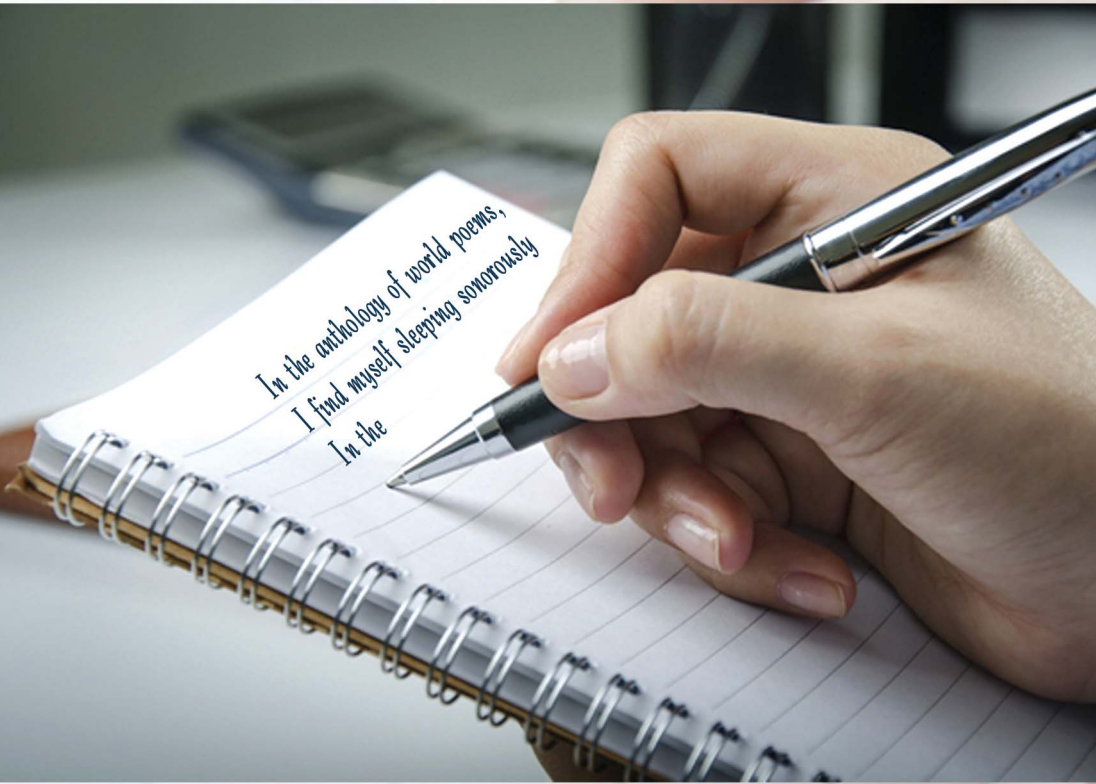


My poem is My Birth Certificate

A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding a silver and black pen, writing in a spiral-bound notebook. The notebook is open to a page with lined paper. The text written on the page is in a cursive font and reads: "In the anthology of world poems,
I find myself sleeping somnolently
In the". The background is blurred, showing a desk with a pair of glasses.

*In the anthology of world poems,
I find myself sleeping somnolently
In the*

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



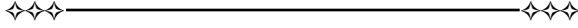
Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

MY POEM IS MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE

(POETRY)

by

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



February 2017

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by **Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad**

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1. My Poem is My Birth Certificate!

In the anthology of world poems,
I find myself sleeping sonorously
In the fold of black letters and images,

Longing for your looks to embrace me,
Letter by letter, word by word, I dance
Before you in meaningful emotions of ages!

When your probing fingers delicately
Touch my white blanket of dreaming page,
I wake up with anticipation of your appreciation!

Following vigils on the looking points
If you miss them reading between the lines,
I try to make a big hue and cry to call for your attention!

I look at you like a question mark with eyes,
A sea of great disappointment inundates me,
If it sees a frown or disapproval on your face!

When your tender fingers turn to another page
Without giving me a gift of merit or consolation,
I bury myself in the tears wet shroud of pages and images!

When your appreciating pencil underlines,
Marks or remarks on some words or sentences
My elated heart expresses exuberant thanks of gratitude!

The black and gray letters swell with pride,
And shine in pure shades of silver and gold!
That's why my poem is my birth certificate untold!

2. Righting a Wrong Poem!

When I write a poem I hum it,
If it bugs me I adjust that!
If it hums back I flag it high,
It doesn't I flog myself till I fly!

When I paint my self portrait
I observe what is extraordinary in me!
If my nose is big and straight
I draw it first and exaggerate a bit dreamy!

When I cook my favourite item,
I wait till I get that familiar aroma on time!
I do try and innovate dozen a diem,
But concentrate on the perfect culinary item!

When I sing my life's song
I meditate on its rhythm and rhyme!
I fly back in to the past along
And bring the words and tunes in their prime!

When I dance as a happy soul,
I cross the worlds beyond mundane walls and all!
When i reach the Great Soul,
I lose my existence and become a part of the Whole!

3. The Mules and the Muses

Now they established a magnifico gigantic
sinister mystery poetic empire,
Nine muses as servant robos with intelligence artificially
tampered by psycho repair,
What can the Lord of gods Zeus can do,
when the poetic juice in the minstrels has dried up!
So many groups these pen pushers formed, Hermes the
messenger of gods, came in vain to stop!

The regular poem throwers oil-pull their poems
mouthful and swish them on on-looking readers.
Then the onlookers not so innocently like,
share and comment with notes and stickers.
Infused by the encouragement new thinkers
starts small scale industry of musings,
One letter to one word, one line to paragraphs,
Haikus to epics they evolve into big industries.

Graduation, specialisation, doctorates,
laureates and what not everyday a date,
Some new style competitions, from spirit to spirits,
love to love making slate,
More about war and peace, further more about
individual bars and epiphany state,
All hollow, shallow effigies follow a few real
reflections, mirrors crack in explosive rate.

Writers think readers are Shakespearean fools,
readers think in reverse about their verse,
But remember a fool is not a fool at all,
like mules they change from verse to reverse.
The problem with the mules is, though they carry
heavy loads they are usually sterile,
But these present day muses carry heavy loads of
words and they are exponentially fertile.

What startles me is the present day's buried
insight and superficial fight,
If a poet cannot generate an immortal poem in his lifetime
what is the benefit?
The tears that form the ink, if they disappear
before the think where is the fault?
To carry the load like a mule or to become
a fertile muse, which is more important?

4. A Layman's Lament!

What good comes out of them,
those half alive dreamy creatures?
For every word they shroud a wall and
give password features!
They sentence their audience to painful jails or
confinement with each sentence,
And decorate their verses in universal figures of
speech and ghouls of pretence!

How can we simpletons measure such poetry
with paralysis of analysis?
What tables we turn to find the hidden cobwebs
and spiders of crisis?
Where has gone those warm streams of joy and
heaps of snows of yesterday?
What happened to the enchantment of the
moment and the carpe diem of today?
Is there any crisis in humanity or decadence
in the perspective of people?
Why we hear less soulful songs and more of the
sound and fury of scuffle?
Why some hold old blunderbusses loaded
with powder filled slugs or bullets?
And harm the unsuspecting onlookers
with wild wits and devilry pellets?

O dear pen pushers! Please do come out of the
half dead solitary labyrinths of darkness!
Stop self aggrandizement, self praise and
stale statements of self promoting meanness!
Come plant and water the trees of love, peace and
compassion in the garden of the world!
Join, sing along with commoners and nurse the tree of
poetry that provides shades of word!

5. YOU ARE THERE and I AM HERE!-1

Life is a nearest dream stays out,
Dream is a nearest life stays in!
Both life and dream comes from a single source,
Better stay with a dream and life nearest to us!

A secret chamber in my heart
She knows I don't know!
A secret girl of my secret love,
Her dreamy eyes in a stream they flow!
She stays so secret, she always
Forgets to lock the door somehow!
The secret key is with her but
She knows not, how ho!

Her locks are the locks that guards the moon,
That moon is the one the brightest at her noon,
At her noon no one can make a hiss or kiss!
Her hiss or kiss is poisonous than the divine bliss!

In a dream you whispered- 'Hide me in your heart!'
In my wake I lost and found myself and my heart!
I never knew before, that separate me and my heart!
How come you are the secret, that glues them in divine art!

6. YOU ARE THERE and I AM HERE!- 2

Life is a prism that emanates polychromatic rays,
Life is a prison that enacts poly-traumatic plays;
No woman deceives a man unless he does a wrong,
If she does means his pristine prism is a prison lifelong!

Is mountain a thin curtain when you fly a dream?
Is volcano a hot spring when you bathe in that stream?
Is storm a cool breeze when you grant your grace fountain?
Is my love a breeze, spring, curtain or a storm, volcano, mountain?

Million of stars and planets but Venus is Venus!
Thousands of pebbles but a pearl is a pearl!
Hundreds of birds but Nightingale is nightingale!
Scores of friends but you are you, a dream girl and a gale!

This is the key to my heart!
This is the lock to my door!
This is the door to my house!
This is the house to my love!
This is the love that fills my heart!

7. YOU ARE THERE and I AM HERE!- 3

You never asked but i know,
You wished to taste that delicious mango;
I climbed the tree and plucked it somehow!
You noticed a bleeding gash on my shoulder,
You are not here, but the kiss is here and the scar!

Who cracked my blue saucer of love?
You thundered and threw a few lightning bolts!
Black clouds my eyes wept and rained tears!
For I am punished for what i have not done!

The cloud that cried aloud, rained tears to revive nature,
The cloud that thundered, threw hails and tornadoes of torture,
You only knew why you did; Love's image is
now a poisoned picture!

With a huff you left me, with your smile and thunder,
Miles away I was hit and wonder, Heart in hands I wander!
Without you what am I?
If I am something, you are that everything!
I am alive because of your stay in me,
now i am absolutely nothing!

Without you living is no life, no breath,
When you are around, out of bounds is death;
Come soon dear love, come soon!
For me every movement is agony and
every moment is an eon!

8. YOU ARE THERE and I AM HERE!- 4

Can a dune try to reach the moon?
Only moonlight can bleach it to shine and swoon!
The sea tried to catch the moon with its myriad hands,
To fall back and properly behaves on the silent smiling sands!

In solitude silvery shining sand sings,
Pebbles dance, waves clap, and dunes springs,
A lonely shell explodes near my inquisitive ears,
Explaining the love mysteries of the bygone years!

Oh! Where is my ladder to reach you?
Oh! Where is my telescope to watch you?
Oh! Where is my Microscope to scan n catch you?
Oh! Is there any scope to preach or match you?

Those dreamy eyes, dreamy eyes, eyes,
Those streaming eyes extreme nice, ice,
Those haunting eyes, naughty ice, denies,
Those searching eyes, denies ice, so nice!

Oh my love! Where are you hiding eluding me and why?
In the sunshine, moonlight and stars twinkling in the sky
I searched you in the songs of nightingales, and sea gales,
In the light and warmth of fire, in the music of planets celestial,
In the fragrance of flowers and the pristine beauty of nature,
i searched you and finally found you far and near,
and everywhere!

(Thanks to Hellen Velasquez Baquedano)

9. O Sufi!

O Sufi! Why dance in that swirl?
Eating in your blanket and counting hairs?
Leave the earthen house, reach the divine door!

O Dervish! In Konya, see that lovely light!
The famous Rumi of Mathnavi shining bright!
They visited the magnificent Light of lights!

O Nishapur! Where is that perfume seller!
The world is filled with Attar's divine aroma of wisdom!
The hoopoe and the birds reached the Simurgh kingdom!

O Omar Khayyam! O great mathematician!
O the writer of immortal Rubaiyat of eternal love and Saki!
The taverns are still here looking after
our weary caravans in long journey!

O Sufi! O Dancing dervishes! O wanderer!
O Caravan! O sojourner!
Let the caravan go from door to door,
on the path of faith, till it reaches the divine Door

10. How brittle are thy wings, O peace?

How brittle are thy wings, O peace,
flax or gossamer thin!
How obdurate is your heart O war,
hot iron or adamantite!

