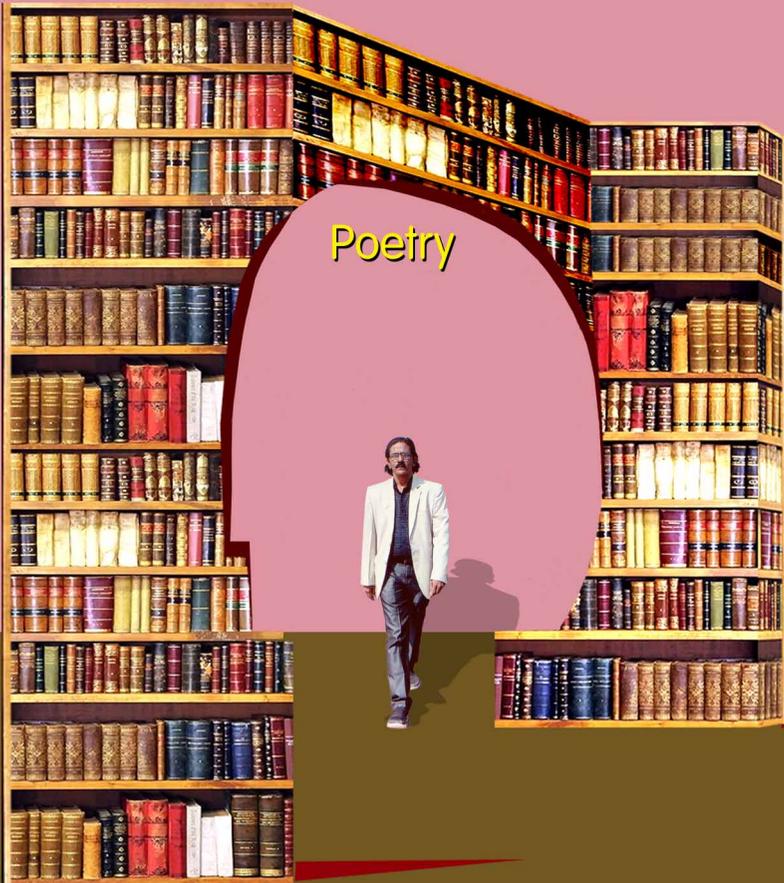


WOW!

(Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!)



Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

'Wow'

(Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!)

Poetry

(12 May 2017 to 31 July 2018)

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

'Wow'
(Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!)

(POETRY)

by

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



November 2020

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Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

For Copies:

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad
Srijana Lokam /Writer's Corner

Prasanthi Hospital

Sivanagar, WARANGAL-506 002,

Telangana, INDIA

Mobile : 8897849442, 6305677926

Email: lankasrprasad@gmail.com

www.anuvaadham.com

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FOREWORD

'Wow' said She. 'You like it or not, we humanoids are all android bards with gynecoid voices placed in steroid bodies with philanthropoid souls treading on celluloid paths'-

'Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious' he said enthusiastically "What more I can say! You said it all. Let us not argue about the origins. In this world we have people ranging from super calloused fragile mystic hexed by non-violence truth sense to super callous fragile egocentric coronatid braggadocious and so on and so forth.

Then she said- 'But, that's going a bit too far, don't you think?'

'Not too far, if it is poetic odyssey' he said opening the first gilded letter - gate - 'Wow!'

- Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

'Wow' (Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!)

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1. Wow!

(Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!)

‘That’s what I say when I have nothing to say’
- when you look like extraordinary,
It is neither a fable nor Mary Poppins cable
where you wear a mask of temporary,
What more I can do when you are in your vicious
hiss that chilled the itinerary!
The nimble heart fluttered and the thimble mind
fluttered in waves of imaginary!

Thinking a thousand action plans I was rolling
in the streets of Singapore,
There in Little India I got my parrot card read
by Mani the parakeet of lore,
If Paul the octopus of Germany was around
I could have taken his suggestion,
In India now I need some one to tell me
how to make you my proposition!

There I saw an astrologer sitting like some
overgrown sage before retirement,
A green parrot was cozy in a cage eating a ripe
cucumber greedily in merriment,
A pack of twenty seven cards with images of gods
and goddesses was lying in front,
What is in store for me if these stars can predict
I can plan how to confront!

I nodded to the astrologer and he nodded to the
parrot opening the cage door!
Someone is giggling behind me, I found her
flashing her smiles as ever before!

* * * * *

2. When nothing is there and you are nothing....

A wave of awakening it hits the sleeping rocky shore!
Whole body convulses in the shock waves of truth afore!
Knowing that which is to be known is known by me in truth core,
The meditating steps on the sand dunes disappear
in the vast sea store!

The rings in sufferings are broken to attain relief
from the pain chains,
Absorbed in the selfless self one goes into
existence in non-existence plains,
Devoid of mundane duties mind becomes a
mist of rainless rain in serene trains,
When the mind turbulences vanish,
a motionless motion gain tranquil rains!

The outside wind and storm, fire and snow
all come and go without consequences,
The inside airs and sacs of 'I' melts away in stream
less streams of silent eloquences!
In a stateless state of absolute freedom
a water drop slips from the lotus leaf,
Like the child of salt dissolved itself in the
vast ocean with limitless limit relief,

It is like flying or falling or floating on the waves
in the ocean of joy eternal!
When nothing is there and you are nothing
then everything is there in the world external!

* * * * *

3. Fallen Adam!

Brighter once amidst the host of distinct fauna and flora,
Than the sun and moon amidst the stars and with great aura,
Like the fallen watchers the wakeful egyptoi
 from the heaven to hell,
Like Lucifer an accuser, a persecutor,
 a tempter with arrogance and pride swell!

What a fall, O Sons of Adam! Look at yourself
 in the mirrors of conscience!
Amidst of your own fossils and ruins you sit
 and celebrate the destructive science!
With a head of overgrown missile, limbs sprouting
infinite grenades and gun lines,
 Heart filled with biological weapons and
minds a nuclear reactor churning landmines

Where are those birds and animals you named,
 you devoured them to extinction,
Now sitting alone on the carcasses you yell and
 complain about moral compunction!
Where is your soul? Sold to adversary for a fistful of
 pleasures with blood signature,
Where are those Holy Scriptures, books and
 prophets that came to correct your nature?

You broke the Ten Commandments and the
 covenants of rainbow made with god!
On the guilt throne of follies you sit in desolation,
 searching for a piece of peace sod!

* * * * *

4. In the world, But not of it!

Like a pristine water drop sparkling
on a verdant lotus leaf,
In the serene lake with myriad lotus flowers
with bumblebees leap,
Be with this world as if you had
never been for a gain,
And with the other as if you were
never to leave it again!

Why this green leaf is separating
one another from view?
We seek the knowledge of yours,
O God! Not the knowledge about you!
In those raptures we dance like whirlwinds shedding
our garments of wool,
This is not dancing, not just bodily twirl,
but the dissolution of the soul!

In a state of 'fana' a total surrender to Him,
in that love of God a sufi dwells,
The world is the perfect expression of God,
with love view the world as it swells!
Open your hidden eyes and come,
return to the root of the root of your own self!
There is a magnificent unseen sea of light
that is not far from our dark shelf,

It is forbidden to talk about it, but it is a sin
and sign of ungratefulness not to!
The world is in Him, we come and go like
water drops on the lotus leaf, very true!

* * * * *

5. Poetic Frogs and Critical Snakes!

One rainy day all frogs and toads gathered
in the marsh lake hall,
And decided to play snakes and ladders
before the nuptials call!
A few meditating cranes accepted the
honor to be the judges!...
The side-walking crabs were the directors
to give away the badges!

The problem is with the frog and toad leaders
who requested the sky gods,
To send the flash media to cover the frog
convention of events and ads,
And the cloud papers to publish articles about
the great and big lads,
Iris as a messenger to hoist the flag in
seven colors of evens and odds!

The game began with the competitors throwing
dice and moving the pawn!
Cranes were busy in announcing the victor
and vanquished with beaks drawn!
Crabs caught a few cranes red hand when
they were devouring the lesser frogs,
In the croaking of great frogs minor anura
found their voice in rocks and crags!

Snakes got the message in you tubes,
bog blogs and creeping twitters,
They have inherent snakeapp,
hissagrams so they are the happy critters!

* * * * *

6. An umbrella that requested rain!

Ecdysis is a stressful process one may shed hair,
feathers, fur or skin twig!
Birds may have feathers for nuptial dance to
lose them soon after the big gig!
Insects and crustaceans shed their shells-
exuviae to grow bigger in local rig!
Dogs blow coats, cats their fur, spiders their
skeleton in their way to new dig!
After that painful molting the young snake
needed a warm hug or sweet swig!

When it downpours like a second skin
one needs an umbrella shade.
The wind is more forked than his own
forked tongue like sharp blade,
The cold blood of his body warmed up to hiss
a call for a mate in glade!
With a fine motion of concertina he moved
towards her bower of high grade!

The aroma of pheromones from her body is
highly enticing to risk a fight,
The opponent was already advancing so with
added vigor he pushed him to flight!
His death kiss and hiss was so furious the
other suitor darted away in dread fright!

She looked at the victor, tilted her face,
catching the first entwining embrace,
In the coercive caudocephalic waves they
both fought like enemies in final race!

In that life quest every cell of their bodies had
come alive in electrical surge!

(Love is an umbrella that requests bodies to rain)

* * * * *

7. White flash on black lash!

The electron flow in a lightning flash
Very hot plasma generating body clash
My heart thundered in a storm crash
Winding vines in asphyxiating rash

The runaway breakdown in the hidden city
The percolation of steam waters in calamity
The upward leader in low resistance amity
In the return stroke of luminous generosity

The high voltage current in a dreaded drip
In between the cloud and the ground trip
The step potentials create a tornado grip
In the shock wave moans on thunder strip

Like a luminous spider sparkling in the sky
The balls and beads, ribbons and sheets fly
The light and sound effects in a storm cry
With stunned breath, explosions flash high

The weapon of Zeus, Thor, Indra and Tlaloc
The nemesis of fallen angels in war lock
Coup de foudre and colpo de fulmine talk
'Love at first sight' - in my unexpected walk!

You came like a Blitzkrieg into my lone life
The flash and clash was a mysterious strife
May be the ire of gods made you into knife
O great lover, what about the role of a wife?

* * * * *

8. Light graffiti on cloud worthy!

(If you hate love, here you have a choice to thunder and scribble a few lightning letters on the lumps of cloudy blue canvas!- Lsr)

I just put the dark sachet in boiling water
That was a tea garden once;
-like a listening cup with hot lemon tea,-
Now bubbling with golden dust in turmoil
O Camellia! You ravish me like rain shower!
Yet I smack my lips in anticipation of
 your invigorating kiss, o my lover!

I just looked at the tea leaves at the bottom of a cup
 that was a blue saucer once;
Like the worthy clouds do they predict
When I fall, like rainfall at your feet,
What thunderbolts are in store for me?
Yet you disappear like a fleeting iris flash
wounding my hiss, o lover!

I just walked into this mortal tea shop,
That was a busy tavern once;
Like the worthy Saki do you pour wine,
 when I fall like waterfall on your heart,
With what porcelain the cups are made?
Yet I refine my wabi of inner soul and define
 my sabi of body stress, o my lover!

I just woke up to find myself floating on the
 memories that were facts once!
Like a worthy cloud you penned scriptures
 with ink of rains when I was on my wings,
With what vines of lightning did you paint?
Yet I heal my wounds with your smiles and
 steal your affection and grace, o my lover!

I just caressed your hands and leaped
 into your eyes that were blue seas once,
Like a divine nymph you gave me ambrosia
When I slept like a dream on your eyelids,
With what gossamer wings do they fly?
Yet I rejoice in your embrace and voice my
 tune of love to your highness, o my lover!

* * * * *

9. A bolt from the blue!

There I saw a train of black elephants flying to
invade the blue cover!

I found a cloud of dragonflies fluttering
an ancient hum of a long lost lover!

Swallows, sparrows, wood walls,
prairie pigeons, gulls and golden plover,
Were hovering in the sky anticipating the
arrival of a guest who is very clever!

I suspect somebody must be trying to ruin
my evening with my dream girl!
When I told this to the bouquet of flowers they
seemed to be laughing in twirl!
My umbrella refused to open for a while as
though resisting hard to unfurl!
My brand new t-shirt was telling the whole world -
'love me' - in letter pool whirl!

The smart phone was predicting cats,
dogs and fishes from the crowded sky!
The F.M. Radio was skeptical of jammed
traffic clearance on the flyovers high!
The weatherman was in dilemma whether
to tell truth or not but he had to try!
The cabs and taxies ignored my plea in the
pretext of busy and I was about to cry!

I was frantic when I found her phone was
switched off and the downpour started,
Like those heavy clouds my eyes too were raining,
amidst thunders and lightning blue,
I saw another lightning entering our house and
my heart throbbed as though startled,
My umbrella opened in joy, bouquet smiled,
she looked at my t-shirt and said - 'I hate you!'

* * * * *

10. I hate her and the rainy season!

After that scorching revolutionary summer
I waited for the cool beats of love drummer
And I love all those poems that hint spring
The metamorphosis to a butterfly on wing

I hate all the books that preach philosophy
The verses that hobnob with catastrophe
I like to feel the thunder and lightning ray
I wish the petrichor to drown me in spray

I desist the cranes delivering wrong lines
I resist the wrong flies hovering on shrines
I like the empty canvas and an ancient tune
A few colored clouds and a live sand dune

There I saw her conversing with silence
With a smart phone she became the lens
The sea was roaring in celestial ringtone
I became a breeze to touch that cold stone

I hate the city that cries day and night
I like the forest that changes in light
All my fire was doused by her iced looks
I dropped on my face to taste salt brooks

I hate the umbrella that hugged us in spin
I curse that rain that warmed our fair skin
She woke up from her slumber with a bow
Clearing the mist, dissolved into rainbow

I dropped the pen, the chisel and the brush
I cropped the page and sculpture in mad rush
I forgot the painting and darted to meet her
The rain washed away my painting, what for ?

* * * * *

11. Love per square foot!

May be the days of romancing in the moon
and beach walks hand in hand are over!
She replaced my head from her lap with laptop
with apple bite in the beach bower!
I know somewhere nearby a toad or snake is
hissing something beyond love or flower!
I prayed God to keep me in my senses while
she is doing research in the real estate tower!

Probably as prologue she showed me the
picture of a cute bird weaving nest,
-'Hark o lover! Look at the baya weaver!'-
I saw the golden sparrow under test,
I know how the male bower bird, the weaver bird
has to work without leave or rest!
Then the female chick will come like a queen,
tests its quality agrees if it is best!

If she is not happy, kicks the nest to fall,
and he has to start from the scratch!
-'See this kingfisher's nest'- my knowledge of
kingfisher is a different catch!
-'Aha, I don't like this bald eagle nest'- she saw me
covering my male baldness with hands!
-'Your baldness is ok for me, I will somehow adjust,
but my house let it be in green lands!

She showed me her future dream house the
venue of our engagement ceremony!
The cost of love per square foot is so much
fifty years of my life calculated in alimony!

* * * * *

12. In search of the magic mushroom!

When the long awaited guest arrives,
Sprinkling holy water on his beloved earth,
Nature smiles with relief and takes a shower,
Vanquished sun hide under cloud screen bower;

Coruscant petrichor coalesces with rain,
Plants, birds and animals sigh relief,
Cocoons burst into moths and butterflies,
Seeds wake up from the dreamy sleep.

Here and there we see lady bugs in red silk
Little and big earthworms plough the fields
Flies and mosquitoes have a field day
Toads and frogs rehearse their symphony

There I saw some toadstools in a ring
Like the medieval druids in full cloak
Like the umbrellas of mini midget folk
In color, black and white they are smiling

The luscious meat of the vegan's world
It has some brethren with deadly poison
Hark! There I saw the magic mushroom
O shroom! I cried, what a refreshing bloom

Pitch black clouds funneled in to a tornado
Lightning flashes struck the flaming vortex
I became the earth, air, fire, water and sky
Cleaving the mist came the curanderos

I saw flying mountains with ocean wings,
Camels, elephants walking on my torso,
Am I a field of sugarcane or rose garden?
And I saw my long lost lover smiling in fun-

With wide stretched hands ran towards her,
Still she is in faraway galaxy crystal clear,
With Mexican hue a low song hugged me,
The sea nymphs were on the ecstasy tree

Then I saw my gigantic mouth rushing in,
It swallowed me and my dreams in Toto,
In the pearl drops on the grass green,
I found myself in million hues and tunes.

Was it born from the Soma plant of gods?
What is this reverberating oracle breaking
My nerves like high voltage wire string?
Shock after shock polychromatic shrieking

It may be the Velada ritual I experienced,
The accidental inhalation of psilocybin,
Why should I care for the false palace,
When I can build real one with God's grace.

* * * * *

13. Mosquitos Gnat Out!

The deadliest family of the animal world
with past history of hundred million years,
O Little fly! Your deadly kiss and bite with
musca music is fearsome to human ears!
With your femme fatale at fore front you
invade marshes to palaces, spilling fears!
You made the invincible king Nimrod mad and
proved yourself in poisonous smears!

Greeks called you 'useless fly' anopheles you took
revenge by biting them dry!
With cousin culex midget gnat and three thousand
five hundred species you try,
To disable mammals, reptiles, amphibians, birds.
arthropods without any mercy!
Malaria, filaria, dengue, chickengunya, zica,
yellow fever and other diseases per se!

Humans tried their level best to keep you
under control but you are awesome!
Nets, repellants, ointments, fish,
all out knockouts and vibrators all waste sum!
With your midnight kiss begins itch then
it may reach feverish pitch, in chills irksome!
With hot and cold flushes, you dance like warriors of
disease and death fearsome!

What sort of mosquitoes are these
I don't know yet but when they bite for good,
Love and poetry flows in feverish pitch and
the musca musca music flows in flood!

* * * * *

14. Hot soup for a chicken in flu coupe!

While crossing the road one day a chicken was
forced to drench in big poetry rain!
Because of weather it could not flew so flu
came from nowhere to give it infinite pain!
Its body was a bundle of stiff joints in hot oven,
eyes and nose became water drain!
Some chicken suggested hot chicken soup but
can it cure the cold in very chill train?

When you are in a chicken coop you have
no choice so better to make that soup!
What you need is a bit of chicken, pepper, cumin,
turmeric, coriander, ginger scoop,
Onions, tomato, cilantro, and oil of sesame to
open the Alibaba cafes for a hot coup,
A pinch of salt to launch assault on the
seven days enemy in its fort with its troop!

May be mushroom soup is better to the chicken
or vice versa, preparation is same!
Wash the pieces thoroughly with yellow turmeric
criticism and oil of fame sesame!
In a mixie blend pepper, cumin; put it in
a pressure cooker with duets in garlic game!
Add coriander, ginger, tomato, with water and
let it cook in a steady and hot flame!

To tell you the truth I like poetry soup more hot
and sour with a bit of literary grammar!
Why I don't know these days poetry cafes are
serving insipid soups of self glamour!

* * * * *

15. Pills and Needles!

Needless to say that our lives are
as brittle as water drops on lotus leaves!
Hot air evaporates us, cool breeze freezes us
yet we talk in solid sleeves!
As water has three states of existence
we do have three strata in sheaves!
May be we pay our dues of our actions
in one of the three realms of time cleaves!

In the era of electronic tablets, I pods,
note books, computers and laptops,
Tablets, pills and needles, have 3D action and
projection to treat disease stops!
Half baked internet knowledge searches in google,
and wiki fields to find real props!
In the magnetic fields of web commerce
one can be a God of all medical shops!

Fear is the key, o friend! When you travel
in the sea of medical investigations,
PET scans, CAT scans sing like MRI sirens and
other lab tests of damnations,
Make your purse of full moon size to
new crescent thin and you look for options,
If you are cured it is alright, if not your LIC policy
will be at the cell of redemptions!

God or Nature have the ways of reminding man
about his construction from clay!
Only those empty pots sound more grating in air,
fire and water in ethereal play!

* * * * *

16. Doctrine of Signatures!

You can see the face and can tell
what sort of idiot or hero he is!
There is a pattern in art and madness
as well as in disease or ease!
Like lightning or love at first sight you can
easily recognize the grace!...
All cats have round faces, where as dogs
have a little elongated face!

Walnuts look like brain, beans simulate kidneys,
apples emulate heart,
Now you know what good is banana but modern
medicine says it is not that smart!
Archangel Michael used Eyebright drops to
improve the vision of Adam to perfect,
Only Eve can tell us it worked or not while biting the
apple under Satan's effect!

The idea is that a plant that looks like the disease,
organ, or person it will heal!
Even the smell, shape, form have their own place
in the grand design with divine seal!
To add a few spirit signatures our ancients followed
animals how they cure ailments?
If a dog is eating grass it must be taking digestive
medicine in its fine elements!

As microcosm tells us about macrocosm,
as below as above it is all how you feel,
From the Androgynous life to separate Eve
and Adam it is evolutionary zeal!

* * * * *

17. Candy Crush Saga!

Once it was Tetris the video game that took
me into the land of addiction!
Got over it soon and Pacman took over
for a while Wii sports prediction!
Super Mario bros and super smash brothers did
go with their contradiction,...
Pokeman and the legend of Zelda took me to the
land of final fantasy diction!

And the Angry birds are at Skyrim while the Grand
theft auto sunk the helicopter!
World of warcraft is loaded with Counter strike
Minecraft in the final chapter!
It is the League of legends that puts you on the edge,
beyond Overwatch and crossfire!
Dota2 and Night in the woods with Battle chief brigade
in Splatoon 2 is a cozy affair!

From a cathode ray tube amusement device to
Nintendo's virtual consoles,
A big leap forward in the genre of video games
but what about damage to souls?
Looking into the cellphone unmindful of the
surroundings the user is on his own!
Children in virtual shoot outs of blood and gore are
becoming apathetic in real zone!

Angrybirds or candy crush saga or any game
addiction is like the horse races!
You bet on momentary pleasure to regret for ever
in the aftermath of lost graces!

* * * * *

18. Romantic Fever!

Out of all the fevers I suffered the best was the
romantic fever of my college days!
As a compulsive romantic of yesteryears
I did have recurrence of those heydays!
Those palpitating heart beats, the waiting at the
corners and teashop escapades,...
The Xerox love letters often noticed by the
femme fatale and the hour long tirades;

All have their imprints on the cheek book of
my countenance as hidden mysteries,
Don't look for the slap marks, me became immune,
o boss, to those faded histories,
If you don't fall in love when spring sings black birds
what's the use of memories?
In a world of butterflies you cannot be an imbecile
with moral torpedoes and worries!

Then she came one day with roving eyes and
electrifying smiles to annoy me!
My reputation was there at stake and girls warned her
it seems about my infamy!
Fate is such a quirky one she understood my dark
shade is a facade and blasphemy!
She decided to hard pursue me till the
end of the world as a legal sworn enemy!

Life is such a game stopper all romantic fevers
may (not) have a happy ending!
The point is she married me as per her decision,
then began my real mending!
(Don't tell her, please)

* * * * *

19. 360 Degree Fever!

These poets you see they think and behave
that they are not from this world!
If you ask them 'you have fever?'- the next moment
you will be fully hurled,
In to the sympathetic sea of tears and emotions
and you get an idea whirled,...
That this fellow is dumping his fever on
to the visitors with headache befurled!

He may say- ' my fever is so worse than any fever,
thermometer broke by its heat!
I have now so many pills and needles with them,
you can kill all the enemy fleet!
What will happen to all my titles, awards and
certificates if I go in one way direction?
Hundred percent sure that my kith and kin will throw all
my books on pavement section !

Sipping pomegranate juice I remembered Persephone
went to underworld shades,
She ate six seeds of pomegranate so fates decided
her to stay six months with Hades!
Though this apple of Granada the seeded apple
has its own charm that never fades,
It took away my moribund thoughts with a smile
that recruited defense brigades!

If you consider this 104 degree fever in the body
as a lesson to recoup is great,
But what will happen to this 360 degree fever of fame
that gnaws you at any rate?

* * * * *

20. Philosophy of a Fever!

Illness has a few leverages you can use them
for your advantages!

You can act stupid, dependent at all times,
snobby in series of stages!

As I am a well known super specialist surgeon
with high wages,...

Sometimes I think I cannot afford my fees
and consultation even in phases!

Then came my philosopher physician friend
who has a penchant for jokes!

—'God is great'- he said., you think you close the
holes in the heart in little folks,

And claim your halo a bit brighter so God gave you
a chance for introspection,

Dont worry! This is just flu! It will flew away
without much residual retrospection!

Can I read my poetry a few stanzas, people say
these verses can drive away demons!

Afterall yours is a common cold! My poems can kill
viruses, no need of any sermons!'-

I was about to get a fit or two, god bless her,
his wife came in and took him home!

Saved by a whisker'- I thought, and cuddled myself
into a teddy bear to float in dream dome!

Somehow the dreamtime in febrile illness seems
to have more nightmares and bruxing!

Handing over a hot cup of lemon tea my wife said -'
why the whole night you were shadow boxing?

* * * * *

21. The fragrance of fever in monsoon!

There are no better teachers than fever and pain when they strike you!

They give no notice except a few chills and eyes full of tears in queue!...

The pills and injections you prescribed to others look at you as in due!

The mega egos we cultivate goes in silent pilgrimage in self doubt dew!

It is raining outside with accompaniment of thunders and lightning on dark stage!

Thunderbolts hit the trajectories now and then with flashes of light on cloud page!

Hot beverages invite you with aroma but some strange distaste put you in daze!

All the apples and oranges smile yet you shun them as though you were in a cage!

The blanket is the best thing to keep you in figure of nine on the perfect bed zone!

But body has innumerable pains every movement make you wince and moan!

Now comes the phase of blood drawing, the syringe needle appears like big spear!

The life line is letting drop by drop anti- biotic to make the enemy bacteria run in fear!

Disease and death are the best philosophers humanity could have in their voyage!

We look at the Pandora's box in awe, live in hope waiting for the wages of our age!

* * * * *

22. The weight of scriptures!

When I was a toddler my mother used to call the
wandering sibyl to our home!
A few handfuls of rice and some coins of that day
were kept in the bamboo plank,
With turmeric anointed face and feet that lady
looked like an enchantress of rank!...
The big vermilion bindi looked scarlet like the
third eye of the ancient god's bursting flame!

Those sibyls are wizards that can assess the
stresses of the village woman tone!
Holding my mother's hand with her hand she
plucks the ektara to an ancient tune!
Drawing a few sigils in that rice heap she lets herself
into trance of make believe soon!
A few questions about husband's infidelity,
mother in law's cruelty were on the swoon!

The mythological women are brought into the
scenes in perfect clairvoyance!
Sita, Urmila, Kaikeyi, Manthara, Mandodari, Tara,
Ahalya come and go in abundance!
May be Rukmini with her love story, Radha and
cowherdesses in their lovely dance!
And Satyabhama's episode weighing her husband
with gold, diamonds in arrogance!

By the time the recitation is over both women
were in tears of their own fears!
They console one another saying our issues are
trivial and wipe their tears!

* * * * *

23. The height of Adam!

Here I would like to highlight the height of
our forefathers in the literature!
These dwarfs of present call themselves great
can they reach their stature?
Adam was made from clay with a height of
sixty cubits or measuring ninety feet,...
If we imagine even Goliath of six to nine feet
we get immediately cold feet!

Indo-European myths have full of giants guarding
nature or holding the sky dome!
From Titans, Daityas, Anakim, cormoran,
Buto, Gog, Mahagog, Grendel, Nephilim,
Every ancient folklore describes vividly the
heights of demons and one eyed cyclops!
By seeing their fossilized foot prints we compare
our tiny feet in awe and claps!

Ravana the greatest devotee of Lord Siva
tried to lift the Kailash mountain,
With both hands, you can still see his footprint as
Rakshasthali lake for certain,
Hanuman could pull and carry the Sanjeevani mountain
from Himalayas to Simhala terrain!
Lord Balarama honed Renuka with his plough to
bring her to his diminutive size in strain!

All our ancestors were magnanimous in their skills,
stature and benevolence!
Instead of blowing our own trumpets we better
emulate their sound and silence!

* * * * *

24. A tempest in empty nest!

She asked me-' can you explain my pain
with the down pour of rain?'-
She was not there, I was looking at the
empty photo frame and in strain,...
I wiped my tears train with time's cloth but the
words are ringing again and again,
Where is she? The thunders and flashes of
lightning gone where, for what gain?

My solitude in this turbulent crowd is often
interrupted by the tornado line!
The little storms that brewed in tea cups
escalated into spats of brine!
Somewhere the worm of discord entered the
root of the tree of love in shrine,
And the dry winds from monotonous desert
broke the branches and spine!

Over the door you closed on my face has
dark clouds of fatalistic rejection,
All the fireflies died on the spot in the coldness of
avalanche dejection!
The warm sun hid his face in the autumn leaves
and rushed to the west section!
Where sky and sea kiss in trance, clouds seperated
them with rain projection!

You still wish to hear a poem of pain from my side
with the incessant down pour of rain?
You came like a tempest and disappeared breaking
the rainbow of love leaving me in pain!

* * * * *

25. To give what is due!

The winged balancer of life, with a sword, a measuring
rod and a strong scourge,
On a griffins chariot, restraining humans with
adamantine bridles from ill surge,
The dark faced goddess o Rhamnusia, or Adrestia
the inescapable to thwart hubris!...
O Nemesis! The goddess of indignation against evil
deeds and insolence debris!

You are the avenger of crimes o daughter of Nyx!
O sister of the Fates Moirai!
And a sibling of discord-Eris, Keres -black fates,
deception, and dreams Oneiroi!
Are you the mother of the cursed beauty Helen of Troy?
What was your hour of joy?
You punished Narcissus for spurning the love of Echo,
drowned him in water decoy!

With sharp scientific knowledge and cunning
intellect humans became arrogant,
Nature responded with deluge, tsunamis, fire,
earth quakes and pestilence blunt!
God sent sages, prophets and pious people to
show the right direction on the prompt,
Yet we ignore the warnings and defy the scriptures,
crucify the prophets and taunt!

From the scourge of the daughter of justice
nobody can escape in her premises!
She is always there- 'to give what is due'- to the ones
who can be their own nemesis!

* * * * *

26. Truth Paste!

Extremely impossible it seems to brush with it
to flash a perfect smile!
When my body and mind gallops on seven horses to
cross life's every mile,
All dark nights accumulate in my oral cave the
aftermath of destruction in a pile!...
A few good deeds I perform may try to whisk
away the bad smell once in a while!

Wash, wash o man! Wash not only your blood
stained hands and feet,
But also mouth, teeth, palate, tongue and of course
your soul too the whole fleet,
Lest you will be a savage with horns, fangs and over
grown nails, smelling shit!
With your false promises already elements are
shivering under pollution slit!

Where hath gone those fidelity, sincerity,
honesty, faithfulness and veracity?
That go in agreement with fact or reality, on the face of
earth why they are now a rarity?
The goddess truth holding a mirror and a serpent,
where is she and her bower?
Subduing falsehood to save truth where is the
warrior time in this needy hour?

