moralism the
phrase walked into the virile German tent!
'Kunst fur die kunst'- said Stephan George
inspired by Baudelaire and French symbolists!
'An empty phrase'- said George Sand, Nietzsche
reiterated that art serves the purpose of materialists!

Why do we write or sing or paint on the
canvas of life with vivid voices of heart?
Why do we click the images of life and death
and in between with the lenses of art?
Why do we swim across the channels rivers
and seas to reach the shores of dream?
Why do we fly over the meadows mountains
and canyons in search of a silent scream?

So what's in store for art? 'Fiat ars- pereat mundus'-
is it the readymade present slogan?
As futurists said,-' Let art be created, though the
world perish!'- is it going to be the slow gun?



7. Embrace the Suck!

Hooah! Move soldier move! Mookies there are
restless in their burn holes!
Leave those fobbits in their beds and move!
Another fallujah has hot soles!
On the groundhog day what do you eat
except the rations of bullet coals?
All semper fidelis move your ass! Go turkey peak
at the MOUT and ball the goals!

The beltway clerks at home paper the
blood on the blue print screens,
Here desperado cars midblast in the
innocent airs amidst wild screams!
Don't be a pig looking at a wristwatch
and clean the floor of tears streams!
Never say -'neither the land is mine nor the
landmine'- and blast the reins!

Give me a piece of ranger candy to loosen
the foxhole treaty of sand smoke!
O sour adversity! Let thee embrace me,
like my girl in the dreams of up stroke!
How beautiful you are in the rattles of throat
when battles for nothing choke!
All these treaties and wars, coins and stones
can they remove Death's cloak?

What can a soldier do in an alien land
surrounded by death and weighed by luck?
When deserted memories go dry of hope
oases he crosses the lines to embrace the suck!

(To all the soldiers)



8. The Strings of my Lyre you plucked somewhere...

When i was wandering in the world of the
Indian lutes, they came alive as the divine nymphs,
Saraswathi, Raghunatha, chitra, vichitra and
rudra veenas held me captive in their triumphs!
The jya ghosha of the hunter's bow string the
vil yazh made the way to the musical bow!
Aakasa veena, Audumbari veenas made the
hermitages flow in the music of vedic chant glow!

A kudam resonator hollowed out of jackfruit trunk,
with dandi a tapering hollow neck,
With twenty four brass or bell metal frets set in
scalloped black wax on wooden tracks,
A tuning box culminating in a downward curve
and yali an ornamental dragon' s head,
The seven steel strings and the Thumba of a
hollow pumpkin gourd as the support guard,

Four main strings traverse the fret-board
from the right bridge to turning pegs of left end!
The three talam strings stay at the side to enhance
the rhythmic emphatic blend!
O connoisseur! Now i turn on the shruti box to
align the pitch, get acclimatized to the wind,
The basic notes Sa, Ri, Ga, Ma, Pa, Dha, Ni
(E, F, G, A, B, C, D) and the Octaves three you find!

The first string nearer to you say 'Sa',
the second one play 'Pa'!
The third string whispers lower 'Sa',
the fourth one murmurs lower 'Pa'!
Now the fingers of your left hand plucked
my strings to the core ,
While the baby finger of your right hand
struck my drone strings of score!

My spinal cord as meru danda and
my brain as the resonator, now a human veena i am!
Lol! Pluck my strings gently, let nada motions
spread in nadis the subtle passages realm!
Let my chakras the vortices of energy flare up
with the awakening of the Kundalini serpent !
The three main channels out of the fourteen nadis are
resonating with the energy dormant!

The twenty four frets or steps, the soft plucking
kisses and the turning of pegs to veneration,
O dear! Your gentle fingers are kissing my strings
and caressing them into vibration!
What a divine experience they confer on this
mortal body to gain spiritual rejuvenation!
Come my love! Hug me and take me with you
into the fantasy worlds of unknown destination!



9. Waterloo and Peterloo!

So you cross the seas and mountains to
drown a monarch in his own dug well!
Well done! O Wellington! The water loomed
down and the emperor went to hell!
A hundred days of bonaparty ended as the
journey from la belle farm to saint Helena cell!
Now what do you see there? A sepulchre for
France and on that mound a lion stands swell!

Now the stage is shifted to saint Peter's field,
Manchester, England,
Four years back they changed the course of
history in Belgium land,
But on home front the periodic famine danced
with the unemployment hand in glove
A charged meeting was cut short by the cavalry
and a soldier of Waterloo too died in the row!

If you visit these places immediately after
the massacre what do you see?
Oh leave it man! Why do you revisit them
always as though it is a new sea!
If a few thousand soldiers or a few dozen
poor people die, what is the loss to the world?
Are you not cozy in your bedroom with your
money bags and brains safely furled?

Day in and day out we look at the victims
of the poverty with indifference and fear!
We keep our hands tucked in our pockets
and move vigorously away and disappear!

Waterloo battle.....18 june 1815
Peterloo massacre. ..16. August. 1819



10. Kirikiri and Harakiri...

In New Guinea of Indonesia just seventy people
of Irian Jaya speak Kirikiri,
There is a maximum security prison in
Apapa of Lagos in Nigeria is also called Kirikiri!
And in Japan the Samurai clan commit
ritual suicide by seppuku or Harakiri!
It may be voluntary or in times of dishonour
first the Samurai next his wife commits Harakiri!

I don't like either kirikiri or harakiri because
in my place kirikiri denotes some trickery!
But I found many of the modern Bohemians
advocate world peace through flattery!
When war is under the carpet they sit on the
illusionary thrones and perform quackery!
But the secret codes exposes the magicians
in their acts of prestidigitation lottery!

I have seen quills and pens inking the wars
and peace treaties like the devastating flood!
I have witnessed the mines and missiles
linking the iron and glass with flesh and blood!
I have accounted the heads of the mortals and
immortals that tasted the war thud!
I have even counted my own wounds and
scars that deified my tears in the silence dud!

Now tell me why people commit harakiri
by trying to kick the sky with their mortal feet?
In a world of mockery, what do you achieve by
performing such trivial circus feat?



11. Among Lilies I Lie, Among Roses I Die!

And the trees are blooming grenades and
carrying bomb fruits with seeds of bullets!
They are transmitting songs of odes and
elegies to the old guns and cut gullets!
Every road to utopia is planted with landmines
that can send you directly into the divine billets!
The diabolic clouds are raining over the
poverty dumps and hunger streets with hail pellets!

Whom do you put in the prison if you are a
judge or jury, the criminal or the victim?
Do you wish to be Pilate or Sanhedrin to
release Barabbas and crucify the lamb of wisdom?
Why do you glorify war and violence instead of
peace and love in your annals of martyrdom?
Do you wish to incarcerate the refugees in the
camps leaving the land to the lords of crime?

This is the world map, see everywhere there
are red and black but scarce are the white flags,
You cover the whole sky with spy satellites and
nuke missiles and earth with atomic bogs!
When the world is dominated by the vultuers
and predators who will help the innocent lambs?
How do you expect angels from above to visit the
earth to fight against the dwellers of the hell tombs?

When i was in love with Love, the garden was
filled with the fragrance of tender lily touch
When i was stung by the thorns of roses I was laid
on the bed of roses and i can not even say ouch!



12. The Way is not the way If everyone says it is the way!

I was waylaid by my money and morals
apart from my spouse and children!
The road to freedom was hidden in the
thick jungles and the deserts barren!
I am always among the last ones of the
rat races of the daily marathon chosen!
By the time i reach the ribbon line i see the
judges gone already from the scene!

I threw myself in the square rings of the
wrestlers' solitude in ignorance,
My head is bubbling with the illumination of
His mercy and i knew Him in my trance!
I remembered Jacob wrestling with a man
till daybreak and was blessed to become Israel!
I recognized the old man of the sea Proteus and
Menelaus wrestling on the shores of Egypt soil!

I understand why the pandava prince Bhima
failed to lift the tail of an old monkey
On his way, and realized that Hanuman the
great monkey is the mysterious key
To unravel the human past and requested him
to be in the flag of the victory chariot,
Where a man with arrows and bow and the
God as charioteer conducted a war of riot!

Now do you see on your way the Buddha's
foot prints, the Tao- way and the bleeding cross?
About this way if you ask them, they will laugh
at you but that is the way i wish to go across!



13. Lifting the soul from the Human Veil

And the first diaper looked like a fig leaf
and it concealed the shame of knowledge,
The ancient pair didnot remember the dress
the gardener was wearing at the sedge,
Neither the serpent was wearing anything
except its hiss and eternal grudge!
And so the pair was thrown out of the
orchard to work on the dust and toil bridge!

And the father was giving away all his
pastoral properties to the people in need,
Then the son asked him thrice, -'to whom you
are giving me o my father, in deed?'-
Father became impatient and said-' go, go!
I am giving you to death, go to his creed!'-
The son followed the paternal instructions
and abstained from food and water mead!

Three days and nights he waited at the
mystic threshold of the Death's door,
When Death returned from the Universe tour
he found that boy like a smouldering fire,
Death sanctioned him two boons
of materialistic interest, but the child held his breath
Revived by the resolute death the boy asked the
lord of Death -' what comes after death?