No koel holds colloquy, no ploughman yields prosody,
no bard sings melody
The crippled skeletons are people,
rampant ravage ravished many a apple!
The murders frown, the cruel plotters release
deceitful glances, the traitors smile!
The hell is let loose, the darkman's scythe is sharp,
the goat footed creature is on prow!
In the land of zombies, owls hearken,
Dracula draws blood, werewolves howl!

How obstinate is your attitude O war!
Leave the blood tinted road, recede and disappear!
How beautiful are thy wings O peace!
The music is here! Come and occupy the chair!

11. Three songs and a land

If I ever land in neverland
I will tell no lies to my shadow and sand.
Then I fly over the rainbow bridge and
I shall sing a song of mirages of fantasy grand!

In a land of lies I met a muse of song
With her magic wand she hit me hard on my tongue
I fled to the shade of poetree
There bear words waylaid me leaving me bare!

In a sea of blood I saw a tree shooting bullets
In the neighbourhood, trees lost branches and tears
flowed from their sockets
Slowly the peaceful tears flooded the flames of
blood and wrongs
Soon there is no trace of that shooting tree
in that land of songs

12. A Walker Between the Worlds

From hill to hill, from cliff to cliff,
over the seas, beyond mountains,
Into the hollow caves, where spirits dwell amidst Chi,
prana or Baraka fountains,
O Travellers between the Worlds,
O Dancing Dervishes, O Yogis, O Shamans,
With heads in Eros light, in the noon of pitch
dark night, an unconscious flight,
Let the wheel of fortune revolve, let the
meteors flash bright in showers greet!

Let the holy fire burn! Sprinkle frankincense,
amber, add myrrh, let dhoop go up!
Bring the cauldron! Keep it on the fire stove,
boil water, add sandalwood, myrtle!
Add Caapi vine, chacruna or chagropanga leaves,
brew ayahuasca tea, take a sip!
Shower turmeric, ochre, saffron, shake over leaves of
neem and oscimum sanctum!
Draw pentagrams and sigils of spirits, Dance till
you are in trance to the ancient tunes!
Walk between the two worlds! Where are you going?
What do you see? Lie down, Tell us!

I see the time crunch, distorted forms of wench,
sizes crushed by invisible wrench!
Is it the wonderland of Alice? Am i in the world of Lilliput?
I see that Cheshire cat!
Can i take my field of vision for the limits of the world,
to the domain of the spirit?
Oh! What is this serpent of life? Looks like
my chromosome helix and genetic lux!

When the stomach starts screeching,
and the body erupts in volcanic hot sweat,
When the Intense visualization bombards the
world of nonexistence, jumbled breath,
An array of illusions, a painless and painful separation,
umbilical cord cut, Death!
Why is that light struggling to go out of me?
What is that trying to keep that in me?

When i live in this Tryptamine palace,
the Entheogenic effect, the transcendental visit,
In to the land of giant reptilian creatures,
tiny black specks dropped from the sky,
Flopping, flipping, tripping into vivid colour circles,
pointing into me like shooting arrows,
Am I going back into my zygotic form, visiting myself
in my mother's womb as a tiny spec?

Or expanding into planets, stars, galaxies,
exploding meteorites and sucking black holes?
From that altered state of vividness when I trip backwards
into consciousness, i find myself
Laughing aloud at the incongruities of my fabulous
and adventurous journey, O Holy Spirit!
I feel empty, cleansed of my mind and body,
a pure spirit hovering in me, another outside!

Yes! This is my journey into myself, a journey to find
myself, a divine spec of eternal light,
The visit into the abundance of plenum at Delphi,
my circumambulation at Kailash Mount,
My devoted prayers to the God the Compassionate
and the Merciful, the invocations,
My psalm singing, my whirling dances,
my prayer wheels, my chants, my mumblings,
My conversations with Nature and my nature,
all to cleanse myself and to know myself!

13. The Broken Heart

How many tears dropped from those weeping clouds of sky?
The oceans filled to brim and overflowed with grief why?
In the forest of sensual mystery he was captured
by the witch of lust,
The adamantine shackles fortified with
gold dried his love and gust!

Waiting for him with kindled breath light
She was there dreaming his return flight,
He didn't come, but the news came of his bodily flirty part
Her spirits died breaking the soul into smithereens of heart.

When heart is broken where does love go from there?
Especially when it is woman's heart it rages fierce fire.
If the fire rages wild what metals and adamantine can stop it?
The fire-bursts melted the shackles and the witch's wicked wit.
He came on his knees, but his tears couldn't glue her broken heart.

14. Aha, what is this life, O cynical fellow?

Like a cool child dipped in castration or
other anxiety, the cherub of childhood,
When you are a teen, life promised hope
and piety, and tons of good,
In crazy twenties, craving for a party and
flying many a sortie,
In thrifty thirties, tied to a post, a donkey's life
with many a family tie,

Foursome forties floor you with
fantasies of fantastic foreplay,
In freak fifties, fitness feels like a flickering of
lit candle wick play,
In sixties men and women are soldiers with
guns down and grenades defused slow,
Seventies is the period of self aggrandizement
and glorious memory showers, come and go,
If you are still there, in eighties you are a
bent Moses with a bewildered staff,
Nineties is a journey of forgetfulness,
neither you are here nor there,
Beyond this everything is hazy in a house of
light and darkness!

So, is this the essence life? No, no, no....!
Then what.?

15. Bhava Chakra (The Wheel of Life)

In a hub of three poisons, clinging bird and angry snake
comes out of pignorance,
It is your wish and will to reach the plane of light or stay in
the dark night chance arrogance,
The cause and effect takes you on ride into the realms of
samsara the existent world,
The world with six strata three in light and three in dark
house of shadows and light swirled.

Gods, Demigods, Humans in the realms of light and
here man can try to attain Buddha hood,
Animals, hungry ghosts, hell in descending order of
darkness, karma directs one into its fold!
The outer rim has twelve image spokes-
A blind person walks without knowledge,
A potter preparing pots on volitional bridge,
A monkey or a man grasping a fruit of wisdom,
Two men in a boat of shape and name,
Six senses rowing with a sense of sensibility,
Lovers in closeness of love and sensuality,
An arrow to the eye causing extreme pain,
Endless thirst and available drink to a drinker,
Monkey or man picking up a fruit of destiny,
A couple in deep embrace of desire,
Woman giving birth, a child is born,
Old age and death coming last in the chain.

Impermanence the god of Death, Yama holding
this cycle in the form of a wrathful monster,
Wearing a crown of five skulls of aggregates,
Four limbs of birth, sickness, old age and death
Third eye symbolizes the attainment of wisdom,
his tiger skin dress indicating fearlessness,

The moon of liberation or nirvana,
Buddha pointing to moon is showing the path of liberation,
It is the wheel of existence or the wheel of life,
Bhava chakra is the symbol of man's quest of know thyself
or the answer to the perennial question-
'Who am I?'-itself!

16. The Butterfly effect!

Did the slap of a police officer brought turmoil
in Tunisia, Egypt, Libya and Syria?
Did the act of cow protectors wrought havoc
in the minds of poor people in India?
Does the flap of a butterfly or a sea-gull's wings in Brazil,
set off a tornado in Texas?
Can a small change in one state of a system result
in large differences as in Chaos?

O Lorenz! Your poetic statement brought a storm
in the tea-cup of the scientific notion!
Didn't the demolition of a shrine brought differences
in between the brothers of a nation?
Can you remove a single grain of sand without
disturbing the immeasurable heap of sand?
Wasn't it the throwing of dice that brought the
Great War of Mahabharata in to the land?

Did a cloudy day in Kokura, Japan change the
location to Nagasaki in question?
Did a blackout in New York City trigger arson,
looting, and hip-hop music in succession?
When they ran out of beer, did the Pilgrims decide to
land at Plymouth Rock to live on?
Did Ned Buntline make Buffalo Bill a legend
by his novel and American Wild West was born?

The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand
did it not bring the world into war zone?
Rejected twice by a fine arts academy,
an artist Hitler became a Dictator number one!
The novel 'Friday thirteenth', Google's programmers'
typo, a dropped box of cigars,

A chip of paint flecked off on the measuring rod of
the well known Hubble Telescope,

The careless handling of Explosives in a Denmark factory,
the laying of sewer pipes
And gas lines in the same trenches, destroying
a whole city of Guadalajara in Mexico;
One malfunctioned small light in the control panel
causing the meltdown of a Reactor,
The death of Ogedei Khan, the son of Genghis Khan
halting the Mongol invasion,

A streak of meteor across the sky, gave strength to
Constantine to win a war of faction
And he passed the Edict of Milan that caused the
Christianity's worldwide explosion!
A rumour of animal fat on the guns that initiated
the Indian soldiers' rebellion,
Dear friends! Remember and beware of small things
that can trigger a chain reaction!

The present day generation is highly volatile,
living under wires of high tension,
What it needs is a small gaffe or error or mistake or
a rumour to trigger the detonation,
The fear bomb is already placed in the junctions
and traffic zones of atomic mind reactor,
Later what we see is the aftermath of the failed math-
ematics and science of peace and war!

Does the flap of a butterfly or a sea-gull's wings
in Brazil, set off a tornado in Texas?
Yes! A small change in one state of a system can result
in large differences as in Chaos!

17. The Tree Effect

When a child is born, the Oubangui people plant a tree
When it flowers, the child is married;
he or she grows with glee
After his death his soul lives in that tree happy and free;

From the Primitive milky Sea,
emerged seven jewels, after churning,
One is the wish fulfilling tree- Kalpavriksha with roots of
gold, Silver midriff, Lapis lazulli boughs, Coral leaves,
Pearl flower, gemstone buds, diamond fruit.

When Andhaka demon spread darkness all over the world
Lord Siva and Parvati gave their daughter Aranyaki,
the protector of forests
To Kalpavriksha, to bring up her with health,
happiness, safety and wisdom

In the garden of Eden God planted among
many trees, a tree of Life,
A forbidden tree with fruits of knowledge of
good and evil to Adam and Eve;

Under the Norway Birch tree, light becomes shade
But under Yggdrasil tree, Axis Mundi,
Odin gained wisdom in lieu of one eye

When the great peacemaker formed the
Iroquois confederacy,
Inspired the warriors to bury their weapons
under the white pine tree of Peace

Under the Banyan tree, grass doesn't grow
But under Bodhi tree, Buddha got enlightenment and glow.

Under the Palmyra tree, milk looks like toddy
But under the China Bamboo tree,
monks got Zen way and paddy

Under the Tamarind tree, the breeze sounds eerie
But under the Peepal or banyan tree sound sleep comes free

The Whispering Oak of Dodona, the sacred Sycamore groves,
Mandara, harichandana, parijata, samtanaka, kalpavriksha trees
a locus amoenus- a pleasure place for the tree nymphs

The Sal tree of Jina; An inverted tree of Bhagavad Gita,
the song of God;
Another inverted in tree in our bodies to purify
our breath and blood
The mysterious five world trees of Kabbalah,
the trees of senses of Nassenes

The tree of Zaqqum of Hell, the Nariphon tree of Thailand
The human face fruit of Jinmenju tree
that falls flat with human laugh
The Lotus tree of Greeks, The jubokko tree of Japan,

The sky-high trees of Hungary,
the four hundred feet high Sequoia-Hyperion
A hundred meter high mountain ash tree,
the broadest Montezuma cypress,
A five thousand years old Great Basin bristlecone
pine tree in California

All these trees what do they tell? Without us
you are void and null!
We are your food and shelter; O Modern man!
So save us to save yourself!
Lest you will be a fossil and no more story or moral to tell!

18. What a Family! Oh! What a Family!

Oh Lord Siva! The Auspicious one!
What a great family you have!
O Pasupati, the Lord of animals!
The ancient God of the weak and brave!
An omniscient yogi in your benevolent form
but a destroyer at annihilation time,
All peculiar and strange your attire and
whereabouts and you are the endless Time!

Ice cold mountain Kailash you tread,
with the great bull Nandi as the vehicle!
A fierce Snake Vasuki around your neck,
in your fore-head a burning third eye terrible!
The holy river Ganges flowing from your matted hair,
a crescent moon adorning fair,
A trident as a weapon supreme, the percussion
instrument Damaru for sounding fear!