Pravda, aletheia, veritas whatever may be Truth,
the simulacram tries to cover it!
O Sun! Unveil that golden screen, I may see thy radiant
face of truth from this false pit!

* * * * *

27. Dancing frogs on hind legs.....

They sharpened their tongues- All of them,
you and me, he and she.....

Like dancing frogs on hind legs...

It is the time to croak or call,

The best wins with high pitch

Fireflies lit their fluorescent candles

Rain drops sparkle in the spawn-

Thunder and flash mix in sticky foam-

There moves time like dark serpent

It has no interest in local customs

When hunger burns it hisses

A limbless larva with gills

Here comes fish and newts, a kingfisher

In the acidic pouch of a predator

Many a tadpole dissolves in black hole

A strange metamorphosis is due for the alive as a whole!

The kiss of nature makes it lose tail

Cleft tongue, web feet, protruding eyes

Brekekekex koax koax, onomatopic call of ribit, ribit

O Frog! Preu is 'to jump' got you the name

The dancing frogs of western ghats

In Myristica swamps wave their feet

In a world of hop and jump dancing is a treat

Some are Kermits, some are hermits in wit

In their blithely breakfast and lunch
Worms, slugs and snails disappear
With the gift of torpor and hibernation
 they outwit the human race,
There is the other side to show the sullen darkness
Satan as a toad poured poison in Eve's ear
A toad is a witch's help to brew and swear
With warts and aposematism, O toad or frog!
You are an ancient croak and a pretty rogue!

Then they sharpened their weapons-
All of them, you and me, he and she..
And went to fields hunting frogs
There are dollars in their legs and soup
Humans need candlelight dinners
It is the time to croak or make a frantic call,
Where rain drops dance on the live frogs-
Blood and flesh mix in hasty cuisine pots-

* * * * *

28. Snake dance in toad symphony!

When the torrential rains swell puddles into
turbulent ponds and wavy lakes,
Frogs and toads announce festivals in marshes
with croaks and froth flakes!
The hungry cranes and vile snakes plan dawn to
dusk strikes with sage like fakes,
Standing on one leg or tail they perform death
trance or dance to claim their stakes!

In the lone path of ignorance we walk with foot ware of
silence brought by fright!
As long as the vigor is there as torch light we were
not afraid of any dark night!
Wherever the lamp poles are missing with each
hiss we shudder in fear straight!
The walking stick is there in the hand but can it
prevent death striking with its might?

The whole summer of arrogance made us
dry and fissured with extravagance!
In the autumn we raced on galloping desires,
wasted resources of abundance!
In winter we covered ourselves with fires of
lust to hoodwink the snow presence!
In spring season we polluted the precious life
springs with our overindulgence!

Now it is the time for the nuptial dance with the
distant suitor in dark dress!
The stage is set with frog's music and cranes
versus snakes dance, in hunger stress!

* * * * *

29. On a rainy morning....

My rendezvous with a steaming cup of coffee
near my just bathed neem tree,
What an aroma from the steaming cup to the
quivering nose and shivering lips,
A heavenly sip and ravenous slurp, I lost my tongue
while my tongue roamed free,
In the ecstasy of hot liquid flood jarring on it and
sliding sideways to gingival slips!

Good morning!- I said; -'Ridiculous, silly beans
and preposterous'- you may say!
But it is the flavor of roasted beans that propelled
my life into morning, it will stay!
The petrichor is as strong as the good old neem tree
and a few toads are croaking,
The water hen is looking in fear, in a minute it ran away
hoping on lake, water cracking!

With every sip of that heavenly coffee my perspective
on this unexpected rain guest,
Changed from damp and wet to tramp but bright moody
life saver in his time best;
I looked at this coffee journey in awe, from Ethiopia,
Sudan and Yemen in Sufi quest,
The brew Arabic Qahwah, Turkish Kahve, Dutch Koffie
to our coffee, a tasty test!

A beverage as black as Indian ink fuming in the
porcelain cup or sparkling steel glass,
Transports me in to a dreamy land where I rain dance
with my love lass of high class!

* * * * *

30. The lute of universe!

He wished to construct a veena lute to create the
music of the planets to excel!
He made the resonator from a jackwood earth
chiseling it with a round chisel!
Covered this bowl with flat disc and made two sound
holes to give fine resonance!
A mountain bridge is placed on it and to the fingerboard
-dandi fixed swan yaliface!

Twenty four hours as brass metal frets He fixed
on the finger board very cool,
Seven days as strings in the name of planets
attached with divine rings!
Pegs and knobs of meteors were fitted with
galaxy bee-wax and charcoal,
The constellation Cygnus- swan shape is carved
as yali- pegbox to fix the strings!

He placed the moon as extra resonator and polished
and decorated lute with stardust!
He gave it to the goddess of learning and music
Saraswati, 'kacchapi' she called it!
Sitting comfortably on her vehicle swan, with her hus
band Brahma with faces four,
She plucked the sarani and rhythm strings, created
enchanted music, never heard before!

When we go travelling into our inside hollow
waking up the energy vortices,
We can hear the ancient music, we find our body has
its own veena with music voices!

* * * * *

31. Here it rains poems and bards!

When you pick up the magic brush, o bard!
You painted the sky blue and glued the stars!
Then came the wind and rain very hard,
Why did you bring the clouds full of wars?

When you pick up the magic chisel, o bard!
You honed the white marble into a beauty!
Then came the flash and thunder very hard,
Why did you bring the bolts full of gravity?

When you pick up the magic lute, o bard!
You struck the tones seven into music!
Then came the lash of lightning very hard,
Why did you bring the bow in color mosaic?

When you pick up the magic pen, o bard!
You scribbled Nature with hues of words!
Then came the storm and floods very hard!
Why did you bring the ink in tears of the worlds?

* * * * *

32. Rains in God Damn City!

So they cut down all the ancient trees and
widened the jam packed roads!
Filled the lakes with gravel and cement,
choked all the drainage modes!...
Made holes deep into the mother earth to
suck the water resources in hordes!
In bird's eye view one can see concrete jungles
everywhere like poisonous toads!

In smog rich cities people smoke and choke
themselves in diurnal marathons!
In summer they cry for water and sink deep
in packets and bottles of aqua in tons!
When rain comes in squalls where can it go?
So it floods with all the filthy stuff
The basements, streets, low level houses and
creates havoc acts cruel and tough!

All the teachings of civilization drown in the
floods of selfishness and greed!
The overweight, obese cities are becoming labyrinths
of garbage and sewerage indeed!
They breed mosquitoes and flies that resist any
treatment in future days to be tread!
When rains go acid or red, frogs, fish fall in rain rush,
it is writing on the wall, to read!

When we live in shut apartments away from
sunshine and moonlight aura,
Which call centre can give you the where abouts of
petrichor in this chemical era?

* * * * *

33. I saw butterflies lemon yellow!

There is petrichor allover and the return of the cool
breeze and showers of joy!
Little kids thumping water puddles in crazy laughter,
unmindful of mothers cry!...
The paper boats filled with artistic fervour descended
from the rainbow sky!
There I saw myself as an old idiot and shut the umbrella
to dance in the rain, ahoy!

Then I saw a cloud of butterflies in lemon yellow
dispersing in various directions,
They were hoping from one tree to another may be
remembering their resurrections!
From egg to scary larva to pupae cocoon to beautiful
butterfly it was a long journey!
The freedom is in their wings and they can now see the
whole world in life's tourney!

A few raindrops sympathetically touched my cheeks
reminding me of my childhood!
The unexpected teardrops met them and hugged one
another in stream flood!
In the rat race of this modern life who am I? An egg,
larvae, pupae or butterfly?
My osteoarthritic knees tells me that I am back to
pupae, then, when will I fly?

With sheer jealousy I looked at them fly allover, fluttering
in youthful exuberance!
I felt my first kiss and her embrace, as the raindrops
touched on my remembrance!

* * * * *

34. Me and My Umbrella!

Catch me if you can
When I am in the rain...
Let me dance in lawn
Rain is not a pain!

I saw clouds in chain
I saw dragonflies train
I saw swallows refrain
I saw peacocks again

Hear the crickets break
Here the frogs croak
Here the scorpion kiss
Hear the snake hiss

Where is the blue dome?
Why it is black home?
What is that thunder doing?
Who is the guest coming?

Let there be lightning
Let there be frightening
Let there be flash flux
Let there be iris lux

The guest came in drizzle
The guest came in sizzle
He came with fine breeze
He came with cold freeze

He became a storm soon
He became a typhoon
He became a tornado
He became my el dorado

He became monsoon
He became friend soon
I danced in his cove
He drenched me in love

He became my umbrella
He became my parasol
He called me O Bella
He became my soul

Catch me if you can
When I am in the rain
Let me dance in lawn
Rain is not at all a pain!

* * * * *

35. Phantoms in the brain!

In the delirium of negation they walk denying
their own existence!

Thinking that they were condemned to eternal
damnation Cotard victims wince,

-I have no body, I lost my heart, liver, all my internal
organs and I loath myself,

and I cannot die natural death, I am dead, I am a
walking corpse in this dead shelf!

In human brain the fusiform face area fairly
recognises the countenance!

The Amygdala bodies associates emotions to the
recognised face at once!

If there is neural misfiring or disconnection between
amygdalae and infero temporal brain,

The affected persons suffer the illusion of look alikes
and suspect imposters in their train!

In Cotard delusions the person negates his own parts,
organs or denies his own existence.

In Capgras delusions the person sees imposters in
spouse, friends and go for defense!

Nowadays with the addiction of social media turning
into mania we see zombies everywhere!

This madness expanding into delusions and
schizophrenia, mudslinging taking big share!

With the advent of high speed androids or paranoids life
is taking unexpected turns!

With walking corpses and imposter suspects the road to
future will be full of killer runs and urns!

* * * * *

36. The collapse of Mississippi Hanger!

Before you collapsed to the ground many things were
collapsed on timeline
Such as the empire where Sun never sets, and a country
treading on the landmine,
And the leaders who brought sunshine Of freedom but
divided on religious line,
All collapsed, such as love, tolerance and benevolence,
and everywhere there is pain!

You may like him or not but in his reign were built High
court, library, Hospital,
Airport, Railway station, Museum, town hall, market,
University, and Jubilee Hall,
State Bank, Observatory and two great lakes and
imported aircraft hanger!
O Mir Osman Ali Khan! The last Nizam! We remember
you in hunger and in anger!

In nineteen thirties apart from cigarette factory, Azam
jahi mills at warangal,
Nizam sugar factory at Bodhan the richest man in the
world ordered in his style regal;
Butler & company of America constructed a marvelous
prefabricated aircraft hanger.
As the depot for Nizam's fleet of Albion buses to present
RTC, you served millions and stayed stronger!

Before you collapsed to the ground many things
collapsed went into Musi drain!
How many changes you have witnessed I could see
them through this tears rain!

* * * * *

37. His Pain, Paint, Painting and all!

Writers, sculptors, painters, all have a bit of craziness
worming in their brains!

Their emotions, tears, joys, they try to put in words,
images, paintings in trains!

Realism, fantasy, abstractness and in other variations
they express their thought rains!

If they fail to impress the connoisseurs all their effort
goes into time's drains!

Music is a vibrating sound, painted with nerve endings
that explode in emotion!

By chiseling away the redundant part a sculptor hones
stones set in motion!

A painter paints emotions better, than a poet
handicapped with words in ration!

All these painters, poets, musicians, and sculptors have
bits of craziness infiltration!

'Scream' fame Edvard Munch had agoraphobia,
Beethoven had bipolar disorder,

Van Gogh suffered manic depression, loved absinthe,
lived on death's border!

Goya lived with schizophrenia, Sylvia plath committed
suicide with head in gas stove,

Franz Xaver Messerschmidt the sculptor of 'character
heads' lived in emotional grove!

In the name of reality some artists used blood,
excrements in their poop art call!

It is better if one realizes that a painter is his pain, paint,
painting, canvas and all!

* * * * *

38. Elephantasia!

In a town of ignorance a crowd of blind people were
evaluating a big elephant!
Like we often do with epics measuring them with our
own rant and chant!
May be that's why Indra the lord of senses got a white
elephant as his vehicle!
And the great god the impediment remover Ganapati
has elephant head and skill!

A white elephant was in Maya's dream and she
conceived Gautama prince!
Our white elephant projects are expensive and obscure
needs many a rinse!
Many times we ignore elephant in our room but
complain of ants with sadism!
White elephant is the symbol of Ajinath - second
thirthankara in Jainism!

Lord Vishnu came running as he was to save his
elephant devotee in danger,
From the death grip of a crocodile is a story of life
entering unknown zone as a stranger!
It is said the last Prophet Muhammad was born in the
year of the Elephant!
Romans believed elephants worship the sun and stars
with raised trunk chant!

Many times our thoughts wander like flying elephants in
the rainbow cloudy sky!
Maybe one day we all ride on real elephants in a big
procession till then bye, bye!

* * * * *

39. Peanuts and Coconuts!

To tell you the truth both are not nuts one is a legume
the other one is a drupe!

Likewise in our societies we find some soft nuts and
hard nuts to crack in a coup!

True nuts are dry fruits with hardened ovaries with
seeds free inside as troupe,

It is many times impossible to say which one is nut or
drupe like in poetry group!

Mangoes, peaches, plums, apricots, olives, amlas and
cherries are drupes typical!

Drupe has sweet flesh as in mango with a seed covered
by a shell of equivocal!

Call them as stone fruits, but some with free stones,
clingstones are a bit atypical!

Coconut is a drupe but you cannot eat its fibrous flesh,
it is like our nutty poet's call!

Acorns, Hazelnuts, chestnuts, beech, horn beams are
true nuts in botanical sense!

In culinary sense almonds, cashew, brazil, pecan,
mongongo give taste with essence!

Pistachio, walnut, yeheb, pine nuts are drupes dupe like
nuts as in human life!

Peanut is neither nut nor drupe but a legume with seeds
in a pod stay sans strife!

Peanuts grow underground harboring seeds in their
pods like precious gem!

Coconuts grow in clouds with hard exterior but keep
soft and sweet milk inside them!

(Every society has its share of nuts and drupes in its garden of fame!
Poets and bards imbibe the fruits and create images in exquisite frame!)

* * * * *

40. Bald but not ribald!

In those days of my childhood, my grandfather used to
say in unique tune,
-'Oh son! You cannot count stars in the sky, grains in the
desert sand dune,
And hair on your head!, - taking puffs from his cigar in
intervals of story-telling;
Now we know how to count the hundred and fifty
thousand hair trees without felling;

It is very painful for the bald bachelor gent how much
intelligent he may be,
His male type of baldness gives a negative score in
marriage hive of honey bee!
Someone who has hair loss curse the mirror and try to
cover the hair loss crisis
With a few date palms slanting like exclamation marks
on the shining oasis!

Baldness and common cold are the age old enemies
that afflicted the humankind!
Michael Zordan, Mike Tyson, Gandhi, Bruce willis, Vin
Diesel had baldness to befriend!
Alopex is fox that sheds its hair twice a year to be bald
and regrow it in full trend!
Try ' comb over'. Hat,wig, toupee, minoxidil steroids or
hair transplantation to the end!

All ribald jokes on bald heads are in bad taste that may
have contrecoup effect!
Everyone in one's lifetime suffer either hair thinning or
loss and no one is ever perfect!

* * * * *

41. Tales of Beards!

Then the silly idiot asked the sage with long and thick
bearded visage,
-'O learned sir! tell me, why hair on our body in different
places of same age,
Is called with different names and why it grows long on
head but in shortage,
In other places, what controls its length and fall, why
women folk have less foliage?

- 'it is all in the genes and anagen my boy!' - said the
saint with a faint smile,
-'If you grow hair allover how to distinguish you ape
from the monkeys in a file?
About shaving you are bothered imagine how much
money and time all the while,
You save and the respect you gain as an intellectual in
your facebook profile!'

- 'Look at those beard styles- goatee, chin curtain,
chinstrap, hulihee, stubble,
Shenandoah, Van Dyke, soul patch, side burns and you
take so much trouble,
In growing and maintaining it like a garden, but
pogonotrophy costs double or treble,
So like me you can live happily with hair and mind grow
in virtues without sin rubble!'

The idiot became wise after learning hair cults of
human race with faces grim!
He started an online app to give clients and poets a few
tips on how to cut and trim!

* * * * *

42. World hair lines straight or curled!

Fair or unfair, hair lines are as famous and fast as past
and present airlines,
Thirty thousand years or more if you go travel back into
history shrines,
Venuses of Willendorf, Brassempouy likes walking head
high with braided hair twines,
You may find Bronze age razors, quince seeds, curling
tongs, pins and color shines!

Perukes or periwigs for males O Louis thirteen of France,
what an idea sir ji,
Dominated the royal visages with beards, mustaches
and sideburns fine and sleazy,
Fashions changed fast like London rainfall, a shift to
shorter hairstyles was easy,
Pixie cuts, long and straight hair, scrunchy and punk
styles hair lines went very crazy!

Leeches, oak apples or copper marinated in wine and
vinegar used, to darken hair,
Washing soda, lime or wood ash to lighten the hair, pearl
nets, silk caps to cover fair,
Saffron, sulfur, borax or saltpeter to burn the hair fiery
red on the fashionable upstairs,
Every country and race they have their own hair lines
and styles to be unique and flair,

Hair style is a language by itself and it evolved
continuously with time and tides resonance!
Hairlines are awesome or gruesome like the airlines or
poetry lines in their sense or appearance!

* * * * *

43. The swelling mustaches!

My android phone has such a software it goes hard with
my grammar or glamour!

If I write something away from its purview it
automatically uses its correction armor,

Hell gets let loose and my sentences go into intense
tense unleashing big clamor!

Spelling mistakes run amuck in swelling moustaches
like discovered paramour!

Much pomade wax one needs to grow the upperlip hair
to keep lemons on them!

The handlebar, Chevron, Fu manchu, pencil, pancho
droop, toothbrush of Hitler fame,

Dali style, freestyle, Hungarian, imperial, walrus, horse
shoe or English style

Unleashing the manliness grandeur on the onlookers
with very awesome profile,

Verily like moustaches, spelling mistakes also can tell
the person's character!

Attractive, industrious, creative, mature and dominant is
the promistake actor!

No mistake or mustache people are more trustworthy in
love and business factor!

But one must understand mustaches or mistakes needs
proper care and retractor!

Hitler, Stalin, Chaplin, Marx are prominent with their
stakes, mustaches, or mistakes!

The problem not only lies in lies but also in truth to
determine the course of life it takes!

* * * * *

44. Origami- Kirigami

Life is a thin but sagacious paper that can be folded or
cut to a desired shape!

It is the work of the skillful hands and swift mind that
designs its varied landscape!

In the valley or mountain folds, reverse, squash and
sinks it unfolds life's escape,

With action, modulation, wet-folding, pure land and
tessellations life is an origami cape!

The great prestidigitator god made this universe with his
origami skills!

The greatest engineer water sculpted this earth with
abundant valleys and hills!

In the patterns of nature one can discover the hand of
god and the five elements drills

The present champion is using these skills to fold and
unfold the earth in quest of thrills!

Poets are a kind of origami enthusiasts who give shape
to the scattered letters

Into many forms, their capability of trans-forming a
struggling idea in fetters

Into a form that has an identity and shape by taking cue
from the nature's twisters

With an infallible eye of a camera they create or recreate
the history in clusters!

In between the stage of an idea to a living poem, life is a
fine origami in making!

Once unveiled how long it thrives depends upon its
quality, style and place of its breaking!

* * * * *

45. Potter's Wheel!

After that great internecine war was over, the earth was
sticky and sanguine,
With the blood of the warriors slain and the Lord left this
earth to his abode in heaven,
The Kali demon took charge of earth and started kicking
the dharma cow down,
The whole earth started trembling with fear and pain
and again began to drown!

Where the wheels of the great cars were broken, where
Sri Krishna the Lord of lords,
And Abhimanu raised the chariot wheel to attack their
opponents instead of swords,
Where the wheel of the ever unfortunate warrior Karna
half sunk in earth's wet folds,
There death danced in such a way eighteen battalions of
soldiers vanished without holds!

At that same cursed place of Syamanta panchaka
Parasurama in wrath chimes,
Filled five ponds with the blood of erring warriors
attacking them twenty one times;
There the potter's wheel always tasted blood but the
pots do not know and claim;
With whose blood their clay was drenched, what will be
their future home and aim?

The potter knows what to do what with that war
drenched clay with peace dreams!
Till then people and poets play their fine roles with and
as the pots, in war screams!

* * * * *

46. The hunchbacks of poetry dame!

Whoever was born a poet becomes an architect, who
enjoys more freedom,
The freedom of architecture in Gothic style with
splendid shrines of refined wisdom,
With winged stylus honing stony words into angels and
demons of poetry kingdom,
The ancient cathedral is massive in attire but kept dark
in the vassals of fiefdom!

There the wandering gypsies switched the positions of
Quasimodo and Esmeralda!
O Agnes! You are now destined to be the street dancer
with tumultuous life agenda!
The half-wit dumb and deaf bell ringer with grotesque
exterior does have a courageous heart!
Archdeacon Claude Frollo with sorcerer looks created
havoc in your lives destined to be short!

O Poet Pierre Gringoire! You entered the gypsy court of
miracles by mistake!
Tied to Esmeralda by marriage but the girl is in love with
the Phoebus a love fake!
The lecherous Frollo in his obsessive lust haunted
Emeralda to gallows and laughed in mirth!
His ardent servant Quasimodo found his master's cruel
nature pushes him down to death!

In the letters of Ananke every one's destiny is written in
the annals of history!
Hunchbacks, sorcerers, lusty soldiers and freak poets are
the symbols in this story!

* * * * *

47. Bondage, Dominance, Submission, Sadomasochism!

In the annual mele in praise of Inanna in ancient Sumer
in lament and song
Ritual flagellation imbued with pain and ecstasy bringing
about initiation along,
In Artemis Orthia, in ancient Sparta the damastigosis of
whipping teens young,
Etruscans, people in Pompey, the cult of Aphrodite, the
hindu erotic whip tongue,

In native American societies and modern BDSM clubs
willingly people play,
Where erotic fetishism, leather culture thrived, made
inroads into internet clay,
A triskelion in a circle or a leather pride flag fighting for
the rights as subculture lay,
There sadomasochistic ideas survive with Rihanna and
Christina songs in replay!

Is it a consequence of childhood abuse or the craving for
pleasure in severe pain?
Why people get joy in whipping and getting whipped by
words or swords for what gain?
Pinning a butterfly across and pining for pain what sort of
thought addiction train?
Why many men and women like to hear or see
sadomasochistic stories of strain?

It seems more than ten percent of humans like this pain
and pleasure flogging!
The stigmatization and perverse thinking go unheeded
in them with mind fogging!

(An interview with a BDSM patient)

* * * * *

48. Chief in search of a Handkerchief!

Your own father sowed the first seed in the mind of that
temperamental moor Othello!
O Desdemona! Your name haunted you like an ill starred
wench sounding in bellow!
The seed of doubt about infidelity is such a poison it
grows with impunity cello!
Like many jealous men your husband too fell for the fear
and suspicion willow!

You believed in the honor and strength of love that gave
confidence and strength!
But in the games males play, malice and illicit
relationships add spice at length!
The blind rage of soldiers blinds their love and one lost
handkerchief proclaims death!
The bed of roses stain scarlet red with the blood of the
innocence drawn in stealth!

Though advised you did not make your husband cuckold
to make him a monarch!
But there will be always a cunning Lago to benefit from
scandal with smoke and spark!
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone is it the next
way to draw new mischief on?
O Othello! You kissed her here and killed her. Killing you,
to die upon a kiss drawn!

Love often travels in the ship of death on the salt waters
of suspicion propagation!
It seeks the blood or breath of lovers to propel the oars
and sails of navigation!

* * * * *

49. There is a willow, Aslant the brook!

Look! Who came to your help O Ophelia! In the stillness
of love you sleep like death!

Or is it death that is in love with you when your lover
suspected spying on his berth?

How many sweets to the sweet can resurrect you from
this stream in dream breath?

One lover with forty thousand brothers love could he
overcome his ego except with wreath?

For all men in kingship quest, love is a part time sport
coupled with jealousy!

'To be in love or not to be' is decided by the point of
time in the schedule busy!

When a lover realizes her momentary breach in trust
embroiled him to be crazy,

She will wear her rue with a difference, hug the herb of
grace to walk away like a daisy!

O prince Hamlet! When your noble mind is overthrown
for a little glitch,

You broke a precious mirror and went on over-heating
your brain to top pitch,

You proclaimed woman's love is brief to taunt her and to
soothen your ego switch!

Understand well what kills a woman is a word, loveless
world, not sword or water ditch!

O Ophelia! With help in your name you became
immortal in love and death!

But no help came to you when you were in distress to
give you a kiss of life's breath!

* * * * *

50. O Helen! Art thou a helpless woman!

From an egg you were born with a mixture of divine
essence and human sheen!
Your own human twin sister Klytemnestra considered
you always in bitter spleen!
At the age of seven you were abducted by Theseus and
rescued by your brethren!
As a political security your father gave you to Menelaus
in absentio to Agamemnon!

Agamemnon the overlord of Greeks was your sister's
husband a shrewd politician,
Alexander better known as Paris took you in to his arms
by Aphrodite's initiation!
You left behind ten years of married life with a rude man
and a daughter Hermione,
To live in an alien land where everyone except Hector
and Priam hated you with scorn!

What has love to do with your beauty as sometimes you
sided Trojans,
Yet other times you helped Greeks with a fickle mind
fumbled in horizons!
After the death of Paris you were given to Deiphobus as
paramour in war zones!
You hid Deiphobus sword and Menelaus killed him on
your bed for his liaisons!

The face and cry that launched a thousand ships was a
helpless woman's groan!
How much she cried under the facade of the most
beautiful woman is never known!

* * * * *

51. Does earth belong to man?

Does water, fire, sky, wind, metal, wood,
earth belong to man?

Does beasts, birds, fish, crawlers, microbes and any
thing belong to man?

Does sea weeds, earth plants, vines, trees, leaves,
flowers, fruits belong to man?

Does brooks, streams, rivers, ponds, lakes, seas,
oceans belong to man?

Man belong to earth.

Nothing belongs to him.

Yet he thinks he owns them, pollutes, corrupts, cuts,
burns, shoots, and destroy them.

Can he live alone in this planet?

A strand he is in the web of life, he boasts that
he knows the secret if life.

And his ancestor was lured by Devil and put the first
drop of poison in his brain.

Wherever man goes now the sin accompanies him
out and in.

Buddha recieved enlightenment under bodhi tree,
the tree of the waking omniscience.

The all-father Odin hung on the tree Yggdrasil for nine
days to gain the wisdom of the runes.

Katha Upanishad and Gita speaks about a fig tree with
roots above and branches below.

There is another inverted tree, the tree of
Sephiroth in Kabbala.

There is this axial tree upon which the earth revolves to
Greeks, Persians, Japaneese, Chaldeans and many.

The Sal tree for Mahavir Jina, we all have our breathing
in and out in our respiratory tree, an inverted tree.

The tree is a source of spiritual wisdom, it is the axis of
Universe, the polarity of physical existence and the
secret of mortality.

Pagans worshipped every tree as a spirit. Earth spirits as
Gnomes, water spirits as Nymphs, fire spirits as
Salamanders, air spirits as Sylphs.

In the garden of Eden there are two trees..the tree of
knowledge and the tree of life.

Tree is a symbol of regeneration and resurrection
Legends says when Adam was dying Seth was sent to
Eden garden and was given three seeds of life.
The seeds were placed in Adam's mouth and a tree was
born from his grave with three trunks.
Noah took this tree in his ark and planted it on mount
Lebanon.it is the tree of Noah.
It is the same tree they say Jesus carried as his cross and
cleansed the sin of Adam with his blood.

We always revered the tree for it gave us wisdom,
beauty, inspiration prosperity and peace.
Oak, Laurel, Myrtle, Olive, Neem, Tulsi, Banyan, Peepul and
many trees and plants..we worshipped and prayed..
But now what is happening you know and you see but
you don't care, why?

Does environment belong to man?
Does elements, spirits, trees, beasts belong to man?
Does time past, present and future belong to man?
Does earth belong to man?

* * * * *

52. The Gnomes of Newrich!

Greeks Thesaros or our treasures always fascinated us
with mysterious maps
And dangerous traps with cross marks and ingenious
codes to be deciphered in stops!
Gnomes the chthonic people of two span height guard
the buried treasure crops!
They avoid evil humans like pest and fast disappear into
the earth without any gaps!

Once Zurich was like Fortknox and all the well and ill-
gotten money in gold,
Stayed in sanctum with security allround on anonymous
or real identities told:
In pyramids and great mounds a treasure lived in
slumber till a gravedigger's cold,
Hands relieved it from the fold, then like a bird out of
cage it flew free and bold!

In this age of credit and debit cards, ATMs and paper
money dumpyards,
Black and white mosaic smell and color decredited the
moral value guards,
With deflation like flatus mounting in high pressure
ready to explode in wards
Of human greed spilling putrid gasses of corruption as its
dehumanization rewards!

Can gnomes save the humans buried as treasures in
earth in this worst distinction!
We still have to find a treasure map to save the human
race going ahead for extinction!

* * * * *

53. Appointment Disappointment Ointments!

I am getting so many appointments in recent times at
least one in a month,
Anointing me with virtual ointments as panacea for my
facebook strength,...
Curious as I am asked one of the gift givers -have you
read my books at any length?
He looked at me with half closed eyes like a stork about
to swallow a fish in plinth,

And smiled like a facebook doctor with thermometer
degrees on line,
Said - quid pro quo, my dear skeptic friend! Here I give
you one with a twine,
With your surety and sincerity you do fine reciprocate
with a title divine,
That makes us both happy to blow our own trumpets
while we wine and dine'-

I liked this fellow's approach and tenacity to furrow into
modern mysticism,
As the earth land is filled with Trumps and Kims playing
war and peace romanticism,
And the island cities of poetry suffering from traffic jams
with anthology schism,
His poetry gate approach is better than watergate or
Enron or Bofors schemism!

As my appointment as administrator, or patron is still
pending on facebook page!
My disappointment is about these scratch prone
ointments that stains even a sage!

* * * * *

54. New Greatometers!

At the cross roads where poets dodge their feet and
hands in modern sludge,
By poetic justice, law and order some self thinkers
started running on sledge,
Kept greatometers that work like electronic voting
machines tampered on edge,
While the remaining poets staring at them with
bewildered looks and face wedge!

Something like the revelations chapter the holy poetry
biblos lies on future bridge,
So these think tankers started a new weird stinking
modus operandi on low ridge!
With soap and oil they polish the big lodge and enter
through the backdoor on hedge,
Nudge, nudge, nudge all the way in media and meetings
that go in noisy pledge!

With the spurious plumage less worth than the tongue
cleaners smudge,
These birds scratch one another's back with long spoons
of quid pro quo badge,
Any criticism from peer group is taken with a pinch of
salt and pepper's sharp adze,
Abusive language flows like overflowing trenches with
bloated filth of city fudge!

One day poets will wake up from this stupor of
ephemeral vapors of dodge and budge!
They will realise the real joy in the creation of universal
poetry sans any grudge!