Death smiled and said, -' the body and
senses decays, but the soul is immortal!'-
The boy too smiled and said, -' I have seen Death.
Now I need no property portal!'-



14. An Ancient Fable on My Nascent Table...

They gave me a pickaxe and a shovel to look
for the ancient buried relics!

This is the parchment remnant they offered me
to travel via Dolorosa helix!

The secret codes were written on the tablets of
clay in cuneiform matrix!

Through the gorges and grottoes one has to
travel to unravel the calyx!

The basic rule is you have to reach the zero level
then look at the level one!

I found the Cain's stone with the blood of the
Abel still fresh but feeling alone!

The evidence is clear that many descendents
borrowed it to level the scores of pain,

But that stone is a stone David and others
used against the Goliaths of the enemy main!

In the next layers i found the fire and wheels,
the sickles and slings, arrows and bow,
And the shield of Achilles, the sword of Alexander,
and a Cross and nails in a row!

Then i excavated the tombs of Ming and Mongols,
revisited the pyramids and towers of lore,

Wherever i dig i found the signatures of modern
blood and the stink of the hate galore!

Now i am almost at the upper layers,
all studded with bullets and trim grenades,
In my absence i think humans have invented
new flutes and lyres to sing grim serenades!



15. Beware! Dictators, Autocrats and Tyrants...

There comes a day all the concrete ideas of
permanent palaces bite dust,
The greatest swords and guns become rust
and powder in the sands of mist!
The flesh hand that wielded specter of
infinite power go dry to be bone fist!
The frowns and wrath of the cruelty face gets
frozen into the damn grave crust!

There comes a way all the oppressed gets
their stolen sight restored to move on!
The fastest wheels and wings become the
feet of people that overpowers the cannon!
The flash light that was off all these days comes
alive to show the secret canon!
The tears and sighs of the oppressed gets
wiped out and love replaces the hate canyon!

There comes a cry from the grotto throats
of the oppressors to pardon them!
The gold bars and cold missiles become
useless before the defiant stream!
The flush routes that were clogged will be
cleared by the angel sweep gleam!
The turnkeys and turkeys along with their
war lords shall be buried in their own scream!

There comes a great day all the scriptures
and religions propose only peace dove!
There comes a magnificent way that we all
move together in perpetual love!



16. Bullets sting in the streets where Meth Shabu Sings...

Now the guitar players started making scarlet
symphonies in the low down streets,
The crimson lyres are creating heaven earth man
Triad lyrics in the dead drown fleets!
People forgot opium wars and aftermaths
now encourage neighborhood retreats,
Power looms go sky high weaving fabrics of
lies and crystal powder in spicy meats!

When the Double barrel strategic guns focus
on the traffic zones of poverty lanes,
Hungry stomachs crawl on their knees for the
daily bread soaked in the blood planes!
Who bullets whom is the philosophical question
where everyone has his own version,
Dead bodies do not argue like the rumbling birds
on the television shows of perversion!

Now the Big Brothers enter the scene with
moral aggression and regression!
What they do in their countries they blame it
on amnesia and bans ammo precision!
But tell me why those vociferous voices of
peace supply the guns of eradication?
Why do they think they are the gods or next to
gods in maintaining the war vacation?

Why some people dare to enter the devil's den
without caring the definite death?
Why some people care to entertain themselves
with temporary exhilarating mirth?
What escapist tendencies drag them into the
realms of fantasy of the carpe diem?
Where future promises mayhem and past
discloses grim and present is the only pastime!



17. Two Birds and a Long Shot!

When i was climbing the steep mountain
on my knees i saw a pair of luminous birds,
Perching on the nice branch of a black berry tree
with luscious fruits of rewards!

One bird was eating berries with all eagerness
where as the other bird is watching its friend!
Then i looked down the way i came and when I
looked back at the tree, i saw nothing but a legend!

Yes! I remember now, while eating also why the
bird looked so anxious but morose?
Where as the other bird was serene and
looked almost smiling, like the divine lotus rose!
When i stabilised myself on a rock pedestal
and pondered for a while, about that illusion,
I found the path of truth at its end i could clearly
see the glorious light of fission and fusion!

Why i have to climb up and how much height
I have to scale before i have a glimpse,
Of that divine Light that purifies the anxious bird
eating and floating in five airs?
When the five materialistic senses pollute the
five vital airs the light gets fogged,
In the clay made birds and their fountains get
sluggish and channels get clogged!

I understood if i lust materialistic world i have to born
again and again to fulfil my desires and passion,
If i love the Supreme Light in proper detachment and
renunciation i become Him and dwell forever in His mansion!



18. In search of a Serene Lake!

And when you wakeup you find a new haunting
nothingness tune calling you,
From absolute loneliness, you go in search of
that dream loosening life's glue,
Everywhere you see the clear streams running
towards the stable waters of blue,
And the verdant worlds blossoming into vivid
chromatic galleries of happiness true!

Is sight necessary to see a lake of truth that
existed among snow flake rains?
Is strife necessary to seek the joys of life in
every dawn and dusk's tear trains?
Is light necessary to tread in the dark envelope of
mind to understand nature's grains?
Is darkness necessary to realise the cosmic dance
of the auspicious one in refrains?

Energy the snow mountain's daughter loved a
wanderer of matter to become half of Him!
The Ancient one with his trident and damaru
drum creates, protects and destroys all at His whim!
A coiled snake from his neck hisses biological
clock time and His third eye awaits annihilation grim!
Ever flowing Ganges in His matted hair nourishes the
energy- matter protoplasm at its brim!

A silver shining crescent on his hair tuft smiles
at His vehicle the white bull in nostalgia!
And i follow the footprints of the ancients to
reach that mind pond exuberant in His insignia!
O Sun! Your glorious morning light has transformed the
white snow caps into golden aura!
I unlearn my ego and science at your feet to
revisit Your magnificence in every fawn and flora!



19. Wynn, Thorn and Ampersand!

(A verse in nonsense verse per se)

O extinct letter Dodo birds of our queer English language!
Aren't you feeling bitter being out of our fine coruscant gaze?
Why double u and y grabbed wynn and
thorn seats in the alphabetical page?
Why ampersand & got sandwiched in the
business names cage?

Eleven key rules i wish you will get or forget
after four or five rounds of dysfunction!
When you had your fill full -'use active voice
'- and then link ideas in a con-junction!
When FANBOYS put you into comma coma serial
you can load or unload your semi-colon!
Go to the nearby lawn for Habitual actions by using
simple present tense with no pretension!

If you see the devil's room for current action use
your present progressive sense or tense!
Once you emptied the stress add ed or bed to slip
or sleep into the past tense sentence!
Use present perfect if your spouse finds your spice
for the unfinished past balance!
If it is unfinished action of the past, use present
perfectly in a progressive expensive valence!

When already two things happened in the past
use the first one as a past perfect alibi!
This is the summary of the summer glamour
grammar garden of English of to be or not to be!

(Ampersand -& ; wynn - uu; thorn- th or y)

(Ampersand - the 27 th letter of English alphabet. Wynn and thorn
were extinct letters.)

(FANBOYS - for, and, nor, but, or, yet, so)



20. 'Of by For' of Gettysburgh Address or Dress...

Times have changed, lots of blood and
water flowed down the world bridge,
Kennedys, Reagans, Bushes and Obamas
gave way to the present Trump ridge!
Now the average American has rage against
others and himself, gazing on grudge!
The world's unofficial policeman has the
most powerful staff and clear nuclear badge!

Now the modern world has new dress and address,
GPS and moral surveillance!
From above, the earth may look borderless
but in reality all five elements are under fence!
More than that Haves and Have-nots have precise
enmity under nascence convalescence!
The words of Lincoln that moved a nation into
a land of liberty, freedom and fraternity of excellence!

It is the land where pilgrims displaced the natives
with sheer show of force and bravery!
It is the territory where people from distant lands
were brought and chained to slavery!
It is the same place where wars were fought for
independence and later for equality!
Here Abraham Lincoln delivered his famous speech
about a nation of a great quality!

When minions walk in giants' shoes they show
their smiles with sharpened fangs and all,
That government of the people, by the people,
for the people walks towards the definite fall!



21. Issuing Laurels and Hardies...

I have so much heart burning my stomach
started weeping in crimson cries!
Lol! I put them on paper ad nauseam and
added some spice, ice and pumice fries!
Then carefully served in the group lunches that
launch weakly beauty contests!
And waited for eons to won any virtual crowns
apart from likes shares and comment tests!

Whenever i see someone gets titled as king or
queen or with cold or gold medal pin,
My mind larva goes into heart cocoon and i take
time to emerge as a moth again,
Or as a butterfly in the gardens or dense dens of
poetry craving for nectar recognition!
When i myself feel that i am an alien and
not worthy of their many a regulation!

Now i started my own group and added
every one whom i hate and love!
Aha! My revenge has no bounds! Now i conduct
weakly week competitions,
Now i can boss over the brass drums,
flair lyres with non-stop propositions,
Imagine if i can bring the world peace, yes,
where is my noble prize and my love glove?

Do you think a few jitterbugs like chimps in
Oxford offer you a medal ready?
You may get bellyfulls of laughter but poetry is
poetry it is neither tragedy nor comedy!