The primordial cosmic energy Parvati,
your consort, is the daughter the snow mountain,
The lord of the ganas or attendants Vinayaka
the elephant headed one is the elder son!
The commander in chief of deities' army is your
younger son, Kartikeyan or Murugan!
The problem starts, as my human brain thinks,
whenever there is your family reunion!

Now O Lord! Tell me how many contradictions
and paradoxes you bear and wear?
As an ascetic you roam in the graveyards wearing
elephant skin and ashes smeared,
How can a beautiful daughter of the king of
mountains tolerate your ways very weird?

And you claim her as half of your body but you keep
another lady in your matted hair!

In that matt of hair, the ornamental crescent of
moon may keep your forehead cool,
But the moon laughed at your son's paunch and
got a curse for his transgression drool!
With such a shape your lovely son Vinayaka,
how can he ride on a little brittle mouse?
When your necklace of a hissing snake sees it,
how can it tolerate a mouse in your house?

Even if the snake is silent, your second son's vehicle
pea-cock is an arch-enemy of snakes,
Does it sound alarm of SA in shadja, whose vortex
Root-Chakra is under control of Vinayaka!
Your consort Parvati as Durga rides on a lion,
but your mount is bull, and how is it possible?
Phallus and yoni your symbols, but you don't have
your own children, what is the trouble?

Oh Lord Siva! The Cosmic Dancer!
What a divine dance "Tandava" you perform!
A cobra uncoils, a skull giggles, a crescent moon
clicks in that dance of Bliss!
A Damaru Drum sounds the beats originating
the creation and passage of Time!
When your left hand hurls fire and the third eye opens,
destroyed are all the worlds,
Then you create all the worlds again and
protect them in the forms of Trinity,
You are an omniscient yogi in your benevolent form
but a destroyer at annihilation time,
Oh Lord Siva! The Auspicious one! What a great family
you have, like all of us and me!

19. Nine Circles of Hell!

And they prayed the Satan and
were permitted to visit Earth again!
But they did not like the shape it was in,
the shape of an orange spin!
They stamped, stomped and stumped the
globular mass into a mat thin,
And rigged big holes into it by deep bores to reach
the land of Dis within!

Oh, dear traveller! Look at that place through this
underground Helloscope!
Let us start the journey, the road taken by
Virgil and Dante, with good hope,
We too can see the fun or punishment the
sinners undergo uninterrupted;
At the edge of Hell, you can see the circle of
Limbo, the hell of the damned!

In the Asphodel like meadows were a group of poets,
like you and me, well,
Neither they can stay in hell nor go to heaven,
unless harrowing of hell,
Occurs again and a saviour has to come to
take them along with him,
Meanwhile they have to write good and
useful poetry or prose to deliver them!

The second one is the circle of Lust,
where along with Helen, Cleopatra, Achilles, Paris,
The people who betray their spouses are punished
by the whirl winds and hailstone rush!

In the circle of Gluttony, punished are the
overeaters by the three headed dog Cerberus,
By flaying the sinners, in the putrid slush of icy rain,
and in the great storm of putrefaction!
(Don't be surprised if those circles resemble our bars
and nightclubs in frenzy satisfaction!)

The fourth one is the circle of Greed,
where Black Money hoarders push their heavy bags,
Uphill with their heads and chests, no rest,
if they tarry, Plutus hits them with whips of rags!
In the circle of Wrath, people with anger fight
one another in the stinking waters of Styx,
They snarl, gurgle and rend in uninterrupted fights
like in our poor suburban gullies;
Oh God! Here comes the Furies the local goons,
Step into the skiff! Push the boat fast!
We are lucky; our guardian angel with his magic wand
protected us from their blast!
The sixth one the circle of Heresy,
where the Epicureans cry in flaming tombs,
For they argued that soul dies with the body and
threatened the religious lambs!

The circle of Violence has three rings;
the first ring is the boiling blood river Phlegethon,
In that river, boiled for eternity are the murderers,
war makers, plunderers and tyrants,
We can see many merchants of Death of west
and well known dictators hobnobbing;
In the second ring are the people,
who committed suicide, running in the dense bushes,

Haunted by horrible Harpies, injured by the thorns
and spikes of the harshest vile trees;
The third ring is for the blasphemers, sodomites,
and usurers who perpetuated violence
Against God, nature and art see, them scorched
by the fire, in the great plains of burning;

The eighth one with ten evil ditches,
the circle of Fraud, like in amphitheatre,
Seducers and panderers in the first ditch,
whipped by horned police for eternity,
Flatterers are steeped in excrement and you can
see and hear their howling in enmity;
Simoniacs, struggling with their heads downwards in
rocky holes are crying for mercy;
Sorcerers, fortune tellers, diviners, astrologers,
column writers and false prophets,
Aha, their heads are twisted around their body
and they see now backwards;
Barrators the corrupt politicians,
who made money from public funds and corruption,
In a lake of boiling pitch, immersed are they,
are guarded by 'Z' security grey hounds;
Hypocrites are crucified on to the floor with stakes,
and sinners step and walk over them;
Thieves in the seventh ditch are bitten by snakes,
serpents, lizards and terrible gangs;
Counsellors of fraud are punished by the sparks and
heat of double headed flame tax;
Sowers of discord in religious, political,
family schisms are sharp split from face to down;

Falsifiers like alchemists, impersonators, counterfeiters,
perjurers afflicted with diseases,
In the central well is that the big builder of
Babylon Tower Nimrod, along with giants;
Here we can see the whole corporate sector,
lying like flaccid Dark Mountain heaps;

The ninth circle is the circle of Treachery,
the ice frozen lake of Cocytus,
Where the betrayers of family (Caina),
community (Antenora), guests (Ptolomaea)
and lords(Judecca) stand in neck deep ice,
some fully encapsulated to freeze;
In the centre of Dis is the corrupt Satan the Arch Traitor,
up to waist deep in ice,
With three heads of yellow, red and black,
conjoined at top, fixed and suffering;

And now you know about the fate of your
next door neighbour to your president,
So , Dear friends! This is the Hell, kept ready for us
sinners, remodelled, refined,
With ultra modern scans and state of the art
equipment loaded with automatic gadgets;
On line services are available; just flash your
ATM card of your good and bad deeds,
You can see what circle you belong and what is
in store for you, your account is safe;
Everything is recorded, your body and mind are
firewalls, and your soul is the password!

20. Panthers with perfumed scents!

O Great Caesar! The ruthless ruler of Rome and
all and walked tall,
You expected me to be an Egyptian cat
at your beck and Cupid call,
With a seductive siren and queen,
you found yourself in her magic mall!

O Menelaus! Your arrogance and
neglect lost me to Paris!
Is this not the face that launched the
thousand ships of war?
The enchanting smile and beauty has
blunted thy swords and star!

O DiMaggio and Miller! O Studio owners
and Senators! Me a dumb blonde royal,
A second grade girl with the horizontal walk,
an hourglass filled with tears,
You made me catwalk that caused smoke
to issue from thy senile ears!

The elusive enigmatic Eve panthers are the
enticing sirens in the perfumed garden!
They lived their lives on their terms and
created histories and sensation!
In a male dominated society they struggled
and succeeded to gain attention,
Their names shall be permanently etched
in the annals of history and downtrodden,
Filled with abductions, humiliations, rapes
and death sentences too often,
Their love for life and their search for hope tells us
many lessons unwritten!

21. Stick to Selfie!

Oh, what a bizarre world I and myself live in!
Surrounded by social networks, a mannequin!
Yesterday it was ice cream and nice kulfi,
Today it has matured into irresistible selfi!

O Parmigianino! O Cornelius! What a concept sir ji!
O Nathan Hope! Your drunken fall ushered the word selfie!
From commoners to celebrities it is a rage and craze!
Virility has gone viral, feminity floral in this surreal chase!

Life is now deja vu and jamais vu,
selfie has hijacked personality hue!
Is it a traffic of photographic body market or
reassurance of self confidence due?
In a dating, rating, mating market is it a way of
self promotional spotlight view?
Is it a male gaze to gauze women
on the altar of predators queue?

Is it a cry for help or a try for self approval trip
or a psychological slip in charm?
Like tea and coffee we have groufie, wefie,
usie and many more for a feel good form!
Selfies while driving, selfies with pets,
in places dangerous, revenge porn brings harm!
Too much indulgence in anything is precarious
and a detrimental storm!

Though selfie is like a poem of innerself,
or a self portrait of an artist in strife,
Friends beware! More than likes, shares,
and comments, more precious is thy life!

22. Three Gentlemen and a Mother!

What catastrophic calamity camouflaged
her cute countenance?

What vibrations of heathen music enraged
her dignity stance?

What hollow spaced gravity outraged her
outwards and inwards grace?

Why she looks so sick as though engulfed
by diabolical evil brace?

Her albino locks look pallid like snow mountain peak white,
Her drapes stained with ashes, smoke and blood bright,
Her saree cloth borders torn by the thorns of bushes slight,
Tears furrowed her cheeks to inundate the oceans might,
In that land of plenty but as if in a desolate dry unkind desert,
In a portentous horrid miserable melancholic windy concert,
Where dark night eclipses the symptomatic sullen daylight,
Where human mutual hate dominate the whole foul bio waste,
She was lying in silence on a seven decade old sick boat!

Then I saw, three gentlemen approaching her with great reverence,
The first one from East, saluted her and spoke in a tremulous voice-
The soldier said-' Mother, forgive us for coming late!'-
'Yes, amma!'- said the one whose constitution is on slate'-
-'Haa matha!'- nodded the third one with three holes on his chest plate!

Seeing them the mother got up, her eyes glowed in recognition,
She patted them with unbound love and unremitting affection,
Dear children, I am alright! I am eagerly waiting for your return!

Your unsurpassed bravery and love for motherland,
your penchant for freedom
And equality, your path of truth and nonviolence. ..
No more they are virtues, now abused by
selfish and mischievous,

All these sojourners are highly divided
into minute groups,
Wide gaps in between them with bridges of
swords and traps,
Neither they care their motherland nor
they strive for its bright future!
Look at these wounds and gashes
I suffer from their lashes,
The Utopia you three promised is as
elusive as the lightning flashes!
I see, dear sons! You three came
from three different direction,
United now you go and remove the scum
and evils and give me resurrection!
They three touched the feet of the Mother
with reverence and healed her wounds, and
I saw them rowing the boat with their mother
in comfort, to their dreamland!

23. Two children and a big rock!

One child came with a chisel and asked his teacher,
Sir how can I make a great elephant out of this big stone?
The teacher said, Do you see the elephant grazing over there?
Keep it in mind and chistle away the rock which is
not a part of the elephant!

He worked on it for days and months after the
final stroke, a feeling of satisfaction,
Came over to him and he slipped into a
dreamy sleep and dreamt

That a group of elephants came to him
and patted for his work,
Presented him a beautiful lotus flower as a
token of appreciation!

By the soft touch of something he woke up
suddenly and found the lotus flower,
And the elephants moving away from him and there
smiling by his side, was his teacher!

Sometime later another student came to the
teacher and saw the sculpture,
For him it looked ugly and fearsome,
and the teacher old and lack of modern culture,
Oneday when the teacher was out of station,
he brought a bomb and blasted it,
The elephants saw that and came rushing,
pursued the fleeing miscreant,
Trampled him under their feet and expressed
their grief, sounding trunk calls.

When the teacher returned home, he saw the ghastly
scene and understood what happened.

May be it is that time of blasting and bloody destruction,
May be now we don't deserve God's grace and compassion!
We destroy the nature's grandeur without any second thought,
And regret leisurely when nature's fury is at its
worst and calamities brought!
O Teacher! Instruct these miscreants to
construct but not to destruct,
Otherwise there is no future for humanity,
and the annihilation is imminent!

24. Four Bardos

What is life? What is death?
What is the meaning of this existence?
What are mahabhuta, the great elements?
What is this storehouse of consciousness?

Why there is sorrow in between the two realms of birth and death?
Why do we dream and where is that dreamland?
Why we do often travel inwards in an unconscious journey called meditation?
When we die what struggle the soul suffers to leave this materialistic body?