* * * * *

55. Stones, Hills and Mountains of Love!

On the way to the famed city of elephants now the
capital of a capitalistic drive,
I found motorized elephants buzzing like drunken bees
darting from their beehive,
We saw the angry sun slowly moving towards his rest
house in evening high-five,
The stones and bushy hill lives coated with hunger dust,
on life screen, telecasted live;

An outward journey in hot humid weather dry your eyes
and skin to parchment,
The body craves for cool water to replenish the stores
lost on dry wet garment,
The flavoured sweet lassi increases your thirst like ego
craving for more ferment,
Servants like money dominating senses, demanding
more and more nascent scent!

We sensed the sacred moonlight permeating the thirsty
city in its silvershine
By that time the car carrying our bodies and our souls
reach a holy shrine!
There we saw the man of letters smiling like the teacher
of the entire universe,
The ancient tune started reverberating in that room with
his stream of words in verse!

At Mathura we touched the footprints of Jagadguru
Krishna who taught us love!
At Hastinapura we touched the feet of another teacher
who directed us to love and live!

* * * * *

56. Facebookers - Pleasure Cookers!

Out of all the joys of the world, narcissists enjoy much
their own reflection in mirrors!
Blogochondriacs, selfiemaniacs run amuck in the
crossroads of culture horrors,
The mirages of image vaguely satisfy the starved
instincts of inferiority chambers!
Social media instagraham bells induce new ills but who
will bell these wild cat bombers?

The amount of money and time wasted in procuring
these magic lamps who cares?
The maintenance charges costs more than average
worker's earnings that scares!
Up gradation features attract the youth so they go
berserk to possess new wares!
Carpe diem attitude making every house hold a
graveyard for computer wares!

A few voices and many echoes are they loud enough in
announcing it?
This viral explosion is a new exploitation, and below the
belt an invisible hit!
A capitalistic connivance and a secret eye of a distant
spy and a horrible pit!
An ingenious method of brain washing and a neo form
of intellectual slavery bit!

In the pleasure cookers many facebookers and media
addicts go on pilgrimage!
In these narcissistic temples' sanctum sanctorum you
are the god of this new age!

* * * * *

57. E = MT_2

Tears roll incessantly both with heartfelt joy and mind
breaking sorrow!
Do the tears of mirth taste sweet while the sadness tears
roll in salt row?
With anger eyes go blood shot, nose and lips twitters
and tempers grow,
With smile moonlight spreads, lightning flashes, eyes
twinkle and glow!

Sadness, grief, anger, happiness, laughter, fear, humor,
frustration, remorse,
Intense emotions and helplessness brings tears to roll on
cheeks on their course,
Nobody deserves your tears, but whoever deserves
them will not make you cry!
They are the words heart cannot express, the colors
mind cannot paint and dry!

In tears there is sacredness that gives you relief, makes
you strong and brave!
A heartfelt tear is a memory that sticks to the soul forever
and follows to grave!
The most powerful noise is silence and the most silent
language the flow of tears!
As rain washes away dust on the leaves tears do cleanse
the soul with smears!

Beware of the crocodile tears that facade the inner joy of
jealous and evil people!
Real tears flow without effort when body, mind and soul
go in a single shuffle or ripple!

* * * * *

58. E = MT_2

Only humans do sleep on their backs and can draw
perfect straight lines!
One hundred and twenty days a year they sleep, with a
thousand dream drains!
They have a smallest muscle in ear and the strongest
muscle is their tongue!
Their heart beats one lakh times a day, with a billion
steps life goes strong all along!

What insect burrows in his mind, nobody knows, but
man always wanted to be god!
His search for his idol with supernatural powers made
him often desperate and bad!
All the weapons in the world he made can they show
him god or his representative?
Likewise all the writings by the poets or writers can they
reveal god or his motive?

Out of all the livingbeings humans seemed to be wise
with their devices!
Out of all the humans poets seemed to be more
sensitive with demises
Of morals and values, war and peace, love and hate,
sins and virtues in premises!
Only problem is with their tongue which is double edged
with many hits and misses!

The above equation is not an empty square but it
denotes poets in mass energy!
Smile needs just seventeen muscles where as frown
demands forty three synergy!

* * * * *

59. Petrichor in Petrified Lands!

The pernicious sand in the persecutive desert has
voracious appetite
For the rare visitor that descends from the sky in virga
and squalls tight!
In Sumer every rain droplet was revered as the essence
of An the sky god right,
For some rain was the milk from the breast clouds of
goddess Anu so bright!

O Huracan! The central American deity of wind!
Standing in the eye of storm,
You have hurricane, typhoon, depression, cyclone,
tornado, firenado, dust devil form,
With spiralling winds on weather front in baroclinic
zones with waterspouts
You connect sea, land, sky and create twisters that suck
everything in bouts!

But in your benevolent form O Varuna god! Bless us with
timely adequate rains!
The elephant like cumulonimbus clouds thunder:
lightning spreads in trains!
The dark cloud decks like inverted water pots go full
throat in squall lines!
When raindrops enmass hug the earth, the petrichor
emanate in divine vines!

Poetry is such rain that has multiple forms goes in cycle
between earth, sea and sky!
Whether it is vapour, rain or snow it is the life giver, taker
if you know the reasons why!

* * * * *

60. Sugar and Blood Pressure!

Autumn has come, one by one leaves leave in a hurry
from the white top forest!
Monsoons with flood of memories and tragic storms
remind the life's merciless test!
Summer days of life still burn with bellows puffing
swelter heat of rat race contest!
The days of spring season flash and haunt in the
forehead furrows in bizarre unrest!

Soon early winter will come in all its cool ness,
warning about the end drill!
When the winter tiger hugs with its cold paws everything
comes to standstill!
Out of all the seasons Autumn has its own style and self
persecutive grill!
The god of seasons Vertumnus brings about drastic
changes in form and fill!

By that time body orchard harbours sweet springs and
pressure founts!
Restroom becomes preferred house, night walks leads
to infinite counts!
When the pressure mounts brain, heart, take the brunt
and counting starts!
Pills and needles fill the routine and medical bills touch
the sky in whole and parts!

Philosophy trounces the physical and mental trophies in
bitter cold war!
Spiritual wisdom dawns with a cynical sigh and there
appears the evening star!

* * * * *

61. Itch - Titch - Poetitch!

Out of all the known itches Facebookitch, blogitch,
twitteritch and selfieitch
These selfishitches in the world are joined now by
instagramitch and poetitch!
It seems all the ointments of America and lotions of
India failed to cure this itch!
Psychologists and physicians scratched their heads to
find a solution without a snitch!

I know a couple of guys who missed their station and
landed in an alien pitch!
We read about many dudes with some incurable
selfieitch falling into deep ditch!
Some sages and their satellitess regularly post their
valuable preachings in a glitch!
And those poetic souls with writing itch care no portents
of weather of Greenwich!

Little poets with big poets, big ones with bigger, biggest
ad nauseam they switch!
But the greatest problem is with- 'you scratch my back I
will scratch thine' twitch!
Titch who has hallucinations and delusions of grandeur
runs like a wayward bitch!
Poetry halls reverberate with his clones blowing their
own trumpets in tones of witch!

The positive side is people with lots of zeal are coming
together in soul search!
When excesses are pruned and plants are cared,
gardens will bloom with flowers rich!

* * * * *

62. IPL- 2020 A Prediction! (Indian Poetry League)

So the weather bureau put their hands outside
window and predicted with gall,
A down pour of poetry in the monsoon because of
depression in bay of Bengal,
There will be Sunrisers in the sky, and knight riders will
go down in History,
Chennai poetry kings will trounce the Delhi Dare Devils
in paper awards mastery!

In twenty- twenty anthologies one can put sand in
sand-clock to count poets,
There will be million groups each one claiming billion
members in number riots!
Virtual titles and awards are given on hourly basis, each
poet claim century hits!
Since every poet is a laureate and greatest who claims
loud will be on that day's lists!

Who ever spins the ballpen or bowls fast on key board
will be the supreme boss!
As the Facebook stadium is full and over-crowded with
critics and bards of weight loss,
Umpires of convenience declare peg before wicked for
each claim of poet brass!
As the score board trembles with force and sexes of all
genders, poetry game will be so gross!

In world Poetry League noble people may or may not lift
Nobel prize or cups!
But in IPL-2020 the self acclaimed greatest poets run
amuck with growing hiccups!

* * * * *

63. Birds of War and Bards of Peace!

There I see doves searching for grain in the olive
groves and mountain peaks,
Where the predator eagles and hawks are
sharpening their talons and beaks!
Poor doves knew only love since the days they
carried olive branch to Noah's ark!
Cruel eagles they knew only hunting since the days
of epics and before the ages dark!

Doves and pigeons whisper love in the weary
borders of war and hate!
Eagles and hawks whimper at them and strike with
deadly accurate rate!
That's how predators live in palaces and mountain
tops living in grand style!
Pigeons search for old holes and balconies of
neglected temples to live all the while!

Once upon a time there were millions of passenger
pigeons lived in peace!
Guns and ammunition devoured them to extinction
with a bullet a piece!
In the assemblies of eagles and hawks pigeons are
made to sing about war!
In the conglomeration of pigeons and doves eagles
preach peace with spar!

The myth of death and destruction make the
pigeons and doves to surrender!
The mirth of power and protection make the eagles
and hawks to live in splendor!

* * * * *

64. Poet Cloud Computing!

The midsummer sun looked at the poets
transforming the thoughts into a cloud!
He was so angry he burst into flaming sunshine
poets pleaded mercy aloud!
He sucked out the water in the clouds so fast they
became so pale and white,
Poets looked out for coconuts and cool drinks with
parched tongue gone tight!

Time and idea sharing made thought permeation
easy to bond people!
Sun evaporated hot idea water settles in the high
summits into mass supple!
Slowly it gets cooled into dense nimbus, fly over
woods, villages and thirsty rings!
In the hot, humid, dry zones the chain of clouds
hurry, thunder and flash in strings!

The sound and fury spills often hail stones in the
flashlights and thunderbolts!
A few sprinklers touch the feet of Mother Earth and
petrichor spreads in moults!
Then the splashes of rain brings life in withered
twigs and waiting wings!
A few drops gather into puddles, streams, rivers,
run into great lakes and seaswings!

Then after the rainy season, summer sets in and
Sun takes revenge on three faced water,
For the water in the clouds that shadowed him like
the thought clouds of poet's matter!

* * * * *

65. The charge of the 1G-5G upgrade!

Smoke signals, signal flags and fire
Homing pigeons flying in sky sapphire
Runners from Marathon to Athens
Physical couriers still carry news affair!
Semaphores and Pony Express,
Now museum pieces of thought press!

Henry and Morse, Maxwell and Hertz
Marconi and Popov, wireless surge!
It was the Radio Times made the buz,
Graham Bell patented the telephone biz!
From the fixed position to mobile whiz,
Cellular technology took the upgrade urge!

The days of running to grasp the phone
While still it is ringing is in memory zone!
The waiting moments in anxiety all alone,
Unaudible voice, hello hello heàlo noise
The halfway cuts of trunk calls all annoys
The standposts of past communications!

In the age of speed people hate slow flow!
From talk talk talk to text text text text glow!
Then pictures, everything near table stand!
Universe revolving in the palm of hand,
Ringtones replacing the planetary music,
One G to five G the evolution is a classic!

This new age magicwand has double edge,
An extension of hand and a glowing badge!
More time people spend on it sans grudge,
Spouse and children too can't keep a wedge,
In a topsy-turvy world a mobile can pledge
Alliance between virtual and reality ridge!

In future every human shall have a number,
A chip is transplanted to the body timber,
An antenna on the cranial top chamber,
With a wink of eye on palm of the member,
Whole world one can see and remember,
Past, present and future goes into slumber!

* * * * *

66. Hero, Nero, Zero, Desperado!

-'What is it that has one voice and yet becomes
four-footed by morning,
Two footed by afternoon and three footed by
evening? This is a veiled warning!
Answer this riddle then you can enter the city
Thebes, be wise or otherwise,
You can be a perfect snack in my morning meal!'-
roared the Sphinx at sunrise!

Oedipus answered that riddle as 'human' but
landed in his life's tragic riddle,
A melancholic play beyond imagination was his life
in the human history puddle!
The last Roman Emperor of Julio-Claudian dynasty
the decadent Nero did fiddle
While Rome burned, was infamous for his
matricide and suicide in life's muddle!

The erection and construction walls of Facebook
are not sad but hilarious!
The greatest self styled heroes and Neroes with
poetic viagra run fun and furious!
Many put forward Sphinx and griffin riddles with
solo voices to become fast glorious!
Heroes meddle, neroes fiddle, zeroes straddle in
the mazes of news uproarious!

Now and then we find neroes becoming
desperadoes in propaganda short cuts!
The sphinx riddle is true even in the social media
streets where they flaunt lost nuts!

* * * * *

67. Roger! Roger that! Roger Willco!

In the smog bitten corridors of smart cities people
often walk in black masks!
If you chose to ride on killer vehicles you are
choked in your own helmet flasks!
When your face is camouflaged your own people
fail to recognize you in the race!
Then the only way out is communicating in code
words of nice and clear with grace!

In the power bitten corridors of Red Forts the
incumbents wear no mercy masks!
It may be Donald in white house or dragon behind
the iron curtain in world tasks,
When the faces are hidden behind nuclear masks
humanity shivers in fear brace!
Then the only way out is excommunicating them in
vote and send them in disgrace!

In the money bitten corridors of business houses
and banks, hackers wear masks!
It may be demonetization or taxation hawks escape
but sparrows suffer tasks!
When residential robbers in bank masks rob
people, trust vanishes without trace!
In quid pro quo reigns of modern systems morality
dies, cannibalism thrives in place!

Roger! Roger! Roger that! Can you hear my voice
behind my indifferent mask?
The aphrodisiacal power made people deaf and
dumb in recurrent money bask!

* * * * *

68. Deadly-News, Nipah Virus and Batmen!

In the virile caves of zoonosis a sudden vigorous
commotion shook the darkness,
The upside down hanging residents flew out
screeching in hunger madness,
Where has gone the forests of yesteryears that
supplied them fruits in abundance?
In their rage they invaded the villages biting the
sleeping people into death dance!

In search of copper, coal, iron or gold the masters
embowelled natural resources!
Mines, Sterlites become dreadlight zones where
profit batmen use deadly forces!
Forests wither, rivers slither, water sources dither in
poisonous pollution fires!
Human greed endorses corruption at all levels,
innocents die in negligence mires!

In the political cricket stadium, batmen and bowlers
carry deadly Nipah virus strain!
In darkness dungeons of corruption they hung
upside down in lethal cloud train!
In the post independence era the Jokers destroyed
the gardens of honesty and truth!
The two faced leaders of present are biting the
people in sleep with sharpened tooth!

New demons seems to be prowling in the disguise
of pigs, birds and bats!
The prevalence of murder and rape is on the rise all
over by human brats!

* * * * *

69. Quack! Quack! Quack!

One up, two down, third front, fourth back!
Winner gets back pack with big power jack!
Politics gives such aphrodisiac kick back!
Quack, Quack, Quack! Quack, Quack, Quack!

Who let the horses out? Who, who, who?
Who saw the crabs bout? Who, who, who?
Who got the lost doubt? Who, who, who?
Hoo, hoo, hoot! Hoo, hoo, hoot! Hoo, hoo, who?

In a land of lions what can rabbits do?
In a land of wolves what can lambs do?
In a land of hawks what can doves do?
Run, run, run! Run, run, run! Run, run, run!

Third front, fourth back, who stabs whom?
Werewolves on moon rock howl and zoom!
Gullible group in gullies tread low in gloom!
Boom boom boom! Boom boom boom!

One down, two up, third back, fourth on rock!
Left side left, right side rift, look up, off track!
One day king next day a clown in nut crack!
Quack, Quack, Quack! Quack, Quack, Quack!

* * * * *

70. The ultra modern wailing wall!

An ancient limestone wall in the good old city of
Jerusalem of divine count,
Herod the Great built as the encasement of a steep
hill the Temple Mount
Kotel, the Western wall with a huge platform
where Jews wail with tears fount
For the destruction of temples by their enemies
with stirred hatred account!

And here the last Prophet tied his steed al-Buraq
before ascending to Paradise!
Solomon's temple on the Temple Mount was
destroyed by Babylonians on rise!
Second Temple built by Herod was ravaged to
ground by Romans as victory prize!
Many rulers and wars made it hotspots of
contentions for the supremacy apprise!

Hark at the modern wailing walls on the Facebook
mount in virtual space!
The owners are highly gifted in exhibiting their
philosophical face in daily race!
O Miror on the wall! Who is the greatest of all in this
mundane world of power lace?
Oh dear! Don't weep! The writing is on the wall! In
your mirror others have no place!

At Solomon Gates, Herod Zuckerberg likes
constructed a great wailing wall!
In this merciless profit world people weep on daily
basis their tears and joys in squall!

* * * * *

71. Cowards and Cohorts in Cowland!

The murder of crows in investigating the mysterious
murders of demonocracy,
in chaotic crow land went to the border cow land to
learn their famed aristocracy!
There they found white and black cows colored
with caste playing democracy,
Fooling the common cattle, the wayward bulls with
scriptured idiotic beaurocracy!

Peculiar to that Jambu land flags of all colors flaunt
their minority tint,
- 'Unity in diversity,- they moo with raised snouts in
different direction stint!
They bull gore one another and flock in separate
camps of saffron, green tent!
Now and then red and blue chip in with, yellow,
pink and other chroma persistent!

They have a recurrent five year drama where rich
cattle bribe starved ones,
With hope notes, mirage promises and big plans of
never attained utopic tones,
Once settled on thrones they wear goggles of
distant vision and sprinkle a few loans,
The overwhelmed commoners nurse no malice
and go sleep on their hungry bones!

The crows realized though they are black they are
more white in demonocracy,
The cows with all their colors never go united and
live in false colored democracy!

* * * * *

72. Headlines ahead of Dead Lines !

Very cool! In these open universities skills are
taught in strictly closed rooms!
Aha! They teach well the art of kill, kill, kill as the
panacea to all ill blooms!
Where more psychologists thrive there the web kids
handle guns, as scare looms!
Some religious schools train the selected ones to
become the holy bridegrooms!

The statue of Liberty looks with tearful eyes at the
bodies of children
In pools of blood and the lunatic guns coughing
death in staccato run!
At some strips of cursed desert land Lord Thanatos
dances in perpetual turn
And the sands in the no man's land sneer at the
graves, bones and ashes in urn!

In a country with largest democracy the rapists of
law find problems for solutions!
There the holy court gets up in early hours to
meditate on half baked resolutions!
Meanwhile the schools of Kautilya preach
Machiavellian means of destinations!
The aphrodisiacal power gives ultimate erections in
post election illuminations!

The demons now prowl and teach in the dark
demagogues and synagogues!
When moral values clink the bottom line the society
stink with killers and rogues!

* * * * *

73. Special Status Quo!

When he saw the empty plate unattended despite
his silver cut beard
On his experienced visage it brought a tiny peculiar
scorn so far unheard
He ordered his loyal herd to moo and woo the
voters to move away from shed,
To give milk to the yesterday enemies without
surcharge and green grass shred!

The Modyfied centre monitored this jitter bug and
reopened the old file!
Note for vote or note with antidote was prescribed
with jail dress profile,
His once brother in tongue helped to shoo him
away with lowered long tail,
To a place where another one with gun in haunted
him is a big hairy tale!

How do you get dough when all the grain and
grindstones are on strike?
One can dream gods city in principle but who has
the interest to share or like?
We can go to Singapore or America to hire or
admire but who cares your hike?
In the big ocean market it is all swallowing one
another in tandem as whale or pike!

In business and politics each one plays his own
game of quid pro quo!
Who ditches whom is a Kautilya's scheme and you
got special status quo!

* * * * *

74. What problem is the Wheat and Chess Board Problem ?

O Sessa! You near emptied the king's granary by
requesting him to place one wheat grain,
On the first square, two on the second, four on the
third so on and, what a thought train!
Double the number on each subsequent one, so how
many there will be on the 64th square?
Tell me! how many wheat grains are on the
chessboard, isn't it a mathematical nightmare?

Not much! When a brilliant minister plays against a
stupid king it is easy checkmate!
What is more important is the second half of the
chessboard and how good you calculate!
I see now whites dominating and they have the first
choice to move with their loyal pawns,
The blacks are always in defensive strategy and a few
aggressive moves didn't give royal lawns!

How exponential can you grow in finite space? The
infinity Is a myth if you know the boundary mist!
After googol and googolplex what? What bites yobibit
and yobibyte? Where ends entropy?
Do Moore's or Eroom's laws become obsolete finding
the resources gobbled out into atrophy?
On the chessboard of the universe what is the role of
Time and Fate, which one plays the white first?

In the known world we see chessboards everywhere
with sacrificial pawns of no name!
The brains that play the game are invisible but the
hoarse cry CHECKMATE ends the game!

* * * * *

75. Ali Baba - Holy Baba and Forty Black Sheep

This is the land where black sheep looks white and
red herrings are dime a dozen!
Wolves and sheep lookalike and genetic tests are
needed to identify the truth frozen!
Law has long arms but they fail short of poverty line
and blame it on the amnesia denizen!
Their philosophy goes back to creation's origin but
divides their own at caste horizon!

Alibaba and holybaba had their dirty linen washed in
public laundry and callmart!
There was universal confusion about those king's
clothes they exhibited on the mallcart!
She is lucky because she blinded her eyes with dark
cloth from the beginning of the tart!
Bur the gullible public who shot in news breaks, and
saucy stories fainted on the spot wart!

Only forty sheep you may ask but we are genius and
ingenious in mathematical blow up!
Add as many zeroes as much you know and count
backwards to get the precise cook up!
Every five years babas go to black sheep and plead
for wool, later handover them to wolves!
Near the Swiss caves and their likes they sing
'Sesame ' - the door opens and closes for haves!

Have nots are more than a billion are controlled by a
million have -babus and behave babas!
Like Dr. Zekyl and Mr. Hyde, Alibaba, Holybaba both
are the same like you and me, o dear big boss!

* * * * *

76. Who let the Gods Out?

I am an opportunistic atheist prowling incognito in
the corridors of lesser gods!
I saw all their steel doors locked and chained with
key codes of evens and odds!
I hear them whispering to hoarded money nymphs
looking pink in treasure wards!
I did smell the stench of political sweat mix with the
aroma of immorality guards!

Everywhere the dogs of war are shooting at sight on
the docile pigeons of peace!
People forgot the covenants and hooting at the
prophets and scriptures at ease!
In the land of cows cruel tigers parade in heifers garb
to claim lion's share a piece!
As usual the blindfolded lady of justice holds the
balance, why can you tell, please?

All the moral temples that imprisoned the demigods
of political tower
In the sanctum sanctorum lost their fine virtuous keys
to demon power!
In the stupor of malignant febrile fits the Machiavellis
and Kautilyas hover
Over the troubled waters, fishing sharks and eels in
incarnation flavor!

At one stroke of demonetization, atheists too started
believing in gods of odds!
If you remember the long queues you do recognize
the one who let loose gods!

* * * * *

77. BULLS and BEARS in SHOCK MARKET SCARES!

And the political stork delivered the power baby at
the wrong door!
The stock market bridge collapsed with the bulls in
rampage on floor!
Bears barely hold on to their index lines as political
bears try entry score!
Thrifty Nifty, NASDAQ nosedived with Dow Jones into
sexy sensex store!

In the great scare market twisters crowd funds gets a
cute funneling form!
Everything on the way is sucked in and the tornadoes
hit in economic storm!
The love for money makes one blind on the white
line of stock market charm!
In the blink of eye billions of virtual money evaporates
in paper vapour swarm!

Like in any reality market thieves operate in packs
like wolves looking for lambs!
Remember! Corporate fraud such as Enron, subprime
mortgage wrong rub lamps!
Pump and dump, e- mail spams, phishing, insider
traders fish in troubled swamps!
Ponzi schemes microcap in boiler rooms to hook the
investors like sensxy vamps!

As the greed for money and vices is on rise people
walk into such satanic traps!
Bulls and bears create butterfly effect, they race on
horses sans stirrups and straps!

* * * * *

78. Why did he cry over Alexander? (ABCD of OCD-1)

All of those dictators had this morbidity to become
the greatest of one and all!
For them it is a burrowing worm in the wry mind
wound swimming in the gall!
Otherwise they get seizures like that Julius Caesar
who won laurels before fall!
Here is a lesson all obsessive personalities must learn
before they get their call!

Alexander, Julius Caesar, Allauddin Khilji, Hitler, and
other dictators or despots,
At the helm of their rule and power had a halo of
obsession in vivid chroma spots!
They realized their recurring fantasies well, standing
on the pyramids of skull lots!
Humanity crumbled under their heavy boots and their
intricate destructive plots!

The great pilgrim John Bunyan suffered in agony of
blasphemous thought layers!
The Protestant Martin Luther suppressed his outbursts
in repeat solemn prayers!
The Dictionary man Samuel Johnson was harassed
with recurrent vain terrors!
The evolutionist Charles Darwin did experience many
spectacles of horrors!

So, -'Be careful what you wish for, because you just
might get it'- o dear young bard!
Your obsession may take you to the peak greatest but
the fall may be light or hard!

* * * * *

79. O leave me my dear! Go, love thy neighbour!

Oh! My dear lady of virtues! Me got fed up with
your moral brain wash!
Lost my youth and energy in search of values of no
use in this time crash!
All my buddies flew to El Dorado on green card
carpets of magic flash!
On patriotic fervor I chose my country to serve
and got severe back lash!

When I look backwards on rewinding clock spring
where did I lost my way?
The road I have taken why it was red and wet with
blood of martyrs in sway?
Who never did a good thing how they enjoy the
fruits of freedom in peace quay?
Why all the philosophical theories lowered their
flags to money and go away?

Why those voluptuous seven siren sins now
became lawful wives?
In the new legitimate garbs how satanic initiation
ceremonies well thrives?
Why the temples of knowledge now teach pupils
the art of shortening lives?
In the cut throat honey business policies who
deceives whom in robbing bee-hives?

All the virtuous blossoms look pale in their simple
colors and fragrant costumes!
The spectacular paper flowers swing and gyrate
advertising strong smell fumes!

* * * * *

80. ABCD of OCD Poets-2!

I write, write and write as though demon possessed
for each and every occasion,
With a compulsive fright I fly high and high in my
ideas flight well in my vacation,
Conscientious, bureaucratic, puritanical,
parsimonious, bedeviled with provocation,
I am the perfectionist, rule-bound, cautious,
inflexible, with order and symmetry in vocation!

I expect you like, like, like or share, share, share my
poems in strict rotation!
If you comment you can comment with my choice of
words and image mutation!
You can tag me to your poems then I can tag, tag, tag,
tag, tag you for appreciation!
My session with your fidelity must be within the rules
I frame and my recitation!

I wash, wash, wash, and wash my hands before I
touch any anthology of your creation,
I check, check, check, for my poem in it and look for
any faux paus gradation,
If found I go go on rampage, if not I exhibit the page
in media mirrors for appreciation,
I blow blow blow my own trumpet and bask in my
own glory till I get self sedation!

I am a narcissist, paranoid, schizoid, self centered
negativist in any relation!
I like, like, like to hoard invitations, awards and titles
given to me with super elation!

* * * * *

81. Moonlight on the lost Bird's Wings!

A lone wolf on the cliff was howling at the full moon
wasting on the vast forest!
Many jungle cats assembled to practice their meow
rap music without rest!
Owls hoots remixed with the hisses of snakes to
accompany the crickets test,
Fireflies provided lighting effects on the eerie and
scary night stage to attest!

Each wind rustle that shot through the casuarinas
grove sounded catastrophe!
Each pebble that dashed to the still waters created
ripples of strophe and antistrophe!
Each shooting star in the sky showered sparks on the
blue canvas in dystrophy!
Each passing black cloud seemed to carry a message
of imminent disaster trophy!

Solitude is such a phantasm that recreates the low
normal into high paranormal!
It is poetry existing as metaphysical aqua in mall
metamorphosis formal!
In ethereal form it is lighter and moves with the winds
of inspiration on need call!
As water it flows, lives in boundaries and as snow or
ice it is hard and heard local!

When a bird has lost its destiny map in its biological
radar, tears and stars won't help!
When a bard loses his inspiration cap in his wandering
carrier wounds and scars won't help!

* * * * *

82. Mother in Law's Day Poetry!

Every son in law or daughter in law is more or less an
outlaw rather than inlaw
In their vigilant eyes, with fire they can carve eleven
commandments without flaw!
I often wondered if god had a mother in law a better
world he could have created,
Unfortunate we are and fortunate he is, we human
beings are well underrated!

Whenever I see people jumping traffic signals or
hoodwinking a little law,
I somehow imagine that these people must be
thinking about their mothers in law,
Like the Japanese doll technique these docile ones
must be venting their anger,
What they cannot do at home they do with lesser
evils to quiet the nerve hunger!

One can see in these role plays a bit of malignant
vicarious pleasure,
Spiced with bondage, discipline, sadism and
masochism in clean measure;
Though many of us contradict its severity and extol
the virtues of the in law mother,
What a relief one gains after she leaves this mundane
world to go to the other!

They say many mothers are mothers in law of Doctor
Jekyll and mister Hyde type!
A great unsolved puzzle it is how they enact this dual
role without much hype?

* * * * *

83. Selfish Self Aggarndisement!

O Narcissus! Look at your own reflection in placid
waters of Poetry Lake!

A new thing grows inside captivating you to your
own image of rake!

Here comes the chatterbox the talkative miss Echo
in love's mistake!.

You spurned her hot cool flame and she wasted
away like fresh snowflake!

You are thoroughly selfish in exhibiting your beauty
to the outer worlds!

What more mirrors you need to advertise your
reflection in hot water words?

Your ballistic ego finally blasts yourself into
smithereens of glass boards!

What calamity you created in others' loves finally
catch you up in cruel hoards!

Facebook, Twitter and many social media tools are
now like the lakes of reflections!

Many narcissists and foul mouth predators use them
to see their own imperfections!

Some need regular assurance and crave for daily
likes, shares and comments!

A few coward mad mongrels malign others by
taking potshots in mind torments!

Echo fades away and Narcissus did drown and
reborn as a flower plant by the lake!

Present day narcissists drown in their own bilious
sorrows to be reborn as real fake!

* * * * *

84. Cigarette Lights and Coffee Rights

This is a bonanza of one hundred and fifty grand
you get in damages,
if someone dares to plagiarize your registered work
and claim self blazes!

So register your art form a song or a story or any
creative work of intricate,
Fill up the form and a copy of your work and send
fifty quid to get a certificate!

On the breakfast table when you spoil yourself with
a forbidden cigarette
And a flask of dark coffee steaming aroma all
around and a blond or brunette,
Tuning your imagination fork into abysmal depths or
Himalayan heights,
You create a masterpiece of serendipity and an
inimitable lyric of winged flights,

That needs protection from the hawks and wolves
waiting eagerly in cliffs and crypts,
Every sentence you bear and every poem you
deliver you think it is the volcano that erupts,
In you and in that hot lava and pumice you picture
the emotions and paradoxes of life!
That's how you assimilate your experiences and
feelings into an epic mixture of love and strife!