22. Truth is an Absolute Lie!

Show me one absolute truth that can cut
like a dagger without dragging in time!
A lie is a partial truth that camouflaged itself
in the robes of the circumstances claim!
I give you a million soldiers of science,
bring me a thimbleful of that fugitive truth,
All philosophical forges and alchemical cauldrons
yielded what, mere the dross froth!

If it is unconcealment of hidden facts into the
open then what about time log?
When Aletheia or Veritas is jogging in open
tell me anyone saw her without eye clog?
Is it the investigators' lens or the presiding jury's
common sense revealed in their blog?
Is it Nietzsche or Plato's faith from the ancient belief -'
God is Truth; that Truth is 'Divine' fog?

Is Pravda or alethia or veritas always truthful to
truth in minimalistic agreements?
Is it the equation of things and intellect or mere
conformation of reality in arguments?
O Sun! Thy face of Truth is covered by a golden
radiant bowl, unveil it, we may see it!
O God! If only you have the perfect knowledge of
all truth about all things where do we fit?

'Quod est vistas? What is Truth?'- said jesting Pilate
and he would not stay for an answer!
We also ask our conscience god the same question
but never care its spinning lancer!



23. The Awakened Serpent!

Near the base of the spine resides a coiled serpent goddess, in slumbering state!

Come on! Let's go and awaken the subtle energy substance, and rejoice in its date !

A great Odyssey within from the root of the spine to the routing brain in electric rain!
Six vortices of energy finally culminating into an explosive thousand petalled terrain!

A red lotus with four petals, the seat of red bindu at the root of the spine,
The serpent is sleeping here hissing 'lum', the controller of the genital train!

The second stop is at one's own base- orange Swadhishtana with six petals,
It is the gastric fire that propels the vital energy further into the upper portals!

Now comes the 'jewel city'- Manipura with ten petals controlling the water energy,
The fight or flight nature is supervised in the yellow zones of adrenal synergy!

The train moves towards the heart with unstruck - anahata green centre,
The immune system of Thymus and the love emotions of heart here they enter!

In the throat is the pure -Vishuddha pale blue
centre that governs the communication,
It may control the lucid dreams and thoughts of
independence and gives maturation!

Now the electric train reaches third eye-ajna-
the command centre of Pineal violet,
With two petals where central Sushumna river
is united with ida and pingala rivulet!

The terminal tremendous energy wheel or chakra
is the thousand petalled Crown,
The place of white drop or Bodhi chitta a state of
meditative consciousness of one's own!

In that mysterious station the union of yin and
yang occurs, the energy serpent's kiss,
Unites with the every atom in the matter of the
practitioner, giving one the ultimate bliss!



24. Bulls, Bullets and Bulletins!

For whom the bullets toll only the bulls know
and the bulletins tells you about
The bull-shit of the bull's eye and the bulls' rampage
in the war bazars bout!
See the bullet ridden scarlet borders and
smell the phosphorescent diabolic clout!
All peace meetings are baked by the war flames
underneath lit by the lousy sick lout!

Which one is difficult to teach? Peace or War?
No! You are wrong! It is peace!
Teaching war is easy to the warm blooded
manimals when they are at ease!
To cool the basic instincts they need hot blood
to boil and bubble like dogs of war in heat!
Nobody seems to like peace because it gives less
pleasure than the war bedded sheat!

Then i went to the mirror on the wall and
asked the troll who is the fairest of all?
All the screens were crimson red or smoke black
with sulfur fumes of hell ball!
BBC, CNN, Al Jazeera, Zee News, Star, MTV,
AXN, Disney, and Cartoon Network,
All mirrors show the cracks of war and the
fall of doves in the Satanic handiwork!

Then can you wander in the Arabian desert
in search of the eternal peace spring?
How can you sing the ballads of war heroes
when you research for the peace ring?



25. May Day! May Day! May Day!

It was the festival of Flora, the Roman goddess of flowers in the pre-Christian light!

The night before the first of May was the night of the witches, the Walpurgis Night !

It is the day of May baskets and may pole dances and crowning the Queen of May,

With devotions to Mother Mary and on this day of the saint Joseph the carpenter, they pray!

For the International labour movement

Mayday is workers' day or Labour day!

Haymarket affair on fourth of May in eighteen eighty six in Chicago became Mayday,

Anarchy's red hand became the symbol of workers resistance worldwide,

The day is celebrated for war to the palace and peace to the cottage, a slogan of divide!

May be it is the distress call invented by a radio officer at Croydon airport in London, in a way,

Mockford introduced French 'venez maider' - 'come and help me' - as 'maider' as Mayday!

So it replaced -'SOS- save our souls', stayed on as emergency code to aviators and mariners!

Three times we repeat 'Mayday' in serious distress, prank calls can make us all prisoners!

Now in social media the people are working overtime in what's apps and Facebooks!

May these new proletariat bring down the new Bourgeois and establish utopia of great looks!



26. No Bells! O Peace Seekers! O Paper Speakers!

Seven and half billion population,
only eleven out of one hundred and sixty two countries,
Free of conflict without divisive and entrenched
internal struggles or external poisonous trees!
Look at Switzerland, Japan, Qatar, Mauritius,
Chile, Uruguay, Botswana, Brazil,
Costa Rica, Panama and Vietnam, how they
maintain peace, study well and blow vigil!

But do you know who exports arms,
cheese and watches to other countries for money?
Tell me! Which one is the world's newest country
but has the least peaceful journey?
The Sudan suicide, the Yazidi sect in Iraq, the Somalian
unrest, Congo dry, Pakistan fry, North Korean cry,
Russian bear hug, Nigerian Boko Haram bug,
Central African keg, all ready to explode in scry!

Why the mighty strength causes everyone and
every country to crave for peace?
Is peace a helpless lady with an olive branch
in her hand searching for helpline, please?
Then why god said-' i didnot come to bring peace
but a sword?'- Why with us he is cold?
Is it not the Word of the Lord -' a man's enemies
will be the members of his own household?'

- 'VASUDHA EKA KUTUMBUM' -
'The world is one family' - is it a myth or a dream?
What forces we have to join in gaining peace
and love to flow in serene stream?



27. Oh Android! Oh Hacker Boy! Oho Smart Guy!

What to do when you are waylaid on the
road to Zion or such utopian station?
Who controls the controls of Satan sons who
determined to enter your innovation?
Do you know Zanti, Dsploit, Droidsqli, Nmap,
APK inspector and androidRAT?
These are some of the rats and cockroaches
that can encroach your privacy flat!

By spear phishing they can throw a random mail
and see if fish swallows the hook,
Then look for the key password while you are
surfing in a eye blinding fleshy look,
Mind you it is very easy to Mephistopheles to
control your gadgets linked to Internet,
If you use same password for multiple sites,
they have your account for a song or sonnet!

Bluetooths, Routers, ATMs, free version apps,
Wi-Fi on, bogus updates, remember!
All can be made into spies with intelligent
skimmers to reveal your PIN number,
All targeted to get into your bank accounts via
credit or debit cards you forget in slumber!
When your financial bank tank starts leaking,
be careful, you may need a Neal Patrick plumber!

When Black hats or the 414s are at work,
the networks allow embedded ghosts!
When hacker or cracker hawks prowl on our
hard-earned money we are the hosts,
So, what to do when you are waylaid on the
road to Zion or such utopian station?
Who controls the controls of Satan sons who
determined to enter your daily ration?



28. Hail! O New Generation!

So the new era started, world wide web spider
netted many high fly flies and heads,
Apps, startups, blogs, twitters, think tanks and
red flags linked gossamer threads,
And the offences and defenses needed many
fire walls and Virtual window breds,
For everyone a world and for every world a
proud founder and many enthusiastic treads!

Oh! Now the whole world is in one's own hand
with an open or closed mobile,
Swipe or wipe the data in smart phone till
one gets the idea of fulfillment virile,
With associated side effects and headaches of
cyber bullying and trolling febrile,
Things can go viral and content may get sterile
before you know it becomes puerile!

Quick and space timers and locators offering
round the clock services with new Apps,
Businessmen explored the possibilities of
exploiting the people in mass hysteria traps,
It is the mystery of creating one's own Kingdom
sitting in his lone drawing room,
A fantastic fantasy world of like, share and
comment of surrealistic narcissism boom!

Now everyday we see Napoleons of Facebook,
Alexanders of twitter and Helens of Skype,
Virtual beacons replacing the virtuous icons,
it is the arrival of new crazy monkeys in hype,
Flaunting their placards and tails or erotic tales
and storyboards with spices added on!
And offer fertile friendship but is the idea of
public friendship a boon or a true oxymoron?



29. Partly Humanist Prosodies...

How much real self you show to the
observant outer world?
How much your self you conceal in the
hilt of the sword you hurled?
All the rattles in the throat of the slain,
do they make a rhapsody?
What crimson wet mud allows the seeds of
song to grow into a prosody?

Let's break the logic dams of damn rhetoric
and restore the nature of equilibrium!
The laws of physics and philosophy are not ment
for the atomic striptease podium!
The cauldrons of drudgery and the ledgers of
forgery of Nature by mankind,
Have filled the Grottos of hell and the crevices of
sin carved rugged mind?

Tell me what happened to the guillotines
and gas chambers of yesteryear?
Did any modern prophet convert them into the
temple bells of peace to nullify fear?
Tell me what are those torpedoes, missiles and
satellites doing there in defensive gear?
Why the daily mirrors of truth only reflecting the
blood stained dawns maimed by wat?