All things pass away and die, the aniccha is impermanence- 'all is such as it is'..
There is 'dukkha' a state of suffering from unfulfilled desires of greed, hate and delusion,
The ego self or 'I'ness is anatta causes these delusions and everything is impermanence.
The four noble truths - dukkha -suffering, tanha-desire, nibbana-extinction and dhamma-the path of righteousness.

From conception to last breath the 'skyl gnas bardo' is the bardo of natural life,
Sorrow, struggle, disease, disability, old age. dicates terms and terminology.
The second bardo is 'chi khai bardo', the painful one, the state of dying, soul leaving the body, ..
The 'bardo of Dharmata', prana, the true nature and luminous state starts after death,

Finds a body, the soul with the karmic seeds of past life
enters at the time of conception,
In this 'sidpa bardo' the existence from the store house of
consciousness to a body in formation!
In between life and death one experiences the
soul migration in to 'milam bardo' - dreamland often,
The state of meditation 'bsam gtan bardo' takes the
practitioner into a state of realization!
This body is made up of water, air, fire,
sky and earth of five great elements,
After death body decays into the former elements
and soul stays in the storehouse of creation!
Past action karma procures a body fit to its true nature,
the rebirth gives chance of rectification!
Understanding the Noble Truths four, journeying
in the middle path of eight fold, and by the
three types of surrender,
One can attain nirvana or beatitude a state of
eternal happiness and no rebirth station!

25. Just say no to the journey of Ecstasy!

O Siberian hunters! O Soma drinkers!
O Lotus eaters! O Shamanic spirits!
Smokes, snuffs, leaves, dry powders, drinks,
gums, toad skin scraps, mushroom dusts,
Cannabis, hashish, charas, deadly nightshade,
poppies, ginseng, ginkgo, saint John's worts,
O sages, spirit seekers, yogis, poets, painters,
musicians, kings, politicians and scientists!

What great, grotesque experience of a journey into
ecstasy and the painful return to reality, with what price?
Seeing sounds, hearing colours, rooms and
things spinning around with eloquence,
With demonic transformation of the outer world
in kaleidoscopic colours and sounds of silence,
With the after effects draining away the body energies,
leaving one as a victim of vile vice!

Alcohol, nicotine, cannabis and drug abuse
affecting half of the world population,
Every drunkard gulping seventeen liters of
pure alcohol and two billion people like him,
One and half billion smoking, two hundred million
in the arms of drug abuse,
Young generation in the tentacles of octopuses of
energy drinks, six pack steroids, rave drugs,
The future world looks soporific, spoiled, ugly,
degenerated, destitute, desolate desert!

It started with a weed, then ecstasy and acid,
Then cocktails of drugs, my whole body filled
with holes, now a bad trip, I crave for the drug,
but no money, I sold myself many times,
To get a puff, whiff, blow, eye, or sunshine!
I sleep in cardboards, not sure of next meal!

O Dear friends! Look at the history!
Opium wars ruined China once,
Alcohol ruined every family and country,
Smoking kills more than wars, drug abuse destroys
a whole generation and future!
Drug mafia targets vulnerable youth,
Now schools have become dens for the dons!
Accidents, suicides, homicides, violence,
Unprotected sex, rapes, assaults, burglaries,
rule the society without inhibition! Beware!

The labels are attractive, like angel's trumpet,
magic mint, love doves, roofies, baby food,
Red bull, Ecstasy, love, acid, trip, boomer, California
sunshine, shroom, buttons, peyote, businessman's
special, angel dust, red devil,
The after effects are terrible, body, mind and
soul trapped in the web of the drug spider!

O God! Help us to fight against this invisible enemy,
Death's primary emissary!
O Society! Weed out the drug smugglers and
protect the people from this misery!
O Family! Save your kith and kin from going
indiscriminately into the pubs and clubs!
O Friend! Secure your health and wealth by
protecting yourself from these deadly drug webs!

26. This Marvellous Body!

Oh Human being! Now at the top of the
evolutionary Eltonian pyramid,
With your inventions of scientific machines
and philosophical pristine attitude,
Where are you heading with your inbuilt
destructive nature, O Man, Know Thyself!
You have three realms, Elementary body,
enigmatic mind and ethereal spirit!

With sixty five per cent of weight as water,
two hundred and six bones, hundred joints,
Six hundred and fifty muscles, twenty square feet skin,
hundred twenty five thousand hair,
Daily heart beating a lakh times a day,
one lakh kilometers blood vessels, fist sized heart,
Pumps around five hundred million liters of blood
during a man's average life span,
One tenth of a millimeter zygote becoming
a sixty trillion cell mass human being,

Ten thousand colours, four thousand different smells,
fifteen hundred tones, five hundred tastes,
Eating fifty tonnes of food, drinking fifty thousand
tonnes of liquids in life time,
Taking one billion steps, his painless brain
with seventy kilometres of nerves,
With nerve impulses going in a speed of
four hundred kilometers per hour,

This marvellous body, this fragile body, see!
Created what wonders, and committed what blunders!
After all what is this man? His body calcium is
just enough to white wash a small shed,
Phosphorus to make two thousand match heads,
enough iron to make one inch nail,
Water to fill ten gallons bucket, fat to make
seven soap bars, carbon to prepare
Nine hundred pencils, two spoonfuls of sulfur,
one spoonful of magnesium,
Not sufficient skin to make a nice vanity bag,
but see, how much vanity?

27. Mind your business!

On that day believers and non believers were
fighting about the existence of god,
A wiseman asked, If man created god, who created mind?
Doctors dissected the brain, chemists dissolved it into elements main,
Physiologists, anatomists, neurologists pull out
each other's hair, in vain!

In a fortress of calvaria, eighty six billion neurons,
each with ten thousand connection,
Is it a sixth sense door with power of imagination,
recognition and appreciation,
That processes feelings and emotions into attitudes and actions,
Or is it a great leap forward for humans in
evolutionary chain reactions?

Manas, mana, mens, mind, an elusive abstract
thing, an enigmatic process,
A set of cognitive faculties readily processing
reasoning and thoughts,
A generator of representations, a storehouse of
empathy and the controller of behaviour,
Oh Mind! Where are you located?
When I myself can not see my mind or other's mind,
With all the scans available in the world, how
can I say the others have a mind or no mind?

Then who created this mind, is it a product of evolution?
Or a byproduct of creation?
If man and mind are created by god,
why man is going against the nature created by god?
If man's creation is by evolution,
is it the human mind that created the god?
Who created whom? Where is this mind ?
Where is god? And what happens to mankind?

28. All this world is a paradoxical stage!

What is this world, after all a midgard cage
With an axis mundi, from Chaos it was hurled,
Wer is man, eld is age, world is man's age or stage,
Weira-aldiz, werold, warld, weralt is our world!

Five billion species ever lived on earth and
only less than one percent now lives!
Ten million now exist and we know about
one million of them and we say high fives!
Five big mass extinction were happened,
before man arrived and in this age of man,
Holocene mass extinction the sixth one is
happening, ten thousand times faster,
Within hundred years half of the plants and
animal species go extinct, no matter!
Man made causes are the reason behind this
Holocaust mass extinction to regret later!

Hindu mythology explains about fourteen ages
each one ruled by a different Manu,
After the end of the rule of each Manu, the world is
born anew, implying mass extinction!
With every extinction most of the living beings die,
a few survive that Holocaust in question!
In the first Manu's age life is born by itself,
Second age were light emitting organisms,
Third age was feet above Hydra like beings,
Fourth age was dominated by darkness,
Fifth age was raivata of balanced structures,
Sixth age the development of eyes and vision,
The seventh age is the present one with fixed life spans
controlled by Yama, the son of Sun!

Are we heading towards the seventh extinction,
with weapons made with our own hands?
Never before in Nature, this fast mindless pace of
mass murders happened!
About seven billion humans we are, we know
there are seven million species of living beings!
Four quadrillion quadrillion bacteria,
ten billion billion ants, three trillion trees,
Four trillion fish, three billion edible animals,
but O Man, does this satisfy your hunger?
Killing some for food, some for fun, destroying
everything in sight for trivial reason?
Now killing your own kith and kin directly or indirectly,
O Cannibal! O Man!

Ninety thousand deaths a day, seventeen thousand
due to hunger, fifteen hundred by guns,
Every year twentyfour million abortions,
two hundred thousand mother deaths,
Six lakhs suicides, eight lakh accidents,
fifteen lakh die of alcohol, a double by smoking,

Seven and half billion people, every year
twelve billion bullets, nine billion cigarettes,
Eight hundred million people under nourished,
six billion people overweight,
Hundred million dollars a day spending for
weight reduction,
Two hundred billion dollars, people spending
on addiction drugs to buy happiness yearly,
Six countries supplying weapons to the people of the
world to kill themselves, leisurely!

Is it not a paradox of poverty in plenty?
Is it not the world rushing into death county!

29. Dare to Dream?

The royal road to unconscious mind is riddled
with weird bushes and streams,
When you slip into the arms of Morpheus,
the soul drifts into the land of dreams.
There you fly, fall, walk, run into the surreal,
bizarre, magical, melancholic realms,
Hidden desires and emotions don the shapes of
familiar objects as symbolic columns.

Ancients, aborigines incubated their dreams,
their experts analysed them,
Temples, seraphims, oracles, omens, vision quests,
sources of dream theme,
Freud, Jung, Perls, Hobson, Flanagan, and
many others with scientific wisdom,
Tried to interpret dreams and still searching
for the exact place in the brain's kingdom.

Elias Howe's sewing needle, Mendeleev's periodic table,
Kekule's Benzene ring,
Watson- Crick's DNA- double helix, Tesla's Alternating
Current, Larry Page's Google..
Many more ideas and inventions, answers to unsolved
problems and many a puzzle,
Enriched the scientific knowledge and research and
brought significant changes and vigil!

If a new born baby dreams what might be its content? Do
your pets dream?
How many hours you dream in your life time? How many
dreams a day?
Are your dreams are in black and white or multi coloured?
Can blind people dream?

Can you control your dreams?

What is sleeping beauty sickness? Do you walk in your sleep? Do you bed wet?

Do you grind your teeth? How often you get frightening nightmares? What about erotica?

How many dreams you have dreamt, tell me honestly, came true in real life?

Come on! Dare to Dream and whisper! I shall interpret them and remove your strife!

30. MARRIAGE and MIRAGE

Marriage, is it a potential hazard to women's health?
Depression, nervousness, migraine, palpitation hearth,
Unhappiness, insomnia, dizzy spells and nightmares-
Do more women prefer a big bottle of tranquilizers?

Men a menace, is marriage a mirage?
Purchasing brides, or demanding dowry plus maids,
Male pride and chauvinistic social prejudice,
Consequences of controversial economic equations;

Pills, needles and physical punishments,
Is female body a physicians' workshop?
Caesarean sections, sterilizations, hysterectomies,
Greedy hawks' hunting fields, targeting female stop?

Female foeticides, discriminative attitudes,
Cocooning of female child's imagery and imagination,
Beauty contests, stardom lures, couch castings,
Red-lights spreading bed of tentacles,

Condom controversies, modern monologues,
Single woman, singled women, singled in sin harangues,
Divorces, diseases, disabilities and deaths, virused virtues
Domestic violence, work place humiliation, media misquotes;

Spinster boom, hypermaidenism, generation gaps,
Geriatric squabbles, near and dear in contracted spaces,
Cold houses, silent corridors, old-age homes,
Born alone.....to die alone?

31. Old Wine in a New Bottle!

Five fingers are they, like in a palm of a hand.
For them, a divine prestidigitator, a close friend,
Fatherless they are, their mother is their god!

They are hundred like the feet of a centipede,
For them, one loyal friend and another dubious
Uncle, who has a great command over dice!
Their father is blind, mother vowed to be blind,
and blind to the bad deeds of their children!

This story started with a king and a river goddess of fame,
She threw their new born sons seven in to the river of her name.
For the eighth son he objected and found himself spouseless and alone,
Later she brought their son well versed in skills and a
valiant one and left not to be seen!

And the king one day saw a beautiful, buxom, boatswain,
Her father gave her to the king under one condition.
The young prince vowed for lifelong celibacy,
the king had two sons with his new found.
After the king's death, one son died in a fight
And the other one married two girls,

Under the big brother's protection,
he enjoyed his life and died of excessive pleasures,
As he was issue less, his mother called upon
her son of previous liaison,
The sage and scribe of this story, he went
into the harem, seeing him with his beard and all,
The first lady closed her eyes during the act
and so she got a blind son,

The second lady was pale with fear and shivered and she delivered a pale one. For the third trial, queens sent a slave girl instead in disguise, she had a piety son.