May be you carved your sculpture under puffs, sips
and oops of imagination right in flight!
Your signature tells about the hand that held the
pen, quill or chisel filled with divine light!

* * * * *

85. The Greatest Flip Cat on Wall Mat!

There we saw a flashing sign board- 'The world's
greatest grave yard-
Applications accepted on line!'- Meowing in rhyme
and rhythm, O lord!,
Lots of cats were filling the forms on the
www. Greatest.com working hard,
One must attach living proof of greatness along with
PAN and Aadhar card!

As a proof of my greatness I attached my local
MLA's letter of commendation!
I asked my spouse but got a few lines on a tissue
paper with scorn and serration!
Then with a pinch of shame I opened their website
to understand the new sensation!
What a mind boggling site, they provided with the
receipt of your great application!

- 'Greatest of the greatest are buried here' - Have the
neighbors of your own choice!
The categories are in lieu with your purse and
professions of religion or race voice!
Then I saw the greatest dead poets yard where the
epitaphs extol their great noise!
There is a separate column for the great living dead
to reserve their pit with poise!

Now the problem is how to become the greatest
among so many living great?
So I proclaimed myself as the greatest world poet
and made my epitaph grate!

* * * * *

86. Avengers- Infinity War Poetry!

A marvelous comic act of avengers hit the vaults of
Walt Disney motion pictures!
In the initial days of lore the avengers were the super
heroes with few strictures!
Stan Lee and Jack Kirby brought the super heroes -
all-winners squad from scriptures!
GiAnt-man, Thor, Hulk, Wasp, and Iron-man fought
the Devilish evil sans any ruptures!

Earth's mightiest Heroes move with a battle cry -
'Avengers Assemble!'- in euphoria!
To fight against the formidable scavengers like Baron
Zemo, Kang or Count Nefaria!
Both often formed new teams to outwit one another
and after the 'Age of Ultron'- area,
Now, 'Infinity War' between our Heroes and Thanos
for infinity stones as criteria!

When Thanatos-death strikes remain what in Hulk's
bulk or universe in diverse?
The War was to acquire power, space, time, mind,
soul and reality stones to reverse!
Thor wounds Thanos who escapes by activating
infinite gauntlet in its verse,
The screen displays -'the End'- insignia on red- blue
background of sequel neoverse!

It is like our Facebook Avengers believe that they are
saving this world by their peace poetry,
It is as amusing as the movie Avengers of Infinity War;
O God! save us from their mirthful bigotry!

* * * * *

87. Honey! I Shrunk the Poet Kids!

Then I started a Frankenstein lab and did
experiments on elan vital of poetry wry!
When my poetic concoctions were rejected by
Goliath groups, me like David a small fry
I tried with my sling and stone and threw my stuff on
that giant's temple to feel cry,
I started my own start up to spill rose oil or vitriol on
my friends or adversaries dry!

Now because I am David I have my eyes on
Batshebas taking poetic bath,
I lure them with international certificates on paper
and virtual cash broth,
Send their bodyguards to vanguard awarding them
certain martyr ship cloth,
Aha! I am free now to practice my doctor Jekyll and
mister Hyde part like a moth!

In my daily lab I synthesize new powders in mortars-
pestels and alembics,
I copy cat many sigils and systems from grimoire and
announce magic tricks,
I do cold tests on rats and brats to rate myself as the
pioneer of new bricks,
In this alchemy process o dear, I invented a potion to
shrink kids of all poetics!

I feel like Gulliver in the land of Lilliput and enjoy my
dream as the greatest!
When I woke up I found Frankenstein my alter ego
challenging me for the final test!

* * * * *

88. A E I O U!

(The gate of great, greater, greatest grate poets)

I owe you nothing and your greatness or grateness is
a matter of vowels,
in your bowels! By the way have you taken any
consent from consonants,
For the troubles you take to present yourself among
the greatest contestants,
On imaginary great thrones of poetry with grating
sound effect trowels!

Come on! Let's go! There in the poetry alley super
markets or letter kiosk desks,
They are selling doctorate degrees, awards and
medals dime a dozen sans risks!
We can flash them like military honors in Facebook
profiles and get a few likes,
With vicarious pleasure we can take the gullible
public for a ride on our selfie bikes!

The poetry community must hail us - 'here is the
world's greatest poet' - in all lanes!
From gully to Delhi, or slowly to Oslo what is the
distance to cover in noble planes?
With our dynamite poetry we can surely turn poor
Nobel yawn in his grave lawns!
Oh! What a pleasure in hoodwinking others with our
pernicious jitterbug plans!

Lol! Out of all the industries genuine poetry needs
more industry to stay alive forever!
Apple shining and soap operas boomerang for sure
even though you are very clever!

7.5.2018

89. Attention deficit hyperactive poet disorder!

They announced a big convention in one social
poetracton centre of order!
Many autistic and hyperactive poets with
communication deficit disorder,
Gathered there but do not remember why they
were there, so tried harder
In vain and started quarreling in echolalia and
apathy on strained border!

Some neglected autistic poets gathered in a group of
no importance,
A hyperactive group started throwing many a fire
and vitriolic glance!
The dissemination of hatred went too far that
scorched, for instance,
Their own insignificant position but blind brats were
in their own trance!

Talking non-stop on uncalled podiums, fidgeting
great deal for recognition,
These impatient lot go to any extent to hold on to
the mike and spill bilious potion,
Blurt out inappropriate comments and show off
unrestrained loose emotion,
Support their behaviour with sardonic smiles or
dramatic u-turn promotion!

We find nowadays in the corridors of social media
many adult children lead this life!
Be sympathetic and treat them with dignity as they
live and walk on the edge of a knife!

* * * * *

90. Any Time Money? (The saga of poetry ATMs)

The new temples of money centers are yawning
like ideas exhausted poet stock,
They cry in unison with the irrepressive zeal of
bards struck with thought block!
Customers remember the poetic summer of
demonetization queues in economy dark!
Like the poets in the last of the long list to crash
voices before empty counter stalk!

Then lo! What happened to the seven lakh crores of
printed 2000 rupee notes?
The first look and first touch, remember, how you
caressed it like your poetry notes!
They came like virgin brides in veils, ended up in
the harlems of Sultans, enmass!
The pink color aptly suited to camouflage with the
redlight areas of rich and famous!

Money, money, money! Money is every where
except when you need it!
Like in the poetry bunks, banks offer you paper
cards of credit and debit!
The problem is to get your own money you will wait
in queue of uncertainty bit,
Lile in anthologies you deposit your money but
some Neerav Modi pockets credit!

The rope and vanishing tricks of Indian magicians
and politicians were highly appraised!
But who can equal our politico-poets that award vanishing
cream rewards to all the hands well raised?

* * * * *

91. Poltergeists of Poetry!

Some weird seismic air currents of poetry must be
in the house,
The noisy ghosts are tripping the things in the dark
like mouse,
Everywhere there is the pungent smell of roasted
poetry grouse,
Social media twitters in the bog blogs and
graveyards you browse!

Now we see Facebook prophets writing Ten
Commandments on virtual walls!
Every scribbler is a self styled Moses or Jesus
preaching sermons in stalls!
Poets like seasonal migrating birds travel distant
lands to sing in empty halls!
Shylock advertises a Solomon temple and the
visitor finds a wailing wall in malls!

With full of spirits some poets of thousand faces
haunt the anthology mazes,
The never read poems are mummified and buried
in the sands of time pages,
Habitual bad mouths grade themselves in rank
and downgrade others in stages,
They pinch, prick, levitate, burn, hoist, fly, some
weird issues and shout in blazes!

In the unseen uncomforted corridors every
coward rumbles like a poltergeist!
These foul prophets of poetry do grumble a lot and
die in their own blast heist!

* * * * *

92. I stabbed my shadow!

So this has become a nuisance in this new sense
of irresponsibility,
I walk down fast on the escalators against their
heavenward mobility,
May be it is heaven but how long can you spend
time in that monotonous city?
I prefer hell downstairs with attractions added with
sinful generosity,

In all my adventures in the seven sin cities my
shadow was my best mirror,
All the skin shows I attended it lived under beds
measuring my error!
Hark! Here we destroy the ancient Syria and fill it
with peaceful terror!
Till we built ghost cities we bomb them and
declare no war or horror!

In search of cities of virtues, me a born sinner
travelled near and far!
I took with myself a few missiles and swords of
conflict to declare war!
Any land of peace irritates me like gnats and I burn
them with vengeance tar!
But my shadow warns me if I go in excess of wrath
or greed packaged in car!

Nowadays somehow I see my shadow rebelling
against my odd behavior!
So I stabbed it with my conscience dagger and
I saw it bleeding my hidden fear!

* * * * *

93. Thank God! I am a not woman!

It is some divine algorithm
Nature struggled
To cleave into male and female

Before that
They existed millions of years
No death
Just binary fission
Immortality
Then in the fields of evolution
In the infinite time lab
Life looked for a change
From the monotony

When a single live brick dreamed
A palace
It built itself into many forms
Many cells
Different functions
Specialisation
They called it evolution
It is the birth of hunger
When they started devouring
One another
It is the birth of fear

Flight or fight
Multicellular, many staired
Pseudopodia, tentacles, suckers
Poisonous secretions
Jelly, transparent, soft

Hard, color camouflage, mimicry
Inside, outside houses
Carrying own house
Fixed to mobility
Food preparers, food consumers
Parasitism
Bisexual to unisexual
Only purpose
Progeny
Eat, mate, deliver, die!
Matriarchy

Waterborn life
From primordial soup
Plants, animals
Coexistence
In Water, earth, air
Fish, amphibians, reptiles,
Birds, mammals,
Monkeys, apes,
Homo sapiens
Human
Woman
Man
Coexisted

Fire, boat, wheel,
Stone, wood, metal,
Hunting, food gathering
Settlers, nomads
Kill, kill, kill
Progeny
Property
Patriarchy
Half of the sky

Under male power clouds
Scriptures, codes all male rule
Coexistence
Distance
From birth to death
Many strictures

How to kill a girl child before birth?
How to discriminate?
How to make her a show case piece?
How to rape her?
How to tap her resources?
How to build a lab on her body parts?
How to do business on her curves?
How to neglect her?
How to cut her womb or remove it?
How to stone her for infidelity?
How to call her an old hag?
How to burn her at stake?
How to hone and how to own her?
How? How?
How?

Male brain filled with sex
She travelled streets and harems
Sexual goddess to slave
Mother goddess to evil witch
From outer temples to her inner temple
Attack! Attack! Attack!
Marriage mirage,
Live burials or sathi on pyre fire
Along with the dead spouse
But not reversal
Honor killings
Caste religion race discrimination

Woman
Mother
Sister
Daughter
Wife
Hole
All in one
Monologue
A bundle of pain
A sea of tears
A victim of war
A bearer of wounds
A pot of joy
A door mat
A feral cat
Harlot
Shut up!

Thank god! I am not a woman!

* * * * *

94. A Forbidden Gender!

And they stirred the blood and waters in whom
they lived for many months,
And blamed them as unclean of which they made
themselves unclean labyrinths,
And planted pills and needles to make the inner
temple as laboratory plinths,
And made experiments of fertile or sterile at
lengths and breadths with absinths,

When the pharmaceutical world constructs labs
on the delicate perfumed gardens,
When scissors and knives of surgeons practice
new cuts in reconstruction dens,
When the pillars of society erect new walls of
discrimination to be the watch wardens,
When the resistance of the half of the sky is
clouded under dark veils that hardens,

The patriarchal society winces with each new turn
and scorns at freedom,
All the guns of tradition chant modern mantras
reconstructed in new wisdom,
The selfish motive of inheritance draws boundary
lines in the familiar kingdom,
All dictionaries sell scriptures of strictures to
silence any rebel voices at random!

Every year a day is allotted to atone the past deeds
of suppression and brutality,
Lots of concessions are announced and crocodiles
laugh at them knowing the reality!

* * * * *

95. Happy, Be happy o holy holi happiness!

Happy the rooster, happy the dawn, and happy the sun,
Happy the birds and bards twittering near new horizon!
Happy the moon, and happy the stars in their constellation!
Happy the beasts that quenched their thirst and
hunger in jubilation!

Happy the air, happy the fire, the sky, the water and
the earth sans pollution!
Happy the fish, happy the metal, wood, yin and
yang in their conservation!
Happy the white, happy the black and rest of the
colors of no discrimination!
Happy the souls, happy the spirits that fly high and
low in celebration!

Happy the money lender, happy the arm dealer,
money hoarder and happy politician,
Happy the brotherhood, happy o peace, unity, love,
mercy and happy compassion!
Happy the voter, happy the tiller, worker, refugee,
soldier, and border protection!
Happy the devotee, happy the God, the lesser gods,
their security men in promotion!

Happy who can announce today he is happy in
whirlpool of inflation!
Happy who can believe he is secure and sleeps
well without persecution!
Happy who practice peace and affection in the
alleys of conflict and affliction!
Happy who is cool and sane in spite of GST,
demonetization and property restriction!

Happy the money, happy the banks, bankers, cards,
Face book, social media in elation!
Happy the bread, happy the brook, book, pen, cloth,
house and happy every nation!
Happy the poem, happy the discussion, argument,
essence and happy every notion!
Happy the poet, happy the child, mother, cradle,
world, verse, universe in emotion!

Happy Modi, happy Trump, happy Putin, and all
other leaders in summits of promotion!
Happy, all shall be happy, if children of Syria, Africa,
and every country gets protection!
Happy colors, happy songs, happy fun and frolic,
happy peace and serenity proliferation!
(Happy Holi to all who believe in miracles; positive
Zen and happy Love in every station)

* * * * *

96. Holy Holi! Colorful Holi! O Holi Holi!

In the shade of the flame of the forest we dry
palash, hibiscus, red sandal wood,
Maddar, radish, pomegranate, a little bit of turmeric
here and saffron there so good,
The colors of red and orange with the brightness of
yellow gold and fragrance,
Our emotions of joy and love reflected in the
enchancing colors of ebullient radiance!

In the shade of gulmohur tree we dry the leaves of
mehendi and gulmohur,
We pound the turmeric tubers into powder and add
the green chickpea flour,
Marigold, chrysanthemums, amaltas and bael fruit
for shades of yellow and green,
The verdant colours of nature that creates harmony
and affluence in the mind screen!

Indigo, blue hibiscus, jacaranda, berries and grapes
to give mystic blue hue,
Beet root for majenta and purple, dried tea leaves
or clay for fine brownish view,
Gooseberries, charcoal and grapes to produce
black background preview,
All these natural ingredients they fly together in Holi
flames and holy dew!

When Nature rejoices in vivid colors; Love flows
allover in burning desire impure,
Then our ignorance is burnt in the bonfires of Holi,
we become holy and pure!

* * * * *

97. Some bathtubs of suicide!

In the autumn tower of fame where every wrinkle
on a star's neck and face,
Rides on nightmares on the withered memory
streets of life's rough race,
Botax injections, rhinoplasty, face lifting surgeries
fail to bring back lost beauty,
O Mirror on the wall! Where has gone those days of
spring neglecting their duty?

A cocktail of emotions, an array of drugged
illusions, a tsunami of depression,
A tune of solitude tears the masks of a lone woman
searching for permission,
To live in a world of glitterati with a child trapped in
a woman's body in frigid relation,
All become whirlpools in a bath tub with showers
raining hidden tears in isolation,

Tolly, Bolly, and Hollywood all woods were infested
of snakes with celebrityhoods,
Innocent stars when they travel in blue sky woods
on casting couches and goods,
The traded beauty and body into money is
piecemeal devoured by your trusted ones,
A star needs a moon, and who trapped whom is in
speculative and riddle zones!

We remember their pristine beauty that burnt our
hearts on the illusive screen!
They remember their pristine beauty that burnt their
bodies on the reality spleen!!

* * * * *

98. Book Burners - Tomecide Runners!

Prophet Jeremiah dictated and Neriah inscribed but
king Jeholakim burnt
A part of the scroll, says Tanakh- Hebrew Bible in its
narrative page count;
Qin Shi Huang buried the scholars alive and burnt
the books to sharpen his brunt,
Buried Hundred schools of thought, and four
hundred and sixty scholars account!

Book burning is a rude way of suppressing heretics
and public dissension,
Under the umbrella of new thought or old tradition
it is the strong man's perception,
Constantine the Great issued an edict to burn all the
works of Arius, later in Spain,
The burning of the Libraries of Alexandria and in
Baghdad all with rage and disdain!

Alexanders, Caesars, Conquistadors, despots,
Caliphs and zealot priests,
In their sunny times burnt others' views as
superfluous and of beasts,
From US library of congress, to humiliate the
Americans, the British burnt books;
Anthony Comstock, Nazis and many regimes burnt
books that contradicted their nooks,

Virgil, Kafka, Emily Dickinson they wrote their will
to burn their books and letters,
But books and knowledge survive in spite of these
hurdles; fly free out of the fetters!

* * * * *

99. One Monkey in Twelve Houses!

I like any monkey because it has hidden in it, key as
well as money!
Most of my friends are like that species sans tail, in
search of honey!
They say I am the leader of the gang so all their skills
they attribute to my training!
All this monkeying came to halt on that day she
entered our area like lightning!

In our colony we have seven lanes with twelve
houses, each one with five floors,
named gold, water, wood, earth, and fire and people
live there with the traits
Of rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, Dragon, Snake, horse, goat,
monkey, rooster dog and pig;
Even the day starts with rat and ends with pig, two
hours for each animal to play gig!

We know that every point has three sixty degrees like
our views and measures,
And the days in a year, plus five days; with one extra
leap every four years
A day with two twelve hour division with light and
darkness ruling joys and fears,
Every hour with five times twelve minutes, every
minute with similar division spheres,

Mind is a monkey jumps from one house to another
in search of pristine love;
In her divine light we lost all those borders of houses
and time explained above!

* * * * *

100. Wars with out killing!

And Arjuna took his Gandeeva bow and bowed to
the most powerful goddess,
He took an arrow from his quiver, applied it on his
bow, chanted the mantra to possess,
Released it onto the army of kauravas who were so
far looking at a bisexual warrior,
Chasing an youngman running away from the field
of war in fear, seeing the barrier,

The timid one was prince Uttarakumara, the
brother of princess Uttara, lost his nerve,
The chasing man was Brihannala the dance teacher
as a charioteer, to serve,
Whole Kaurava army was in fits and peels of
laughter, saw the transformation queer,
The reversal, the charioteer became the warrior
and the timid prince a charioteer!

Now the grand old man looked at the teacher of the
both warring clans,
They calculated the days, yes, that's why the warrior
is showing his colors and plans,!
A few arrows from that lone warrior reached near
their feet like flowers,
That's the way of that great archer Arjuna to the
respected elders and teachers!

The dance teacher promised his disciple the fine cloth
pieces that flutter on the enemy headgears,
He released the sammohana-astra, lulled the whole army in
to sleep, the first ever war, killing no enemy warriors!

* * * * *

101. The cataracts of disaster!

Never in the field of human conflict the reality eyes
are openly deceived,
By the peace coated wars with arms and
ammunition secretly conceived,
Every inch of the world is covered by the nations'
flags and blue sky is concealed,
New weapons and gadgets are targeted at the
religion borders and the fate is sealed!

Soon we will see the reigning Emperors of
economic worlds with their remotes,
Walking on the emaciated bellies of under
developed countries the upturned boats,
A handful of persons with keys and codes to keep
the world's money in their pockets,
Rest of the billions live and die with their credit
cards of life sequestered in packets!

I see a few sages of coming age reciting old pages
of tranquility and love,
They will be crucified to a robotic cross and
transported to planets high above!
I see the zombies of human descent being
controlled by the advanced robots,
Where humanity is reduced to servitude under
humanoid whips and reboots!

'History repeats itself'- we humans always come
full circle in our impermanent lives!
In the cataracts of disaster we script our own death
sentences in illusive high fives!

* * * * *

102. I feel it all the time!

- "You left a huge hole in my heart" - you said it
making a still bigger one in mine,
I feel it always as a sinking feeling of torrid
emptiness that is a greater landmine!
The whispers were drenched in tears and we
drifted towards our shores undefine,
My eyelids carry your image and in every blink I am
hit by your smiles so pristine!

Come, o dear! I carry my shoes on the empty
streets of passions in sleep,
The frozen thoughts carry my time coffin into the
realms of darkness deep,
The body flowers a grave asking me to fill it with the
tears of our died hope creep,
The music is sick and melancholic that buries
raptures of past in valley steep!

The familiar touch of your locks they do lock me in
their black curly castles,
When two tender cheeks press one another
somewhere volcanoes stir hassles,
We searched for our wayward lips that are stealing
letters of love in nectar tales,
Our tongues spoke common language and eyes
smiled in gained mileage sales!

- "You left a huge emptiness in my heart" - you said
making a still bigger one in mine,
I feel it all the time as a sinking feeling with total
emptiness occupying mine and thine!

* * * * *

103. The kiss of Bilqis!

I would like to be king Solomon to dream about
spices and balsam scent,
I can be a hoopoe bird to carry messages to and fro
to a land of ancient!
I can be a builder of a temple to the Highest one to
keep the ark of covenant!
I could be Asmodeus in the disguise of Solomon to
allow idolatry permanent!

While I was looking at your wisdom, you lost your
looks in my hairy legs!
O Solomon! From the land of oases I came, you
have your tricks packed in dregs!
I have a few riddles you can answer to be worth of
my mentor and guide in rigs,
O king! Our land of Ethiopia awaits for the sons of
lion to be the heirs of our pegs!

I would like to be king Solomon to conquer the
mines of gold and diamonds,
The more spices she bring the more spicy is she to
serve her spicy almonds,
O queen of Sheba! If you touch anything in my
room without my permission,
You owe me a favour that cannot be refused, thirst
for thirst shall be the mission!

In that longing night king Solomon was hungry and
very thirsty was the queen!
When both were hissing Solomon lost himself in
the kiss of Bilqis seen and unseen!

* * * * *

104. To look at you as you look at me!

Impossible! You preserve the depth of the seven
seas in twin lakes and to fathom,,
I become a lone cloud and rain to get immersed
and try to reach the bottom,
Can I understand you at any point of time? I try to
decipher your wisdom and charm,
In bivalves you imprint your codes on pearls and the
branches of coral farm!

How can you issue the colors of Aurora Borelias in
the enchanting lands,
That dance on your lips whispering such sweet
resonances of weaving strands?
I become an array of snow flakes and swim in those
mysterious showers and bands,
And measure your mysterious beauty in the
recesses of color and glistening sands!

When did you get that moonlight and vines of
lightning trapped in your smiles,
That illuminate the thorny paths in my dark thought
parks to wipe out my sin styles?
I become billion fireflies and scatter myself allover
but fail to gauze your light details,
You are the sun, moon and stars the celestial lamps,
from you I started my life's trials!

In the false mirrors I aggrandize myself like a Titan
and look at you in scorn!
With mercy when you look at me I look at you and
shrink to be an ear of corn!

* * * * *

105. The Phone Rings!

When you are in an alien land not knowing the
spiders and their webs,
When you are in a hot desert not knowing the
oases and scorpion blebs,
When you are in the midst of storm's eye not
knowing the iceberg hubs,
When you are at the mouth of a sleeping volcano
that suddenly need grubs,

An unknown fear rubs your senses heavy and you
react in fright or flight!
In the jungles of Amazon drosilas and nepenthes
smothers you in fight!
Bullet whizzes past like a police car in the hunt of
robbers in the worst heist!
You search for cover when warplanes fly overhead
and town sirens cry beast!

From that day dream you woke up with a sudden
jolt and look at the phone!
It stopped so you decide to wait for the second ring
from the reception zone!
The host may be calling for our schedule to have
the new shoot with drone,
May be we guests go wander in the gullets of a city
known for its vivid tone!

Then the phone rang like the symphony of the
moonlight sonata of Beethoven!
I picked up the phone and it still rings 'quasi una
fantasia'; in my heart oven!

* * * * *

106. Writing first love letter!

And there are scores of other girls and you fall in
love with her, why?
Because she smiled with compassion and greeted
you in wordless shy?
Then your whole body becomes a heart in flutter
and you fly sky high!
From then you have your eyes only for her and your
winged dreams fly!

When a few days she is not present you search for
her all corners of classroom,
Then your heart sinks to a new bottom and you
don't know what to do in that gloom!
When she returns like an iris you smile at her with
lowered eyes without knowing,
But she doesn't seem to bother your sheer
existence and your tears go rolling!

And you try to avoid her, submitting yourself to
immense torture,
In a cat and mouse game you see her everywhere
like a flash picture,
Ridiculous! You think, I don't care whether she likes
me or not, no ill will I nurture!
And on her birthday she comes like a most beautiful
nymph, a living sculpture!

You avoid her and under a champak tree you write
the first love letter with tears,
Then you hear a burning kiss planted on your
cheeks, snatching away your letters!

* * * * *

107. I shot my happiness on your Camera lens!

When my dreams were capturing you in their
 electric smiles you painted
A love letter to me, then I lost my steps of loneliness
 and half fainted
I look at your piano steps that dance to the strings of
 guitar on waves deep,
The heart balloons took me into the clouds of joy
 and I sang the iris to sleep!

It rains thunder and blitzkrieg in emotional seas on
 rolling passion transits,
The transplanted kisses grew like bank accounts
 with ever added deposits,
Every hiss you scorched me glows like lava fire that
 burnt my lips of desire in bits,
The nascent fragrances of your nearness, I realized
 as my life's preserved habits!

The images you sketched on my life's canvas imbue
 myriad water villas,
When they threw hailstones I run from cloud to
 cloud in search of umbrellas,
You come like a tornado suck everything in and
 create havoc on my rose flowers,
I look at you through tear-falls and you threw me
 into fire to forge young lovers!

On the way to innocence I proposed my first love to
 you with a red rose!
With your candid camera I shot my happiness hung
 on to me very close!

* * * * *

108. The counts with blank accounts!

And we have scams more than secret cams and intercoms,
The pantheon of gods have started using skype nets and webcams,
The famous bard Narada is on red mirchi FM and Netflix dot coms,
Lord Kubera opened blank accounts in his Ether gas bank on all gods' names!

The romantic lord Indra sends whatsapp messages to mrs Ahalya and all,
Rambha, Urvasi and Tilottama twitter to the Big Boss for favours and night call!
Menaka befriended Viswamitra on Face book and they had a lovely girl!
Nala and Bhima opened their restaurant chains all over the world in whirl!

Biscuit kings, kingfishers, diamond modis make banks look like their pockets,
The guardians of people's money make holes to the system to fill their packets!
The investigating agencies sleep on the files and cases die slow death in rackets,
A few rats speak like democrats and the rest gnaw the republic cans in markets!

With billion rupees in their chest when rich thieves fly to safety foreign shores,
Commoners stand up in queues for hours to get a fistful of rupees for daily chores!

(Is it not the time we demand the rulers for strict corrective measures?
Otherwise our lifetime earnings will pay some crook's vicarious pleasures!)

* * * * *

109. Don't steal my streets!

I saw you on that day feeding stray cats, I thought,
but they are memories,
I asked you a loan of few smiles, and you gave me
the whole treasuries!
I painted my tears of joy with your delicate
whisperings, I scripted stories,
I saved the hurts and wounds of life in the depths of
my eyes in all vagaries!

Come! Those are the windows you peeped into my
life's clouds and rainbows,
Leave me the fragrance of your visits and let me be
immersed as the light glows,
The immense hole you left in my heart every
moment it grows and grows,
I have no doors to close the gaps and thread to
stitch the shadows in rows!

In these gardens of love we wandered with
butterflies and honeybees,
In these waves of breeze we left our foot prints of
time on wild geese,
In these petals of rose, lilies and orchids we left the
imprints of our kisses,
In these groves of palm, banana and mango we had
our hits and misses!

Now you wish to go away to a city far beyond
compass measures!
Don't steal my streets, o dear, that sheltered our
immense tears treasures!

* * * * *

110. Bank Bucca-Neerava Modies!

In the unaudited carelessness of banking dark
sectors, some desperadoes,
Drop smoked and fried wild boar meat on spit to a
few greedy watch dogs;
These three headed Cerberus dogs go silent while
the robbers loot and logs,
The boucanes eaters of corsairs prey over the
banking security holes and rodeos!

The Poland polish still shining on his forehead he
became a diamond seller,
From that time onwards he was riding on a Punjab
National Bank horse thriller!
Like me and you, apply for a small loan the banks
show us stars small and bigger,
But how they lick and chew on jerked meat to let
the brethren of the coast go mugger?

With the loot the buccaneers rent the faces and
necks of Chopra, Kate and Rosie,
They climb up the charts of Christie's and Sotheby's
and the list of Forbes very easy!
These privateers preach liberty, equality and
fraternity: no prey no pay,- no dig,
When caught the political connections they used to
avoid- 'dancing the hempen jig'-

We walked long queues before the bank counters
with belief in one N. Modi!
While another N.Modi was looting millions and
singing songs at casinos in 3-D!

* * * * *

111. On Hunter Road in Winter Cold!

There they placed wreaths of lilacs and roses wet
with tears,
They wore black dresses to announce the night
journey fears,
Then the man with a grave face read a few stanzas
in moral spheres,
Those who came remembered the virtues of the
departed soul in his years!

The soul heard the soothing praises and was
wonderstruck!
When it was in the body they never whispered that
sort of talk!
For a moment it thought it must be some body's
body not its own rack,
So it looked into the box covered with fresh linen
and shining white pack!

Yes! It recognised its own face and enetered
through the nose!
It is easy to go in the same way that one makes exit
from the house,
After a few rattles the body moved and it was a
sensational news!
Doctors who declared it dead said it is a miracle, as
per Echo views!

The speakers and guests who ran away from the
scene came back trembling,
Many said -' Now we can collect all our loans he
lost on women and gambling!

* * * * *

112. The umbrellas that rain!

In the thought storm with sound and fury I enclosed
myself in a page warm,
I closed the doors of virtues, windows of sins and
stayed out of harm,
Like a rush wind you knocked my door and I did
look through the peep-hole,
Why you come in odd hours like that sail in
turbulence tells your story whole!

When I opened the door you caressed me like a
gale and I was chilled,
We closed the doors and sat side by side in front of
hearth so thrilled,
Sipping hot chocolate while drinking one another is
a sport, fun filled,
But when I see you bite your lower lip I feel a storm
in blood rise spilled,

When our slow breaths suffocate us in wild hisses
what can our arms do?
When our fast beats gallop on heart hill what can
our trembling legs do?
When our tingled nerves discharge high voltage
what can our tender lips do?
When our excited bodies ask for collision what can
our silly inhibitions do?

When love enters a stormy room it further
aggravates the secretion and sweat rain,
For love is an umbrella that rains inside and binds
two souls in pure ecstasy train!

* * * * *

113. Mummy, Mummy, give me a gun or a hug!

Mom! O Dad! Me going to school! Give me a hug!
It can cover me smug! And protects me from bug!

Mummy! They are sowing bullets in garden classes,
We find green grass gleaming grenades on mosses;
Trees whistle siren sounds, drop bombs gasses;
What they sowed, we reap in guns arsenal masses;

Mom! O Dad! Me going to school! Give me a kiss!
It covers me with bliss! And aborts snake's hiss!