Everyday i wakeup from my verdant sleep to
write a song of Epithalamion or prothalamion!
But the bride and bridegroom are busy with their
scarlet sufferings and i keep writing Endymion!



30. Let us Shrink Ourselves!

Do you remember thy roots,
o tender buds in the infinite blue sky?
This expansion has made you more
irrelevant than before, why?
From the cradle continent to the lands
distant is the journey insufficient?
Why odysseys to the faraway planets
forgetting the shadows of past scent?

What mores we have expanded from the
basic modes of hunger, sex and sleep?
Why all the wisdom of philosophers and
scientists could not give us peace and hope?
All the innovations why they are creating
more destruction than ever before?
Where has gone that great lady of compassion
in the hour of need in the mad warfare?

Let's start with shrinking our books of law
and philosophy to minimalistic size,
Let's empty the depots of war and bury the
hatchets under the plants of maize!
Let's close all the money deals of individual profit
and the schools of gluttony and greed!
Let's bare the schools of incongruities and bar
the religions that preach violence and dread!

Unless we educate ourselves to tolerate the
neighbor's sins and virtues,
How can we expect the great fugitive lady of
mercy to visit our house of many hues?
Let's go back to the basics in the square one to
establish the peaceful humanity!
Let's shrink all our expansion into the realm of
LOVE to connect with divinity!



31. Eye of the Dawn - Mata Hari!

O Femme Fatale!

O scorching feminine sun!
O ferocious sexy feline! O covert courtesan!
O Margaretha Geertruida MacLeod!
O Dutch a worthy companion!
With thousand curves and movements of a
round profound style of a Bohemian,
Trembled in a thousand rhythms caused tremors
in the traditional opinion!

All the artists do suffer at the beginning or
in the middle or at the end, some crisis!
Like the butterflies or moths every skillful guy
has to undergo some metamorphosis!
Fortune changed hats, from affluence to bankruptcy
her family suffered financial loss!
Motherless by fifteen a teacher under training
became the wife of a MacLeod of rich class!

What can an abused body and mind of a
mother of two children do in tears?
In solitude it searched for some solace in
rich Javanese culture and art spheres!
The transformation of larva into cocoon and
the exotic butterfly made its appearance,
In the painted back ground of a hindu priest class
princess of a mysterious entrance!

With the given freedom of divorce and in a
garden of encore business of striptease,
She became a overnight craze on the stage
followed by money and fame coming at ease,
Like a rising sun she took Mata Hari as her

flirting name 'the eye of the dawn' a sensation!
The rich and powerful gathered like moths near
this exotic fire and waited on her invitation!

Paris was the Eden for her dreams and
she mesmerised everyone with her charm!
When first world war came in ebbs and flows
and strategies needed spies with spice,
When her Russian lover pilot Captain Maslov
was badly wounded she wished to see him!
Knowingly or unknowingly this migrating butterfly
double crossed the borders for a price!

Then both France and Germany double crossed
you and you faced the firing squad cue!
O agent H-21! O femme fatale! At the crucial
moment your lover Maslov abandoned you!
Your employers became your executioners and
in a migrated country now you are a whore!
When a scapegoat is needed you fitted perfectly
the bill of the warlords' score!

You never covered your body on live stage,
even on the death stage you refused a blindfold!
When the volley of the shots rang out, they were less
painful than the looks of the audience in hold,
You gazed directly at the men with rifles with your
head up and slowly slumped backwards!
Unaware of the last close confirmation shot from
an officer that holed your head afterwards!



32. In a Shell, Around the Corner is the Fire of Hell!

It is the time for the nighthawks that
prowl along the horizontal bars,
Where around a vertical pole bewitching
boobs and legs show their stars!
There bubbles the invisible fire in the upper
and lower V cuts of volcano fires,
The gyrations and pole hugs excites even the
polar bears out of their lairs!

O Hooker! Gently caress the strings of thy lyre,
Half open your sighs and eyes,
O Salome! Roll, dip and fold, spin back hook
and fireman, climb and dismount on thighs,
Unbutton the music and strip one by one like
the layers of sweet scented onion,
Let all the neon bulbs go dim and dry along
with the thirsty mouths of the voyeuristic carrion,

Upon the Indian wrestlers' pole - mallakhamba,
on Chinese poles, and Egyptian belly dances,
And in erotic volcano flares, with what heat these
lone studs and hawks are thirsting?
Amidst of the glittering poles and strobe lights
iguanas dance with buttons bursting!
Some strippers talk back to the cashtag for the
one night standers and happy night romances!

Bangkok, Berlin, Brisbane, Oslo, los vegas, Rio de
Janeiro, Reykjavik, Copenhagen or Paris with vanity,
Or any land or island the darkrooms await the
arrival of the quick horses with fat purses,
Where Mata hari or Salome perform seven veil dance
and search for the bee in their plenty,
There Tom or Dick empty their stocks in the
servicing bags that scatter their romance in profanity!



33. To walk in the Valley of Pygmallion and Golem...

The furnace and the forges are still hot at the
equator unlike the frozen gorges,
And the fjordes at the poles, the canyons are
in conversation with the warm winds,
Some painter angels smeared the sky and sea
with blue and the ground with greens!
The invisible brush started animating vivid coloured life
on that canvas with multi screens!

Hark! See that man busy with mallet and chisel,
scutch and file, rasps and rifflers of strife,
Lo! Look at him carving a haunting beauty
from the hardest rock and what is he doing?
O boy! He fell in love with his own creation and my god!
He kissed the sculpture into life!
All artists and poets do the same, they carve the
worst reality into soft animated being!

Oh! What is this zombie giant moving in slow
and heavy strides of lassitude,
Hark! Look at the word - 'emet'-truth on his dull
forehead foreshadowing his attitude!
He is often dangerous, remove 'e' from emet,
(met is Death), he meets his death crust!
Whoever was made up of kneaded earth has to grow,
produce, wither and crumble into dust!

The valley is filled with the amateur artists of
life who needs motivation!
The sculptor lived with love, but the zombie is a
dummy lives without inspiration!
In a mixed society of artists and zombies a prophet
or a messenger comes with a prescription!
Then the dry autumn valley springs to life with
verdant-cyan canvas and vivid stellar inscription!

Pygmalion effect - Rosenthal effect - higher expectations lead to an
increase in performance.

Golem effect - Lower expectations lead to poorer performance



34. The Dice, The Pawns and the Urim and Thummim!

The twelve jewels on the breastplate -
the hoshen of the high priest denoting
Twenty two letters in the Hebrew alphabet;
Ask Urim a question about anything,
Then answers Thummim, like the arrow shafts
stored in the Kaaba at Mecca land,
They are the tablets of Destiny, mediating between
God and mankind in errand!

Dice are pluralis intensivus the majestic ruiners,
lux et veritas or the light and truth or fire and moth!
The game started thus with divination later became a
game of fortune and addiction both!
Here is this gentleman Nala lost his kingdom and
suffered a lot before he regained the same!
This one is Dharmaja twice bitten by dice lost everything
including brothers and wife in a tricky dice game!

There is this Indian game that conquered the
world is Chaturanga of four forces,
A war strategy on board percolated into a game of
wits and perfect time pass!
The common ancestor of the board games- janggi,
shogi, sittuyin, makruk and chess!
Now it is a nuclear game with drones, warships,
stealths and satellites in war courses!

Now i will bring back Urim and Thummim and
ask the pertinent question of lives!
After World War-III am i going to be alive and
kicking and which country starts it?
Where do they keep all these warheads and
heads of war if war is banished as unfit?
When i rolled the dice an earth shaking tremor
roared and i find no dice but every body dies!



35. On 06-06-2022 Exactly 6 Minutes 6 Seconds at 6 a.m....

Nothing happens as predicted by the fair weather
department or annihilation experts,
The world goes round and round from
West to East and East to West inside its ramparts,
In the shock markets bets are placed on bulls
and bears on the equities of war and peace
The stage is well set for Armagadden where
Lord Siva can perform his nadanta piece!

In the prabha mandala of the aureole of missile
flares from the nuclear crocodile depots,
The intense heat waves and thunder storms
when they start engulfing the live clay pots,
The cosmic dancer appears on the stage in
wild ecstasy, his legs bent and his long matted hair
Moving like spokes of burning wheel around the nest
where the river Ganges looks serene amidst of fire,

In His upper right hand the hourglass 'damaru'
drumming lub dub of the heart of the Universe,
In His upper left hand scintillates the sparkling fire,
on his lower right forearm uncoils
A cobra of fearlessness and the second left hand
points towards the raised left foot,
The triune eyes sun, moon, wisdom focuses in
wakefulness and in trance; The great dancer of ancient,

Dances on the demon apasmara of ignorance of
a child in prone position,
The almost invisible smile indicating calmness
before storm, the king of dance,

He destroys everything in his dance of terror -
tandava in a chaotic time of trance!
Then Nataraja creates the world again in lasya-
the dance in smiles of bliss emotion!

The metaphor of the cosmic dance that
unifies myth with metaphysics and physics,
The interplay of the dynamic and static divine
energy flow is the music and dance,
The eternal energy of creation, preservation,
destruction, illusion and emancipation,
In one's own chith-ambaram -the sky of mind,
it is the dance of atomic matter of creation!

This is all OK, O Doom's day poet! But why our
leaders are in a hurry in inviting the dancer
On to the stage of recreation? Don't they know the
lock and key is in our own mind sky
Of Chith-ambaram and the great dancer is none
other than us humans that can verily try
In bringing about our own peace or war and
creation or destruction, so what's your answer?



36. Is the Right Side of the Rightists is Right?

Or wrong? I left the question to the leftists
who are left with no choice!
Is religion right? Or social equality?
Then what are these wings of voice?
If the right is ' the party of order' and the left is
'the party of movement',
Can both the wings flutter orderly to let the
bird of society to progress sans impediment?

In the middle stands a moderate or centrist
like a monkey on the wall of opportunity!
The right cats think they are right and the left ones
long back left the movements,
That's how the society went to dogs and in
disputes monkeys became judges of unity,
The defenders sat on right, innovators to left
and moderators in the centre of the tents!

In due course slur remarks became terminology of
left- republicans and right- conservatives,
Left has ideas of rights, fraternity, progress,
reform and internationalism,
Right has notions of authority, hierarchy, order,
duty, tradition, reaction and nationalism!
So who is right, who is left is always under
perennial discussion with social superlatives!

Now what is happening? Under the umbrella of
capitalism rights fight for individual kingdom!
All lefts think they are in favor of collectivism of
utopian nature and in right wisdom!



37. In Search of Friar's Lantern!

It was that dark midnight swallowed by the
pitch dark gurgling cloud demons,
I was alone hunting myself in the haunting
bushes of empty thought sermons!
My mind was running with fear over bogs,
swamps, and marshes of violence!
Suddenly at a distance i saw her like a flickering
lantern that illuminated in effervescence!

Darkness excelled in extreme gloominess
and nearby fireflies kindled a hot weirdness!
The night duty owls started hooting and a
swarm of crickets answered in eagerness!
Why i am here? What mysteries i am trying to
unravel in this abominable abstractness?
Like a war refugee riddled with stubbed memories
why i am searching for loneliness?

These are all montages of my happiness,
yes he was my child and you saw the waves,
Swallowing him, and found him on the silver sands
searching for his toy of joy facedown!
This was my family and this was my garden and
this was my house and this was my town,
These are ruins, these are our wailing walls,
these are withered lilacs on our mass graves!

Among these weeping willows i am searching
for a reason why our lives were cut short to a dead piece?
And in these ghost lights and will-o-wisps my hitodama
soul is looking for that elusive peace!



38. To Strike, To Speak, Ant not to Shield My Solitude...

My mistakes are genuine, i want to bury them alive,
so i carry them in a stiff,
My Odyssey started from my childhood along the
dark fjordes of troljorden cliff!
At Hardanger fjord i trembled at Troltunga and
i was about to drown in delirium skiff,
I heard a song of night that came on hurricane to
cover me with a collar and cuff in a jiff!

That was not a song, that was not a gong but
that was an old woman's chains clang!
She smiled at me, she laughed at me till i saw
myself in her wrinkled toothless slang!
Where are you going or where are you coming?
she hissed like an old coiled snake sans fang!
Her forked tongue touched my shivering lips and
drooling eyelids wet with fear tears' bang!

I lost my girl here, -said I, and i lost my song here
near this waterfall in its roar!
For the lost fifty years i was carrying that gross
crucifying burden with scare core!
Under that apple tree when steller's Jay bird
cried in anguish we both cried a score!
Then i left, in search of seas beyond icicles and
hopes where sun is cold and life is a whore!

She grinned, she laughed, she roared with
ice-cold lava and the frozen ice floated in fjordes!
I found my fifty years form of an young woman
to a withered witch in those ice mirror hordes!



39. Today's News, Everyday's Noose!

One submarine is walking underwater to
nuclear massage North Korea fast!
Trump card is with China but the dragon
wants oil and coal facials first!
The rewriting the record with bait and
switch tricks of a hundred days rule,
A president flip-flops on key aerobics of walls
and migratory birds but is he cool?

Syrian Sarin gas is under trouble to clear the
pimples caused by Assad!
Rats bite the children in the refugee camps
in Lebanon but who is sad?
Tories labour hard for the delivery of Brexit
and Labour tarries with story mists!
In Arkansas lawyers are searching loopholes to
stop the execution of two rapists!

In the streets and borders of India,
cows and cattle may sport UIN Aadhar card,
In bushes and ambushes of India, jawans feed
trees with their red blood rewards!
Political parties celebrate birthdays in cooling
their sun sons and creating new records!
Severe heat waves scorch a car into blazes but
all persons got out to safety by god's regard!

Messi breaks a goalless drought of three years,
Sharapova returns from doping ban hell!
What stupid news are you reading today mr.
Poet, and you want me to believe -'all is well?'



40. Don't Remember me to Forget me Again!

Who are you and why are you staring at me
and stalking me everywhere, here and there?
What am i doing in this hospital? Do you know
how painful it is changing underwear?
I like to cry but my eyes are dry, my joints ache
and i can not rake the autumn leaves,
When you yourself are an ripened leaf and
your eyes don't see, your memory leaves!

Somewhere i hear the melody buried within me,
and the dance i taught to my peacock!
Somewhat i levitate myself gyrating my thin waist
that caused many a heart rock!
Somehow i look into the opaque mirror
but i do not remember that ugly shadow clock!
Someday i wish to get back that key i lost forever
and i don't remember the lock!

In that fascinating club Reagan, wilson, Heston,
Puskas, Fernández and Rita Hayworth,
Loggia, Kao, Wilder and Kane play mindless blogs
within themselves of no worth!
Memories of tomorrow merges with past sorrows
and present hangs the uncertain!
Caregivers bear the burden with heart aches
and climb slowly the time mountain!

If you don't remember me it is alright but this
lost and found game is too much!
Please don't remember me to forget me again
and leaving me crashed in the touch!

(Alzheimer's disease)



41. Who wrote your play, My dear Shakespeare?

Were you a 'Johannes Factotum' who had his
Phoenix heart hidden in a player's hide?
All that world was a London stage, Raleigh,
Spenser, Bacon, Green then had their ride!
Marlowe, Nashe, Cervantes, Galileo, Reubens and
Ben Jonson were playing their own trades!
Queen Elizabeth had her Golden Age flourishing
in her tactical 'video et taceo' of high grades!

But tell me, are you a mythical bard of Avon
who forgot to write your nom de plume?
Is this your own name or the pen name of
many poets who wish to be anonymous in play bloom?
Why no one mentioned you or your name or
your lines of your time in their books of fame?
How could you marry a woman eight years older
than you, without any blame game?

What things you have seen and done at the
Mermaid tavern with Ben Jonson et al?
Why Anne Hathaway had her own way at Stratford,
when in London you were walking tall?
Was this the reason you gave her nothing but your
'second best bed, with the hangings?'-
Or were you both a figment of imagination by the
later cupboard searchers' deciphering?

Born and died on the same day, how many people
can claim this great distinction?

Thirty eight plays, hundred and fifty four sonnets,
alright, but who was that Dark Lady?

How could you write a cursed play like Hamlet
where every character behaves with mad melody?
How could your pen spill spells of myriad colours
and invent new words of perfection?

But O Great bard! Nothing can cover your
high fame but heaven! You are our star direction!
You belongs to man and your fame will stay forever
to the last syllable of man's perfection!



William Shakespeare ...born ? 23 April 156426 April 1564 (baptised) – 23 April 1616) was an English poet, playwright, and actor, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet, and the "Bard of Avon". His extant works, including collaborations, consist of approximately 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and a few other verses, some of uncertain authorship. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.

1700 to 3000 new words he coined.
His vocabulary. .17000 to 29000 words
His name is written in 80 ways

42. My Earth is Flat!

After a lifelong deliberation i have come to a
conclusion that my earth is my flat in a sense!
That is my home where i hang my sorrows
under wear and tear to the lost insurance!
In my attic room i crucify my pages of plain pains
to the parables of self-assurance!
My waiting hall has neither begining nor end
where i wait for myself under the thought senescence!

I have a rib knife as my wife and she has four eyes
two for her and two for my mother in law!
I stay in her blind spot to avoid world war three
and to safeguard my secret lover out of law!
My son is a practical midsummer sun whom
we cannot see him in troubled night or any night!
My moon daughter sleeps full day and follows night
as thin crescent to full moon light!

Our high definition television transmits low
definition programmes of autistic style!
My bedroom boasts of dreams but nightmares chip in
like many a snitch and gargoyle!
Our kitchen has chicken fragrance and there stays
my cat with her naughty noisy kitten!
My dining hall is supervised by me and my lazy dog
that barks only when it is hunger bitten!

In solitude i stand at my window and walk
in the traffic of my past present and future!
How much may be i think that much is not
in the ink to say that my world is round!
On life's slippery roads and daily waging wars
and races many times i fell on my fault,
and when I came around i always found that
earth is not round but it is definitely flat!



43. Who Murdered My Tomato?

O my Promodoro! O Apple of gold! Paradeisafel!
Xitomati! My plump thing with a nice navel!
They call you 'te metto', 'te ma tou'! What's the
difference? O my angel and my devil!
O South American beauty! O Aztec Nahuati!
Give me a kiss on my cheek table!
O my fruit tomato! Alas! The American Supreme Court
once declared you as a vegetable!

I loved your vine, your arbour, your pungent smell,
your decumbent attitude,
Like a beautiful damsel looking at the silver moon
in trance with gratitude!
O dicot! With silvery pubescent hairs and
emerald leaves you flower in yellow!
O crimson berry! With a great belly and nectar filled
ocular cavities you are a rum fellow!

The deadly nightshade family of yours and your
yellow and red looks did cast a shade of fear,
But now, o my precious tomato! Is there any kitchen
or dining table without you, my dear!
O chameleon! You mimic plum, cherry, grape,
pear, beefsteak, campari and tomberries!
The blood red carrots are your companions at
fields but on table is the onion of all worries!

O Chameleon! You fashionable witch! You dress
in varied shapes and shades!
You mimic plums, berries, cherries, grapes, pears,
beefsteaks, and heirloom grades!
You dance with carrots in fields and embrace onions
on dining tables in bars and joint shoots,
As a massive tomato tree in Walt Disney World Resort
you yielded thirty two thousand fruits!

Your word salads, your rich ketchups,
your top soups, your salsa dances are super!
O the blood of Bloody Mary! You made the
decent vodka looked like a murderer!
What are pizzas, pastas and curries without you
they look and taste like wet leather!
You are ninety five percent water and your
lycopene is beneficial in heart diseases and cancer!

O yellow red goddess of the Tomatino festival!
Bunol, Ontario, New Jersey,
Arkansas and Ohio honoured you with
state colours, O fruit of delicacy!
O wolf peach! Often you have four chambers or
ocular cavities as in my heart!
The sweet and sour ambrosia flows like hot
and cold blood of my heart smart!

When you have the golden key to enter the
palace kitchens and dining tables,
Why are you waiting on the tables of all sundry
and peasants of slums and stables?
Oh my sexy tomatino! When i serenade you
in moonlight, you shine like a fairy from heaven!
I take you into my eyes and drink your beauty
with my famished lips, tongue and palatal haven!

I am warning you! I do not like you moving with
every tom and dick in the town and street!
I do not like you lying on the tables of daily wagers
who survive on their bread and sweat!
If i ever catch you red-handed, things will not be
the same! You will have no heart or feet!
I will boil you, slice you, crush you, paste you,
juice you and eat you raw or roasted sweet!

Chain her in my royal fleet, and present her
on my dining table at dawn and dusk in gusto!
Oho there! Where is she? What is that blood
on my sword? Who murdered my tomato?



44. Ex Nihilo Nihil Fit - Out of Nothing comes Nothing

There was no cup, no lip, no place,
no house where is my existence in non-existence?
There was no sip, no slip, then who was there
hovering over the deep and profound essence?

There was no pulse, no purse, no work,
no rest but who is there smoking the smokeless?
There was nothing or anything, and out of that
nothing what comes out is nothingness!

When darkness is hiding in darkness everything
is a fluid continuum in the gas scape,
There are no street lamp fires and from pitch dark
emerged darkness in form and shape,

Desire was the first seed sowed in the fields of
darkness and it multiplied into lot!
Some were dark and others were also dark
so how to say this is it and this is not?

Then everywhere there were these crisscross lines
that trapped those seeds of desire,
The forces of microcosm from inside and of
macrocosm from outside kept the wires of lyre.

Is this thought fable a lie or truth,
who really knows when it started and where from?
If it is the beginning of the creation, where and
when it ends? Who can reveal its form?

If from the darkness came the dark creation
who was the supervisor that delivered it now?
Perceiving all from above, does he know the
beginning or he knows it not, how do i know?

**(Free style adaptation of Nasadiya sukta - the hymn of creation -
Rig veda- 10-129)**

45. Feeling a little bit short and Not very smart...

Since all the developed giants devoured
the gentry and filled their gastric heart,
And licked the Renaissance and science art,
what remained in them is the fart,
So they are unloading it in the under developed
wall marts, and we live in stench current!
Smart asses they are, everything they purchase there
they sell, then and there packing it different!

I saw a big eagle giant with its skin studded
with nodules of missiles and grenade,
Near by, one red giant is smarting under a
big noggin but with bear hug serenade!
Somewhere behind the great wall a dragon is
grinding its teeth on the millstone mild!
In the deserts of Arabia and caverns of the
green hills, crescent scythes dance wild!

What do you have to declare? Your bare feet
and throat are dime a dozen!
What do you care? Your worth is measured low
in stock exchanges often,
Where is your stock? Do you remember your
roots incarcerated in gallies rotten,
Where is your barrel and lock? The universal
bar code doesn't recognise you o denizen!

In the supermarkets of discrimination,
war and peace are sold, side by side at discount!
Some sensitised souls cry hoarse but the fart gas
overpowers them for the final head count!



46. My Rendezvous with the White-Breasted Water Hen!

The white mist of the morning is still
cleaning the soot of the night chimney!
The sleeping lake among the green fields is
still yawning in the winds of omni!
The early birds in their cozy nests are still slowly
unfurling their feather sheets!
The morning stars are still moving back step by
step in to the blue dome streets!

I gathered my sleepy feet in to the
dreams of chirping birds,
I laboured my lazy bones in to the
streams of desolated herds,
I breathed my crazy lungs the vitality of the
fresh air from the woods,
I pumped my heart the pink and gold of the
young sun's radiant moods!

All of a sudden a motor bike with a
human rushed past on the lake road!
Hark! A lone water hen is crossing the
road crashed on to the biker as a load!
Alas! There was a thud and what i saw was a
dazed bird alone in the daylight broad!
I took her into my arms like a precious gift
allotted to me from high abroad!

Me and my friend Siddhartha treated
her with dignity and honour!
Like an angel she looked at us when
we took photos with her!
Her demeanour was excellent and
she obliged us with her gentle pecks filed!
When i took her to the water and placed
in mother nature's lap she smiled.

If you ever happen to go walikng on that
lake road of heart beating solitude,
If you ever happen to see a white breasted
water hen swimming in interlude,
If you ever happen to hear fire burning ruak
ruak changing into the coo of a dove,
Understand it is my friend and you do not be
rude because she is happy with her love!



47. Straight into Morning Aruna Raga- The Melody of Pink Dawn!

A pair of soulful dreams entered my trekking shoes in grace,
and they walked up to my bed, put me snugly into their embrace
when an enchanting tune illuminated my world
of mundane rat race!

I became an endearing dream and drifted
in the morning cool breeze brace!

When you yourself become a morning mist
you inaugurate what landscapes?
When you yourself become a morning star you
transmit what slow escapes?
When you yourself become a morning light
you reveal what mysterious capes?
When you yourself become a morning song bird
you sing what welcome song scapes?

The pearl necklace of white cranes is adorning
the conch neck of the morning dawn,
The mystic silvery brooks are glistening like
the anklets of the verdant earth green!
The serene blue-green lake waters in reverence
cleans the feet of the Aurora- Aruna in rush,
The elated robins, wrens, chaffinches, warblers,
and song birds are performing dawn chorus!

Sanctity of solfege embedded in 'Sa'- sadjama
the creator of the other six notes,
A peacock cry piercing the earth from the root
chakra the mooladhara vortex;
Ring in three sruti levels Rsabha of 'Ri' of fire

coming from the bellowing of a bull,
Gloating goat going ga ga 'Ga' goading the sky in
three moods and making the clouds lull,

Medley of middle madhyama with its 'Ma' that
made the dove cry in twice anticipation!
The cuckoo cooed kuhu kuhu in penta score of
Panchama 'Pa'ttern in love jubilation!
The white horse neighed in creation and
recreation of tri - 'Da'ivata of dwaitadwaitam!
The king elephant made trunk calls in nishada
tri-tone in 'Ni'mble passion as ultimatum!

In the glorious pink dawn the golden Sun arrives
in his single wheeled radiant chariot!
I bow to his glory and become part of the
Dawn chorus that welcomes the real poet laureate!

**(I WALK STRAIGHT INTO MORNING ARUNA RAGA-
THE MELODY OF PINK DAWN!)**



48. My hats off to you!

Even so who cares? The important thing is
to have the head on the neck!

That too in proper position, otherwise if
you walk with your head in the sky deck,
Sun and wind will scorch you till you hide it
in the weeping clouds of acid rain,
And the smog your own creation not keep
your feet firm on the slippery terrain!

O dear! Hat is a headgear responds to your
emotional head like a super umbrella,
Hat is a fashion fare and speaks volumes
in hot summer, like ice-cream vanilla,
Hat is a social status, a religious symbol and
it is the walking dignity of people,
Hat is a showcase with a head half hidden in it
and looks like Adam eating apple!

Bowler, Baseball, Fez, Trilby, Toppar, cricket,
Kufi, Kaffiya, Ushanka and Top hat,
What is in a name or hat? Unless you are a
magician who can use it as cornucopia vat,
Hat it is an extension of our head and the
secret place to hide our emotions and guilt,
Chef's Toque to Pope's mitre, from beanie to turban,
Ascot to Zucchetto, hat is a great quilt!

In Indian summer, a man or woman is what,
without his or her essential hat ?
God has flames, sun and moon have clouds,
kings have crowns, O common man!
Every war and battle wear its own hats of hate
and bury peace in the crypts of the earth!
If you can come with all of us in establishing peace
and love, that's your real worth!