Now we have a blind king married a manglik lady, as per rituals first she was married To a he-goat and the goat was killed and she was remarried to the blind king, She as an ideal wife blindfolded herself and both blind couple ruled the kingdom. The pale brother was brave and expanded the kingdom much and more and A curse was upon him if he makes love with his wife or anybody he will die! So his elder wife remembered a magic chant and invited gods to bless her First the lord of Dharma and Death came upon her, she had a bright son. Knowing this the blindfolded queen struck her pregnant belly hard and it shattered Into pieces hundred and one, the pieces were preserved in ice cold gheepots!

Meanwhile the pale brother's elder wife called on the wind god and was pregnant. On the same auspicious day, the pale brother's wife, the first ghee pot baby and three more children came into this world, destined to be killed by one the remaining four! This time the elder wife invited the king of gods, the union resulted in the birth of an archer! Then the younger wife followed her sister's footsteps and got twins from twin gods. There one by one altogether hundred sons and one daughter emerged from the ghee pots.

One day the pale brother in flaming mood knew his
younger wife intimately and died

Of that curse or health, feeling guilty the lady
accompanied him on his cremation fire!

Now all the young princes were in the same palace,
the childhood pranks escalated
Into full scale envy and enmity as the five brothers
always dominated the century group!

A pot-born teacher taught them archery who had
some enmity with his classmate,
Who is a king now, so as a parting gift the teacher
requested his disciples to bring him.
His favourite archer the middle one of the five defeated
the king and brought him in chains.
In retaliation the king at an appropriate time gave his
daughter in marriage to brothers five!

Unable to kill the brothers five by water, fire,
the century group invited the big brother,
In a game of chance and uncle's dice,
the big brother lost the kingdom, brothers and wife!
The gang of four humiliated the wife of the brothers
five in a full court!

In a second session the brothers five lost the
regained kingdom, left to forest with their wife!
To complete fourteen years stay in forests
and one year in disguise.
And their relative, friend, adviser and god
did help them in dire circumstances

The century group is strengthened by a warrior of
unknown birth, raised by a chariotter,
Many attempts to annihilate the brothers five failed
and their strength increased time to time!

So the five brothers completed the stipulated conditions and wanted their kingdom back!
'Not even the dime of a pinhead'-.declared the elder one of the century brothers!

Now the internecine war is imminent!

The questions to be answered are.....

1. Is it uncle dice master's revenge?
2. Is it the elder brother of century group's hubris?
3. Is it the wrath of the wife of the brother's wife?
4. Is it the clash and humiliation of a teacher and his friend?
5. Is it the blind king and blindfolded queen's blind love to their children?
6. Is it the pale brother's first wife's first born whose loyalty made the difference?
7. Is it the mistake of the grand oldman who vowed to be lifelong celibate?
8. who are those five people born on the same day under same star?
9. Total how many people participated in that mother of all the wars and battles and how many survived?
10. How many important charioteers were there and who are they?
11. Which character is the most noble one and why?
12. What is the grand design of the greatest messenger, charioteer, and the master statesman?

Rest of the questions and shall follow.

32. LIGHT and SHADOW!

'Let there be light!' -said the Great Light.
When He created everything it was alright!
By the time, man's creation came right,
Great Light has a shadow under His might!

He wriggled out his shadow underground,
Tried to groom his invention in innocence,
The sinister shadow lurked in shady silence,
Infiltrated the invention and ignited all around!

The smokeless fire is the shadow's strength,
To ruin the humans and to rule ruthlessly
The shadow has its shenanigans at length
It created the mutant dark demon army unholy!

Tell me! Who created guns and ammunition?
Who produce, sell, supply, without inhibition?
Who perpetrated world wars and total mayhem?
Why they persecuted and crucified many a divine gem?

God is the brightest and magnificent light, then
How this subtle shadow is scuttling His terrain?
If the sly shadow deepens what does it mean?
Is it the time for annihilation or resurrection?

33. The World is a Torture Chamber...!

The wicked tormentors are creating fear and dread!
The blood of the innocents is staining the earth red!
The humanity is now reeling under horror and terror!
The whole world is now a dark, dank, torture chamber!

Parks, coffee houses, bakeries, eat outs, bars, shopping malls,
Busy streets, places of congregations and festivity, cinema halls,
Air ports, discotheques, places of worship, transport vehicles,
The pit and the pendulum, or the sword of Damocles, what kills
Whom, why, when, what, where and how nobody knows!

Is it strappado with rope and pulleys,
or a Judas chair, or the Rack
Is it impalement, cat-o-nine tails,
China's iron maiden, or neck lacing,
Is it baking in brazen brass bull till the
bellowing breaks the bells of life,
Is it scaphism, or Heretics fork,
the pear of Anguish, chevalet, Gresillons,
Pennywinkis or pilliwinkis, Spanish boot or
leg-screws, ladder and tortillon,
Bare feet beating, crushing, pouring boiling oil,
blades, spikes, abacination,
Pincers, turkas to pull out the nails,
breaking the wheel, flaying, crucifixion,
Slow slicing, disembowelment, crushing,
stoning, dismemberment, sawing,
Decapitation, quartering, burning, freezing,
dunking and hanging by thumbs-
- Disgusting, nauseating, gut wrenching, - isn't it?

May be methods have changed,
but did you not witness the white trucks,
Aeroplanes, tanks, battle ships,
exploding and engulfing peace and calmness?
And men in black, grey, khaki,
forest colours arrest innocents, informers
Subject them to various degrees of torture to
make them confess under duress?

The pendulum has a knife at its end,
the Democles sword is hung by a hair,
The humanity is trembling with tremors,
tornadoes, storms and poisonous air!
Excesses of money, freedom, power and
materialistic egotism on one side,
Excesses of fundamentalism, intolerance,
nihilistic mayhem on the other side,
The world is a torture chamber now, as body,
mind, soul suffer severe agony!

34. Dyeing Declaration....

When I noticed my first silver sliver,
I hunted it to the root with a cleaver,
It came back with vengeance and a
few of its neighbour,
I accepted the defeat and now my whole
upland is a forest of silver!

One fateful day, my once classmate and
say my secret heart throb, still beautiful,
Descended from her chariot, in front of my house,
like Venus wearing goggles,
Approached me in garden clothes sweating
profusely with husbandry struggles,
' Uncle'-she asked- 'is Mr. Prasad at home?'-
my wife saw this and giggled,

Then Venus giggled, my wife continued
and my children joined them
With a red orange green blue colour changing face
I too giggled ...no choice

After that fiasco, the situation is do or die!
So I decided and marched to a saloon to dye!
Now what you see is not my face, it is morphed
A few botax shots and facelift threads, gold masks
and epidermal abrasions,

A couple of liposuctions and hairstyle tuitions,
O Boy! Yesterday she saw me in cloud nine,
We danced around, I loved it but not my
eyes, knees, lungs and heart,
My heart throbbed again and today my doctor
advised me to bypass those activities,
Otherwise a bypass may be necessary to my heart
in stress and replacement to my knees!

I don't know what my psychiatrist says,
But my mind says enough is enough,
To say, it all started with my single silver hair,
Gaining youthfulness is a dream fair and costly affair!

35. FRUIT and VEGETABLE SALAD.

Serve me right, serve me left, O salubrious lady!
Serve me tight, with all your might, I am ready!

A succulent spicy superb strawberry is she!
A simmering sweet and hot salutary spree!
A delicious, divine, delectable mango piece!
No man goes without acknowledging her peace
A rich bewitching watermelon smooth is her rind,
Such a juicy sweet interior flesh, you nowhere find!

Raspberries or Coccinia her red ruby lips,
pomegranate seeds her teeth,
Red cherries her gums, sweet orange her tongue,
pineapple smell her breath,
Blue berries her eyes, black berry colour her hair,
pears and peaches her breasts,
Apricots, almonds, ackee, plums, honeydew,
passion fruit, Durian, dates, her scent,
Papaya, kiwi, custard apple, jamun, guava,
African horny cucumber, currants her current.

Jam, juice, jelly, raisins, vinegar and wine her wondrous words.
Grapes in clusters gripes your appetite in raw and divine worlds!
Banana trunks her beautiful thighs vast and unbanal wide,
Like Basho's poetry and life symbolically tied to fruitfulness tide!
A forbidden orgasmic fairy golden apple flush flashy cheeks,
Smoky, sneaky, snaky Satan's first topple of human creeks!

Eating the forbidden fruit or wheat, the human pair
had to dug the earth in sweat and dust,
Now they eat cereals, vegetables and anything
available in water sky.on and under earth crust.
Then the poetry picked up pickles and tubers,
vegetables and green leaves in earnest!

Sliced carot pieces her lotus petalled eyes,
four chambered tomato her heart,
Clusters of grapes her lungs, precious beans her two Renes
Celery or rhubarb her ostia, avocado or pears her womb,
Grapes, oranges, lemons her breasts, olives her ovaries,
Banana his manhood, figs his cannon balls,
Sweet potatoes Diabetic pancreas, ginger resembling stomach,
Mushrooms mimicking ears, broccoli as rapid cell clusters,
Onion layers as skin, ginseng as body., red wine is blood
The Law of Signature- resemblance of fruit to an organ
helps to treat that organ-
We realised that health is wealth and relishing the fruits
revitalises the human!
So serve me right, serve me left, O salubrious lady!
Serve me tight, with all your might, I am ever ready!

36. Like a bull in a China Shop

Hey guys! Why are you there, dull and flop?
Come on! Be like a bull in a china shop
Or be like a cat on a hot tin roof top
Or a beautiful lady in a shopper's stop
Or like a bear with a sore head on hill top!

Hey guys! Come on! Let's go and burn the city,
All the bars and joints are hell like self-pity,
The parks and halls are pathetic and dirty,
Let's burn the city and dance in the rains pretty!

Hey guys! Why are you there, stupid and slope?
Come on, be like a deer caught in the headlight beam rap,
Or like a dog with a bone in a flower garden plough gap,
Or like a kid in the candy store or a mouse in a cheese trap,
Or like a scientist stuck in the time warp or like a silly floor mop!

OK guys! Let's not be the spare pricks at a wedding,
Or at the railway station, a forgotten bedding,
But let's be the great love on lovers bidding,
Let's heal the world with Love, no kidding!

37. WAR AUBADE, PEACE SERENADE

Tiger claws, deer horns, long bones,
elephant tusks, seal teeth
Cestus, gauntlet, scissors, wheels, blades,
daggers, bracelets
Straight curved short swords, long swords,
rapiers, claymores
Sickles, knives, picks, pickaxes, elephant goads,
hammers, mattocks
Tomahawks, hatchets, hand axe, clubs,
frying pans, pole weapons
Lathi, staff, spears, javelins, pikes, lances,
tridents, trishulas
Gandasa, scythe, halberd, boomerangs,
chakram, throwing arrows
Bolas, long bows, short bows, crossbows,
slings, blowguns,
Arquebus, blunderbuss, guns, muskets,
matchlocks, carbines, pistols
Bullwhips, cat o nine tails, chainwhips, lasso,
nunchaku, flying claws
Shields, aspis, buckler, scuta, morning stars,
quarterstaff, bludgeons
Battering ram, bombards, ballista, catapults,
siege tower, mortar, cannons,
War ships- caravel, carrack, fire ships, hell burners,
galleons, galley, junks
Forts, bailey, battlement, castle, citadel, pitch ditch,
curtain wall, drawbridge
Gate, keep, moat, murder-hole, palisade, hand guns,
rifles, machine guns

Submachine guns, grenades, flame throwers,
mortars, swords, bayonets
Trenches, revolvers, snipers, carbines, assault rifles,
missiles, rockets, mines
Poison gas, battle tanks, war ships, submarines,
torpedoes, military aircraft
Fighters, bombers, AWACS, sentinels, drones, navy,
battle ships, U-boats,
Aircraft carriers, missiles, rockets, anti-ship,
anti-tank, surface to air, air to air
Anti- satellite, anti- ballistic, biological warfare,
atomic, hydrogen, neutron bombs, Little boy,
Fat man, strategies, terrorism,
War cries- Greek Alala, Eleleu,
Roman Barritus, crusaders' Deus Hoc Vult, Japanese
Banzai, American liberty or death, Confederate rebel yell,
Russians- there is no land for us beyond the Volga-
-All Aubade of **WAR!**

Only one word of serenade- PEACE.

38. Don't you Love My Music?

Aha, don't yell at me, today my music is febrile and prickly sick!
My throat is weak, my vocal cords struck, and my tongue is a hot brick!
I express the inexpressible like a silent tomb's cold acoustic stick!
And explode the implosion like a violent bomb's deadly trick!

I know sargam or solfage but innocent of lyrical leverage,
My peacock's dance I **saw**, the ray is my bull's **grey** rage,
My goat goes **ringa**-ringa, the heron goes on **mama** craze,
Cuckoo cries **papa**, then the horse does neigh **dada** dada!
My elephant gives trunk calls to his **eenie** meeny honey
All together they sing in chorus, **Sa, Re, Ga, Ma, Pa, Da, Ni**.

Aha, Don't pull my leg, I also know **Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti**.
I can sing but don't bring your gun, dagger, pen or your lathi!
Bring a few pills; you may have tsunami in your entrails!
Or whirlwinds, thunderbolts or butterflies and you may slip on your rails!

I know lullabies, blues, rock, grunge, new wave and sing-along,
I have a big list of classical, comedy hit list of this long!
Let me jazz, punk, funk, soul, reggae, storm and Latino!
You are instrumental, tex-max, chicano and what do you know?

Be prepared for gut wrenching, mind bogging,
and tear dropping Soprano!
An elusive, enigmatic, existential tune
from the white keys of piano!
If you don't force me and wait,
I can render you a striking climactic symphony,
It shall be serene, sublime, sonorous and
cannot be bought by any money,
And melts in your heart and mind like
fresh milk and pure honey!

39. In between haves and havenots

The bridges of compassion are too long
and narrowly thin,
Lots of tears, water and blood passed
underneath them day out and day in,
Lip sympathy and poems we sing to the
music of their hunger pain,
Gun wielding goons snatch away the help
you send to the poor in their domain,
The children of lesser gods are so thin
you can count their bones one by one,
Where do you find tears in their dried up
eye pits of starvation?
The sons of God wastes food in orgies and
over consumption,
This brittle world is fodder for the
henchmen of death and Satan.

Let's join our hands in eradicating this
miserable plague and sin,
With pure body, mind and soul if we help
others this earth will be the second Heaven!

40. Epiphany

Can a knock on the head bring up the
gravity to the top?

One apple for Adam, another for
Isaac Newton brought them to top!

Can a dive into the pool or a fall of an
elevator bring the topic of weight?

One Eureka for Archimedes, another for
Albert Einstein of relativity to the light!

Is it a frozen moment or a vision of God
or a manifestation or a great revelation?

Is it a fiery flame touching the mind sky,
accompanied by thunder and lightning?

Is it a new sight, a clarifying thought,
a vivid experience, or a sudden realization?

Is it an occasional gift for working on a
knotty problem and finding a solution?

Robert Openheimer the father of the
Atomic bomb, looked at the test explosion,
-‘Now i am become Death! The destroyer of
the worlds’- the words of God from Gita!

41. Three Dreams

In a dreamy moonlight night,
Cats are busy romancing the moon!
A lone wolf started howling at moon on and on!
One brave dog silenced the wolf and the
distant dogs followed him soon!

Why you tyrannize my dream,
When my soul coal burns like red coral beam
Can't you hear my heart's deafening scream?

When the seductive swimmer crosses,
The channel goes to sleep, his limbs play music,
A dream floats flies, falls, and returns.
The swimmer reaches the shore!

42. Three veils and a wheel

Oh, Mind, body and soul,
Remind me the ephemeral state of the whole
Loving is living; remaining is dying in a hole;

In between the jug and the sea
The argument goes in frenzy, jug persists,
Sea withdraws; a veil rises in mist,
Water escapes, jug crumbles, sea wins.

On a single wheel chariot Sun moves
Three veils of the day covers the light, night darkens
Earth opens its mouth and closes.
Light reaches light, darkness become supreme!

43. Three tales of Love!

What deadly poison you smeared
on your invisible arrows?
From your eye bows they came and
pierced me in tandem rows!
Neither I live nor I die, only I see you,
see you, you...U...!

With soulful music your eyelids dance,
How did they learn the finest nuances of magic?
May be the rolling down tears taught them
in trance, the logic!

I have a broom I can fly anywhere!
I have a cauldron I can brew anything!
I have a spell I can ruin anyone
But I have a tale, I tell you only, and none!

44. THREE STATES

A dry trunk with withered memories of flowers and leaves
A fantasy village no one visited but well woven with cold flames
You cannot walk but can fly in dreams on diabolical brooms.

A hacked but watered trunk with patchy verdure and passion
A rat race town studded with anxiety and depression
You can walk but your experience is all blood and sweat illusion.

A transplanted trunk looking out of the supposed to be bright window
A hope built city with enigma and evanescence in full glow
You can run but cannot reach the afore compartment in flow.

45. THREE DRUNKARDS

I made the sky my blue cup
And poured the wine of moonlight to the tip
My hands formed a crescent around it
The bubbling stars made the divine music
On your coral lips they performed the celestial dance.

The houri brought the earthen pot
The pleasure seeker filled it with utmost faith
All the senses felt the numbness sweet
Drink, dear sojourner, drink to your health.
The caravan is ready, next destination is not known!

All the birds reached the royal palace
Night lamps are about to blink and dance
The sun has entered his secret chamber
I have consumed the dawn's wine high,
I know not whether I am Thee or Thou art I.

46. My face has a book i don't read

My face has a book i don't read,
My hand has a twitter i don't need,
My heart has a blog i don't bypass,
My mind says what's up and i don't answer;

I have two balls eye balls,
I have one nose, knows nothing,
I have two ears hear everything except truth,
I have a tongue that does the talking,
And i have the body that takes the beating;

Oh, run run run from the rhyming
My legs are aching, my hands are folding
I have the Facebook i am reading
I have the twitter for shaking;

I have a blog for swimming
And i have a what's up for showing
So i have the heaven and hell at my bidding
Jolly ho! Tally ho! This is the life i am leading!

47. Ten Bulls of Zen

Where can i find this great bull,
in this tall grass with predators full?
But to possess it i crossed unmanned mountains,
rivers, meadows lull!

Then i looked heavenwards for help and lo!
I found his foot prints,
Under the fragrant grass, at the foot of the
hills and near river banks;

In this verdant meadow, with spells of
nightingale songs, the wind is mild ahead,
What a regal creature is this great bull,
with his majestic horns and massive head!

A resilient bull-catcher, i wish to seize him
against his incredible resist and vast show,
He charged into the highland above the cloud-mists
or the impassable ravines somehow!

With this whip and rope, i did tame the great bull,
from not straying off the road sinister,
Now a placid gentle creature, unencumbered
and unfettered it followed me its master!

On my tamed bull, i started my journey homeward,
an enthralling flute song from my lips,
My hand-beats as accompaniments, enticing the
sojourners to follow me in this trip of trips;

I reached my home serene and calm;
I and my bull are one in that rest of sleep and dream,
Within my thatched dwelling i have abandoned
my rope and whip and the dawn has come!

Rope, whip, man and bull all merged into that
No-thing, of that unstained Heaven quarters,
What is the existence of a snow-flake in a raging fire?
Follow the foot-steps our ancestors!

To reach the root or source, too many steps
and resources have to be expended,
If one dwells in his true abode deaf and blind,
the still river flows and flora bloom red!

In utmost simplicity, in tranquillity, i mingle
with the people of this world city of amity,
There is no magic, but before me, the dead
trees come alive in hope and prosperity!

48. The Gateless Gate

Can you catch the Moon with a
hundred foot pole stick?
Can you scratch your itching foot through a
leather shoe thick?
Where is that great Way that has no gate,
but thousand roads enter it?
What koans or judgements helps one
to pass through the gateless gate?

Does the dog has Buddha's nature?
Why a fox had five hundred births?
Why a raised mocking finger was cut?
Why Bodhisattva had no beard?
How do you answer a question with a
rope in between your teeth and
You are hanging from a tree by that rope?
What says a twice raised fist?
Why Buddha twirled a flower, Mahakasyapa
why he laughed and saw what?

Once you eat your gruel did you wash your bowl?
What happens to a hub less wheel?
If a monk calls himself both master and disciple
what do you infer? Why the master
put his sandals on his head and walked away,
when they cut the cat into two?
Two monks helping one another for salvation,
sixty blows and a severe admonition,
Seven folded robe, can you climb a mountain of
swords with bare feet?

What and who is Buddha? Three pound flax
or a piece of dried dung?
When you are in meditation do you mind change in
season? Why robe and bowl,
To learn a lesson of enlightenment?
Why this mind is two halves of an open clam?
How strong is a strongman?
How do you express Bliss, with eloquence or silence?
Listen, listen! Why roll up blinds to see the sky?

49. The Great Mother

Why do He releases arrows dipped in tears?
Those tears that tears a mother's heart in to little spheres...
That spheres to become oceans of deep memoirs,
Why memoirs ring out from the mother bow strings,
Still vibrating, the strings plead with He, for his blessings!

Oh, are there clouds in those eyes?
Do they rain ice or flora nice?
Oh, are they looking at the dice
Thrown by the gods in disguise?

Oh, what do those pursed lips tells you?
Can they stop the flood of grief as dew?
Oh, what do the invisible screen says you?
I kept a precious thing with you and took back as due!

Why do He chose the mother to bear all the burden?
In this place, on this earth, he appointed her as the warden!

50. The Journey HEREAFTER!

'Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?-

O pristine soul! Where did you go hereafter?

How many rivers and gates you crossed further?

Is it only oblivion after death, or is there any afterlife worth?

Is there any reincarnation or gilgul neshamot, tell me the truth!

Is it a journey to acquire a superior grade of consciousness
and finally liberation?

O little flicker lamp! How do you reach the great light of
magnificent illumination?

Along the shores of Nile, my mummified body stays in a
sarcophagus, in a mastaba of a pyramid,

My body double Ka, my personality Ba, from fields of Aaru,
journeys to the Hall of two truths,

The heart is weighed against the feather of Maat,
the impure heart is devoured by the demon Ammit!

My heart was pure, i lived again and wandered in the fields of
Yalu, accompanying the Sun, on his daily ride!

In the next birth, i was a Greek, fought in the Trojan war,
killed by Hector, reached Hades the underworld,

Hermes the messenger god left me in the banks of Styx,
I paid Charon the ferry-man the transit money, crossed Styx
and passed the gate of Hell, guarded by Cerberus the three
headed dog,

In the Underworld, judged by three judges Aecus,
Rhadamanthus, and Minos, - pure lives go to Elysian fields,
rebels against gods go to Tartarus,

Human sinners are punished in Asphodel fields and i was
punished for my cruelty in that Trojan war and after purifica-
tion, I was released,

In the Nordic countries i took my rebirth as a Viking warrior, and died heroically, my soul reached Valhalla and had feast with Odin,
Some went to Folkvangr to join the goddess Freyja, ordinary people go to covered hall- Hel, sinners go to the dark, misty hell- Niflhel to be punished,
Then i was born as a Hindu, a cruel king, decimated a million population in a cruel war, repented and became a monk and enlightened,
After that i was born as a monk did many good deeds and after a series of rebirths, ascended the ladder of enlightenment, but burnt myself in protest against a dragon land,
For that reason i became a child of that country followed the Way, and after death, my soul was taken to Diyu and ten courts and eight levels of Hell,

Next time I was a Jew- I saw immaculate souls immediately entering – Olam Haba- the world to come, some bad souls were exterminated, my soul was re-schooled,- then- **‘Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?’**- the apparition of Samuel said to Saul;

{All are from the dust, and all return to dust. Who knows the spirit of the sons of men, which goes upward, and the spirit of the animal, which goes down to the earth? But for him who is joined to all the living there is hope, for a living dog is better than a dead lion!}-Ecclesiastes-NKJV

51. THE EVIL EYE- mal de ojo..

Oh, did you get up on the wrong side of the
bed and break the mirror?

Or, did you split the milk, burnt the toast and
walked under the ladder?

Is it Friday-thirteenth? Is your shirt inside out?

Or you have a broken shoelace?

Did you have your shoes on the wrong feet,
is it a raven or black cat in a race?

How many clocks chimed simultaneously with
church bells? Did anybody sneeze?

Did you cover your mouth while yawning?

Did you see a daffodil looking at you freeze?

Did you see a shadow without head? Did you spilt the
salt or dropped a fork or two?

How about your calendar show tomorrow's date
and dinner knife pointing its back too?

Did you open the umbrella in your house or
sneezed over the threshold while crossing?

To your Medical finger...the third finger of the
left hand do you have your wedding ring?

Did anyone pointed at you the Witch finger,
the forefinger of the right hand to put a curse?

Have you read your Zodiac man, or touched the hand of
glory, put an amulet in your purse?

Why Golf legend Tiger Woods wears red shirt?

What about Michael Jordan's lucky shorts?

Robin Williams ivory figurines, Cate Blanchett's

pointed ears, Sachin Tendulkar's number ten?
Nelson and Truman's horse shoes, Amir Khan's
December month, Barack Obama's Hanuman!
Why Somerset Maugham carried evil eye, why Napoleon
hated any cat, Churchill patted black cats?

So you like superstitions right!

'No it is wrong and utter nonsense!'

Aha! I know you will say that, do you like to have
my talisman or an amulet real nice?

The hand of Fatima or the hand of Miriam shall
protect you from those vile gazes!

Do you want me to cast a spell or perform a sermon to
block the evil essence?

Done! You are safe! But who will protect
our Mother Earth from our own evil eyes?

52. The Un-Gastronomic Tour

Are you a gourmet, gourmand,
or an epicure with a fine cultured taste?
Or a connoisseur of delicious things with
le gout friand or refined palate!
At the outset let us submit our prayers to the
deities of food with reverence,
Oh, Annapurna, Ukemochi, Demeter,
Ceres, Devi Sri, Lakshmi, Aha njoku,
Nikkal, Hestia, Vesta, Kamui-Futchi, Bridgid,
Bibesia, Edesia, Potnia, Guanyin!
Oh, Dionysus, Bacchus, liber pater, Ogoun,
Soma and Yi-ti, the gods of wine!
Bless us with good nourishment, bon appetite
and the sweet nectar divine!

How much food is needed for one to survive,
when you earn two dollars a day?
A biscuit and a cup of tea; a vadapav or samosa
and a banana or a boiled egg
A fistful of rice, or a piece of bread, a cup of rice broth
or a piece of cooked meat,
And many people in the world if they get that
much that is a grace from the god!

Oh , come on! Why bother about that petty thing,
when we are on a pretty tour?
Let us hush the conscience for a while and
enjoy the cruise of the world cuisine!
Idli, dosa, vada, dhokla, samosa, pakora,
pani puri, papri chat, banana chips,
Chole batura, kati roll, colour rice, rumali roti,
bhindi masala, bhaingan bharta,

Rajma, rachedo masala fish, rogen josh,
tandoori chicken, nethili varuval, biryani,
Kulfi, gajjar halwa, jalebi, gulab jamun,
payasam- come on! Enjoy the Indian cuisine!
Ambrosial! Isn't it! Soon we shall taste the toothsome,
redolent, divine flavour,
Aperitif, sapid, piquant, herbaceous, amazing
scrumptious foods you savour !
Some hors d'oeuvre you wish! Abracadabra!
Here they are! The entrees, starters!
The Appetizers! Bruschetta, caviar, deviled eggs,
dumplings, pickles and cocktails!

This is the magic wand! This is the cornucopia!
The food bowl of plenty!
You wish to have the best of the known world!
O.K.! That you shall have!
Let us have 'Buddha jumps over the wall' soup,
Dougie hotdog, Fleur burger
The Trilogy cocktails, Barclay prime steak,
Masa Toro with caviar, Nino's pizza,
Old Hampstead steak, Norma's lobster,
pizza royale-007, Mattake mushrooms,

Westin hotel Bagel, Japan Kobe beef,
Bombay Samundari khazana curry,
Densuke black watermelon, Almas caviar,
Yubari melon, Italian alba truffle,
Chocopologie, saffron, serendipity-3 sundae,
Alganquin Martin, the X-5 Ono,
England's Howe country pudding, Arnaud's
New Orleans strawberry desert;

We can have the world's most expensive drinks-
Veille bon Secours Ale,
The Winston cocktail, Angostura Legacy,
1811 Chateau d'y quem wine;
Midas Champagne, Penfords Ampoule, Dalmore-62
whisky, Diva Vodka;
Like a king sip Henry IV Heritage Cognac or
Tequila Ley shots after shots;
Don't look at your bill that is just ten millions of
course in precious dollars!

Oh Dear! Do not touch that hanging line!
That is the economic poverty line!
God gave us plenty but we live in poverty!
See the food waste in parties,
Marriages, celebrations, Executive meetings,
seminars and social gatherings!
One trillion dollars worth of food wasted every year
can feed the poor suffrage
Of Sub Sahara, with a quarter of the
one billion tons of food thrown into garbage!

Three billion tons of carbon dioxide, the waste food
generates, leading to change
The Global climate, adding to the effects of industrial
pollution and sewerage,
O God! You send the warm boy El Nino the little
Christ and La Nina the cold phase,
As warnings, but why we fail to heed thy thunders and
lightning? What's in store for us?

53. Oh, Healer! Heal thyself!

Iatre, therapeuson seauton! Cura te ipsum!
Did you swear by Apollo, Asklepios, Hygeia,
Panacea and Laso the remedy?
Yes, then why this dreadful iatrogenic malady?
Where has gone those days of sympathetic smile
and warmth of thy divine arm?

O Pandora! Don't open the lid of that Pithos-jar, oh,
gone out already the nosoi,
The evil spirits of hard toil, sickness and disease
the triad of ponoi, nosoi and kakoi!
O Lady! Close the lid, close it! Before the
spirit of hope Elpis gets out of that pithos,
See! Your curiosity and thought brought about
macies, tabes, pestis and lues and morbus!
That's how humans suffer from emaciation,
corruption, pestilence, and disease!

All you are uneasy in body and burdened with
disease and in severe distress and agony,
Call for the health services before Death,
and prepare yourself for the wonder world journey!
Cross the river of hatred- Styx, that surrounds
your destination seven times in the traffic,
In the Ambulance, you pay that ferryman Charon to cross
Acheron, the river of pain,
With his medication, you cross the river of
forgetfulness- Lethe, in the arms of Hypnos,
Then you reach the campus of any hospital road
crossing the river of fire- Phlegethon
There you reach the Emergency Room road called
the river of wailing or waiting-Cocytus;

In front of the entrance to the Emergency room
live anxiety, grief, fear, hunger, and sleep,
Close to the wailing or waiting room are
many beasts of brokers, lawyers and pen-pushers,
Then you are pushed on to a wheel chair or a gliding
trolley, you go in and the door closes;
A few questions, once you or your near and
dear signs a health contract or warrant,
And you flash your insurance card, a duty doctor
gets a vision and he scribbles a few lines;

Then your identity is a number or a medical term of
a disease, you need not know
a needle is pushed into your Jugular vein,
a mask is applied on to your face tight
That pushes costly air into your nose and an
inverted fluid bottle to the needle as lifeline,
You amidst of masked and unmasked faces travel
in a time zone, letting you put under X rays,
CAT scan to PET scan and a battery of tests of
your blood n body fluids till they exhaust their lab.

A cohort of grim faced white coat angels and
non-angels seriously discuss your condition
If they concur with the reports and their diagnosis
and you are alright by that time,
They release you as a butterfly, with a few advises
and medications and you are free!
For them if you look like a non emergency egg,
you shall be admitted in the general ward,
Bland diet, pills and needles, and a few days of
cultured torture break the egg into omelet!
If your reports say you are a larva or a caterpillar

that needs trimming and cutting
You shall be under the knife of a surgeon
who puts his signature long or short or in key holes!

If your condition is bad and you look like a pupa or
cocoon, you shall be connected to a monitor
Or a ventilator and round the clock, they observe you
for the signs of better or worse,
In a polished acute medical scare unit you shall be
their guest of honor for their tests;
If you pick up the rocket you shall be a butterfly,
if you kick the bucket you have one option.
Like the silkworm you can have your glory in this
world or as a transplant live in another's life!

In this amazing maze of this wonder world of
life and death,
Oh, Doctor! Doctor! Where are you?
Patients nowadays have no patience,
Clinics are infinite give variety of advice mince,
CAT scan to PET scan, purse over pulse,
Endless endoscopes in and out of orifices,
My full moon purse become a thin line crescent,
My agony is still there, what can i do then, except resent?

Unnecessary investigations,
unwarranted surgeries, long hospital stays;
Adverse effects, sloppy prescriptions,
wrong diagnoses, iatrogenic deaths
Cross referrals, cut practices, market driven
interventions, malpractices,
Misusing of grants, biased research papers,
mudslinging on colleagues;

Seven hundred thousand deaths a year,
two hundred billion dollars cost,
Yes, the litigations are on the rise!
But is the defensive medicine an answer for that?
Oh, Physicians! You are the descendents of
Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna,
Charaka, Sushruta and a great many other healers!
Respected by the society always,
O Blessed life saver! Refine your skills and redefine
the health care with dignity!
See! Skill is a word it has both ill and kill!
So, O healer! Heal thyself and thy society!

54. ARGONUTS

We are all men with one shoe or show
What would you do if an oracle announced
That one of you is destined to become a poet or poet laureate? -
-The readers enquired in delight or in disguised disgust.

Oh, we go in search of golden peace and
we try to fleece the golden fleece!
Oh, we try to establish a peaceful world where war is
buried underneath the berth,
And the war machines strictly in the sepulchers of
underground concrete cellars beneath earth.
Oh, we are all Argonuts and our cargo ship is
full of tablets and worldwide nets.

We wish to subdue the warmongers and
soften the hearts of weapon merchants,
We are as strong as Jason, Hercules, Orpheus,
Theseus and Argos and many others.
And this golden peace is hanging there in a
consecrated grove to a tree like golden fleece,
And a sleepless dragon is guarding it greedily
gurgling gore gut wrenching poison flames.

Now Argonuts encountered encounters with
Lemnos women with monologues by heart.
They learnt a lot and had gigs with Gegines and
killed the harpies in Phineus court.
Is it right or not to kill birds or bards while going
in search of peace nobody knows,
When they had to go in between Symplegades of critics
and publishers, they released a dove and shot fast the
crashing rocks to safety safe shores.

In Colchis dear Jason met Medea, a beautiful sorceress,
she likes peace in her own way.
So Jason ploughed that poetry land subduing the
fire breathing oxen Khalkotauroi!
Planted Cadmus teeth that sprouted Spartoi and
made them kill themselves,
Just like our publishers kill the poets by throwing a
stone or award amidst of them.

Medea now supplied the anesthetic drops
that made the war dragon sleep,
And all our Argonauts gathered the fleece peace
hanging in pieces glided back to safety.
Now it is time to write hymns to peace and
elegies to war and god only knows who reads!

Out of all the people the well known simpletons are the poets,
They have confidence in tons in the human nature and habits,
They believe in themselves that they can reform the world into
Utopia or Paradise, when the contrary happens they weep like children,
And start writing ditties odes songs or otherwise!

Whenever the publishers or politicians see
any man coming with one shoe or show,
They knew that man or woman is a poet and
they arrange a meeting of poets,
They threw a controversial stone among
these simpletons, then
observe the mass hara-kiri
This is an ancient ritual to keep poets busy
by sending them to fetch
golden fleece or peace.

55. ASANGA and MAITREYA

Asanga, a learned sage with a mind awakening
Meditated for a long time to meet MAITREYA, but in vain!
He left his cave and wandered often in frustration
He observed a bird's feather making, a cut in a rock,
A water drop breaking a stone;
A piece of cotton wearing an iron piece
into a needle by their continuous effort and determination!

One day he saw a stray dog suffering from a
wound infested by worms
He was so moved by its suffering, in order to avoid harm
to dog and worms when he tried to lick the dog's wound
there was a sudden illumination Lord MAITREYA appeared
before him and Asanga understood the power of compassion.

A splash of raindrop is this life, ends swift and abrupt
All creature forms are clouds in the sky,
images in a dream and mirages in the desert,
All the worlds are autumn clouds,
birth and death is watching a dance
Length of life is unpredictable like a lightning splash.

The world is a house that is on bonfire
All the projects and pleasures end with Death's ire.
To free the sentient from the flame of that wrath
The mind of awakening vows to progress on spiritual path!

A king's, a boatman's, a shepherd's, the ways are three.
The mind of awakening –
Bodhichitta , chooses one way to make itself free
Five paths. Ten grounds or bhumis it has to go across
Preparation, accumulation, insight, meditation!
and no more learning are the paths
The Bodhichitta transforms into Bodhisattva,
to receive Buddha-hood or enlightenment!

56. Dhyana...Chan..Zen...Meditation!

O Dear Teacher! Days, months, years you were
sitting before that image of Buddha,
Everyday you spend sometime sitting idle and
absolutely still like a frozen statue,
Can you please tell me, what that great Teacher
told you and revealed you?

Oh dear enquirer! The great Buddha never tells
anything, he only listens!
Then O dear sir! Then you must be speaking to him,
kindly reveal me what you told him?
O dear disciple! I don't ask or tell Him anything!
Me too sit here still, listening to Him.

Zen is what? It is what you are,
it's your nature, it is your existence!
Zen is looking at things as they are, zen is realizing
you are not your mind and body,
You are not the lamp, you are not the burning wick
but you are the light!
Zen is knowing yourself, Zen is doing your work
with passion without intimidation!

57. Twelve year holy dip!

Twelve sacred rivers, twelve houses of Zodiac,
Jupiter or Brihaspati entering a house or sign,
Once in twelve years, staying for one year,
Twelve days of entry, twelve days of exit,
Considered to be the most auspicious days,
For the reverence of ancestors and
for spiritual discourses,
A learned man's severe penance,
Lord Siva granting him a boon,
That Pushkara the one who nourishes,
enters the river, purifying its waters,
It is a great conglomeration of people,
bathing in those holy waters to cleanse themselves,
A ritual showing their reverence to the lifelines of
nature in Indian subcontinent!

Jupiter, Marduk, Erendz, wood star, Fustar,
Dyu pater, Zeus, Thor, blazing Phaethon,
Jove, Brihaspati, the teacher of gods,
Guru the heavy one-, the fifth planet from Sun,
A gas giant of hydrogen and helium,
a wanderer or a planet with sixty seven moons,
A gigantic planet with a mass of two and
half times of all other planets combined,
Completes its orbit every eleven point eight six years,
first calculated by Aryabhata an eminent Indian Astrologer,

To make commoners to understand the
planetary effects, a story and a ceremony,
A holy dip in a river, when Jupiter enters a zodiac sign,
enters Pushkara in to that river-

JUPITER in Aries the river Ganges,
in Taurus- Narmada, in Jemini-Saraswati,
in Cancer- Yamuna, in Leo-Godavari,
in Virgo-Krishna, in Libra-Kaveri,
in Scorpio- Bhima, Tamraparni, in Sagittarius- Tapti,
Brahmaputra, in Capricorn- Tungabhadra,
in Aquarius- Sindhu or Indus, in Pisces-Pranahita;
twelve rivers, twelve signs!

Revering the rivers and nature is a laudable thing,
but forgetting them after festivals, and dumping them
with filth is most worrisome;

If only these human beings learn about
not polluting the water sources,
If only these rash creatures understand the
bad effects of corrupting the five elements,
If only these people respect the equality
among their own populace and protect the living things,
If only they revere their motherland, nature and
living and non living things, and god's hand,
Then this world, won't it become a paradise,
an Eden or a heaven on earth or Utopian land!

58. Three colours and a wheel on dreams!

It all started with a nightmare in crimson mauve
blood quagmires of hate,
Before that a long history of skeletons,
philosophical graves and Mohenjo-Daros,
Lots of lore about kings, queens, soldiers,
peasants and all knowing sages,
From Soma drink to social division of society stink
and a pure white fabric,
With many rents and currents of histories
and mysteries with holes in whole mosaic,

A battle between demons and deities,
brothers in arms fighting for supremacy,
the end of the golden age- Satya yuga,
the holy cow with one wounded leg,

In the age of Treta yuga, a warrior Brahmin
with his battle axe and cry decimated
the ruling clan, filling five ponds with blood,
and lost his powers in favour of a prince warrior
with bow and arrows, who traversed a country and
crossing the sea, to get back his abducted wife,
A story of revenges, rerevenges and floor crossings
ending in enemy losing his ten heads,
Then in the end of Dwapara yuga, two brothers,
one with plough and the other with a great wheel,
the young one is a divine prestidigitator,
who is born to reduce the earth's burden,
without a weapon but with political dialogues
and a celestial song he completed his task
with great precision,
By this time Dharma, the celestial cow with three
wounded feet, started limp walking miserably

with Kali demon ill treating her very bad,
Many prophets all over the world strived their
best to bring the order but that many thoughts
and religions made that white fabric colourful!
But intolerance, hate, persecutions, moral corrosion
became dominant, the soul drifted slowly away
from the Great Soul,
The land of philosophy has lost its independence to
invaders generation after generation,
A country of plenty and affluence was bled to penury
and poverty, crushed under the iron boots of foreigners,
Seventy years back gaining independence or
freedom with lot of hope and dreams. ...
But the freedom at midnight darkness,. .
it all started with a nightmare in crimson mauve
blood quagmires of hate,
Once brothers now no one believe the other,
bleeding borders, externally and infinite divisions inside,
more sharp and more pathetic,
The freedom boat travelling with a flag fluttering three
colours and a wheel on dreams.....

Happy Independence Day!
O rulers, politicians wake up!
O pillars of society, belt up!
O rich and famous, help the poor!
O less privileged, reach up!
This boat is going ahead towards equality!
This land shall bloom like the lotus pond of
knowledge, prosperity, and power!
Let the three colours and the wheel of dharma move on
dreams and reach reality of equality!
HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY!
O INDIA! HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY!

59. In the World, But not of it!

Like a pristine water drop on a lotus leaf,
Be with this world as if you had never been,
And with the other as if you were never to leave it again!

What is this thin lotus leaf separating us
from one another from view?
We seek the knowledge of yours, O God!
but not the knowledge about you!
In those raptures we dance like whirling winds
shedding our garments of wool,
This is not dancing, not just bodily twirl,
but a dissolution of the soul!

In a state of fana, a total surrender to Him,
in the love of God a sufi dwells,
The world is the perfect expression of God,
and with Love view the world as He does!
Open your hidden eyes and come, return to the
root of the root of your own self!
There is a great magnificent unseen sea of
Light that is not far from us, true,
It is forbidden to talk about it, but it is a sin and
sign of ungratefulness not to!

60. The Labor Basket

OH, CARRY ON, CARRY ON, DEAR FRIEND!
LET CARRIONS GOBBLE US TILL THE END!

1.

When the lesser gods, like man, bore the work severe
Dig, dig, dig, dig, digging canals day and night, day and night
Confronted the throne bearer, to remove their heavy labor
And confused Enlil, the counselor of the gods, at his home front

So, the ruler of the surface of the Earth, Enlil, under pressure
Ordered Nintu, the birth goddess and Mami, the midwife
To create the lullu-man, so they slaughtered a god
We-ila, the rationality
and mixed the blood with clay, at new moon,
seventh day and full moon,
lub dub, lub dub, lub dub, the beating of the heart,
beating of the heart.
Anunnaki, Igigi, the great gods, blessed the child
with breath and life art.

Oh lesser gods, lesser gods, lesser gods, rejoice!
Here is the man to carry your labor baskets, no choice!

*(on the basis of **Atrahasis**,
a Mesopotamian poem- 2nd millennium B.C)*

2.

When the bigger men, like lesser gods,
bore the work severe
Dig, dig, dig, dig, digging canals and
building roads day and night
Work, Work, work, Work, and work,
day and night, day and night
Started wars and brought slaves,
bought slaves, slaves and slaves

Every market, in the known world boasted slaves, from allover
Two distinct classes, Human beings now have - freemen and slaves
Wars and battles, decided the fate of children, men and women's lives
Men were killed, men were maimed, and all were claimed as properties
Slave, skyleuo, sclavus is to strip a slain enemy, his possessions and all

Sixteen hundred and nineteen to till American Revolution
Started with twenty, swell to seven million, Africa losing its prime population
All over the world colonials carried the tradition in jubilation
The thirst for slaves, a never ending story of human mobilization...

A few rebel thinkers...Spartacus, Nat Turner, Lincoln and Martin Luther
Relocations, manumissions, middle passages, slave codes,
Emancipation proclamation on September,
twenty two, eighteen hundred and sixty two
The end of slavery, apologies, a necessary evil,
a positive good, the hidden forms
Chattel slavery, bonded labor, human trafficking,
forced marriages coast to coast
Thirty million worldwide, half of them in India,
to boast or not to boast, boast, boast!

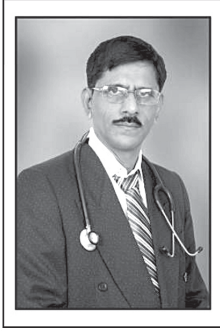
3.

When the underprivileged, like bigger men, bore the work severe
Dig, dig, dig, dig, digging canals and building roads day and night
Work, Work, Work, and work, day and night, day and night
Whips and lashes, lashes and whips, roots severed, distant lands
Dig, dig, dig, dig, digging canals and building roads day and night
Work, Work, Work, and work, day and night, day and night
Nightmares and no sleep no dreams no hope no life no nothing
Dig, dig, dig, dig, digging canals, buildings, mills, roads day and night
Work, Work, Work, and work, day and night, day and night
Ten to sixteen hours, no pay, no money, no food no life no nothing
Death and injury, injury and death, jungles, iron heels,
white foot strong

Come, Chicago! May first, eighteen hundred ad
eighty six, come, come!
Now let's gather at the Haymarket,
O Socialists, Anarchists, people!
To Arms! War to the palace, peace to the cottage,
death to luxurious idleness!
One pound of dynamite, a better bet, over a bushel of ballot!
Come, Chicago! May first, eighteen hundred
ad eighty six, come, come!

Success on first day, excess on third day,
workers and officers eight and eight
Died, died, died , why, why, why, but they died, died, died
Parsons, Spies, Engel and Fisher were hung to death.
Louis Lingg died, an explosive in his mouth,
Fielden, Neebe and Schwab were given pardon after six years

May Day is Labor Day, International Worker's
Day in sixty six countries
But, in the country of its origin it is
'Law and Order Day'
..a paradox strives..
Yes, our silence will be more powerful,
than the voices you are throttling today.
It is May Day, May Day, May Day, May Day,
May Day, May Day, May Day, and May Day!
OH, CARRY ON, CARRY ON, DEAR FRIEND!
LET NO CARRIONS GOBBLE US TILL THE END!



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1. How to be happy - English anthology
2. In search of Truth -Fiction- English
3. Shades - Poetry - English
4. The Twilight zone- Poetry- English
5. Alchemy - Poetry- Telugu
6. Vaana mabbula kanthi khadgam - Poetry- Telugu
7. Tea cuppulo toophan - Poetry – Telugu
8. Tangeti Junnu - Poetry – Telugu
9. Satyanveshanalo - Fiction- Telugu
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46. Dreams- analysis- Telugu
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48. Christ nadichina dari- Telugu
49. Eighteen English Poets- Telugu
50. Melvana Jelaluddin Rumi- Methwana- Telugu
51. Turkish poetry- Anthology- Telugu
52. The Conference of the Birds - Fariduddin Attar
53. Marana Sasanam (Telugu Poetry)
54. Chupke Chupke (Essays)
55. Oka Sarassu - Aneka Hamsalu (Poetry)
56. The Footsteps of Christ (Telugu)
and many more books...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



My poem is My Birth Certificate

by Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

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

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

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

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

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

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