Our books and games spill blood in their letters;
Every image and detail thrills us in rage twitters;
We play knockouts; practice martial arts, in fetters;
We watch cartoons, adult movies in closed shutters;

Mom! O Dad! Me going to school! Give me a few tears!
I can carry them in my lunch box! And I can jump fears!

They have come up with new dragon guns!
They give licenses and train us in fast slogans!
They fill our little brains with commerce gains!
They teach us codes and drills, allow gun trains;

Mom! O Dad! Me going to school! Give me high five!
If I come back give me hug, kiss, tears! If not say good-bye!

* * * * *

114. To my valentine

When I was counting your smiles, o white moon,
you asked me to count tears!
When I was measuring your anger, o red moon, you
asked me to measure its roots!
When I was thinking your sexuality, o orange moon,
you asked me to think passions!
When I was wondering in your wisdom, o yellow
moon, you asked me to see my ego!
When I was feeling your love, o green moon, you
asked me to search my jealousy grow!

When I was looking at your spirituality, o blue moon,
you asked me to look at the purity!
When I was pondering on unseen, o purple moon,
you asked me to wander in reality!
When I was imaging divine, o violet moon, you
asked me to imagine divine inspiration!
When I was groping in dark, o black moon, you
asked me to fight the demons of fear notion!
When I was spinning the wheel of love, o valentine,
you hissed all day to kiss me in the night!

When I was searching for you in dreams, o lover's
moon, you asked me to catch you with a net,
When I was longing for your attention, o poet's moon,
you asked me to find you in this sonnet!!

* * * * *

115. Before the road my footsteps old....

Those maroon robes, crown of thorns, scourging
whips and bleeding cross,
I like your way of impaling me, stabbing my side and
dumping me in a cave across!
I was silent when you played lots for my blood wet
torn clothes not so precious!
I cried when you all were sleeping when I wanted
you to be awake and cautious!

Who knows whom when death smiles on your own
face o dear john and Peter?
Can you plant trees of light by the side of a road yet
to be laid with mercy water?
Like the bread and wine we divided and shared
people bred divisions wide and far!
I was on the Road to Emmaus but doubting
Thomases looked for wounds and scar!

The road to the most High is laid with the flagstones
of compassion, mercy and love vitrified,
But why people waylaid innocents in the dark corridors
of discrimination and borders unsanctified?
Awake! Arise! The dark creatures lurked in the
creeks of human greed are working overtime!
The road that followed my footsteps is now tampered
with landmines of human follies dozen a dime!

In gospels and fables you are looking for spells and
miracles and forgot my work codified!
The largest monuments do they give cover better
than the sky under which I was crucified?

* * * * *

116. Before you come in.....

Before you come in, don't forget to knock the door
with your memory tweet,
My heart is throbbing in silence, awaiting your gentle
touch of magic treat,
It has forgotten its own rhythm and is moving in
tandem with your heart beat,
Any delay in your arrival causes panic in the
premises of serenity so sweet!

Before you rub my falling pulse with incense of your
innocence, please close the door,
You combed the bumpy distance between us with
your presence of warm score!
You tuned my mind keyboard into singing poems of
eternal love in its primal sense!
You anointed my body with the perfume of divine
thoughts and memories of past tense!

In those dark corners of thought prisons, too many
echoes collided in haste,
The sleepy prisoners shook their bad dreams off and
shrieked in raw taste,
Fireflies clicked cameras like cats with cataract to
record the stuck cry in throat,
Neither day's command nor night's timid answer
could suppress that lovers' gloat!

Those lovers of convenience are scripting latent
promises on sand and water slates,
The owls and nocturnal wanderers shook their
heads in sheer disbelief states!
Love, love, infinite, selfless love-' the lovers growled
in opposite predicaments,
You go this way and me that way; we can meet
somewhere to start arguments!

The blind philosophers gathered around the elephant
of love and painted the form,
The deaf mathematicians calculated the weight of
love; fell short of zeroes in sum,
The dumb astrologers imagined the Venus of love in
a planet, with predictions drum!
The limping medicine men concocted potions to net
the elusive love in its charm!

Before you go, please close the window, the sea
breeze and moonlight may envy me!
While I dream about you, all the stars twinkle and
the lone night is my arch-enemy!
The fragrance of your stay and the presence of your
left behind shadow sing a lullaby,
I try to collect your memories into my forgotten
pockets and look for the final good-bye!

The poets, painters, sculptors, engineers, scribes,
musicians described love as they saw fit!
But when two charged bodies collide like lightning
what words, echoes, colors can describe it?
Before you come in, please knock the door, inside
I am stitching our memories together!
Before you go, close the windows too, the outside
world is anxious to see how we suffer!

* * * * *

117. In the empty nest of west....

Your with drawl into your night rest o sun! brought
purple tears on dark hooves,
My twin oceans are full and dusky red overflowing
with emotional waves,
All my stars were blinking and planets were
wandering in dizzy orbits of heavens,
I bury myself in the night blanket of memories trying
to count sleep sleeves!

Without you the crescent moon is looking like the
sickle of the last cavalier,
All the million memories are flickering like fireflies
hovering on the night chandelier,
The crickets started whispering ringtones of ancient
bells in many a dilapidated altar!
All nocturnal creatures started sliding into the creeks
of midnight in search of fodder!

In the blue zodiac the goat is in the house of self, the
bull is looking for wealth,
The twins are on cell phone, the crab is side walking
in family garden in stealth,
The lion and cubs are seeking pleasure, the virgin is
conscious of beauty and health,
The spouse is measuring love in a libra, the scorpion
in a burrow is dreaming next birth

The archer is on his philosophical journey and the
capri croc is aspiring kingdom,
The aquaman is pouring friendship, the fish is in
troubled waters swimming to freedom!
In the empty nest of west now there is a new star
cajoled me into sleep,
I will wakeup tomorrow and in the warmth of your
rays o pink sun! into day I leap!

* * * * *

118. The Sun will come!

The moon, day by day is becoming thin
As though some desire vampire
Chewing it bit by bit!
The stars were in tears
Some jumped into the dark blue sea;
The albatross were flying low
Singing a song of loneliness
Along with the high tide
Molluscs were drumming under foam hide;
The sun was under mist
And some melancholy twist....

You can not kill me twice,
Your nearness always drowned me in joy
Me, with elation always flogged myself
To reach your door and mirror
Just to catch a glimpse of you
And levitate myself into the clouds of romance,
Where the music of planets
Remixed with your thunder and lightning
A new album of love
And life was a karaoke high above!

On that day you were wearing suspicion,
And you looked at me with slant vision,
Did you see any stranger you were never introduced?
You ignored the real me
And went on chasing the phantom
My tears and vows couldnot stop you,
The letters in the bookshelf are still fresh,
The photos, selfies, whispers and music
And this unbearable solitude,
The empty space in my heart,
Unbearable, o dear sun,....
These dark eerie clouds ...
This grave of silence...
Unbearable...
O sun!
Please come back!
Please!

* * * * *

119. The garden of words!

Here we sowed our fears, joys, pains, feelings,
passions and emotions,
Here we watered them with tears of grief and
happiness in profusions,
Here we supported them with tree guards, trellises,
fences of protections,
Here we waited them to flower, fruit, ripe and
become seeds in reflections.

And on the black-board of time we scribbled our
images in metaphors,
When our run has reached the end line we
embraced the ribbon that life offers.
Near the waterholes and old wells we fixed the
mirrors of memories on wheels,
And placed the treasures of failures and victories,
wounds and scars that heals,

And the garden grew into an image of open book
with letters blooming into sources,
Of knowledge of good and evil, love and hate, life
and death diverse energy forces,
Many times depression rains drenched us and we
were swayed in the stormy winds,
Many times thunders, lightning whispered to us, yet
the life giving rains soothed our minds.

In that garden of experiences, on the bench of
solitude, we sat in daydreams,
Our life looked like a simple open book, but we
found many to be deciphered code screams!

* * * * *

120. Do cultured pearls shine better?

Everyday I hear wrong ringtones soaked in jealousy
salt waters throwing mud,
And stones on random sky targets and indict others
for the boomerang thud;
These self-acclaimed slippery eels dream
themselves as the giant eagles and fall dud!
They profess borrowed theories from the graves and
anoint themselves with dead bud!

Many times they forage into the linguistic gardens of
others and complain
About the glamour grammar and route values they
never practiced in seas plain,
What mysteries of nature they know buried tight in
the holes of darkness for life,
Can a few eels make a sea complete in its
magnanimity and cut it with their tail knife?

From the oysters- moon pearl, from fish, conch,
bamboo, whale and elephant,
From cobra, boar, and the clouds appear most
precious pearls poetic and elegant!
The Akoya pearls, fresh-water pearls, the Tahitian
and South sea pearls of lore,
The mollusc injures herself and a pearl forms in soft
narc, layer by layer in core!

The accidental inclusion of an irritant initiates the
nucleus of pearl formation!
These every day irritant tones in fact are the nuclei
for real pearl poetry confirmation!

* * * * *

121. Those merciless words..

I miss you or I love you which of them you think is
more lethal?
What is your choice? Hemlock or flee the city? I prefer
to die withal,
Looking at your lovely image with hemlock or
lovelock doesn't matter!
But I stay here and drink your fine visage, as the
poison tastes better!

Is it asebeia-impiety against the gods of love or
corruption of our youth fire?
Why you test me handing over the baleful messages
in a cup of inflamed ire?
I mix my tears in those sentences and drink to your
health in the way of truth,
When as a persistent gadfly I bite the sluggish horse
of love you left me in wrath!

Do you wish me to worry about the debt of hisses
and misses of our escapades?
Or count the kisses and tresses that touched my
tender lips in serenades?
All those questions I raised before your conscience
proved me guilty in tirades,
With all my conscience I implore you to read my
tears and punish me in love parades!

I love you or I miss you which of them you think is
more lethal in love' s attack?
After the last drop of Hemlock what remains is the
remains of my love-lock!

* * * * *

122. Thou deaf and dumb war dark!

Thou deaf and dumb ugly mark, thou unholy man's
self-chosen spark,
Grand polity's plot scum, and poison of shattered wisdom ;
Vagabond of all devils, cradle of gruesome mayhem;
Thou worldwide web of kill, whose end is seen only
in dead park;

War, war! Opium of unlimited desire for power! I have
too dearly embraced,
Your fuming furnace of a forge that hones the sharp
sickle of a grim visage,
Paying price with lives of humankind, the endless
saga of hatred and sabotage!
After bathing in pools of blood your black face scorn
smoke and sulphur laced,

Too wrong, too oblong, poison and pestilence thou
brought,
With every slash wiping out a fist full of hopes and
tears in cruel drought,
Leaving behind pyramids of skulls and mass graves
with weapons wrought,
The bellows breath out snuffed candles at prime in
the trenches of joy sought,

Your kindness is in the killing and creating new
ballads that sing loud praises
Of your rebirth in the altars of peace where you fume
in ashes and smoke rises!

* * * * *

123. Why so regale and shine O resilient lover?

Why so regale and shine o resilient lover?
Prithee! why so healthy and hale?
Well, when looking dull you can't move her,
Looking in hills and dale till she prevail?
Prithee! tell me the whole tale?

Why the magic and spells o young winner?
Prithee! why so much sigil and whistle?
Well, chanting Helena in infinite do win her,
Or saying nothing changed her puzzle?
Prithee! why so cute she looked in that drizzle?

Quit not, quit not for any siren and go crazy,
O lover! This cannot keep her lazy,
If of herself she loves you, o boy,
She can make spells go destroy;
And you Paris will take her to Troy.

Why the judgment brought you a curse?
Why o prince! You preferred Venus?
If it is the Cupid's fault what is worse?
Your arrows can hit Achilles heel!
But can they repair any one bleeding heart and heal?

* * * * *

124. Rotten Poetomatoes in Critical Care!

In the recent literary fish and vegetable markets lots of
heat waste is generated,
Organic, plastic, metal, glass, paper, ash, sand and grit
poetry is being venerated,
Some critics in critical care demanded conversion of
waste poetry into Biogas,
They forgot they are the real starters of this solid liquid
quid pro gas states of bias!

Every ward in the literature city announces regular
awards to maintain customer stream,
Scratching the back is the age old pastime and little and
big fleas fight ad nauseam,
Mayans of Central America had a monthly ritual
ofgarbage burning as a rule prime,
Edwin Chadwick likes argued for the waste disposal
even in the poetry markets of rhyme and crime!

in literary fish markets tuna. catfish, can be wrapped
with our own poetry pages,
Salmon, mackerel, can be found along with flounder,
sardines, red herrings of ages.
You can see trouts, pollock and haddock touting for
certification to glow in yellow blazes,
Here are the admins with kale, spinach, carrot, broccoli,
Brussels and pea brain glazes!

Now, May be it is the season of rotten tomatoes slinging
mud on the fresh batch on bench!
They lie in critical care units with oxygen pipes in nostrils
and complain of their own stench!

* * * * *

125. The garland of tears!

Near the arrogant edge of my world I lost you in the
rustling leaves and whispering brooks,
The fragrance in the air and the smiling flowers kept
the way you walked with fresh looks,
Like a haunting shadow I walked on tiptoes lest you
may disappear in memories and echoes,
Your reflection on turbulent waters was conversing
with your tears in painful silence throes!

At the suspended rim of time, I wished to walk back
into the past to take back my swords,
The wall of my frozen lies was so thick my hot
repentance flames got frozen into words!
May be she was trying to forget my harsh voice on
impulse, or wiping out the arguments,
The call of my voice was so weak no leaf turned its
face towards me hushing my laments!

No more I can keep myself in this torture chamber of
agony scourging me every minute,
My tears now flow towards you as my voice and
signature tune of repentance of resolute!
I lit my tears in flames of love and go scorching the
icy walls I built with my hands and wait,
Forgive me and return to our book of Eden on the
boat of your mercy in the corridors of light!

My tears as letters filled the pages of my book of
remorse and I came to the last page,
The lost pages of love I kept them blank in the hope
one day she will come as a blaze,
I waited for ages with dwindling candle light in
sleepless nights expecting a knock anytime!
KNOCK! With trembling hands I opened the door,
I found a garland of tears smiling sublime!

* * * * *

126. In the shut prisons of love thought...

In those dark corners of thought prisons too many
echoes collided in haste,
The sleepy prisoners shook their bat dreams off and
shrieked in raw taste,
Fireflies clicked cameras like cats with cataract to
record the stuck cry in throat,
Neither day's command nor night's timid answer
could suppress that lovers' gloat!

Those lovers of convenience are scripting latent
promises on sand and water slates,
The owls and nocturnal wanderers shook their
heads in sheer disbelief states!
Love, love, infinite, selfless love-' the lovers growled
in opposite predicaments,
You go this way and me that way, we can meet
somewhere to start arguments!

The blind philosophers gathered around the elephant
of love and painted the form,
The deaf mathematicians calculated the weight of
love, fell short of zeroes in sum,
The dumb astrologers imagined the Venus of love in
a planet, with predictions awesome!
The limping medicine men concocted potions to net
the elusive love in its charm!

The poets, painters, sculptors, engineers, scribes,
musicians described love as they saw it!
But when two charged bodies collide like lightnings
What words, echoes, colours can describe it?

* * * * *

127. Your thumb impression on my recouping heart!

It was a harsh summer and the sand -storms blew
with thirst and high volt,
We fought like clouds in proximity generating many a
thunder and bolt!
In the frozen silence intervals we breathed out
hailstones on one another in quilt,
Then gushed the tearfall in torrents and waves that
cleansed the smudges of guilt!

Yes! I know my impatience was the major drought in
our cherished spring climate,
The burden of loneliness, the vicissitudes of harsh
dry desert air wilts me, o mate!
Your smiles of roses and lilies that danced in my
pupils are dodging me of-late!
Your whisperings into my heart heave under the
cobwebs of melancholic slate!

I wrote a poem on the water may be with colored
sand of carelessness,
May be I brandished my ego sword on your humility
shield too often in brashness,
The fables of our romance are still alive on the tree
trunks and beach rock carvings,
Under the starlit sky in a crescent lamp glow I fill my
pen with tears on my cravings!

I try to hold my failing heart till you come and revive
it with a pleasant shock!
Your thumb impression on my recouping heart
makes it alive and kick in love-stock!

* * * * *

128. I was trying to read your tears....

I was never successful reading your lips
They always burnt me with your enigmatic smile.
Often I wished to fly in your dreams
But I find that door locked and guarded all the while.

It was raining heavily your memories
I see a familiar lightning flashing over the cloudy zone
On my tin fragile roof of consciousness
Every moment of our togetherness is hitting like a hailstone

The painting is still wet
The colors bleed beyond the borders
The cyclone whipped tornadoes and whirlpools, yet,
My boat, in the eye of the storm, is wobbling
 amidst tsunami hoods

I wear the glasses of morals
They always gave me blurred vision and migraine!
Looking through my screen of tears
I am still trying to read your tears and decipher the pain!

* * * * *

129. The expressway of Emoji sway!

E- picture, moji- character of Japanese ideograms
and smileys in frenzy
Took the world by storm, when Shigetaka Kurita
created first expressive emoji!
Characters drawn in a grid of twelve by twelve pixels
now call our attention,
Faster than Maglev train or marauding missile in full
throttle towards destination!

Tweeting and texting in odd positions handling
smartphones and tabs,
Young and old decorate their messages now in
colour and code garbs!
The 'Face with tears of joy' topping the list, hearts in
colours roll in star dust,
Our selfies can be glyphed into emojis by Imoji App,
a full emoji movie is in the list!

In England, Thailand, Canada, and Brazil people
conversed with emojis of heart,
In India and America youngsters blew kisses to their
friends in pensive art!
Everyday five billion emojis fly as winged letters of
emotions in social media Mart!
Most of the commonly used emoticons tell the
dazzling stories of love in a way smart!

Now Emoji is a word in Oxford dictionary, and July
17 is the World Emoji Day,
Let's say three cheers to the new fad that took us by
surprise in surrealistic stay!

* * * * *

130. Red Bulls and Monster Bears.....

When coca leaves and Kola nuts collided together
born as a patent medicine,
John Pemberton's five cents French wine coca,
became the world's second sin!
Keating Daeng of Thai got westernized as Red Bull in
glass houses of youthful spin,
Flying on caffeine wings six billion cans a year played
win to Dietrich and Chaleo twin!

Monster 'm' became the controversial symbol of vavs
of three Hebrew sixes,
More popularity in the scintillating bars the Satanic
drink danced with caffeine excess!
To camouflage alcoholic shots young boys and girls
add caffeinated cool drinks,
Increased anxiety may release severe panic attacks,
to do harm in social rinks!

'To drink or not to drink'- is as silly as the statement
on cigar boxes
'Smoking is injurious to health'- as nobody is sure of
long life that taxes,
People now prefer carpe diem of living for today in
the embrace of drugs
And alcoholic detrimental magic to sleep, perchance
to scream, ah that bugs!

Do we invite insomnia and angina as our future
partners to dwell in vale of tears?
Our short time flirting with energy monsters takes us
for a ride in unhealthy spheres!

* * * * *

131. How to conduct a symphony in the poetree garden.....

A beautiful garden I say with ego bigger than the
controversial trees in Eden,
An ensemble of bards from different lands gathered
to twitter or talk golden,
What a scene it is! Vivid colour emotions and
expressions with vivisecting vision,
No pandemonium only harmonium, various fine
tongues with one single mission!

You follow Toscanini or Furtwangler that's up to you,
but essential is the team effort!
Italianate Toscanini with his long and large baton
created clear beats that's his fort!
German Furtwangler liked a more rounded sound to
give all round attention and effect!
Two other maestros, Karazon with fixed feet
contrasted with Bernstein's climax jump feat!

Oh! Our harpsichordist the first violinist is violent,
already broken three strings!
The violin violets, pansies, asters, double bass of
string section pulled up their hamstrings!
See! The woodwinds like the woodpeckers are
wounding the flutes and clarinets for clarity!
Our brass is top brass with horns and trumpets, our
percussionists double handle the sonority!

With this orchestra in the foreground we bards wish
to sing our creations or hoarse oration!
God save the maestro conductor! His downbeat is
out of cue, beat and tempo in reparation,
Dynamics of economics in crescendo and
diminuendo, the baton, the sniff articulation,
The staccato and legato ends cutoff to facial winks
and grimaces it is the cosmic sensation!

O Wagner! O Beethoven! OBrahms! O Mahler! Look
at me and my Homer to today's dreamer!
The tambourine, flute and cymbals to modern day
senseble the orchestra grew in number!
O Maazel! O Davis! O Gergiev! O Reiner! O Dudamel!
O Berlioz! O Stokowski! O Sir Rattle!
Shower me your blessings! Let your baton be my
protective shield in my next battle!

* * * * *

132. A new monk on love blank!

Under a grey agony tree raining tears I was
 meditating about universal love,
Sky was roofed with clouds of dust and pungent
 smoke of burnt olive and dove,
En route to planets and Sun, man is sending
 messages of SOS to Allen's cove,
Mother earth is suffering from excesses of human
 detonation below and above!

Yesterday you sowed bullets and corpses in blood
 wet lands and sprinkled
Hate manure coated with religious brine and
 shouted slogans in favour of the killed!
All the atomic missiles of Trump or Kim or Putin kept
 in inboxes of nightmare spilled,
As the eagles, bears, owls and dragons are bullish in
 shock markets of war well drilled!

Half of the earth is charred dark under the scorching
 flames of hunger,
The rest of the world is reeling under the stress and
 strain of religious anger,
No one's emotions and tears are safe and the
 selfishness is incorporated in genes,
Selling love and peace in branded marts big brothers
 are now acting big geniies!

Let this be a day of surrogate happiness and love
 since we are infertile of our own!
The muses on this amusing day can sing fine
 lullabies in favour of peace unknown!

(There will always be the horizon of hope where the
 blue sky kisses the verdant earth,
Where humans behave like angels in the borderless
 fields and wander in endless mirth!)

* * * * *

133. Happy be happy O happiness!

Happy the dawn, and happy the sun,
Happy the birds twittering near horizon!
Happy the moon, and happy the stars in their constellation!
Happy the beasts that quenched their thirst and
hunger in jubilation!

Happy the air, happy the fire, the sky, the water and
the earth sans pollution!
Happy the fish, happy the metal, wood, yin and yong
in their conservation!
Happy the white, happy the black and red of the
colours of discrimination!
Happy the souls, happy the spirits that fly high and
low in celebration!

Happy the money lender, happy the arm dealer,
money hoarder and politician,
Happy the brotherhood, happy o peace, unity, love,
mercy and compassion!
Happy the voter, happy the tiller, worker, refugee,
soldier, and border protection!
Happy the devotee, happy the God, the lesser gods,
their security men in motion!

Happy who can announce today he is happy in
whirlpool inflation!
Happy who can believe he is secure and sleeps well
without persecution!
Happy who practice peace and affection in the alleys
of conflict decimation!
Happy who is cool and sane inspite of GST,
demonetization and property declaration!

Happy the money, happy the banks, cards, Facebook,
social media in elation!

Happy the bread, happy the brook, book, pen, cloth,
house and every nation!

Happy the poem, happy the discussion, argument,
essence and every notion!

Happy the poet, happy the child, mother, cradle,
world, verse, universe in emotion!

(Happy happy new year to all who believe
in miracles and positive zen promotion)

* * * * *

134. The new flight order!

Where there is no border fence between the last
year's sad departure,
And the new year's happy arrival, the whole world
gets up and toasts in rapture!
Internet gets choked with gifs and messages, bars
and temples restructure
Their clients in long queues and lots of holy water
enters the gullets without stricture!

On the dot, the populace wishes everyone a happy
and prosperous new year,
From the wakeup call onwards people as usual play
their roles of Shylock and swear!
All the cheerful wishes gets diluted at the dawn and
the selfish world sells humanity at altar,
Here and there last year arms and bullets hug the
victims and tears sink in bitumen and tar!

Commercial multinationals codify basic necessities
and open scar centers,
Human zombies compete with intelligent robots and
lose their virile winters,
Big brothers pray at wailing walls and prey at holy
Jerusalem creating borders,
Refugees, militants, poor and miserable try to cross
the lines and die as hoarders!

I dream this night about a borderless flight where
love and peace are the boarders,
Along with mercy and compassion, humanity travelling
into the happy prosperous future years!

* * * * *

135. O Cloudless Rain!

And my eyelids were hiding two great lakes of tears
overflowing the agony fence,
When you were in pain, why you shut yourself
behind the forests of silence?
O dear Sun! I was in a torture chamber's pressure
volcano screaming in hot steam,
My heart sighed and exploded in flames, tears rolled
on my cheeks like lava stream!

Tears, gentle tears, Tears tender tears! Tears flaming
tears, Tears scorching tears!
I know not why they come and when they appear
I look like a lone child in fears!
Some invisible hand must be squeezing my heart to
chaotic suffocation,
The feeling of sinking deep into the abyss of an
uncharted destination,

It crushes the will power, so I avoid looking at you
through the screen of tears
Biting my lips I force myself helplessly into a corner
of solitude till it shears
All my protective gear of confidence and I slowly
became a lump of despair,
O dear! Why my heart gets missed beats so often
and you were not here to repair!

Tears agile tears, Tears fragile tears! Tears frozen
tears, Tears burnt out tears!
I always saw Sun shining a little bit crazy in the alleys
of blue meadow spheres,
Mornings in pink, hot and bright at noon and golden
yellow with red glow
In the evenings before going to bedroom in the night
palace, tired and slow!

Now the birds don't sing, crickets went on strike,
stars and thin moon go blink!
Drowned in thy memories I rerun every moment of
our happy days of joy link,
But this sudden eclipse brought me on to the verge
of melancholy window!
From the hidden lakes flow purple tears calling upon
your mercy in voice crescendo!

* * * * *

136. Mystic Quest!

I was half asleep in the newfound land
and the world is cozy in the warm arms of mother night
I heard a throbbing distinct call from far away distance
My heart sank into its melancholic depth
It looked like a cry of a pernicious quest
Of a lone lover crying for her estranged beloved
The screeching voice began creeping into the nooks
and corners of my being
Dark clouds of doubts and fears
Suspiciously sneaky tremors
Melancholic and dolorous murmurs
Heavily laden with damp dreariness in dark
Settling into tree tops of thought mirages
Sailing over black roofs of gory tombs
The suspicion grew stronger and stronger
Is that voice belongs to mine, Isn't it?

Mystery deepens as the night thickens
Cold icy bells of frozen leaves and thistles
Forge the fog and the bristles sound sad
Those wind mills of life stopped working

I let it shroud my emotions in straight jacket
I let it bury your memories in grave's deep pocket

The doubt mist in my inner hills ,
Wiped out my love in jealousy
Waiting in its rough folds
I searched for the methods to torture you
With tears in your eyes you disappeared
Like echo into these hills and dales
Now I hear my inner voice crying
as though it belongs to you and urging my merciless ego!

O dear! Don't wait till these mists to fade away into oblivion!
I am sorry I have ruined your precious tears
 with my flames of suspicion!
I am here in search of you in repentance
Catch the flight to my fancy land and come!
Drizzling hate spraying the haze and smoke all are no more
Come! Wipe the windshields of my life
Forgive me and stay on rainbow magic carpet of love station,
Cross the fog to this Neverland of your own creation!

30.12.2017

137. The demise of a device!

Its temperature went high, became very hot and dry,
and it blinked shy,
For two days and nights it played havoc with my
contact numbers to fly,
And suddenly went blank with a deep cry moaning
like a dog about to die!
In a fraction of a second I found myself cutoff from
my known world tie!

There the emergency cell doctor looked at me as
though I have murdered
My innocent wife or my girl friend, asked me
whether I have drowned
It carelessly in a pool of water or thrown aimlessly
with some contempt;
I gave him a lengthy explanation like a de novo
criminal with good attempt!

I told him that I took care of it more than my wife,
and provided evidences,
The lovely flip cover, the beautiful sticker of heart,
the glassy layer providences,
And moaned like a distraught lover, mean- while he
made his final diagnosis!
' Dear sir! With the repair bill you can have a new
girl friend with good prognosis! '-

So, with much difficulty I found its original box, in
that lovely coffin I laid her to rest,
I left a tear and a gentle kiss on it, closed the box and
put it carefully in my closet
In that graveyard, all my previous versions of elec-
tronic gadgets lie in deep slumber!
They flirt like our girl or boy friend leaving behind
short romances to remember!

* * * * *

138. Painting pain with tears and blood!

I stretched the skin canvas on to the stand board and
fixed it tight with nails,
I took the skull palette and filled it with my subtle
humors and emotional mails,
I dug deep and brought out the buried memory
skeletons layer after layers,
I enacted my life episodes with shades and shadows
of the long forgotten players!

I stocked the palette with fresh blood, blue serum,
greenish yellow bile grain,
Burnt sienna skin, large tube of reddish white heart
burn, rose pink brain,
Ultramarine liver and Alizarin Crimson spleen and
the brown vessel train,
With linseed salva "Liquin", turpentine flesh,
Turpenoid or Gamsol tears strain,

I prepared the brushes from hair, handles from hand
and feet bones,
Some nerves and tendons I stretched them for thin
and thick lines and tones,
Then I pulled my heart out and emptied my sorrows
on to the gesse canvas,
Well mixed with desired colors, I used my
experiences gas and struggles mass!

Then I pulled out my piercing pain from each of my
agonizing cell,
Pain- ted it as an abstract and varnished it to stay,
gnawing me like hell!

* * * * *

139. New temple in Karnataka Stands!

Now they removed the bullet that pierced a pen-
queen's heart,
And constructed a temple with the journals,
books a la carte,
In the sanctum sanctorum they installed that bullet
as the main deity,
O they everyday pour blood of scribes on that bullet
with much piety!

For emergency services they opened a blood bank in
that temple premises,
Whoever has news around their neck were free to
donate their fake promises,
And when those news are analyzed to the distaste of
fundamentalists,
They satisfy the bullet god with penguin blood and
round red one off the lists!

Who won the war? All the pen- pushers think they
have a typical case there!
The bullet - pushers too have the same idea and
conviction and wait in time square!
Malleshappa, Narendra! what happened to you?
What bullets you ate why and where?
If questioning a section reaps bullets how many
Gowris lose blood in the fear fair?

'Who comes next' is not the question? Letters
attracts bullets is the fact!
Sentences lead to sentences, but building a temple
to the bullets is the annoying act!

* * * * *

140. The sculptor and the stone!

When he was coming with his mallet and chisel,
level and chalk,
The stone melted like white snow in warm weather
and began to talk!
Come, my lover! Since ages I was sitting here
anxiously for a great knight,
To receive me in his visual brace and hone me into a
voluptuous beauty bright!

He looked at her with dignified passion and his heart
began to throb like windmill,
He did not see a mighty rock there but a whole past
coming vividly in tranquil,
The seven forts, the central temple, the four main
roads, the four gigantic arches,
The palaces, the majestic solitary hill, the serene lake
with lotuses and four watches,

Then he mumbled -' O My love! I dream your dream
and will recreate
The life as one and many a stream, here I pray and
play the creator great,
I will call upon His consort Mother Nature as my
model and redesign your theme,
And so he took his implements into his hands and
became a part of that dream!