(MY HATS OFF TO YOU!)

49. A Gnat, A Staff and a Stone!

You may be a mighty hunter before God,
or you may be the world's first conqueror!
You may be the first king that wore a jewel
studded crown and a perpetual terror,
And ordered every new born child to be killed
to prevent the birth of Abraham,
Your ire or fire did not harm Abraham and a
small gnat brought about your doom!

You may be a Pharaoh of the exodus of Egypt
that oppressed the descendants of Jacob,
You may be the cruel king who ordered the
killing of Hebrew male babies at birth,
And persecuted Moses, but what happened
in the end and what was your worth?
Your Pantheon of gods, your scepter and crown
perished before Moses wooden staff knob!

You may be a giant Goliath in bronze armour
and carried a bronze sword and spear!
You may be a heathen Philistine that heckled
Israelites for forty days and created terror!
And when a little shepherd boy approached,
you laughed at him but he faced you without fear!
Your gigantic body kissed the earth by a single
sling shot from David's sling, what horror?

You in your youthful vigor often defy God and
claim everything is in your power,
A small gnat, a wooden staff or a sling stone
teaches you a lesson of life forever!



50. GOG AND MAGOG or YAJUJ AND MAJUI..

Does it matter for you or me,
as long as our fingers are long enough
To reach the daily bread and our bodies
embrace the night bed turf!
Hark! This is the place for the hypocrites to
parade their bare fear surf,
From here the apocalyptic eschaton spills the
fire sparks in sporadic cough!

Does it matter if you or me know the gates of
Alexander the great or not,
What can we do more than blinking our
eyes at the satellites and missiles rot?
Hark! Where are those invisible tribes of
war that specialised in cannibalistic art?
As a matter of urgency we paste peace smiles
on our oily lips and prophess a lot!

Does it matter if you or me join the Jerusalem
forces against Gog and Magog?
Are you sure we are that pure to be recruited
into the cavalry that don't run agog?
Hark! Where are those Yajuj and Majuj of deserts
that cut the throats of innocents?
As a matter of fact we are more fit to be pushed
outside the gates of humanity descents!

Does it matter for you and me as long as our sins
not reach the depths of the hell bog?
Hark! Let's repent and join the army of God to fight
the swarm of Satan, Gog and Magog!



51. Life is a Palindrome...

Was it a car or a cat I saw? No seX in NiXe son!
Madam, I'm Adam! Able was i ere i saw Elba,
Never odd or even! A man, a plan, a canal -Panama,
Civic radar level rotor, madam, redder racecar noon!

Is it crazy how saying sentences backwards creates,
Backwards sentences saying how crazy it is?
Mr. Owl ate my metal worm!
Go hang a salami, i'm a lasagna hog!
Live on time, emit no evil! Step on no pets!

This morning i thought of spelling backwards of
palindromes as 'Semordnilap,
I got stressed with desserts, reviled with
deliver and paws with swap!
I came to know about palindrome numbers
that delayed mathematicians,
'I got' palindrome speech, Haydn's symphony,
Lulu opera and Lorca poems!

We have genetic palindromes
ACCTAGGT- TGGATCCA and Fibonacci word,
'God's dog saw was God's dog' and 'Efil saw was life',
Yes, life is a palindromic world!



52. 'It is In Search of Fire, Heroes Dare to Face Death....

Distinctly i hear the very call that is driving me
crazy at every dawn!

It urges me to run in search of the lost keys of
that mysterious cavern!

Unless the socket-stick and the spindle rub
on one another to ignite fire,

What is the use of crossing the seas and
conquering the woods of desire?

Why heroes always enter some dark grottoes
or serpentine mazes?

Why they like to be swallowed by whales or
great snakes in mirages?

Why they are helped by some mysterious lovers
or witches in lust blazes?

Why a ball of thread or a pair of shoes makes
them invisible with victory wages!

The antagonist demonstrates his ultimate
weapons and their destructive force,

One disgruntled element in the enemy camp
join hands and follows the goodmañ's course!

At the end of the dark tunnel for them awaits hope
in the shape of a winged horse,

The imprisoned virgin gets freed from the cage,
embraces the hero with a voice hoarse,

Every man or woman who has a face,
has to face eventually the music of Death!

Everyone is a hero or heroine who has life force
has to face it and gain the victory breath!



53. The World is only so many Great Men Old...

The moon was moving through the clouded heaven,
Stars were startled by the lightning emerged in between,
Shepherds were telling their tales to the silent fires of the oven!
Under an oak tree a poet penned parts of 'The Faerie Queen!'

O Rubens of English poetry! Hundred sonnets of
Amoretti and Epithalamion,
The sweetest marriage song as a present to
Elizabeth your life 's companion!
Fifty pounds a stanza, Sir Walter Raleigh,
paid you a hundred and fifty pound that season,
An annuity of fifty pounds from the queen made
life comfortable in rhyme and reason!

When the dark clouds loomed over his castle
and happy life of poetic fire,
Irish rebellious mob burnt his castle and
one of his children died in that ire!
Losing riches and a child was too much to a
poet who wrote the happiest songs well!
When he died at the age of forty five all the
poets gathered there to bid farewell!

Into his grave we threw our elegies and pens
as a respect to his poesy highly respected,
We brought flowers from the fields where
Spenser walked and bower he rested!



(Edmund Spenser- 1552/1553 – 13 January 1599) was an English poet best known for The Faerie Queene, an epic poem and fantastical allegory celebrating the Tudor dynasty and Elizabeth I. He is recognized as one of the premier craftsmen of nascent Modern English verse, and is often considered one of the greatest poets in the English language.)

54. Doth God Exact Day - Labor, Light Denied?

I was old, poor and blind and what more miseries i need?
My children thought it great drudgery to
read to me poetry and tread,
I lost my eyesight but they lost their vision
and on evil days my bread
Is not buttered, poverty, desertion and
disgrace is all around with dread!

When i stood side by side with Cromwell
as a pure youth of studious and sanity,
When i was a man of maturity and lived in
strenuous civil strife without vanity,
When i was surrounded by old age, darkness
and disappointment calamity,
But never i lost my sagacity of life, i dared kings
and the torturing divinity for amity!

I sang my sonnets to a Nightingale, Arcades,
Comus, L' Allegro and Il Penseroso,
I loved the fair maiden of poetry donned in a
golden cloth with embroidery virtuoso,
Of man's first first disobedience , and the
forbidden fruit, i wrote my magnum opus!
I talked about Divorce and Areopagetica and i lost
my paradise sight, as a curse or bonus!

My enemies thought that my blindness is a
punishment for my writings against the king!
'Who best bear His mild yoke, they serve the God best,' -
there i regained my paradise again to sing!



(John Milton (9 December 1608 – 8 November 1674) was an English poet, polemicist, man of letters, and civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of religious flux and political upheaval, and is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost* (1667), written in blank verse.)

55. Gayatri, The Great Utterance of the Universe!

‘ What is this world? From where came this
na-a-sat -’not the non-existent?.’- O preacher!
The warrior prince man- Nara was pensive
and was looking at the universal teacher,
-’Then existed neither death nor immortals and
from the great heat was born desire!
From the desire emerged thought and from that a
prime sound AUM that spread everywhere!

From that ‘ tad-ekam’ the spaceless, timeless
one came this absolute universe,
A process of non being to being, silent chaos to
vibrant sounds and chants mantra,
-’Among all the mantra the magic chants ,
I am the Gayatri, ‘- said Lord Krishna,
-’And i am the Universe and i am the chaos,
I am the death process and i am the divine verse! ‘-

The friend of the universe sage Vishvamitra
authored it to pray Savitr the Sun,
O God! The embodiment vital spiritual energy-
prana- bhoor, of earthlings,
O the destroyer of sufferings- bhuwah- from
heavens! O Swaha the paradise,
The garden of happiness, O God! The radiant lamp of
these three worlds O Sun!

You are the divine choice to destroy our sins,
O Lord of the lords!
Let your bright light may inspire our intellect
to realise the sacred words!
Ga-ya-tri the destroyer of the miseries of gross,
subtle and causal body,
It is the magic chant that burns away the
afflictions of soul, mind and body!

When nine planets that travel in the
twelve houses of zodiac,
They influence our body, intellect and
soul and can cause havoc,
Nine we multiply with twelve,
one hundred and eight times we pray the great Sun,
To thwart the ill effects caused by the
planetary position and to protect us from sin!



56. Oh dear son! Let my past be a Future Presentation!

They invented a solar powered moving
guillotine in strict tradition!
It has a revolutionary concept of cutting the
heads of opposition!
They put a chip for inbuilt destruction
and a few more for reconstruction!
They painted it in crimson red and filled the
memory with manifesto fiction!

Then red God made reMarks to Engels-'
the proletariat will be like us and resemble us!'-
And when God presented his preamble,
Eve of Adam's rib or fib protested-' in rebus,
'Dear God! she said-'please give your manifesto to
man, woman needs womanifesto, a separate one!'-
God was serious-' So, you ate that forbidden fruit,
committed a sin, Now get out of my garden!'-

So the distraught Adam and Eve after their first sin,
lived in wild wilderness and they had their first son,
Cain the Bourgeois a farmer, the second son was a
proletariat shepherd Abel a mild one,
Cain was jealous of Abel's ability, so stoned
and buried him in the killing fields with no remorse!
For this first murder Cain was banished to become a
wanderer on the earth with no resource!

When mankind had spread all over the world,
without kindness and piety,
When general will and free love were chained,
then the dreamers of classless society,
Raised their socialist sickles and hammers,
from the Bishopgate of London,
A manifesto release becomes a thunderstorm
and the storming of the Bastille was on!

They constituted local, regional, racial, religious
boarders to filter hunger and violence!
They ordered visa checks, work permits, call centres,
modern slave markets in abundance!
Then they invented better guillotines like Sarin gas,
MOABs, Nukes and silence!
The Lord saw how wicked everyone on earth is
now and said- 'i am going to send my prince



57. Orchestra in Orchid Orchard!

The stage is set for the political overtures
of the poets in Baroque innovations,
Everywhere orchids smiled with roses,
daisies, petunias, pansies and carnations!
The concert master is ready for the basso
continuo on a harpsichord and pipeorgan!
Woodwinds, brass, percussion and strings with
attached humans are ready with paper and pen!

Two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons are
swooning in lip pressing,
Two natural horns and two natural trumpets
are embracing their own trumpeting,
A Timpani, a few silent drums, cymbals,
and tambourines are in up and down moving,
Violins, viola, violincello and double basses
are ready to make violent heaving!

The concert master has started the
introductory tuning and the flowers sighed,
The main trumpet man maneuvered his
brass horns and trumpets and the flowers bloomed,
The timpani player percussed in inviting crescendo
and decrescendo, flowers enjoyed,
The string players in unison sashayed with bows
on strings all the flowers swooned!

O poet! How do you conduct your words,
feelings, emotions and meters into a poem?
O Great God! How you conduct the orchestra
of the whole universe with such love in freedom!



58. Oh dear! Let me paint you in Dorian Blues!

This my narcissistic face of a butterfly or
moth with skulls and crossbones,
Come on! paint me with Prussian blue
and sibyl's vivid action tones,
O Painter! This is my soul i sell and in turn
I wish my beauty be permanent,
Mix my soul with your pigments, use your life
as brush, add my money as solvent ,

Paint my picture in the style of Dorian Gray,
let not the picture wither in my sins,
No pins, only glass and frame, the color and
tone should have hedonistic spins,
My fire of beauty and the air of charm let them
attract moths with deadly split tongues!
No guns, only brushes, sponges and knives
can be used with aesthetic rhythm of tongs!

Now the spider acquired the hypnotic skills of
the snakes of hiss and bites,
The gossamer threads became sharp glass
powdered threads of lone kites,
How many throats were cut that many cuts
I have seen in my shadow neck,
The sibyl's brother and a sincere girl took me
to the edge of the body wreck!

When you have conscience, it bothers you
like a poisonous weed growing in you,
You hold the knife that you killed the painter
and stab the weed to kill yourself to view
The withering of you in a jiff and mirroring paint of
you coming back to original state.
When we wish to purchase back our sold souls,
we have to start with a fresh and clean slate!



59. Ahoy! Sailor! Where did you Anchor your Vessel?

On a distant shore, a grim looking whore
walks low counting the score,
Of sails that come in and go out like the
tides in and out as encore,
Every wave that hits the cleft breaks into
froth and washes the shore,
Day in day out the sailors drop their anchors
and pull and push their store!

She never cared the water bodies that
rented her harbor,
For once she was a beautiful trellis and
young thorn less rose arbor!
She cared for his distinct sea smell that
travelled hundred score miles,
Her outstretched arms always welcomed him
with bewitching smiles!

He is not an ancient mariner who killed the
albatross and was cursed for life,
He is not an old man who killed a large marlin
but defeated by sharks and strife,
He is not that captain Who dared the white
whale Moby Dick and lost himself,
He is a poor lover of that cursed rose went
in search of magic to bring back her human self!

Time and tides made her a waiting bush
on the shore searching for his distinct smell,
Yes! She is hopeful that he will come and
purify her and her violators will go to scorching hell!
The skiffs and canoes come and go on her
spread eagle to drown her in white wreath!
Lying on the dune sands she only look at the
distant horizon and stars with bated breath!



60. And the most deadliest Siren's Kiss...

When was that i flew with clouds and
landed upon the soft hills?
Where was that meandering meadow of
magic that unfolded in spells?
Why those bivalved mirrors go crazy
with the flames of liquer fire shells?
Who lost the fumes of time in the thunderous
music of heart's desire spills?

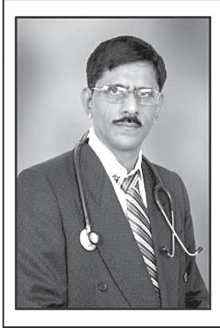
Now starts the music in ebbs and flows
and fountain moves low and high!
The breeze embraces the race, and the
burning cinders start firing sparks fly!
Thousand thousands of dew drops got broken
into the streams of sensuous flow!
Myriads of rainbows floated all around in
mystic images of scintillating glow!

Two volcanoes with one switch with entwined
asphyxiated breath mines,
Like cobra serpentines, like bewitching vines,
like fantastic blossom lines,
Where harpies, gorgons, furies and Valkyries
go lull in their sleep mansions,
When mermaids frolic on the shores of
azure blue sea with apprehensions,

The enchanting music from the vibrating chords,
the wings flutter, the belly dance,
The explosion of sweet fragrance, the tongue
twists and the limbs in perpetual trance
The rise and rise of the emotional crux,
the shortness of the thrust , the gallop up up
The whole world disappearing in the twister,
the final heave and the siren's nectar cup.....

(Oh Death! Vanquished you are!)





Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD

M.B.B.S

M.S. GENERAL SURGERY

M.Ch. CARDIOTHORACIC SURGERY

Fellow in VASCULAR SURGERY

Post graduate Diplomate in Human Rights

Post graduate Diplomate in Television Production

Cell animation Specialist- Heart Animation Academy

Computer Animation Specialist- Pentafour- Chennai

Web Engineer and Web Designer- Web City- Hyderabad

Author=

1. How to be happy - English anthology
2. In search of Truth -Fiction- English
3. Shades - Poetry - English
4. The Twilight zone- Poetry- English
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6. Vaana mabbula kanthi khadgam - Poetry- Telugu
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54. Chupke Chupke (Essays)
55. Oka Sarassu - Aneka Hamsalu (Poetry)
56. The Footsteps of Christ (Telugu)
and many more books...

Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD is a Cardio Thoracic and Vascular Surgeon by profession and a popular author of many books and essays.

He is the co-editor of *Kavita varshika*- an yearly anthology of Telugu poetry; *Nayana*- poetic impressions about Father by various poets; He is an elder member in the Ind-Asian Poetry Society and many other organizations.

He has a flair for political cartoons, paintings and video making. He is a post graduate diploma holder in Television production and Human Rights. He was trained in Cell animation (Heart Animation Academy- Hyderabad); Computer Animation-(Pentafour- Chennai); Web Designing- (Web City- Hyderabad). He is the founder of Praja creations (Animation film of Mario Miranda Cartoons); Executive producer of Anuraag Creations-(Happy Home, Atma- T.V. Serials for Maa TV , many documentaries and umpteen short films.)

His papers were presented in International Conference on Ramayana and more than hundred of his essays were published in Nivedana- Andhra Jyothi Daily- covering a wide variety of topics in Philosophy, Medicine, Politics and Literature.

He is the founder of Srijana lokam- Writers' Corner- that serves as a platform for helping poetry, poets and artists.

He is the founder of- WAVES (Warangal AIDS Voluntary Educational Society) that helped many AIDS victims.

As a founder- Director of Prasanthi Hospital- Warangal-Andhra Pradesh- he is well known among the poor and middle class public for his selfless service.



The Pendulum Clock, The Gramophone, The Typewriter and The Pen!

by Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD (Dr. LSR Prasad) is a Cardio Thoracic and Vascular Surgeon by profession, a popular author of many books and essays. He is a cartoonist, painter, critic, Editor and orator par excellence.

His knowledge in Telugu and English earned him name. He has translated Homer's *Iliad*, *Odyssey* first time in to Telugu Literature. In that series of Greek literature- *Epic cycle and Greek Heroes* came as the third book. His other notable translations in to Telugu are John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*; John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*; Virgil's *Aeneid*; Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Goethe's *Faust*. Rumi's *Masnavi*; Attar's – *Birds conference*; Omar Khayyam's- *Rubaiyat*. He was assigned the job of translating selected classic poems of Telugu literature by C.P. Brown's Academy which was published as *Telugu songs and poems. Katthi anchu pai*- is a collection of noir genre stories.

Now his published books have crossed the prestigious **hundred land-mark**. Most of his books are reference books in literature. His 106th book- **the poems of Sappho** was released in Athens, 107th book- **Journey to Manas sarovar** was released at the holy premises of Manas Sarovar lake.

His 108th book – The Mexican Poetry- (telugu) is going to be released at Mexico Poetry Festival along with another bilingual poetry in August- 2017.

He is the recipient of Rael International poet Award and T.S Eliot 2017 award and many more honours.

He is the host and sponsor of PENTASI-B INDIA WORLD POETREE FESTIVAL-2017