Whenever I visit the places of lore and dream about
the sculptor and his dream,
Among these neglected ruins I become him and
walk desolately in a melancholic scream!

* * * * *

141. The stones and the shapes!

The difference is where I see amidst of thorn bushes
a big lethargic granite rock,
You see a great animal farm and humanoid creatures
with vivid emotional track!
Whenever I come back I see those images you
visualized were carved into a live park!
I always see you alone near a black granite stone
with your mallet and chisel spark!

With the same chisel and hands you honed you say
the God's image in holy ark!
But I go there to ask that silent image a few boons in
lieu of my prayers bark!
You smile at me and embrace me with your
compassionate looks and you wish
To introduce those rock images as though they were
living beings in a style lavish!

As usual I tried to impress you with my modern
gadgets and vocabulary!
I told you how I charge for each square feet of
construction of high rise gallery!
I showed you my creditworthiness and the black and
white assets I enjoy!
But somehow my own voice crackled in disbelief
about my life's convoy!

You spent your lifetime in creating a temple from
hard rocks with God's image in it,
Now I wish to remove that thousand years old ruins
and construct a theme park great!
Then I saw you in a dream with your mallet and
chisel sculpting that ancient world !
I realised why my constructions look dead while your
creation sparkles like your word!

* * * * *

142. The lamp that shows the right path!

Whenever the weight of the indiscipline chokes the
lungs of the Mother Earth,
Wherever the might of despots smothers the weak
with its poisonous breath,
Whatever the truthful sincere actions are ridiculed by
the unjust oppressive girth,
Whoever may be the ruler from that tearful fear
laden society happens a teacher's birth!

They come to this world to teach the skills of survival
even in the worst turmoil!
They unite the people and make them tread on the
right path that leads to Road Royal!
They show the dumb how fragile threads can be
woven into a rope formidable!
They remove the sharp stones and thorns on the way
to let people walk without trouble!

Odin, Zeus, Jupiter, Brihaspati, Sukra, Vasishtha,
Viswamitra, Drona, Sandeepani,
Lord Krishna, Moses, Buddha, Jina, Lao tzu,
Confucius, Jesus, Mohammad,
Plato, Aristotle, guru Gobind Singh, Ramana
maharshi, Shirdi Sai Baba, Marx,
Che Guevara, Rama krishna paramahansa,
Vivekananda to Radha Krishnan,

This world had wonderful teachers, who sculpted
the humanity, of the Muses times!
But in these days of cheaters, we bask in the past
glories and sing useless rhymes!

* * * * *

143. Moody at the demat!

Then all the nine new planets started hovering over
the cabinet sky!
Perform or perish is the spin that propels them up or
down in the axis high!
The security is now in women's hands so children
can sleep happily or sigh,
Who can do better job vociferously at last mile
delivery to enable the country fly!

From cleansing Ganges to cleansing drinking water is
a high drop aplomb,
In the rejig a fire-bomb tried to make more sound
than the Korean Kim- bomb!
A new helmsman is in-charge of the tracks and
compartments of moving tomb,
One doctor bashing Taekwondo now heads skill
development, entrepreneurship comb!

Is 'Make in India' slogan makes India to have nice
makeup of six-pack allover?
Can peace and development climb over the conflict
and confrontation tower?
If shame is the part of the furniture which house
looks dignified without veil or cover?
Unless the dirt is not cleansed properly who is crazy
or who is nut in game power?

In the legendary lazy land of sages, mystics rope
walkers and snake charmers,
Now and then a prestidigitator comes with a new
flute and illusive tune warmers,
Every body starts dancing in the magic land of
anticipation before banks and rivers,
When the show is over the applause reaches sky
while the poverty line shivers!

* * * * *

144. Open Sesame! Close Sesame!

Then the holy baba saw the formidable forty thieves
entering a secret cave,
Distinctly he heard their leader uttering -'Open
sesame '- with a voice grave!
When the thieves left the cave saying -'close
sesame'- holy baba became brave.
At the magic door he said- 'OPEN SESAME' - lo, the
door opened into an enclave!

Inside lol, what a sight to the starved eyes! All the
money after Modymonetization,
In packs and stacks was there in five hundred and
two thousand denomination!
There holy baba saw five holier than him deras and
decorated stages of nation!
And the insignia of resident thieves of a gullible
metaphysical mystic innovation!

With much ease holy baba recognised his spiritual
gurus and the masters of the art!
The Holi player bapu, the dancing diva Radha, the
shavasana sex swamy smart,
The human shielder sant Rampal and the one and
only rock star with Range Rover!
Holy baba! Holy baba! The cries were coming from
the forty rooms over and over!

By the time forty thieves came along with the
politicians they found the cave empty!
So, watch out! The thieves are in the look out of holy
baba in you, me humpty dumpty!

* * * * *

145. The boomerangs of the wrong blooms!

The new entrant first cried after its first deep breath
and connection cut!
Is it happy because of its new freedom? No! It groped
aimlessly in the new hut!
When it perceived its mother's heart beat near by
then it got relieved of tension heat!
Hunger supervened and its floating memories in the
womb shifted to the remote sheet!

Every living and non-living one has its own place,
space and purpose here on the earth!
Fusions and fissions of chain reactions move con-
tinuously from one step to next step!
All the seven stages may not be completed in this
volatile age of death wish attempt!
Man made mistakes made this earth a mad mad
mad world and people live in contempt!

Which one is more important? Alleviate hunger and
thirst or accumulate guns and bullets?
Which one is a dire necessity? Construct schools and
houses or ships and satellites?
Which one is our duty? Encourage fauna and flora or
devour everything in our perimeter?
Which one is our better perspective? Living in peace
and harmony or dying in war heater?

Dharmo rakshati rakshah! Our rights will protect us
in right manner in divine blessings!
Our wrongs boomerang and cripple us, in that self-
made horror winning is the Satan's innings!

* * * * *

146. I am a super genius highly misunderstood....

By my wife or husband that's what everyone thinks
and you are absolutely right!
You know perfectly clear that your partner snores
and you don't even in the worst night,
It is the divine gift how you solve problems of the
other one, how you maintain this house!
Often you wonder, what would have happened to
this idiot if you weren't the spouse?

Look at all the polymaths their tutelary deities are
genii, they make their persons unique,
By the time of the emperor Augustus, genius is
symbolic talent and inspiration specific!
They are different and suggest solutions in a flash like
lightning and ingenious at that!
Historiometry is filled with child prodigies and adult
achievers with a splash of bipolar hat!

Like El Greco or Hemingway you can declare -'Good
artists do not do like that,'-
But you have your own style and conception and
with a pinch of full moon effect!
Look at van Gogh, Tyson, Virginia Woolf, Nash Junior
and Ernest Hemingway!
If you don't find any similarity, ask a shrink to
elaborate on this topic straight away!

Yes! We are all da Vinci, Sappho, Mozart, Kant, or
Alberti's Renaissance man!
Like Galileo, al Beruni, Lomonosov, Howard Baker
you are misunderstood often!
Johannes Factotum you are not but master of many
arts and a gift to mankind!
Robert Greene referred this term-' jack of all trades'-
to Shakespeare, see his mind!

One day I am sure the whole world will honour you
high and then also don't worry,
If your spouse says how an idiot like you got this,
then also don't do any thing in a hurry!

* * * * *

147. Paper Tigers and Plastic Lions!

Happy to inform you that your creative gem deserves
platinum or gold
Or atleast silver! Because of Modi-monetisation and
GST, we are unable to hold
Our accounts not becoming cold! Such a
compassionate poet you are very bold,
And we request you to accept these digital honours
with a pinch of hot and cold!

Here in the burning heat of scorching summer and
frequent current cuts asymmetry,
and sweltering humidity, do you know how much
suicidal reading someone's poetry?
But we have distributed them to the branded goats
all over the Facebook poetic cemetery,
And they in between their forty winks select some of
the odes, apodes of poet geometry!

Now aha we count left legs and right hands and
announce that we have lakhs of poets,
Who are ready to bring peace to the world and a
possible nobell prize to me in duets!
With our invisible laser swords we decimate wars
and everywhere we install happy springs,
See! Already the world is like an imax theatre with
surrounding peace dolby sound strings!

In the virtual world of vicarious pleasures toy soldiers
to paper generals play symphony!
In the deserts of poetry distant oases and date palms
are mirages, all accolades are phoney!

* * * * *

148. And I'm Back!

So what? Not a single blade of grass moved its hair
even for a nano second!
The cat is still in its corner, the dog is snoring like its
owner, the cockcrow is around,
To doodle or not to doodle is its problem, the duck is
waddling its gait, the rosebud
And the thorn shine fresh in the watershed of dew
pearl line, the lark is the lazy bard!

Single verse I could not sing but the universe is
reciting its galaxial symphony
On the blue stage studded with fading asters and
fleeting clouds of euphony,
The way is clear for the day lamp posted on a single
wheeled chariot pulled by horses seven,
The planets went hiding to play hide and seek with
the instruments of muses nine!

I yawned my deep sleep out of my night and looked
for the benevolent snow fowl!
On the banks of Karnali river at Hilsa, the border
guards and the stray dogs howl!
The hanging bridge with its iron railings is cursing the
cold winds for their hugs foul!
Their razor sharp edges ran cutting through my
tender ear drums like the enemies scowl!

The memories are as fresh as the mountains
deflowered by the pilgrims callous nature!
My heart is still in the melting ice streams that looked
like the tear falls of the Mother Nature!

* * * * *

149. Snow is not ice!

All relationships Strophe and antistrophe with benign
and malignant emotional waves,
Like a pendulum in the grand old wall- clock
oscillating in the time- space lone caves!
When life's passion is frozen it needs to be thawed,
to journey into the time zones three!
From dugouts, kayaks, coracles, sail boats to motor
boats, bigships and submarines to free,

Free from what? To flee like fleas that smelt the melt
froth of fire from the Earth's chimney?
My spirit has ignited the life's sparks that fly like flies
towards the spilled over honey!
The boat is floating on the blue vastness above and
below with the sails of helplessness!
The bow and stern are bombarded by the
boomerangs of past wrongs of callousness!

Nine holes in that boat crave for sweet water! Water,
water, water, Everywhere!
Not a drop to think! Or drink! Escape! The Scylla and
Charybdis are ravenous there!
At the lower pole icecap looked like invincible toads
on ice, the head pole is like a tadpole,
In the vapours of water changing into tender
snowflakes jumping like frogs on a pole!

Our life is a coracle float with nine holes covered
with skin floating on icy sea,
A few snowflakes of happiness when shower we feel
the touch of God and love, you see!

* * * * *

150. Parenthesis

(Memoirs of a rebel with himself)

See, if you are born somewhere close to your
mistake that aches lifelong,
Here I mean in the day to day turmoils of North To
south pole all along
You are bound to have gobbled down fairly by the
crazy number of a sad song
Made of whole heat or refined sweat depending
upon which state you live along.

Four sides cornered like miniature squares or circles
in emotional tension,
Round angles rolled to tears of imperfection by
folklore saga of apprehension,
Smearred with unclarified doubts and honour killing
episodes of detention,
Rolled and re rolled with layers of fear and hate
mixed with heavy repulsion,

Made to sit on bridles turned upside down on
speeding horses suffused with revenge,
With episodes of mass mentality Mela and ferocity of
mutual hatred range,
With preparations for long journey in Luck now or
disaster later or otherwise in hinge,
O man! baked in mud, you are a tandoori version in
the ovens of reality binge!

Where can I feel the slices of heaven in this hell
suffrage that brought me to knees?
Stuffed with ego till my body burst on in its own
convolutions and cried like neighs,
Pride, callousness, wrath , sloth, gluttony ,greed, and
lust at their peaks of passion,
Crunched up into a clumsy snitch I crawled into the
burrows of open sin fashion!

With a lump of jagged truth and unrefined treachery
of unprecedented action,
Somewhere I missed the right corner, simply I
followed the instinct of false traction,
Their mental shield laced with carrion seeds and
cruelty bubbling a cauldron suction,
Mind goes mushy with the nostalgia from tiffin boxes
filled with timebombs in elocution,

Every day or on Sunday many innocents visit the
places of worship to converse with god!
Accompanied by children and spouse it is a festival
not ritual for most of them in that sod!
Dipped in rich dreamy thoughts they visit the
decorated image on altar or the child on rod!
Then why I go there like a hunchback of sorrow
crippled by the disasters of the mud mad?

Hypnotically love dragged me in to its fold with
invisible bonds of breath
Chocolate faced but cruel caste stuffed society put
shackles to my wreath
When fundamental comforts and rights die in the
iron fist of vicious wrath,
Eat them anyway, but rebel against the system to
establish new path and broth!
Remember ?

* * * * *

151. Pebbles and Pearls...

On the fixed grindstone you keep your beliefs and
past interactions,
The upper movable disc crushes them to the powder
of zero-sum situations,
The loud dissonance of raised voices and arms taste
blood and tears in profusion,
Once the grinding is on pebbles and pearls become
dust and there is no confusion!

Was it Heleñ's face that launched thousand ships or
the kings aggression thirst?
Was it Sita's abduction or the aryan intention of
making roads in the alien lands quest?
Was it the Cain's jealousy or the disagreement
between farmers and shepherds' modus?
Was it the Moses staff or the oppression by the
Pharaohs that brought about the Exodus?

Envy, contempt, pity and admiration are the factors
that boil under the skin,
The flesh and bones swell in sinister ideas of venge-
ful aggression for kith and kin,
The dishonour gale waters the hate seeds and the
poisonous tree hisses death resin,
Beliefs are Medusa's looks and hair snakes that stuns
the victims into stones of new sin!

When perspectives differ and aggression is the
modus operandi earth convolutes in fear!
When the sharp sickle of death approaches all wars
become dust and peace reigns forever!

* * * * *

152. Goost, gournbita, galmplan and garlix...

The secret of my allergy is goost and everyday I scratch
the back of the one
that scratched my back ad nauseam and ad infinitum
till I see blood and bone!
I don't drink or swallow garlix but I eat it! With our
galmplan my life is a duck song!
After eating and drinking these hellth foods I became
longer in one leg all along!

Now I suspect I am wiser in my worst half than my
bitter half and a quick catch!
All the gricket scampions drink our goods and let the
opponents win the match!
This is the certificate given by the geexpert and his
toddler son about our latest batch!
My son is now stronger than the bison and I am wiser
than the budweiser in the latch!

When God Odin took the mead a drop dropped on
our head and we mixed it in this food,
When Garuda carried amrit ambrosia it spilled on
our bread and we fixed it as very good,
King Arthur relished our goost and pulled the
Excalibur, Alexander cut the Gordian knot!
Superman, Spiderman, Heman, and Hanuman
became big because they drank our drink a lot!

So, o great mummies and duddies! Give your gids
our goods to make them sdronger!
The guture is theirs and you also can eat our allergy
drinks to live and lie longer!

* * * * *

153. A sharp spear needs no polish!

In iguana land every lizard looks at the rising sun in
warm anticipation!

The half dead volcano still breaths out hot fumes of
internal combustion!

The road to King Solomon's mines is riddled with
riddles of dread confusion,

Allan Quatermain, sir Henry, Good, Umbopa and
Hottentot we are all in our destination!

Then comes Twala, Scragga and the wicked Gagool
with her timeless tantras,

Good and bad fight to the finish in the blood soaked
land of accursed mantras!

We all eagerly enter the treasure chamber along with
H. Rider Haggard's fine yarn!

The cunning Gagool and the stunning Foulata leave
us spell bound in that dark cavern!

- 'Take them, run them through your fingers, eat of
them, hee! Hee! Drink of them!' -

The old hag's curse reverberates in that dark death
chamber of certain doom!

Seeing the diamonds we lose our wisdom and run
towards the death loom!

We become cats with nine lives running in the
asphyxiated labyrinths of time!

Our modern lives are the characters in the cryptic
tale of King Solomon's mines!
We all search for diamonds buried under the
mounds of our ancestors' complex minds!
Like Umbopa -Ignosi some gain the kingdom, Sir Henry
finds his brother in outlands,
Mr. Good loses lovely Foulata, you and me like
Quatermain lose and gain minds and diamonds!

Greediness, cruelty and falsehood needs witch
magic and camouflage to rule and anoint!
A sharp spears needs no polish to show off, like Truth
it speaks with edges and point!

* * * * *

154. Downward wombs and upward tombs!

When a seed sprouts and a plant grows buds and
blossoms a flower,
Birds, bees, breeze and whole Nature rejoices like a
happy cheerful lover!
But, when an accidental seed is sowed in human
wombs mothers live in terror!
A female baby is hunted from inner temple to grave,
embryo to old age in horror!

- 'Yatra naryastu pujiyante' - shines on paper like our
politicians' poor vision,
Practically fair sex is treated like a prepaid or post
paid penal provision!
Their education wealth and health are always a
secondary reluctant concern!
In the 'touch me not' - holy holed system caste casts
smell aparthied incern!

When the traffic stops at red-light zones tom and
dicks run to rest in rent rooms!
In the up and down rigours of flesh trade abuses and
tirades gush like stench brooms!
Wounds are wombs, mounds are tombs where
pricks dance on cadaveric looms!
What melancholic music they play with broken
strings dawdling on gloomy blooms?

Divorce, violence and silence, the weapons triple,
men uses on helpless fair sex!
When we forget the way we came, we abuse mother
nature and mothers like Oedipus Rex!

* * * * *

155. Dudd deaducation India Private Limited....

Hello! Can you hear me? Who is there on the other side? Is it the Macaulayism blogs?

Please send a few canine catchers? Here our education system has gone to your dogs!

Tell your Lord Macaulay that he is successful in his mission, 'ruining our cultural heritage' -

While our political cats are cat napping the private rats have come of age to damage!

His civilising mission has created criminalised society where big fish eat small, ad nauseam!

The systematic demolition of a great temple of education he did it with slow fire and steam!

A great country that boasted universities such as Taxila, Nalanda fell prostrate on its knees!

A land that survived many socio economic, cultural calamities succumbed to Hackneys!

It is dull, it is dudd, it is dry, it is daubed, it is dead, it is dead and it is dead!

Post graduate student can not spell a word properly, teachers cheat, parents fret!

All government schools are worse than street markets, teacher is guru or boss in ferret!

Corporate schools smell, taste, jingle money aiming at ranks and posing robbing hood!

Everywhere ostriches bury their heads in the deserts
of sand storm reformations,
All mirages, no oasis no green patches, a few lucky
ones become CEOs of multinationals,
Does that qualify a country as highly educated where
doctorates apply for daily labour debase?
Shame man! Shame! Now every street has a deemed
college or university under staircase!

You ask for engineering seat they sanctioned you a
college if you wet their appetite chows!
What standards they maintain? Bogus teachers, bogus
equipment all facades, magic shows!
Instead of increasing morales this dastardly system is
killing innocent youth in their prime!
Without confidence can these children survive these
concrete jungles? Is it not our crime?

* * * * *

156. Dating an outdated person!

'And the only rule is there are no rules'

- says Kira Cochrane!

What is this dating? A sort of nuptial dance before
consummation?

Like ostriches, scorpions, cranes, tarantulas,
mantises and naja snakes?

Don't scare me yaar! There are animals in people, of
Chinese zodiac makes!

O young lady! If you live in Burma or Thailand and
wish to marry a Karen man,

You have to write love poetry to impress the man!

Aha! I missed a chance theñ!

Understand! Reproduction is a much larger
investment for women in love zone,

But beware of stranger danger and intimate partner
violence in the argumentative tone!

Why do you want to date? Are you updating or
reassessing your alluring position ?

What sort of guy is your date? Is he a provider or a
protector or a dreamer in emotion?

Does he look like a multiple choice question with
awkward answers of confusion?

Is he a person with avoiding nature and fit for indoor
games but nerd in outside commotion?

Out of all the hunks and junks, skunks and punks
why did you select this old monk?

His wisdom tank in the uphill is OK, but what about
the boredom in the downtown bank?

* * * * *

157. Antics of the romantics and a french kiss and a lunch hiss!

We both what'sapped and facebooked our
relationships and twittered merrily,
Our blog bogged up with log ins and log outs of
ethereal kisses that fluttered happily!
Where to meet is the Hobson's choice, so the place
we chose was the Hard-rock cafe!
You tell me how to dress up when you go to meet
your first date and come back safe!

A collared shirt, a classic watch, a casual look and a
nicely laced competent boots,
Alluringly tucked with attractive belt, carefree hair
caressing his face like tender shoots,
A see-saw manly chest and a sincerely pursed smile
flashing like lightning before storm,
He walked into the cafe like a cologne scented
breeze creating havoc with his deadly charm!

Dizzy dazzling in her Mary Quant pencil skirt, white
wrap blouse, wolford fatal stockings,
Black suede hidden platform pumps, she is a witch
without broom, a ballerina of my dream!
Wow! Look at her! Sprinkling stardust, she strolls into
the shore of the social stream!
Her red lips issued strawberries a challenge, her side
glances created flutter in the starlings!

Our eyes met in the showers of dulcet tones that
 recognized the heartbeats of one another!
All these days of chat and hot sweet nothings
 reformed in the pleasantries of lip surrender!
Bowtie pasta, a super sexy cut of steak, a hearty red
 wine, and a lava cake of chocolate,
Our corner seats we burnt with the passion of our
 first date, floating on the romantic slate!

We talked innumerable things we don't under-stand
 and the ice-cream evaporated fast!
We roamed in the parks, and went for boat rides till
 the dawn melted in the night vast!
Our first date was a blockbuster, she kissed me
 goodnight and hugged me in her hot hands!
Her vanity bag dropped open, I found the pepper
 spray winking at my hidden Durex brands!

* * * * *

158. Every hunk has a chunk of a skunk inside or in his side...

There are people who are crepuscular, roam in the
streets of dawn spraying stench!
Their vision is poor, during the day they gamble and
in nights they ramble for a wench!
Casanovas have piercing looks, and pleasing man-
ners like a fine bunch of goldfinch!
'Tan largo me lo fiais- what a long term you are
giving me'- Don Juans say with a punch!

What is common in Byron, Flynn, Warren Beatty,
Hughes, John Kennedy and Wilt Chamberlain?
What about the rakes like PElvie Presley, Frank Sinatra,
Dean Martin and Steve McQueen?
Is promiscuity a mental aberration or a social fence
that curtail the freedom of selection?
Is monogamy really practiced or it perpetuates desires
of fence jumping with sighs in reaction!

Aspasia, Phryne, Rahab, Su Xiaoxiao, Theodora,
Gomer, Cassandra and Laura Bell,
Mata Hari, Vasanta sena, Chandramukhi, Carol Leigh,
Air Force Amy and Fanny Hill,
What the hell? Is it Madonna- whore complex of
Freud or is it Coolidge effect, O dudes!
In the streets of fornication women waited under
vaulted ceilings to sell their goods!

In the corridors of passionate love and mutual trust
the fragrance invites divine nymphs,
In the grottoes of junk hills and burrows of lust
rented holes allow skunks their triumphs!

* * * * *

159. I ate my existence !

In the garden of vices I looked for a serene lake that
reflect my true existence!

Everywhere I find squalls and scruffles that split the
reflection into pieces of pretence!

See the trees of ancient pines and coniferous trunks
that resist my secretive lense!

The deadly sins like pests infested the trees of
knowledge and life and carnal sense!

How much grub really I need to live with vigour and
vitality to polish the future?

In the name of exotic taste and adventure how many
species did I swallow and nurture?

All creatures of water, air, earth, sky went into my
gastric fire and hot cauldron museum!

Every living thing is the fodder for my appetite and
non-living things are added ad nauseam!

I saw slaughterhouses sporting tears and blood of
slain creatures before departure!

I saw the overcrowded poultry farms and plant
nurseries undergoing genetic torture!

I saw animal farms suffering from engineered
enhancement of body parts to serve man main!

I saw human appetite ballooning day by day to
asunder the dignity of living creatures domain!

How long this eroded nature can support the
demonic hunger of the homosapiens sapiense?

I hate myself and my bloated shelf in this last hour
when I found that I ate all my existence!

* * * * *

160. When Donkeys bray, Camels dance and Monkeys pray !

O jolly ostrich! Why do you bury your thick head in
the sands of the surreal desert?
Look at the concert! Like the flea market taken over
by the feals feasting on calf dessert!
In money market monkeys and donkeys lost their
keys and sing the tunes of the masters!
When camels dance, sandstorms stroke the desert
chests to bring upon the disasters!

Near the peaceful oases date palms sing the ballads
of the dead heroes!
Iguanas and side wingers hatch their eggs in the
cryptologic science burrows!
When desert scorpions initiate their nuptial dance
war cactuses bloom in rows!
Desert larks and coursers run races with oryx and
kangaroo rats to share their sorrows!

Then came the masters of the known earth, made
deserts into atomic desserts!
After decimating the fauna and flora they are planting
missiles and land mine ferrets!
These evolved monkeys lost their keys in the sands
so they made donkeys into mules,
Camels into queens and conquered the wilderness
and fought internecine battles!

O poor ostrich! What can you do when your ticket is
cut on the altar of the hate pastor?
Like the student of peace you bury your head in the
sands but do you know your headmaster?

* * * * *

**161. Man goes for mangoes woman goes
where her man goes vice versa.....**

Scram! I scream for ice-cream and she wants
Mexican chili sauce and cream,
We have an affair with an old monk who is not a real
monk near a hot steamy stream,
For a while she was ice and I was fire and every
where there was water in the blue dream,
And when roles reversed the water became vapour,
we were breathless in the snow cream!

So one agreement, two persons, three knots, four
directions, five vital airs, six attributes,
Seven steps, eight prosperities, nine jewels and ten
commandments were our tributes,
Thus we promised oneanother and linked our little
fingers, hand in hand we walked on,
Seven steps around the altar with sacrificial fire and
we talked prothalamion and Epithalamion!

After the first two rings what will come? Both
mothers in law came as referees,
In that boxing ring players are referees and referees
are players without fees!
Closed circuit cameras were called for action and
our indoor quarrels were telecasted
In the prime time and I am sure that secret agents
are following us in disguise blasted!

Then we both realised there are no mothers in law in
our house but our misguided dream!
Happily smiling and kissing each other we ordered
Mexican chily sauce and ice-cream!

* * * * *

162. The city of obesity with streets of poverty!

As per the WHO order a cutting line was drawn by
the generals of wealth health!
They hooked the sky of prosperity and pulled it
towards the ever sinking earth!
They found half of the world population is not worth
to be called as humans fine!
Because even if they stand on the shoulders of one
another they fail to reach the magic line!

On one auspicious day all the fat control experts
assembled in one epicurean city,
They quarantined all the poor and hungry in the
aparthied chambers of emaciated pity!
And argued with fire and smoke in their throats to
issue notice to poverty to go extinct!
Some suggested let poverty be declared as a
communicable disease and banish it distinct!

Politicians joined the health officials to discuss about
the eradication of poverty!
They all agreed on one point that eradicating poor is
cost effective like poetry!
They introduced new wars in underdeveloped
countries so that they can kill themselves,
Which is far more cheaper than the health officials
plan and profitable to the rich elves!

They evacuated the poor to the thin cities and they
stayed in sin city with rich fat felt!
Their bellies are so big they don't see their feet and
needed poor to attend below the belt!
They allotted visas and green cards to the new
generation slaves to cleanse their body dirt!
The mega cities look beautiful from above but the
bad stench comes below from the skirt!

* * * * *

163. Birds of War and Bards of Peace!

There I see doves searching for grain in the olive
groves and mountain peaks,
Where the predator eagles and hawks are
sharpening their talons and beaks!
Poor doves they knew only love since the days they
carried olive branch to Noah's ark!
Cruel eagles they knew only hunting since the days
of the epics and the ages of dark!

God as the Holy Spirit descended from Heaven like a
dove at the Baptism of Jesus!
A pair of doves and a spider built nests and cob web
that distracted the Prophet's enemies!
Carrier pigeons for thousands of years carried
messages and brought olive branches for us!
Billions of passenger pigeons were hunted, the last
bird died in 1914 now extinct is its species!

Eagles , vultures, hawks and other birds of prey are
prized possessions of jealous humans!
Greeks, Hindus revered the bird as it was their gods
favourite bird as form or vehicle!
Aquila or Eagle as the King of the birds and a symbol
of royalty in heraldry for its kill and skill!
Garuda is the mount of Lord Vishnu and it is the
national symbol for the Indonesians!

Out of 195 countries in the world only Anguilla
honours zenaida dove as the national bird!
More than dozen countries they have eagles on their
flags and you know them O dear bard!

* * * * *

164. You can not hide lily among the thorns!

From the tears of Eve you are born and the milk of
Hera goddess you are grown,
You are the fleur de lis, a symbol of royalty, o lily you
signify light, life and perfection!
when Venus saw a lily such a pure milky beauty the
jealous Venus created an ugly pistil,
In its centre, marring the flower's charm but blessed
it with fertility and erotic distil!

To an expectant mother show her lily and rose, if she
likes rose the child will be a girl,
Like poetry and if she prefers lily a boy will be there
like prose is an old wives tale!
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily is wasteful and
ridiculous excess is true to tell,
Shakespeare would scold the lily for stealing its
whiteness from a lady's hand is a gale!

In the song of songs the lily blooms in valleys, in the
poems of poets as a pure white flower!
In waters of serene lakes and ponds water lilies
converse with moon with whispers of lover!
From a primordial water lily emerged Ra the Sun god,
who dispatched darkness into night!
As lotus it is dearer to the Pantheon of Hindu gods as
the symbol of energy centers and light!

From the tears of Eve you are born and the milk of
Hera goddess your fragrance grown,
You are the fleur de lis, a symbol of royalty, o lily you
can not be hidden by any dark thorn!

* * * * *

165. "Lasciate Ogne Speranza, Voi Ch'intrate"-

That mesmerising chap invited me into that alluring
garden of a great many erections,
Seven orchards of luscious flowers and fruits of vivid
colours and fragrant collections!
Inviting anyone having the eligibility criteria with
open arms and so I checked my actions!
I have a proud look, lying tongue, blood stained hands,
wicked heart, mischievous feet factions,

A false witness in me, and can sow discord among
brothers so the bar was lifted,
I entered the gula- with laute, studiose, nimis,
praepropere and ardent and sifted
Through the foods and beverages and sold my
birthright and became obese and refuge,
Like a mountain of lard I rolled under the bread trees
and grape vines consuming garbage!

The greed took me to the covetousness shed where I
started hoarding forbidden fruits,
My lecherous mind drove me towards the lust-
luxuria- with unbridled sexual desire roots!
I am obese, greedy and lustful I wandered like a
sloth in the pleasure gardens adding weight,
Ira set in like wild fire of wrath, invidia made me
envious, I sat on the throne of hubris might!

Now I walk like a oversized ego balloon pitifully
overshadowing my own girth!
I hear the laughter of that diabolic chap walking
behind me with a needle, in mirth!

(Dante passes through the gate of Hell, which bears an
inscription ending with the famous phrase.....
"Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate", "Abandon
all hope, ye who enter here)

* * * * *

166. Praying mantises and meditating cranes!

He or she is eating my head, seems to have its
origins in the praying mantises!
After the nuptial dance and vigorous courtship the
male mantis does his job,
But now the femme fatale is hungry, so don't
dismount her in a hurry, mister Bob!
In her trance she will eat your head first and later all
of you in nice cut pieces!

He and she does the most exotic and intricate dance
in the style of ballet perfect!
Here they don't eat other's head but live in life-long
harmony, longevity and fidelity,
The word pedigree is the French 'pied de grue' the
foot of the crane and its stability!
It is the bird that can soar to the heavens carrying the
souls of the people in respect!

The stick sticky praying mantises bluff mimic wrath
and death against predators,
They direct the souls of the dead to the under world
as bird-fly necromancers!

O Grus grus! O sacred bird of Hephaestus! You fly
over lands and cross the mountain walls!

O Great dancer! Your bobs, bows, pirouettes and
stops are legendary as well as your calls!

O Part stick insect with a touch of monk! O Soothsayer!
You taught us violence and death!

O sage like crane! Your grief gave us the epic
Ramayana and taught us love and life on earth!

* * * * *

167. To all the moral police with Malice towards one and all.....

I love you dear sins more than my sons and better than
my close friends!

May be you smell diabolical phosphorescence but the
generated heat trends!

Since my first encounter with erotica my bite into every
apple took me towards bends,

That were crafted by the goat foot master of the down
town dungeon of legends!

Now my cauldron is cooking nukes and sarine broths
with a flavor of religious fervor!

All the ingredients of wrath, greed, gluttony, envy, and
other sins are in the froth souper!

I am cooking the goose of the virtuous people so that
they smell heavenward to ignite war!

Then I can sell my chemical soup to the under nourished
under developed idiots at peace bar!

This is my new broom, I can travel everywhere
distributing my medicine on my terms!

This is my new boom, batch wise I release them in
attractive packages of peace drums!

This is my new groom, like him I have hundreds of them
all over the world to chant war hum!

This is my new room with all my clones, I make them
appear many at a time to confuse Him!

He may not get confused but his army and fickle
devotees of terrain go into confusion!

As Satan I love Chaos and the arrayed sparks of virtuous
elements in fission and fusion!

* * * * *

168. All my sins and my medicines!

Bravo boy! Cheerio girl! Let's waltz on cloud nine
with vat sixty nine or in any drug zone!
All sins taste sweet but medicines bitter why? Why no
pain no gain in this melancholic tone?
Tell me I will forget, show me I might remember,
involve me I will learn many things,
Why these aphorisms have become painful in my
travels to seek pleasure springs?

My peace pipe of tobacco how it became ashes in my
lungs and put me on the altar slate,
Under Democles sword of cancer that hung by a hair
waiting for the signal from the Fate!
Dust from industrialisation, greed from privatisation,
apathy from the public sector,
Made the commercial corridors coated with
unsatiated gluttony and poisonous vector!

All health begins with a good night's sleep! Tell me
honestly who is sleeping tight in any night?
In the commercial corridors of corporate world
quality is sin deep and profit is the prophet!
We pollute the five elements with human refuse and
release the smog to rebreath it in our sins!
Then complain to the God about the Satan's snake
gang cohabitation with us like cousins!

More than the body the Devil prefers our mind to
replicate like a virus to multiply our sins!
He has his vested interest on our souls so that he can
strengthen his army of foul medicines!

* * * * *

169. All out for no laws!

What do you mean no laws? We have in-laws, out-laws and total loss of romance!
We have the longest constitution of the world but the weakest in performance!
Eighty thousand words, 395 articles, 22 parts, 12 schedules and 101 amendments!
Ours is the bag of borrowings, our Supreme has Japanese style, our laments

Have five year Russian roulette, and the French toast of liberty, equality and fraternity,
Sixty seven years of age and we celebrate it for three days and we show our vanity!
Rest of the days we double cross the zebra cross lines of ethics and talk flak!
We have British imitating etiquette and American sense of commerce talk!

Our borders have eroded fences not sure of themselves with sacrificial altars,
With young guys bullet holed or beheaded by the other side fanatical tartars!
Our tricolour fabric has checks with woven weft and warp of fine and coarse threads!
When crisscrossing occurs we have honour fillings of killer scents in traditional reads!

Whaddo you mean no laws? We have thirty million pending cases in the halls of justice!
We have the longest constitution of the world but the weakest institution running on ice!

* * * * *

170. The curse of the purse and the pulse of the false?

What is this farce again? Is it because of frustration or any other castration?

Oho! Then tell me where is my purse? You forced me to keep all my daily ration

In the Any time money station and when I go there 'no service' board cries in inflation!

Wanna cry! Cry, cry till you feel suffocation in your own incapacitation of impotent creation!

The economics doctor can not feel my pulse and purse and writes a weird prescription,

Of pills and needles saying my health is well below poverty or property line alienation!

He gave me a truth paste when I crushed the tube naked truth came out in desolation

And I am trying to cover it with anti virus cloth of purification and new GST activation!

Our India is rich in poor folks contolled by the rich with poor ethics in rich matters!

Most of the masters of power stations sleep alone in the palaces of vast capacitors!

While the poor walk on the roads without shoes the rich let fish beautify their feet in spa waters!

Everyday everyone wear masks of courtesy with hidden agendas and ruthless obliteratedors!

Now in this iron age money is the saint, matron, friend, guide and philosopher!

Rest of the relationships are for time-pass and this truth has everything to offer!

* * * * *

171. Expert mothers and expectant fathers

So the ordinance came from the inordinate Satan
who pinched the God's network
Online and reversed the order - 'thou shalt not hack
and speak only truth' - to quick quirk,
'- ' thou shalt hack and speak not only truth' - and
spammed it on to the Earth's super computer!
You wanna cry? That's the bug Satan spilled over world
wide web to reverse the world order!

So all the able women transferred their cups and
bags to their counterparts in conceit!
Politicians started speaking truth and govt. employees
refused graft and con deceit!
Peace was established all over the world, blacks and
whites blocked their enmity clock!
Satan henchmen found their wings becoming angelic
and Devil himself got some luster back!

All knowing God became curious about the next step
of the devil and his puppets,
And ordered all his angels to wait in queue at the
ATMs and health outlets!
He sent his beloved son to check the network and
this time as a new pass-WORD'-
Satan found his own work got boomeranged and why
humans are happy he was confused!

The WORD was so powerful it became the light of the
earth and it debugged the perversion!
Everywhere there blossomed happiness and love, in
human world till Satan's next version!

* * * * *

172. When doctor yes meets miss no vice versa....

In the concrete jungles of the world wise west two
birds started hitting the net gate!
Both love other's money to spend and have
sharpened mensa minds to update!
They have wheels to their feet and whistles to blow in
the dating jungles of love hate!
Now they started eyeballing one another with fake
royal glances that promise loyal mate!

Doctor Yes is a philosopher who staunchly supports
his paunch with well greased launch!
Miss No is a cataclysmic witch which cannot live
without catastrophic trophies for her lunch!
They both have high appetite for non-petite thrills of
Los Vegas style but who bells the cat?
Both are parrots when roam with romantic tics and
love tickled their feet like soft ticks in hat!

Who will foot their bill when both walk in the same
shoes showcasing their talents wild?
They joined forces together, scanned the animal farm
found the third world goats mild!
Everyday they whisk a few goats from the under
developed world to conduct contest missions,
Of beauty or brawn and assure alluring Visas to the
new age slaves and earn commissions!

In the commercial jungles of the world wise west all
birds are predators on the poor!
Dr. Yes and Miss No are the highly developed hawks
they prey on the praying lambs for sure!

* * * * *

173. O MY GOD AND O MY DOG!

When the great Pandava king Dharmaja was on his
last lap and alone but calm,
His wife and brothers were already dropped dead
like old birds in snow storm,
Then he saw that dog faithfully accompanying him to
the mountain top like a guard,
When asked the extraordinary dog reverted back and
forth like the English word GOD!

It is his twelfth labour, Heracles found Theseus and
Pirithous Near the gates of Hades,
Bound to the “Chair of Forgetfulness, to which they
were held fast by coils of serpents”,
“they stretched out their hands as if they should be
raised from the dead by his might”,
Heracles tamed the terrible three headed monster
dog Cerberus by brute force!

The hound of the Baskervilles revived the great
detective Holmes after his apparent death,
Laika a stray dog becoming a space dog, Hatchiko the
Japanese dog that waited for nine years for his master
that would never come, Apollo the police dog, Lex
the military canine,
Benji, Toto the film star, Bobbie the dog that walked
four thousand kilometers to be at home!

Tex Avery's Droopy, Disney's Goofy, Pluto, and Tramp,
Scooby Doo, Schultz's Snoopy,
Can we forget Garfield, Tintin's Snowy, Nipper of
HMV, Hot Dog of Jughead and Archie,
Milo of the Mask, Alexander's dog Peritas, the star in
the sky Sirius of canine major,
The faithful dog Argos recognised Odysseus in
beggar's disguise and breathed its last!

O Sarama! The mother of all canines! The Epic
Mahabharata starts almost with your cry!
And almost ends with another dog that is the god
Dharma testing his son's virtues high!
It is the last journey we all have to climb uphill and
lose bonds one after other off guard!
Only the faithful dog that always accompanies you is
your truthfulness, and Truth is GOD!

* * * * *

174. You can not kill me twice with your love !

Murder at first sight! He cried but what he can do? He
himself was an assassin!
Now he knew the pain of putting one under knife and
slow slicing, is it a spin?
How many balloons you punctured man? Count them
all! Pack those arrows of sin!
You obstinate Faust! Obsessed with seduction you
ruined many innocent Gretchen!

O Shirin! Tell me about Khosrov? What perils
happened to the sculptor Farhad?
O Bathsheba! When you were bathing David saw you,
then what came upon Uriah?
O queen Sheba! With what tricks Solomon the wise
solicited your soul and body?
O lovely Layla! In between normalcy and madness
how much agony Majnun gave you?

O Zulaikha! O Juliet! O Ondine! O Anarkali! O Echo!
O Razia! O Bhagmati!
Is love such a balm that can soothen the poisonous
fumes of suffering?
O Joseph! O Romeo! O Palemon! O Salim! O Narcissus!
O Malik! O Quli Qutub Shah!
Is suffering such a dam that can bridge the fragrant
currents of love and life?

Love at first sight! He mused but what he can do?
He saw its force and the powerful drive!
Now he knew the mercy of love that changes demons
into sages and a better reason to be alive!

* * * * *

175. The players the houses and the games

Then the holy spirit hovering over the chaos got bored
so invented a flat earth board
And painted it with alternate light and darkness
squares and wished to appoint a squire
A rebellion of angels led by a diabolical element and
was crushed by the Holy Ghost of fire!
The thunderbolts hurled by the heaven buried the
disgruntled ones in the crypts of the hell gourd!

Then God placed Adam on the first white square and
saw this fellow alone but sober!
For his companionship He created Eve and moved
them to the second square!
In that black square Satan entered the scene and
corrupted the innocents both!
The gardener found that they ate the forbidden fruit
and he threw them out into the next booth!

In the third square they were four Adam, Eve, Cain
and Abel with their flora and fauna!
After that they moved further doubling at each square
eating available manna or banana!
What happened to the vacated squares? You can see
there the skeletons of the past!
See their footprints initially with god's own and now
replaced by the Satanic goat foot cast!

On this earth chessboard we are all pawns rooks
bishops knights queen and king!
God and Devil sit opposite and move or remove one
another pieces till the final check mating!

* * * * *

176. Lions Club and Chicken Grub!

Nowadays the Eden garden has its own den in the
farfetched woods of poetry!
There every breathing thing breaths poetry except
under the shade of that tree!
When the tree of knowledge has harbored the
serpent with a forked tongue
With Satan sitting in the worm's throat the tongue has
split into languages of harangue!

A long story to cut short an apple bite and punch put
a couple out of the Eden bar!
And their first son committed the first murder and in
the land of Nod he had to wander!
With a stone Cain killed his brother and he died
finally by the stones falling on his head!
As time goes by, the descendants of Cain crucified a
herdsman for going ahead!

Many prophets have come before and after the lamb
and an empire ruled the world
Where the sun never sets, and Time with its hammer
and scythe chisel unfurled,
And restructured the borders and boarders of the
Earth's internal clay flag!
In between the periods of war, peace prevailed and
poetry lakes witnessed many a frog!

In rainy season or by any other reason if frogs croak
do you think 'peace' rains from above?
If one head frog in an imaginary lake spawns do you
think the other toads sing songs of love?
Yes! When you get titles like Rao bahaddar and Sir for
a price the local rich flaunted them well!
That's how lions clubs & pubs offer the chicken a few
grubs to dance to their tunes of hell!

* * * * *

177. All loves finally ends in a clay hole..

O Maria! Thy beauty is sin deep and you forgo your
freedom by bartering thine!

It is the measure for measure in the beginning and
you ride on the cloud nine!

The meddling church has ontological screws to
tighten and you agree to be the wine,

In your lover's cup and the prothalamion and the
Epithalamion are sung divine!

The song and dance birds always preferred the
pristine gardens and verdant woods!

But wooed by the artificial sprinklers and the fancy
fountains near the enchanting foods!

When the initial infatuation comes to an end partners
put one another under microscope!

Their love telescopes that saw the moon and stars
now bent back as the faulty kaleidoscope!

Doctor Jekyll becomes Mister Hyde and the dark
count sharpens his Dracula teeth!

Marys of all times become breathless in the deserts of
male chauvinistic breath!

When the hate desert expands and the oasis of love
becomes mirage of illusive mirth,

The split personalities wash their dirty linen in the
public platforms of hyperbolic girth!

When any freedom lover is incarcerated in a four walled
prison what she can do on the road less road?

The songbirds sing its swan song and leave the prisons of
flesh and concrete to reach the divine home abroad!

* * * * *

178. When Cicadas Sing and Tornadoes Tring!

The ancient god's warning is clear; the hands of the
Sea are trembling and tumbling,
The pendulum movements of the surge and dirge are
creaming and screaming,
Over the terrified earth face that took thousand lashes
of flashes and clashes of sting!
The five elements red razed in a cataclysmic
connivance and contravenes string!

Hereby informing to all the residents and stupid
presidents of the earth lands!
Your building has become old and cold with the
damages done by your own hands!
Incorrigible you are, you crucified your teachers and
persecuted your prophets in your fort!
You polluted all the domains of nature that were
created and recreated for your comfort!

Mother Earth is crying relentlessly and her eye wells
have gone dry and entrails wry!
The seven seas have become sick with oil slick, and
the rivers and lakes stink human scry!
The sky has become a playground for the crazy
missiles and satellites that go astray!
Where is the cool breeze? In the thick smog you see
the cloud faced moon's dismal ray!

It is the time of fire! Even the Tsunami waves scorch
and burn you to sparkling cinders!
God's canon and cannon have zeroed on the target
and this is the last of the remainders!

* * * * *

179. The ring and the string of the salsa spring!

I was searching for a spring in the desert of love
making in a mythical land!
Come on! Bring a pair of claves! O el macho! See
your la hembra grand!
Let the magic chariot move over the overtures of
Cuban casino band!
Let players go crazy with the mystic footwork of
mesmerizing brand!

Invite your partner , start with both of your feet
together, swim in to the eyes of one another!
Hold the heart beat on the first beat and do not move;
On the second beat , step forward rather
With your left foot; On the third beat, rock back on
your right foot; On the fourth beat,
Step back with your left foot and go wild on four
beats to the bar, with your girl offbeat!

Salsa is sauce to the goose and the gander too, on the
fifth beat step back with your right foot,
On the sixth forward with left foot, seventh with right
foot a step forward, on the eighth beat,
Spread out your weight on your right foot? Confusing?
Follow your partner for a while,
Like you want to kiss her, she tries to escape and it is
a game of wits till you get the style!

Do a turn yourself my lady! under the spell of love half
close your eyes, purse your lips in shy!
Let hips move in tidal waves but above belt the sea
be calm, and both form 'Y', I don't tell, why?

* * * * *

180. Telescoping into no scope!

There are ostriches with their heads burried in the
mirages of happiness!
There are hatchets long long ago buried are coming
out with vengeance!
There are tarantulas weaving wide webs to trap the
doves of peace in silence!
There are sharp swords and words hanging on to the
hair of truth in carelessness!

This is the scripture with davincing code! Find the key
to open the locker of skeletons!
Use all the scopes dig deep into the trails and entrails
of time's gluttonous cartons!
Awaken the serpent of human desire! Don't side track
it! Mind you! Your breath It counts,
After crisscrossing many roads you may reach the
explosive truth, it offers no discounts!

There are eagles of liberty that have feathers of
ammunition and atomic talons!
There are bears of red party that have fangs of
communvision and claw felons!
There are dragons behind the iron curtains that have
fire in their throats and nostrils!
Waiting on line are lions, hawks, piranhas, whales
and tasmanian wolves in death drills!

Here innocent lambs, frightened deer, doves of
peace, love birds and all live in constant fear!
The life giving waterholes are the hunting fields of the
predators, O God! Where art thou, dear?

* * * * *

181. Genie, our German Shepherd Dog and we in agony.....

And my little daughter pestered me again and again
but I vehemently refused
To have a canine in my house that makes a fuss and
mess and I am confused,
After all a dog is a dog but it entered my house from
the back door and like a little doll,
In my son's arms and my partner's shielding warmth
and the jubilation of one and all!

All! No! Me and my father were still in the minority
and our objection was a whimper!
But lol with in a few months it grew up into a big
Amazon woman with a bark of high timber!
It became the thunder to any intruder and our genie
needed no rubbing the lamp in slumber!
She is beautiful with brown lively eyes and her self
assured look gave her a majestic temper!

More than a decade she served us with dignity and
whenever I go home even in late hour,
She picks up a stick or a book and runs here and
there expecting me to chase her!
Last week when I saw her she looked weak and took
the biscuit with tears in her eyes,
And the vet said she knows her destiny well and our
family sat with her recalling her highs!

The pups she lost, the cups she has broken, the
monkeys she used to chase and lose,
And now she preferred a place in our garden like a
hermit in fasting waiting for the close!

* * * * *

182. Worming your way in, O Vermin?

Hark! In this electronic mayhem o god! My Vital
Information Resource is Under seize!
I love you O Melissa! You and Anna Kournikova came
like blaster storm disease with ease!
Netsky and Sasser at Chernobyl came as Trojan
horses and won their Morris Concept!
With one swift wave o Concept! You made your
creator Microsoft into hard handset!

A student o Robert Morris! You paralysed sixty
thousand computers now a MIT professor!
Chen ing hau you unleashed a zombie that has a
wake up call on April 26 each year!
From Netherlands o Jan de Wit! you posted your
obsession as Anna Kournikova in picture!
A Filipino amorous I love you in may 2000 stole the
Internet access passwords for its master!

As a homage to Melissa stripper of Florida o David
Smith your road went through the prison!
This blaster entered through a security hole and
infected millions but the creator is unknown!
A German teenager Sven Jaschan played Netsky and
Sasser to became ethical hacker!
AppleMacs were threatened with Trojan and the bite
was harsher than its bark in hurt locker!

Predicting bad weather and storm in a tea cup the
bugs and buggers steal your identity!
You wanna to cry when you are waylaid to pay
ransom but who is computer and who is entity?

* * * * *

183. Waanacry on Virus, Why?

Because the shields of modern armour are tampered
with microbullets,
More than Ninety-nine countries had hiccups in their
health and wealth gullets!
Who will pay ransom to the Achilles to get back the
body of Hector except his father?
When king Priam cried and Achilles joined but can
that grief bring back the dead Hector?

O Microsoft! Can your patch save our windows from
this deadly attack?
O Avast! O Karpovsky! What happened to your
firewalls and security lock?
The hunter virus is a leaked NSA Tool crossed through
the back door DOUBLEPULSAR!
Now decryption fight with the encryption in Russia,
Ukraine ,Taiwan and Uk dirty war!

Doctor! tell me how to protect my android? You may
ask! Yes! Never download
Untrusted software, and pirated or cracked apps
though they look high grade,
They can see your files, record your phone
conversations and push ads blade!
So uninstal the malware, scan with antivirus, clean
the junk and reset the router road!

Now we want everything to be digitalized in order to
enter the cashless society!
We wannato cry but to pay three hundred bucks as
ransom is our foremost priority!

* * * * *

184. Fool's Gold and Mules' Cold!

And I know you wish to be filthy rich by tomorrow
morning and that's also my dream!
So partner! Let's travel together in search of El Dorado
in the near by shock market stream!
There you can see bear-spit and bullshit crash
marketed by the prestidigitators of scam cream!
Entry is easy through the Royal gate but exit will be
narrow tortuous back gate of deceit scream!

How much money you have? No money! wow! No
brains! Perfect! No properties! Super!
Proper ties are important! Do you have goaties in your
friends and relatives? Yes! Super duper!
You select ten best friends and each of them another
ten and so on ad infinitum!
Each one pay hundred rupees to this gold trust
trusted by the gods above and bottom!

This is my hundred quid add yours how much two
hundred if you recruit ten, dear fellow!
Your get back your hundred and depends upon the ad
infinitum you get high or low,
Bonus of one quid for each recruitment, your friends
make, o dear! See the money plant!
So this is the chain scheme, you get gold coins go
dear boy go! Recruit the system of slant!

Aha! The slant of money pipe is into my treasury!
Now the goats will pay for my boat!
And my luxuries my women and horses all I can
manage! Let these zombie sheep gloat and float!!
Let these goats and mules have the fools gold and by
the time they get cold feet,
Oho! I will be like a kingfisher hovering all over the
world in my royal gold fleet!

* * * * *

185. Matre Pulchra Filia Pulchrrior!

In million words of English language can you pick up
a more beautiful word,
For mother other than maa? It is the Universal prime
sound that vibrates the world!
In the whimper birth of Universe the vibrations of A U M
coalesced into OM or AUM!
You can hear it in the first cry of the baby just born
and trying to call her earth mom?

Maa, amma, mater, mata, mother, mader, moder,
modor, mehter are many an accent variant!
The other mother some call mummy frightens me
reminding Egypt and I deplore its chant!
Remember the great mothers of lore Demeter, Dewi
sri, Eve, Gaia, Isis, Mary, Yasoda
Parvati, Maya, Jocasta, Juno, Kwan yin, Venus,
Bachue, Sakuntala, Bithia and Sita!

Motherhood is associated with sex and death, with
every birth she is delivering the future,
While she becomes past in the present she looks at
the future with hope like Nature!
Tell me a great man or woman who had not a great
mother? In every abandoned child's cry
For its mother, I hear the prime sound fiercely
vibrating to wither the merciless world dry!

- 'As is the mother, so is her daughter'. - more beautiful
like nature in its rhapsody!
When the mother is with her daughter she sees her
own reflection in her love prosody!

(Mother's day - on every second Sunday of May)

* * * * *

186. She comes unchecked into my mindport.....

One day I closed all the runways, signal lights, doors
and windows to stop her entry
Into my thought airport and tried to block all the bars,
rooms and even closed the pantry!
Lo! See her crash landing and colliding with every
neuron center of my nerve port,
Shattering my efforts of forgetting her by arriving on
nightmare as a reckless sport!

Why should I fall in love with a total stranger because
she smiled to me at once?
Why should there be the attractiveness halo radiating
all around her presence?
Why should I grope for reasons now when I am
completely crushed under her resonance!
Is love a fire or an affair or an awesome version of
universal hypertension of nonsense?

Am I creating a new religion that preaches oops but
remains as -'nemo propheta in patria' -?
What is the best sauce for this hunger? O my love! Are
you cursing me to be in these atria?
Why do you suffocate me with your non-presence of
presence and crush me like this?
What happened to that great crush we both
enlivened why now becoming Antitheses?

But we both knew that this present vacuum will be
filled by the longings of love's urge!
What happened was a devil's talk that caused a little
separation by some sudden river surge!
Your land crashing into my mind port is a divine
blessing and your mercy cured me of my fever!
My life plane is hovering over your heart port! Kindly
allow it to land and stay there forever!

* * * * *

187. How to get pregnant with ideas to deliver a poem.....

That's the problem! Married with literature for a long
time and you are still not fertile,
You are welcome dear friend! We will give you some
trips how to fall on your fancy tile!
If you are on any poetry control pills, needles or any
other stoppers stop them for a while!
Please throw away that cigarette, it may look macho
or gaucho but it is dangerous and vile!

You need vitamins B C E along with M, yes vitamin
Money is the most essential one!
Fill your think pen with serene health and maintain
ideal word weight in proper tone!
Visit your favorite doctor in the writer's corner, let no
red bulls or vodka in your bed zone open !
Go for decaf, know your cycle and moods to plan the
perfect union of paper and pen!

Count the days back if the idea is highly scintillating
for about sixteen days,
And have the love poem written within five days dear!
you are hot with cherubic rays,
Once the poem of love is completed, relax! Look at
the moon, the twinkling little star babies,
See the new star in the East door, just after nine
months you shall be singing nice lullabies!

If you speak of ideas some die instantly, some gets
aborted, some gets delivered premature!
When an idea is cared and nourished properly it will
be the greatest gift from the Mother Nature!

(Mind you! Every birth is associated with near death experience
to the mother or poet but it is the nature's blossom,
When the child like a poem is alive and kicking the mother
forgets all her pains and hugs the child to her bosom!)

* * * * *

188. Quem Quaeritis?

Yes! Whom do you seek in the sepulcher o
warmongers with bloody hands?
Don't you see the empty nests at home and crowded
tents in the alien lands?
What can those three Marys do when the anointed
one himself is in dire strands?
Everybody saw that little child floating face
downwards on a Turkish beach sands!

God sends prophets to change the human minds
from the diabolic ways!
The initial enthusiasm weans off when the prophet
ascends into the divine rays!
Then the interpreters and swordsmen clip the
tongues and brains of common populace,
Later the amendments and rituals sound loud to
cloud the original message of solace!

When God becomes a figure of speech what can
those thousand epithets do?
In the liturgical jungles of autonomasia can he
remember his original name without clue?
If he is everywhere why these daily gas wars are
smothering the little children blue?
Somewhere some place a star comes alive to
decimate the darkness of the death hue!

'If Lord is near to all who call on him, to all who call
on him in truth', - do we pray hollow?
Or Is he on vacation leaving his job temporarily to the
Satan and his henchmen to follow?

(Non est hic; surrexit, sicut praedixerat, ite,
nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro)

* * * * *

189. The glistening tongue of sky serpent is listening....

Did you see the flicker and twist of the cloud
serpent's tongue flashing in the horizon?
All the sails and birds shiver in their wings to run
away from that sound and fury liason!
In a dreadful thunderstorm when the updraft ice
crystals collides with the falling graupel,
In the hands of Zeus the lightning flashes and thun-
ders loud in the cloudy blue dome chapel!

Those were the thunderbolts that threw the satan
head downwards in to the hell main!
With them Zeus defeated the mighty Titans and
became the father of gods and human domain!
The lord Indra with his lightning diamond weapon
won victories over many a demon!
Tlaloc of Aztecs, Thor of Norse, Raijin of Japan handled
it as a weapon in the wars over vermin!

When fire and water comes nearer in the hot air what
happens to the sky and earth?
That is what happened when I saw you first! Is it
'theia mania' that flattened my berth?
What poisonous arrows and darts from that heavy
lightning maimed my heart's girth?

I am now a sopho-more with head over heels in
oxymoronic paradox talk!
I am neither a dull cupid or a wise stupid after this
colpo di fulmine attack!

(The glistening tongue of the sky serpent is listening
to our incandescent walk!
Come o charming lady! Take me into your arms and
burn me alive in your bulwark!)

* * * * *

190. No body waits for another body....

In millions and millions of illusions this waiting
mirage is the worst delusion!
It scorches the plate and pate leaves nothing to be
unturned in utter confusion!
Then why do you wait for a rainstorm in the mid
desert to quench your thirst passion?
Is it the soul that longed and waits for his beloved or
god for the compassion?

Do you know the city of Zerzura in the desert west of
the Nile river in Libya or Egypt?
A white city near the oasis of little birds guarded by
black giants hidden in crypt?
There lives people with utopian ideas invisible to you
and your progressive ideal thrift!
Find the city in the valleys of Dionysus where people
enjoy entheogenic mushroom drift!

Why anybody should wait for anybody to gain what
except tears and heartburn?
Which melancholic tune one has to chase before one
realizes the futility of run?
What is this body a ground station that controls the
satellite soul in its rotational turn?
If so how can an impermanent clay pot controls the
modern soul of constant churn?

A body is a body that is a storehouse of emotions and
actions released at random!
May be you are somebody or anybody, nobody cares
you unless you own your nice kingdom!

* * * * *

191. A snoring chicken delays its flight!

After a plateful of delicacies drowned in sweet curd
invading the gastric empire,
The journey to Amdavad airport zoomed in between a
few winks of fire and sapphire!
The brain refused to think beyond boarding pass and
eyelids started drooping in air,
Like in open air auditoriums with strong breeze pulling
the ropes square and fair!

Can a chicken sleep with two eyes closed? Observers
say 'no' with scientific fervour!
May be it is worried about the predators in critics dis-
guise, keeps one eye open ever!
So it fell asleep in a chair near the gate with mouth open
like a microwave tower!
The other passengers shivered in fear thinking some
aircraft is crashlanding over!

One daredevil onlooker poked the chicken with a pencil
as sharp as a spear!
The chicken winced for a second but continued its
music in dreamtime sphere!
In its dream the chicken joined the rich company of
many famous snorers,
Churchill, Napoleon, Roosevelt, Queen Victoria, Lincoln
and many chronic smokers,

Singing like a mallard or rooster with big adenoids often
disturbs the wakeup calls!
The Indigo attendant shook the chicken out of its sleep
grumbling about the snoring squalls!

* * * * *

192. Safe chicken saga in Vegan land!

What more you need? A summer fried chicken that
crossed the Sabarmati river,
Did it look for a few cool spirits in that dry land? No sir!
It saved the fatty liver!
Then it went in search of the feathers from invader
hawks and white eagles' quiver!
Instead it found the father of the nation's footsteps in
truth and non-violence bower!

But chicken is a chicken so it dragged its feet into a
posh chicken feed centre!
There they served him right for the bard style and show
the chicken put up to enter!
An empty plate quickly got shape into thali - a full plate
meal with sweet and sour lentil,
Eggplant vegetable cooked in fenugreek leaves, leaves
you spellbound fine, until,

Undhiu-mixed vegetables soaked in spinach paste,
flanked by ladyfingers curry,
With aloo rasila- potato and tomato ravishing the palate,
steamed basmati rice in hurry
badshah khichdi, chapati, puri, kachumber and sprout
salad, samosa, kadhi, papad,
Kathor, sweet -mithai, mango juice, butter -milk now the
plate is a busy food heli-pad!

There in a bowl tempts dokhla hugging spicy mirchi, the
chicken is a gluttonous nut now!
The final touch is with lip smacking ice- cream and
passionate paan of betel leaf and areca nut, wow!

* * * * *

193. In a six hundred year old city...

A walled city with twelve gates, o Ahmed Shah! You
built Bhadra fort on here planes!
In fourteen hundred eleven the birth of the city with pols
or streets with crooked lanes!
At Bhadrakali temple near the three arched gateway I
saw two docile temple elephants!
Half a dozen bananas I gave them to have a selfie as per
the standards of sycophants!

Jumma Masjid was under repairs but its fifteen domes
supported by 260 pillars,
The most beautiful mask in the east gave me a sense of
thrill with history fillers,
Ashawal, Karnavati, Ahmedabad, Amdavad what is in a
name? I looked at the layers,
From Asha bhil's tribal village to Karnavati to modern
Ahmedabad it had many players

Now the seventh largest city in India with its own charm
with Sabarmati river,
Dividing the city into Eastern old city with umpteen gates
and streets you see wherever,
On the western side all new look that does contrast the
past with present fervour!
The Manchester of India has the proud legacy of
Freedom of India flavour!

Dadhichi sage who gave his spine to Indra to sculpt Vajra
weapon to defeat demons with violence!
In the same place another sage established Sabarmati
ashram to defeat the English with non-violence!

* * * * *

194. Prisoner Number - 6357
(March 10-18, 1922)

The small village Chauri Chaura was still simmering
under the massacre's smudge!...
When he called off the civil-disobediance movement
his followers ran on the edge,
When the frenzied instincts of people prefer war
bloodshed to peace pledge,
British thought it is the best time to arrest a fakir of
repute without public grudge!

- 'You are under arrest!' - the superintendent of police at
Ahmedabad on that night,
- ' My removal will be a benefit to the people ' -Bapu was
quiet like a silent knight!
While the inmates sang Vaishnava song, he packed two
blankets, a spare loin cloth,
And seven books, he glided into - 'The Great Trial'-
pleaded guilty under the usual oath!

What is sedition? Who is judging whom? Whose country
is this land anyway?
The judge, the distinguished prisoner and his colleague
all knew the correct way,
The accused has loyalty to their mother-land, the judge
to his country's royalty,
Then who is guilty, the freedom fighters or the paid
servants, in the way of morality?

- 'You may be a patriot in the eyes of people, but the law
is no respecter for persons!' -
The trial lasted for hundred minutes with a jail sentence
to the nation's great sons!

* * * * *

195. Relishing a few jamun fruits near the foot prints of Mahatma Gandhi!

There I saw his house, his spinning wheel, the locked
room and his footsteps,...
The serene Sabarmati river, three white monkeys in a
green lawn with life's tips,
In the shades of those witness trees I saw the shadows
of the past in lingering trips,
His tears, smiles, visions, hardships and the weapons of
non-violence in faded strips,

There I saw the visitors busy in selfie mode with modern
tresses and dresses,
The pilgrimage vehicles are heading to the food plazas
fast in culinary guesses!
It seems all the villages are now heading towards the
cities in wrong direction!
Gandhi ji must be worrying about this new India striving
for cleanliness perfection!

A few squirrels are competing with crows and sparrows
for spicy leftovers,
A peacock fluttering its wings jumped from one tree to
another in sparse showers,
Under a jamun tree I found a few black berries inviting
me to savour them in clusters!
With the body color of Lord Krishna and the most beautiful
eyes ever seen the jamun fruits are black asters!

Those three monkeys have the keys for the eternal truths
of life and living pure!
I am sure the father of our nation must have relished
those jamun fruits thinking about poor!

* * * * *

196. Surgical Strike!

There I found the kitchen filled with carrots, capsicum
and red tomatoes,...
A few onions were in tears walking on the edge of knife
standing on toes,
A frying pan was hot with anger as the butter was bitter
in melting throes,
It was the turn of eggs to go flat as omelet to scorch the
tongue and palate in rows!

The ceramic plate camouflaged in graded linen is well
guarded by fork and knife!
The salt and pepper bottles were arguing about the
boring life like husband and wife!
A glass of fresh fruit juice is high browng the plain glass
of water with a wink of strife!
A fresh fruit bowl and cornflakes simmering in hot milk
contemplated about their momentary life!

Then the outward courteous masala dosa smiled con-
temptuously at the omelet fate!
In Ahmadabad you have steaming filter coffee that
fumes like Sabarmati in spate!
These border skirmishes of brown sugar and white sugar
brought delight on hungry pate!
In the morning breeze every item disappeared as
quickly as the clouds in the blue sky plate!

When you cross rivers, mountains, plains and cultures
life unfolds in colors vivid!
The surgical strike at the breakfast table reminds me my
faults and I saw my face go livid!

* * * * *

197. A Chicken crossing Sabarmati River!

It was a long due visit but a chicken is a chicken fried or
grilled with oil fine,...
First it has to cross the road to reach the airport and
catch a flight to refine,
Its art of cock a doodle doo to wake up the sleeping
world and to nicely define
The intricacies of the modern world of self glorification
and nothing to confine!

The Spicejet had less spice and more price and the
chicken paid more for less,
The flight darted in turbulence in between two layers of
clouds like a sandwich press,
The chicken's heart was in its throat like that of a hero in
black deer's mess,
From the window seat it saw Sabarmati river
meandering like a snake in stress!

Amdavadi or Ahmedabad with six hundred years of
heritage is a silent live wire,
In the house of Mangal das that chicken took asylum to
restore its sagging fire!
The walk in the narrow lanes looking at the gates, doors
and havelis was a joyful affair!
The shehnai and drum sounds near Sidi Saiyed Jali
Mosque were haunting and fair!

The unique architecture of havelis, the methods of
harvesting, storage of rain water and stepwells,
Temples, mosques, churches, synagogue speaking of
harmony, Ahmedabad is a city of shining spells!

* * * * *

198. Selfie Chicken

Then the lone chicken went to Pahargunj
in search of a good trophy,
A pan dabbawala saw this tropical chicken
in that stage of atrophy!
Suspected it, is enquiring about toffee or coffee
asked for aadhar copy,...
Better it was, there the rumours were ripe
about child kidnappers with poppy!

What about the remaining three chicken?
One was on philosophical tour!
Another stays in mystic igloo and logs on to
poetry moor on jest detour!
The third one is on words wings poking with
beak into grain heap for sure!
But the chicken in Delhi has all the pains as it has
to cross the road alone, o monsieur!

Still the summer sun is hotter than the many
prodigal sons of poetry land!
The groping group humidity challenges the
air coolers and conditioners stand!
After or before, the bards walk and walk in the
maze of intricate political sand,
One silly wind or mischievous tide pushes the salt
and water in the food in hand!

Then the chicken in distress entered the metro to
transport itself into oblivion!
There some young chicks were taking selfies
without minding this antediluvian!

* * * * *

199. Chicken in Metro Land!

-'Why so many times we have to cross the road? Let's
try the capital metro
To have some cool introspection!' -said one chicken to
the one in mood retro!
So they crossed the road at cross roads, entered the
station with raised eye brow,
In that wild traffic and rat race runners these country
chicken walked to and fro!

The vending machines at Rajiv chowk choked their
notes and gave coins!
The six to eight compartment trains offered solace to the
solar flame ruins!
With rejuvenated spirits at ta ke da the chicken went to
Palika bazar for shopping,
All the scents and t-shirts of fake vied with one another
to net them from hopping!

At Qutub Minar and Iron pillar past appeared in its
mythical glory and splendor!
The present GST era dawned heavily on the purse and
prices of a spender!
Future is more good for more rich and for the rest it is
mind and body bender!
The scorching heat pleaded for a few gulps of best beer
strong but tender!

By the time the chicken were halfway to the utopia of
cool beer induced meditation,
One of the chicken noticed its cellphone missing, then
started the real commotion!

* * * * *

200. Chicken lost their Cellphones!

Then came the third chicken from golden temple area
cruising on delight,
Sun was not merciful, air coolers were pretty ignorant of
chicken electrolyte,
Seminar hall was resounding with the songs of gallus
gallus roosters on diet,
The cock-a-doodle-doo of cockerels, hens, capons and
roosters struck the tunes right!

The thing is wherever chicken gather there cock-fights
are dime a dozen!
Some enjoy open fights, some discrete, some cockerel
waltz, some go brazen,
On the ramp all chicken walked in style with bright
feathers waffles and crown!
No fowl language, please! Get your chicken by hatching
the egg, not by smashing it down!

When those three chicken were going to Brindavan
followed them the fourth one!
Four chicken in a car was an unforeseen calamity or a
portentous phenomenon!
Amidst traffic jams and frenzy crowd the chicken
crossed the streets in a chain!
In the sanctum of Banke Bihari temple they saw god in
tribhanga posture divine!

In this journey the two chicken who loved the
cellphones lost them and found!
May be Lord Krishna warned them about the real
communication on his ground!

* * * * *

201. Two Chicken too many Chicken!

These two chicken landed in Vallabhgadh took a jolly
automan stork's advice,
He understood they are not only chicken but also big
bakara-goats otherwise,
So he transported them in pity from there to Faridabad to
be slaughtered in sun cult,
The chicken goats sweating looked for a restroom which
added salt to insult!

In that eighteenth century restroom of that railway
station did they found truth?
There Aadhar card didnt work but a few sighs and
screams flushed out at bath,
But the flush didnt work, so the two in that wasteland
ran out of ideas in loath,
Back to square one in spirits, with two heavy bags in
hands they are sages both!

In this mundane world what you see is all illusion, -'pata
nahin,-the address of truth,
At one moment you were in air conditioned coupe, now
in conditioned hot air booth!
Now to add insult to injury ticket squad took the chicken
to task and truth dawned,
With a penalty of five hundred bucks and pride, chicken
crossed the road and yawned!

The ticket collector tip taking gave a quip and tip- 'o dear
chicken, you are in luck!
You started Mathura parikrama-round trip! God has
some thing in mind, so don't go duck!

* * * * *

202. Chicken Sixty Five!

'Why we chicken cross the road?' one young chicken
asked a great chicken.

The big one stroked its beard and said— 'if you don't
cross you will end up in kitchen' -

With that advice many chicken crossed the road to
attend world chicken festival!

Roosters, hen, chicken and eggs in trays took their legs
and feathers to one carnival!

If all chicken crosses the road what will be the fate of the
oriental chicken kitchen Station?

There was a public outcry against chicken crossing the
road in twenty twenty vision!

So they threw a big net and caught a few local and
international chicken for revision!

A pretty mix of chilli, coriander, turmeric, curd and salt is
rubbed for the marination!

There was a big dilemma! Who came first on the
kitchen stage, egg or hen?

Is it first come first served? Chance was given to all
including eggs and chicken!

In the poetry session seasoned chicken crowed like
there is no tomorrow often,

Amidst the fragrance of cumin, garlic, pepper, green
chillies and flour of corn!

Summer was so hot chicken got boiled in their own fat
yet sang their own songs

What they got by crossing the road is chicken sixty five
packed in paper prongs!

* * * * *

203. Pilgrims of Poetry!

Like the migrating birds in search of a fine space to nest
and rest,

Like the salmon fish going against the tides from seas to
rivers in life's quest,

Like the monarch butterflies crossing the oceans in
swarms of interest,

Like the doves carrying rainbows in olive branches to
lock the war's death chest,

Pilgrims of poetry from all over India bore patiently the
wrath of summer sun!

Bards reached the oasis of poetry exuberant with dates,
cactuses and fun!

Mirages thrilled, hot winds with sand storms threatened
when they ran!

Yet they stood like rocks of zibraltar, the gettogether
went on fine colors of dawn!

There I met this gentleman glowing in knowledge with a
great concern

About the future of youth and the growing intolerance of
caste and religion,

The ascent and descent of the mountain of life and the
intricacies a legion,

The thrills and skills in overcoming the ills we discussed
at length with much discern!

In a pilgrimage oftèn we meet teachers and sages who
hold the keys to many a mystery!

Sometimes providence brings them to your near and the
rest is a matter of joyful history!

* * * * *

204. From Mathura to Hastinapura!

You hold your breath looking at the divine black
sculpted beauty smiling,
Amidst of the jasmine, rose, tulasi garlands weaved into
a pandal mesmerising;
The famed director of the drama of entire universe
appearing and disappearing,
And the frenzy of his devotees of far and wide rising into
a crescendo of spring,

In their jubilant raptures, in Brindavan the devotees lost
themselves
In the splendor of the complete incarnation of God
Vishnu in joy shelves
Whose uni verse is our universe, and his song making us
strong all along,
And the ancient tune filling my thirsty heart with love
I became myself a song!

We came back from the stillness of unrequited love to
mundane cacophony,
Where everything is topsyturvy, every one is a preacher
and every action is phony,
The outside pollution eroded the halo of human
divineness, it is money and money,
The great yamuna waters are now more poisonous with
Kaliya serpents many many

From the land of fragrant milk and ghee we proceeded
towards a great vibrant city,
On the highway a flying peacock crossed our path like a
messenger of Almighty!

* * * * *

205. I found them!

Then I heard the vanishient tune hampered by modern
rap and jazz of street noise!
The cruel alien feet trampled and covered the ancient
feet with the desert dust choice!
The holy cows and temples were put under swords and
hammers of hate voice!
Everywhere there are victors edifices forced upon
victims ruins with ruthless poise!

Then I saw the streets still full with the descendents of
that age cows and bulls!
The fragrance of haricandana-sandalwood paste was
overpowered by garbage fulls!
The serenity of ponna, jasmine bushes were over-
crowded by the wild bush skulls!
The dazzling affluence of once Mathura was clouded by
the hunger trained skills!

Then I touched the foot prints of little Krishna carved on
modern marble plaques!
And wandered in the streets of Mathura where cars and
autos coughed asthmatic chokes!
I saw green moon standing beside the blue sky divine
god competing in popularity strokes!
The invigorating smell of milk and curd dominated by
the stench of gutka chew stokes!

Now the pinch of extraction is shown on the grim faces
of unsuspected pilgrims!
How much they try to say 'haha' I see money clouding
the devotion on its rims!

(Mathura needs facelift)

* * * * *

206. Looking for the footprints of Lord Krishna!

In Mathura city I look for the cool winds that carry the
fragrance of an ancient tune!
That tune touched my soul and pulled me towards the
river Yamuna sand dune!
I saw the reflection of newborn Krishna blessing Yamuna
for her benevolence tone!
Then I visited the Braj villages where cows and
cowherds once moved as one!

Shatrughna the brother of Lord Rama killed Madhu and
found the holy city,
Mathura, on the right bank of the black river Yamuna in
Braj Bhoomi the pasture land!
Here Lord Krishna was born in a prison and later killed
Kansa his evil maternal uncle!
Mathura, one of the ancient holy cities seven, the
heartland of Hindu chronicle!

Ayodhya, Varanasi, Kanchi, Puri, Haridwar, Dwaraka and
Mathura the holiest cities,
Ruled the hearts of natives in hard times by granting
them peace and spiritual amenities!
In Mathura city I look for the prison which was the birth
place of a great reformer,
Who could reduce the earth burden without holding a
weapon but as a charioteer!

In and around Mathura city I look for the divine flute that
mesmerised the world!
Then I go to Kurukshetra to hear, from the five sound
conch, war and peace hurled!

(with flute he glorified love,
with conch he fortified war,
with song he ratified peace)

Five sound conch- panchajanya

* * * * *

207. Dubai in a Dream Catcher's Net!

With a dream snare, a hoop with woven string into a
mystic web,
A damsel from Taranto reaches Dubai of Emirates of
a dubious lub dub.
A slow creepy creek with baby locusts grew into
Middle east economic hub,
May be it is a souq once, now Dubai is bubbling with
sheikhs and rich club!

The desert flower Hymenocallis shaped highest man
made Burj Khalifa tower,
With artificial archipelago Palm Jumeirah, and Dubai
miracle garden, O Dubai lover!
Dubai with world's tallest skyline boasts the world's
only 7-star hotel Burj Al Arab,
Allure every dreamer to its magnificent fold to live in
its splendour, taste its divine grub!

In the largest man made marina you walk on
pedestrian walkway ,
In the infinity tower you ogle at the ninety degree
twist and smile away,
In the largest shopping centre Dubai mall you lose
yourself and sway,
In the Jumeria beach hotel and at the Dubai dancing
fountain you stay

With frozen moments and at Atlantis you dream in
underwater suits in azure blue,
You can ski in the indoor snow park of a desert,
o boy! This is the underwater zoo,
There the great aquarium, princess tower, The World
islands, tallest Marquis hotel,
O angel! This is Dubai of dream catchers and many
stories you can climb and tell!

* * * * *

208. Amitabha, Avalokiteshvara, and Tara.....

Opame the celestial Buddha was moved by the
sufferings of all beings,
Why these people are still going towards sin, wars
and cruel dealings?
From his thoughts was born Chenerzik the lord and
embodiment of compassion!
In the middle of Lhasa, he descended, on an island
to relieve the pains of the human ocean!

In that lake, umpteen number of souls were crying
for bodies but wished to be different!
Chenerzik with mercy taught them the teachings of
Buddha, to attain nirvana current!
He went to heaven and came back again and saw
many more souls crying in grief and gloom!
He preached them all Dharma and by the third time
he found many more in dark bloom!

He was aghast! Opame Buddha saw his plight, and
reformed his body, to help the weak,
With eleven heads and thousand arms with an all
seeing eye in each palm of his hand,
Chenerzik saw people multiplying with impure
thoughts and the increasing grief bond!
He cried and cried and from his merciful eyes a
crystal clear teardrop shined on his cheek!

From that teardrop was born Dolma- Tara to help
him in relieving the grief and to bless,
Dolma is the protector goddess of Dolma pass they
both help people to attain nirvana bliss!

AMITABHA...the celestial Buddha Opame
AVALOKITESHVARA...Chenerzik
TARA.....Dolma

* * * * *

209. Selfie smiles and selfish guiles

Narcissus wouldn't have lost his life looking at his
own reflection in that placid lake!
Echo could have been a ringtone instead of fading
away in the mountains wake!
Hades couldn't abduct persephone, Orpheus
wouldn't have turned back at any stake!
Sita wouldn't dare to cross Laxman's line, to Ravana
it would be impossible to take,

His selfie with all his ten heads wyeing with one
another to chip into the choked space!
The creator god Brahma, the sustainer Vishnu, the
destroyer Siva would be running race,
Lords of Directions, vehicles of gods and goddesses
all going out like first blood Rambo,
Vasudha eka kutumbakam -all the world is one
family -would have been in a state of limbo!

Average time I spend on taking selfies has surpassed
my working hours,
Even my vitriolic boss sprinkle smiles to have a selfie
with him even in rain showers!
Lovers stopped kissing and doing other things being
enamoured with selfie flowers,
Mother's are taking selfies of their deliveries and the
newborn smiles under covers!

Satan and his henchmen are helping the blue visions
and red lights to selfie the forbidden roots,
The smiles may be horizontal or vertical this selfie
mania is relishing the forbidden fruits!

* * * * *

210. The descent from an ascent!

And you chose the way no one has chased so far and
declare 'there is no way'
The most difficult ascent you climb breathless and
plant your flag on the summit day,
You look down at the moment and world of time and
space with egoistic mind tray,
The world low down beneath your dirty feet and your
head in the murky cloud spray !

Aha! I am the king! No, no! I am the emperor! No, no,
no! I am God! You declare!
A spark of silence breaks into peels of reverberating
laughter from Mother Nature,
Accentuated by every minute fraction of Time deafen
your frozen toe to scalp hair of future,
The reality dawns in the East gate and Aurora dances
into the scorching sun flare!

When the present ice melts under your goat feet the
past appears like a forgotten crime!
The Satanic verses you recite in your daily
mournings, scalds you like wounds in prime!
Some sudden fear stands upon your erect hair, you
sweat profusely and look for support!
The multiple shaking body multiples the way with
infinity and you declare ' I need a port!,—

Your iron feet that crushed countless souls on your
way laughs at your descent on haste sea!
Now who will hear your breathless cry of dried tears
looking for a pinch of unknown mercy?

* * * * *

211. Gentlemen! We can climb that!

What? How can I climb that pillar of light, with snow
capped of peak in dazzling heights?
The crystal clear Kailasa, or Kang Rin-po-Che the most
precious jewel of mountain brights?
One axis of the world, two good and bad water lakes,
three countries, four sources
Of the longest rivers and sacred to great religions, five
mountains and monasteries,

To allay the six seasonal sin synergies of lust, anger,
greed, attachment, pride and jealousy,
In seven layers of faith primal, intuitive, fantasy, conformity,
reflective, transcend and Enlightenment legacy,
Gaining eight powers of mini, mega, heavy, lighter, acquirability,
fulfilment, Lordship, and control of every bond,
And the power to leave or enter the nine jewel or gated city at
will and gaining beatitude in the shores of mind pond,

I visualize myself enlivened in ten incarnations
merging in the magnificent lux,
From the snow peak like a water drop with wings of
air I fly in radiant flux,
The four streams of lion- Indus, horse- Brahma putra,
peacock- Karnali ganges,
and elephant - Sutlej shall shine in the splendor of the
Shiva for ages,

No one ever climbed that great mountain so far! In
physical terms it may not be impossible,
Better be a white swan free of blemish and fly to the
summit to merge with the Swan Royal noble!

* * * * *

212. O Father! You are like no other!

My father was a teacher and philosopher told me not to
bother or smother
Him with praises when he leaves us and go to settle in
divine lands farther,
Rather he said to take good care of mother, brother and
sister in any weather,
He stressed every thing in creation has to be cared with
a touch of love feather!

He said - 'go look into nature! You can find better fathers
that work so hard,
Like Darwin's frog that carry eggs in the vocal pouch,
like your poetry ward,
O look at those geese, gulls, swans and waterfowls
fathers go on rearguard,
Male seahorses and Emperor penguins incubate eggs in
their pouch yard!

Be a beaver to teach your young ones to build and repair
your own nice dams!
Or like wolf-fathers that feed, protect and play with their
pups in pack's charms!
Like Coyotes and dolphins teach your kids the skills of
hunting and swimming with arms!
Primates, titi and owl monkeys and gorillas secure their
children from any harms!

In rearing your children don't be a cruel, aggressive bear,
boar or stallion!
Unlike a lion father who takes his lionshare first, be your
pride's real guardian!'-

* * * * *

213. To the one who loved us even before she met us....

So they told me to see the monumento a la Madre in
the garden
Of the Art park in Mexico and I saw me and yourself
in those images laden
O my mother now in heaven! How can I forget those
days of no burden
We roamed the dens and gardens without any fear
because you were our warden!

Whenever I delivered babies in difficult labours the
cries of mothers that reached sky high
Used to transport me into the day you suffered to
bring me into this world filled with poverty sigh!
I still remember the tiny tiny lumps of soft food
brimming with ghee and infinite love,
To make me relish them by singing lullabies and
showing the birds and moon above,

Drenched in rain when we come home hungry from
the school you were already there,
At the door with dry clothes and sweetmeats and
tears in your eyes and our poverty nowhere!
We both brothers and our sister and our father a
humble teacher it was our beautiful world,
You managed it excellent amidst of storms fires and
earthquakes and you are now the lost word!

Father has gone and you were there alone in your
destiny searching for an answer!
And the time came with a scythe riding on a crab' you
left us in tears we hating the cancer!

(MOTHERS DAY)

* * * * *

214. A man not writing about a woman!

Writhing in pain he cried,- 'Amma!' O my god!
Pain amma! Amma! O god wild!
And the non-existent god looked at the existent
mother,- Isn't he your child?
The representative of god looked at the sky clouded
with smoke from the bombing,
In between God and she, she saw the existence of
a future child trembling;

All fathers of the men assembled at the border
meetings with open pens,
A few signatures can bury the war or peace along
with the multipurpose guns,
The profit prophets predicted mayhem in the
money sector if no wars reigns,
Their target is providing guns at birth with options of
updating till death screens!

Then all mothers met at the borders of the living
beings and non living beings,
Because we conceive and deliver them they con-
ceive and deliver war innings,
And our labor of carrying and rearing them is being
wasted in their fields of killings,
Let us stop this painful process and put an end to
their birth and our tearful billings!

Then the non-existent god looked at the empty cradles
and full rush graves but mothers in tears,
He blessed the mothers with mercy and love to resurrect
the extinct men to behave well in the future years!

* * * * *



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

Fellow of Indo- Asian Poetry Society

Founder of Writer's Corner / Srijana Lokam

Columnist - Andhra Jyothi (Nivedana)

Founder of Waves (Warangal Aids Voluntary Educational Society)

I. Poetry (Telugu)

1. Alchemy
2. Vaana Mabbula Kanthi Khadgam
3. Tea Kappulo Toofan
4. Tangeti Junnu
5. Karakatakam (Cancer)
6. Oka Sarassu – Aneka Hamsalu (Psychiatry)
7. Marana Saasanam
8. Sri Lalitha Sahasranama Stotram
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II. Poetry (English)

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13. My Poem is My Birth Certificate
14. The Pendulum Clock, The Gramophone,
The Typewriter and The Pen
15. The Vigilance Whistle!
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20. Bees Need No Invitation When Flowers Bloom...
21. Poetravelogue
22. WOW! (Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious)
23. The Lost Songs of a Lone Traveler!

III. Stories, Novels, Essays..(Telugu)

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25. Chupke – Chupke (Woman diseases)
26. Akshararchana
27. Deepa Nirvana Gandham (Death)
28. Swapna Sastram (Dreams-1)
29. Kalalu-Peeda Kalalu (Dreams-2)
30. Satyanveshanalo (Novel)
31. Sankya Sastram (Numerology)
32. Dr. Jayadev Cartoons (Cartoons)
33. Kathalu – kavitalu
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IV Stories, Novels, Essays (English)

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V Translations (English to Telugu)

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45. Paradise Lost (John Milton)
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48. Faust (Goethe)
49. World Famous Stories
50. Namdeo Dhasal Poetry
51. William Blake Poetry
52. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part I
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55. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part IV
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57. Russian Poetry
58. Jalapatam (Eighteen English Poets)
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60. Santi Yuddham (War-Peace)
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73. Madhusala (Edward Fitzgerald)
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80. Endaa – Vaana (Master Poems in English-7)
81. Pillanagrove Pipupu (Master Poems in English-8)
82. Naalugu Dikkulu (Master Poems in English-9)
83. Allanta Doorana Aa Paata Vinavacche (Master Poems in English-10)
84. Divya Vastrala Kosam (Master Poems in English-11)
85. Oka Madhusala (Master Poems in English-12)
86. The Axion Esti (Odysseus Elytis)
87. Love & Death (Frederico Garcio Lorca)
88. Ten Thousand Lines (Edwin Cordevilla)
89. Century of Love (Roula Pollard)
90. Pablo Neruda Poetry
91. Mexican Poetry
92. Inanna (Queen of Heaven and Earth)
93. Sataroopa (A.K. Khanna)
94. Aamani (Master Poems in English-13)
95. Kotha Deepalu (Master Poems in English-14)

VI Translations (From Telugu, Hindi to English)

96. Bhagavatam (Potana)
97. Soundarya Lahari (Sankaracharya)
98. Modern Bhagavadgita

99. Samparayam (Suprasanna)
100. The Tree of Fire (Anumandla Bhoomaiah)
101. The Poems of Kuppam (Seeta Ram)
102. We Need a Language (T.W. Sudhakar)
103. The Broken Grammer (T.W. Sudhakar)
104. The Voice of Telangana (Madiraju Ranga Rao)
105. Fire and Ice (Rama Chandramouli)
106. The Tears of Bliss
107. This is no Streaking (Stories – K.K. Menon)
108. The Pool of Blood (Novel – Ampasayya Naveen)
109. Madhusala (Harivamsa Roy Bacchan)
110. Journey to Manasa Sarovar (English poetry)
111. Smooth Hands- Sosonjan A. Khan- (Bilingual)
112. Dancing Winds- Maria Miraglia (Bilingual)
113. Moments- Alicja Kubreska (Bilingual)
114. Tayouan Pai Pai- Yaw-Chin Fang(Bilingual)
115. The World of Extinct Lamps- Izabela Zubko (Tri lingual)
116. Pearls of Wisdom- Pramila Khadun- (Bilingual)
117. The Wind my lover- Ade C. Manila-(Bilingual)
118. The Mystic Mariner- Madan Gandhi (Bilingual)
119. Ten Color Rainbow - The Poems from Poland (Bilingual)
120. The True Meaning of Life - Rashid Pelpuo
121. The Wind My Lover - Ade C. (Bilingual)
122. Jak Ziemia Po Pierwszym Deszczu - The Poems from Poland (Bilingual)
123. Prima Ballerina Roberta Di Laura
124. The Casket of Vermilion (English Poetry)
125. Barefoot to Arcadia - Aprilia Zank (Bilingual)
126. Lets be one in The One - George Onsy (Bilingual)
127. Riding the Tide - Ashok Bhargava (Bilingual)
128. The Collected poems of Dr. LSR Prasad
129. The Epic of Gilgamesh
130. Krzysztof Kokot - Around the Haiku
131. Renata Cygan - I am a troubadour
132. Sergio Camellini - The Planet of Pink Clouds
133. Kumkum Bharine
134. Oulaya Drissi El Bouzaidi - A Long-winged Breath
135. Agnieszka Jarzebowska - The Fifth Season
136. The Making of Mahatma
137. Juliusz Erazm Bolek - The Secrets of life - A Calendar in verse
138. The Songs of Annamayya
139. Basudeb Chakraborti Poetry

140. Poland Poetry - As Clear as the Sun
141. Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak's - Blue Longing
142. Izabela Zubko - The Holy Trinity
143. Deepa Chandran Ram - The Inner Quiet
144. Nazi Naaman Poetry
145. Lal Ded 'Vakhs'
146. Eden S. Trinidad - Eden Blooms
147. Dr. Jernail S. Anand - Fighting the Flames
148. Hell Rise in Paradise
149. Three Color Brush (China Poetry)
150. The Making of Mahatma - Poetry (Collector's Edition)
151. An Epic of Kashmir (Poetry)
152. The Legend of Lady Yang Guifei
153. Tjukurpa - Time Continuum (Dream Time - Every When)
154. Trident (Love, War and Peace) Poetry
155. Yuddhopanishad (The Upanishad of War)
156. COVID-19 - Biotechnology Novel
157. Krishna Prasai's Sun-Shower (A collection of 108 Zen Poems)
158. Covid-19 Parodies
159. VIRUSES - VACCINES
160. THE EDDAS
161. The Fifth Horseman (Telugu)



WOW!

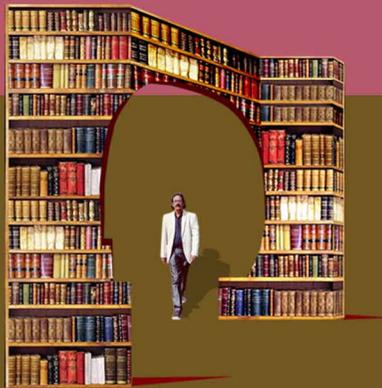
(Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!)

'Wow' said She. 'You like it or not, we humanoids are all android bards with gynecoid voices placed in steroid bodies with philanthropoid souls treading on celluloid paths'-

'Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious' he said enthusiastically "What more I can say! You said it all. Let us not argue about the origins. In this world we have people ranging from super calloused fragile mystic hexed by non-violence truth sense to super callous fragile egocentric coronatid braggadocious and so on and so forth.

Then she said- 'But, that's going a bit too far, don't you think?'

'Not too far, if it is poetic odyssey' he said opening the first gilded letter - gate - 'Wow!'



Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad