



HOW TO COOK A DELICIOUS POEM



Dr. LANKA SIVA RAMA PRASAD



How to cook a delicious poem!

(Poetry)

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad

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DELICIOUS POEM!**

(POETRY)

by

Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad



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1. How to cook a delicious poem!

In a sufficiently never sufficient large cauldron,
Heat the emotional oil over the medium of
high heat-sheet, about two minutes;
Add the metaphoric onion and stir
until it shines golden brown,
Ponder over the aroma of thought scent,
Reduce the heat, add expressive garlic and
singing ginger, cook and stir, for one minute;
Add image words of coriander, acumen cumen,
turmeric and cayenne stir for half minute!
Add the romantic tomato paste and spread it
throughout the spices soooo hot!

Add the truth broth, reality coconut milk,
a spoonful of peaceful salt,
Pep up with sensual fantasy pepper bring the
essence to a sizzling boil hot! Simmer and ten minutes halt!
Add the characters of cauliflower, potato,
tomato sliced and silly peas dance in style!
Raise the heat till the moods reach medium to
high and let them boil for a while!

Keep the tempo covered and let them simmer
in arguments till they reach agreement,
Within half an hour there will be peace and
open the lid and find the settlement,
Stir in the lime juice of music and jest zest,
cook and concoct the theme,
Season to taste with assault less salt, give some rest,

Add two heaping handfuls of knack spinach
end lines until they turn bright green,
Serve over aromatic basmati rice letters,
and garnish with cilantro on a paper leaf of plantain!

(Oh! POETRY IS CATHARSIS!)



2. The Rainbow in the Saffron Sky!

The old river goes dry, the azure sky becomes saffron,
The verdant vigils vibes , the crescent scents ecllipse,
The dark red boils dross, the blue clouds spill relapse,
The weather predicts sultry, big brothers wear apron!

The foundry mints coins, some notes go pulp garbage,
Leaders modify votes, people line at treasure garage,
The return of the finger prints, shylocks lock the barage,
Women get mileage, street vendors sulk in mirage!

When they bury old-isms in new graveyards of custom care,
How many flesh eating trees sprout and walk in the jungle square?
When those foul stench four colours forerun to shadow the share,
Who protects these hares running in fear from the upper strata scare?

There is that utopian paradise at the
end of this pristine rainbow,
But can i reach there alive and fast like
an arrow released from the bow?



3. To be or not to be!

Be a dot, be a line,
Be a centre, be a periphery,
Be an atom, be the atmosphere,
Be a dust particle, be the universe,
Be a light speck, be the great light,
Be the breath, be not the death!

Be a river, be a breeze,
Be a star, be a compass,
Be a moon, be a nightingale,
Be a sun, be a sea gale,
Be love, be happiness to regale,
Be the peace, be not the war!

Be a sound, be a chime,
Be a tone, be a tune,
Be a raag, be a taal,
Be a song, be a symphony,
Be a duet, be a concert,
Be a voice, be not a bad noise!

Be a colour, be a scene,
Be a brush, be a sketch,
Be a smile, be a vision,
Be a painting, be a life,
Be a prayer, be a soul,
Be a man, be not a Saitan!



4. The Ancient Ploughman!

Land on his left side, sea on his right side,
beautiful blue sky above and wide,
On the parchment, on vellums, on metal plates,
on dried palm leaves and paper dried,
The ancient ploughman made furrows and
planted letters and sprinkled waters
Of ideas, emotions and expressions,
reared them with care and devotion that matters!

Various places and fields, the plants were varied,
with logograms and morphemes,
Elsewhere they blossomed syllables,
Alphabets and featured script phonemes!
Symbols for ideas and pictures of thoughts
cultivated some crops in lands of themes,
Some ancient scribblings were deciphered but
rest of them are still in incubated dreams!

Commercial interests transformed phonetics
into writing systems of money scales,
Growth in treasures of words gave beauty
and sophistication to the grandfather tales!
Some of the scribes apprenticed under the
wandering bards of folklore fields and stables,
Mouth to mouth words moved into permanent
palaces and huts of epics and book tables!

Did Hephaestus hammered the plough into the
future pen and presented it to poets?
If not how these simpletons reap epics and
poems of life from miniscules into divine duets?

(Dedicated to the poets of the world of the three time zones)



5. Ring! Ring!! Ring!!!

Apart from the rings that bring surprise,
suspense and suffering,
Our epics and folklore boasts of many rings
that springs in sudden string,
The probable first ring was carved from the
adamantine rock to adorn the finger,
Of Prometheus, the Titan who stole fire from
heaven, and incurred Zeus anger,

Rescued by Hercules from the eternal torture,
and was granted a protective ring;
The ring of Cheops and the ring of Joseph,
were well preserved in the sarcophagus dressing;
King Solomon lost his throne when his ring was
thrown into the sea by Asmodeus demon,
Recovered from a fish belly, recovered his lost
fortune; And the ring of Gyges the invisibility one,

Like that many rings played an important role in
folklore, the king Dushyanta who married
Sakuntala by mutual consent and forgotten the affair,
and when confronted he denied,
but reminded by the ring that resurfaced from the
fish belly; The superman Hanuman,
Made acquaintance of Sita by showing the ring of
Rama, later burnt Lanka of Ravana demon!

Rings are the symbols of love, affection and
friendship from time immemorial,
From simple ring to signet ring they reveal the
mysteries of imagination real or surreal!



6. ZORBA the GREEK!

From that window of a cafe in Piraeus,
I painted the paradise in azure blue,
Lo! the canary started singing its heart out
about the elusive happiness of no clue!
I saw Zorba the Greek by my side ringing his
santuri-cymbalom, a tune of life as dew,
The lignite mine has reopened its doors,
Zorba and the peasant workers started their due!

When the lights of the Cycladic sky, changes the
attire of Greek land and sea of desire,
I lived the happiness with a glass of wine,
roasted chestnuts, a wretched little brazier,
And the sound of the sea; Then fell in love with her,
my sweet Bouboulina! how could they,
Slaughter you on the altar of love? and I fled from
your crimson memories to a silent bay!

What is death? What is life without love?
Am I knocking the door of a deafman forever?
Beauty is merciless; when they cut your head,
you became a fairy tale of a perennial river,
Life is trouble, death not; you enjoy bread, wine fish,
radish and sigh, dream and laugh haha!
When the freedom torrent torments mind then
death comes as sacred awe!

Yes, with this required little madness I dared to
cut the rope of existent darkness,
The canary's song made the bars of cage melt
and it won its freedom of happiness!



(Zorba the Greek. ...a famous character in the novel by the same name
by Nikos Kazantzakis -1946...

Zorba the Greek. ...movie....Anthony Quinn. .actor

Zorba...meaning.live each day

Zorba the Buddha... Osho said...on the foundation of zorba the palace of Buddha stands..

Zorba is love, existence; Buddha is awareness and enlightenment)

7. The Medusa Head...

A symbol of female rage, against the poisonous
Poseidon's manly molestation,
A sea in its thousand arms and hoods molesting
a beautiful meadow maiden,
In the precincts of the shrine of Athena,
the goddess of wisdom and reason,
Her gorgeous beauty desiccating into gorgonic
horror and her hair into snakes in motion,

The winged Gorgon, her looks now can petrify
any one into hard rock stone,
With her immortal sisters Stheno and Euryale
she hissed in the ruined temple zone,
To save his mother from king Polydectes of
Seriphus, Perseus needed Medusa's head!
Looking at the reflection from the mirrored shield
he slayed the monster with his sword!

From the spilled drops of Medusa's blood were
born Pegasus the winged horse, Chrysaor
A giant with golden sword, the corals of the Red Sea,
the poisonous vipers of Sahara and the Amphisbaena monster,
Perseus on his way won Andromeda as his wife
and put his mother's abductor,
Polydectes in the gaze of Medusa's head and
turned him into stone to close the chapter!

The goddess Athena made Medusa a symbol
Gorgoneion on her divine shield,
Since then People find literature beautiful in the
beginning and horrible after violation of its field!



Athena....virgin goddess born from the head of Zeus the overlord of gods.
She is the goddess of wisdom, craft, and war.
Poseidon...god of the sea, Earth shaker
Perseus....the son of mortal Danae and the god Zeus
Medusa...guardian, protectress...a winged human female with a hideous
face and living venomous snakes in place of hair.
Gorgons...mortal Medusa, immortal Stheno and Euryale...children of
Phorkys and Keto the ancient marine deities....

8. On the Hill of Megiddo...

At the time of the end, the beginning is still unknown;
Against the coalition of the beast
and false prophet drone,
The king of the South enters the battle and
destroys the North zone,
Jerusalem is gone and the beast enters the
Israel and awaits armageddon!

False messiahs and false prophets
will arise and deceive,
Look, here is the Messaiah, there he is! -
They say; do not believe!
The great deceiver himself will impersonate
Christ in different parts of earth!
With dazzling brightness when this fiend appears,
people prostate in mirth!

Christ has come! Christ has come! -
they cry in tears and pleads for mercy!
Full of melody in his voice, with compassionate tone
he lifts up his hands,
Pronounces a blessing, changes the
Sabbath to Sunday and commands,
In the disguise of Christ and vehemently
creates the great controversy!

The time has come for the Beast's destruction
and for the Second coming of Jesus call,
Beast with Gog and Magog shall be cast into
the Lake of unquenchable fire once for all!

(At the time of the beginning, the end is already known to Him)



9. Three Quarks for Muster Mark! (as told by a quark....)

In the Finnegans Wake, i found no joys
that have a bark or a mark to remark!
My atomic nuclei needed stability so my
quarks found residency in hadrons ark,
The color confinement gave me invisibility,
word interactions strong and weak,
My electromagnetism leads me to gravity with
my six flavours in their streak!

Up, down, bottom, top, strange and charm are
my ways with spin of freedom,
As in life red, green and blue invite my antithesis
and compliment us in antichrome!
From the days of Adam and Eve my song is sung
by seaswans in serene and storm,
Without ever winking the tail of a fair weather
I serenade joys and sorrows while i roam!

In the stream of consciousness, can Ulysses
examine big events through small happenings?
What Blooms and Dedalus glooms recounted
in a single day bootlegged a banned innings?
When inner sight widens, do the physical eyes
recede and necessitate surgical interventions?
A perforated ulcer dulled the scream of consciousness,
it went beyond interventions!

The piano and the guitar of the Dubliner bid adieu
to their master in polyphonic vanity,
Homer relived in the new Odyssey of this
modernist avant-grade writer and I moved into eternity!

(James Joyce...February 2, 1882 to January 13, 1941)



10. PYGMALLION and GOLEM!

The hares that walk into snares, the mink that
sink into the scented trap vines,
The swift and clever leopards, the majestic and
dangerous lions and horned bovines,
Life is a ladder to go down or to go up with low
expectations leading to low performance,
Higher expectations leading to increased
performance of self-fulfilling prophecy chance;

In the city of Amathus, on the island of Cyprus,
a virtuous sculptor Pygmalion,
Witnessed the Protopoetides, the beautiful women
that dared to challenge Aphrodite.....
Prostituted themselves as the world's first notorious
body- love sellers in that city,
Lost their blush, became as hard as flint and
Pygmalion disliked this new sensation,
He carved the most beautiful woman out of ivory,
fell deep in love with his own creation!

The divine Aphrodite took pity on him and
when the sculptor kissed the image as his wife,
Lo! The statue came alive and the Goddess
blessed them both a happy married life!

When the dust was kneaded into a shapeless
husk of Golem, the dumb brainless one,
On his forehead inscribed were the words
'emet'- TRUTH- Golem served the men well often,
But when Golem turned to violence,
rabbi pulled out 'e' from emet, and met is death,
Dust becomes dust and humankind is saved
from the amorphous forms of the earth!

Pygmalion and Golem are the metaphors of
truthful Love and ruthless violence,
Mind's higher expectations give high, and lower
levels give lower dividends of divine opulence!



11. The Hunter's Mirror!

Traps, clap , corral, funnel, noose, spotlight,
mist nets, cannon nets and sticky birdlime,
Deadfall traps, tendelle stone traps, to trap birds
dead or alive is the man's pastime,
Luring them with food, water or decoys,
the hunter waits patiently for his victim in frame,
How many birds got extinct in the time line
since man started devouring them as game!

Burkitshi, the golden eagle hunters of Mongolia,
love and rear the eagles as their children,
In Gifu of Japan, Guilin of China., in Dorian lake
fishermen hunt with their Cormorants in line,
Hawks, Eagles and falcons haunt the skies to hunt
for their masters and gain recognition,
They pounce, rouse, lure, turn tail and may return
haggard to reach its master in apprehension!

Birds in myths are the bringers of life and death,
symbolizes the flight of the soul,
They are gods' vehicles, messengers and
represent the spirit immortal and imperial,
Prophets and great teachers were known to
have blessed with winged wisdom,
The deathless Hoyal bird, Garuda the vehicle of
Lord Vishnu and many more reached stardom!

The lark is a difficult to catch savory bird,
so hunter places a mirror as a lure with a strap,
The lark sees its own reflection goes into
narcissistic trance and dances into the trap!



12. What we learn from those obscene Apes and Naked Fakirs...

A lawyer from Illinois, with malice towards
none and charity for all,
The most hated and reviled man in
American history, walked tall,
In agony and bloodshed, in humiliation
and condemnation with gall,
Assailed alike by friend and foe,
in public and in private squall!

A barrister was thrown out of the train
at Pietermaritzburg station in an apartheid nation,
His sartorial change from the imperial suit and
boot to the loin cloth of deep deliberation,
An inner temple lawyer becoming a seditious fakir
and conducts civil disobedience,
And his weapons of nonviolence and truth
becoming unpalatable to some with difference,

On Good Friday, despite his premonitions the
president was at Ford's theatre cabins ,
John Wilkes Booth's Philadelphia Deringer pistol shot and
shouted- 'sic semper tyrannis'
On another Friday, despite his tiredness,
a naked fakir was in the garden of the Birla House,
Nathuram Godse's Beretta nine mm pistol coughed
thrice, the light has gone out of Indians lives,

One Friday a bullet shot the head of a man who
preserved the union and proclaimed emancipation,
Another Friday three bullets pierced the heart of Truth,
nonviolence and a great soul of a nation!

**(Abraham Lincoln. ..February 12, 1809 - April 15, 1865..he was
shot on April 14, Good Friday)
(Mahatma Gandhi..October 2, 1869- January 30, 1948...Friday)**



13. Who Steals my Purse Steals Trash...

My palpable pulse is going bonkers in the
inflated ego vessels,
I stand before synagogues and damn my
suspected treacherous vassals,
Our tribe sentence the sentences into jails
where freedom lies in chains,
And put shackles to justice with barbed
wire hands of law and sing cold refrains.

The grazing sun in the blue field is threatened
by the grey white clouds of missile fires,
In the twilight zone warplanes and jumbo jets
criss-cross the sky with smoke wires,
The night never sleeps in the hubdub of robos
and zombies rolling along the borders,
Early morning no rooster crows for the fear of
being caught and eaten by the war marauders!

My chicken heart dare not cross the road of
civilization to enter the woods of freedom,
Those woods are agog with fire wheels and live
machines looking for the death's kingdom!
Our cities are jampacked with wheeled boxes
with crazy entrails emailing their boredom,
Elsewhere skeletons are checking their bones in
hunger and thirst of poverty wisdom!

I am a damn dictator looking for love and peace
treasures in the said God's secret chamber!
My purse is heavy with hate blood and warfare so
who steals my purse steals trash hamper!



14. In the ruminations of Rumi.....

My boat of green fire capsized at that horns of
Bosphorus and Kappadocia
There was this eerie silence of eons
between you and me of nostalgic Konya,
Without the fire of your love, I would never
swim this sea nor drink this water,
In your water, bubbling through me like ruby wine,
I simmer like the chaotic matter!

The simmering soul soars towards the heaven
and thy mystery is kept secret,
The secret will be revealed to the pristine soul,
by lifting the thousand veils select,
You have lifted me clear of ME, now no arrows
from Fate can touch me and hurt!
O Beloved! Aren't these tears You rising in me
to flood my soul out of my body dirt?

The stone to become a rose to have all gardens
and a rain drop to hide all oceans,
Like a rose, I smile with bulbul birds with all the
songs of nature rapture in fusions,
I laugh with my whole I AM and fall through
death after death into dark fissions,
In this world of splitting mirrors, images change
shape in innumerable zigzag fashions!

Exhausted and debilitated I pray for your kind
attention like the wayward child in bad missions,
Doors fly open in each atom and O Great Spirit!
You stand smiling in them all visions!



15. Que Sera Sera! Che Sera, Sera!! Ke Sera, Sera!!!

What will be, shall be! What will be, shall be!
What will be, shall be!
When Dr. Faustus signed his soul selling blood
contract for a freebie,
Hell broke loose at pandemonium hall and
Lucifer looked at his crazy lobby,
Smiled outside and laughed inside,
for he has another chance 'to be or not to be'!

I will burn all my books, common sense and
wisdom in this atomic bonfire,
Cried aloud Dr. Faustus, - 'let me draw the
colored borders on human affair,
This vile Mephistopheles be in charge of
the anagrammatized circle of biased fire,
Hark! Here he appears in his satanic version of
subtle fall guy as Franciscan friar'!

Ah ha! Sneered and sneezed Mephistopheles,
'our Hell is far better than this dump!
All the tortures of Hell are mere trifles and oldwives'
tales compared to this clump!
Your lips got stuck to the death creased Helen's face
that launched thousand boats scamp,
Lovely Hell gape not! Come not Lucifer!
This Earth is now worse than your hell camp!

We earthlings in our arrogance care not for the
joys of Heaven, heading for war raw!
What will be, shall be! What will be, shall be!
Que sera, sera! Che sera, sera! Ke sera, sera!



16. Oh, My untold stammer is coming back!

Like the old age fold, deep winter cold
and the brash lovers scold,
Like the victim on scaffold, mouse in the hold,
and the greedy man's gold,
Like the wrong season cold, bad joke told,
and the worst forge mold,
Like the old book's mould, the spouse becoming
bold and the useless thing sold,

Like the grammar of a lingo, hammer of a forge,
and the scammer of a scheme,
Like the drop in rain, rain on the train and the
train in a dark tunnel, scream,
Like a fish in the pond, a boat in the river and a
ship in the sea with oil stream,
Like a vine in the wind, sail in the storm and
the trees in the fire tornado gleam,

Like a dot in the line, a line in the image and
the images in a moving dream,
Like a letter in the word, words in the sentence,
and the sentences in a poem,
Like a colour in the rainbow, rainbow in the sky,
and the sky in the light dome,
Like a star in the constellation, a planet in the
solar system and my house in the earth home,

My untold stammer is coming back to me,
in the magnificence of the Lord God,
What if the words come out or not,
when He Himself is everywhere, as my soul guard!



17. ...and I Dance in the Middle of Miracles!

Frankincense, myrrh, nard, amber,
tears of incense and amomum,
I collect and ignite the ball of myrrh
with the silver fire rays of sun sanctum,
I am the Chinese vermilion bird, I am the
Summer, South and the element fire,
I live in seven mansions-well, ghost, willow,
star, net, wings and chariot of sapphire!

I am the symbol of renewal, sun, time,
empire, metempsychosis, consecration,
And Mary, Christ, life in the paradise, virginity,
the blessed man and resurrection,
I made fire to burn my azure blue oldness
and made my dry flesh a sweet dish of perfection!
I have the memories of me as the great eagle
Garuda and Egyptian Bennu of solar connection!

Every five hundred years are more I make
my journey to distant Arabia or Egypt,
I make my nest with the best spices and
dry flammable incenses of wood crypt,
In front of the Sun temple I perch upon
my nest on the highest treetop with grace,
Awaiting my mentor's fiery arms ignite and
embrace me in his bright embrace!

In his magnificence I explode in a fireball and
become the ashes at his footstep slope,
And lo! I born again as the regal purple
Phoenix bird of lore and a symbol of love and hope!



18. The painted smile of La Gioconda....

O La Joconde! Why you wear that enigmatic smile
that defied any analyst of his theory?

O Lisa Gherardini! Did the polymath Leonardo da Vinci
intended it to be cheery or dreary?

O ma donna, my lady, madam, monna,
you were the wife of Francesco del Giocondo,
O Mona Lisa! The virtuous and faithful wife was
immortalised in a painting of fame crescendo!

Why do you smile? Is it because you are the
most visited, most happily sung,
And the best known and the most parodied work
of art in the world of painting?

Why are you sad? Is it because you were stolen,
copied and kept secret for two years?
Or because vandals threw acid, pelted stones,
so you were kept in bullet proof glass enclosures!

What happened to your mysterious eyebrows
and eyelashes?

Why your distant gaze is fixed on the observer
and appears in flashes?

Why your smile disappears when we look
at you straight with direct vision?

Which secret of joy or melancholy you wish
to share with your admirers of illusion?

A billion dollar smile became an object for
mass production, lampooning and speculation,
O Mona Lisa! The Universal Genius da Vinci
made you into an immortal haunting creation!



19. In the fell clutch of circumstance...

O shackles of suffering! Thou hast imprisoned me
in this city of nine gates,
But can you rob away courage from my soul
and plunder the rich inmates?
Face to face I can look into the eyes of strife,
prison, torture, death and Fates,
For every joy I missed and the pain I gained,
awaits me the reward from Heavens gates!

What can these mounting winds of pain do to
my mountain of courage?
The tempest shock too can't bend the stately
summit of my soul with its rage!
O pain! I can resist your brute force with the
shield of endurance in suffrage,
Nothing happens to me as I am not formed by
nature to bear your outrage!

Through my sufferings and pain I rediscovered myself,
nature, and the Supreme Soul,
My handicaps and distresses made me more bold
and confident to face any ghoul!
I understand the impermanence of this gated city
and the enemies within and without,
I study the ruins of the past cities of grandeur in
mastabas and mummified sarcophagi clout!

I do not go faint in the day of adversity, but drink
from the cup of Never Give Up!
I share my provisions of Courage with others and
conquer the Fear in its own Fort set up!



20. The Graffiti

When I was a sweet dreamy cherub,
my scribbling on a corner of our wall,
Threw my parents into fits of ecstasy and
they preserved it till they got their final call!
When i was a toddler of school going and drew a
matchstick figures of mom and dad,
Adding the rough letters of -' i love u'- they became
the statues of tears in joy applaud!

When i was a hissing lover boy and my etchings
and carvings on tree trunks and beach rocks,
Became legends and they brought me the fame of the
infamous Casanova, of my times and tracks!
When i have chosen calligraphy as my hobby,
and printed letters on paper and wood,
My fame rose sky high and stars wided with one
another to join our brotherhood to do good!

When i became father, i saw my children scribbling
on the posh walls and floor,
Memories transported me in to the cupboards of the past,
where my childhood was preserved as lore!
When i became old and bent, i pondered over the folds
and grooves on my forehead,
Where the Lord Creator scribbled my fate in a secret
code to be deciphered ahead!

Aren't we the living and non-living ones, the letters of
Graffiti, scribbled by Him?
Why we stupid humans with our own hands, are trying
hard to erase them?



21. The Festival of Colours...

Was it the invincible Hiranyakasipu demon
who tortured Prahlada his own son,
And finally got disembowelled by a hitherto
unknown creature a man-lion?
Was it the playful colouring of his lover's face
by the ravishing child Krishna, the black one,
That made the golden hued Radha bloom like the
verdant earth in spring season?

Was it the love-god Manmatha's aim and hit,
with his sugarcane bow and flower arrows,
That woke up the desire and anger in the meditating
Siva that inturn burned the love-god into ashes?
Was it the love goddess Rati's pleading brought
love god into life sans body?
Why in the bonfires of Holi, the colours of love
glow bright and forgiveness envelopes everybody?

The dark demons stifle happiness needs to be
disembowled by the bright man-lion powers,
The dark colured despair of the children needs
to be removed by the lovely vivid colours,
The desire between a man and a woman
needs to be aroused and transformed into love,
In that colourful bonfire of bodies and minds the
genesis of new creation occurs and move!

Filled this world is with vivid colours and
visions that needs bonfires of selfish appease,
To remove the darkness of human follies and
to bring about the light of love and peace!



22. The Words of Wisdom

Hark! Eyeball that regal walk of lion, goat,
the king in front of their people and the rooster!
Aha! Ogle those ants, rock- badgers, locusts and
lizards they are very clever and sinister!
Most mysterious are the flying eagle, a lone ship
in the sea, a crawling snake,
And a man and a woman falling in love,
nobody knows what they do for their sake!

No matter how much it rains that rock dry land
asks for more and so the inland barren,
No satisfaction to them as hungry as forest fire
and as greedy as the world of dead den!
The Earth says NO to the usurpers that lure away
the husbands from their wives,
And the wives from their husbands, the cruel slaves
that kill the kind kings and deprives!

I beseech you, God, only a few favours;
Let me be neither rich nor poor and not a liar;
Let me be a righteous judge and protect the rights of
poor and helpless in their lair,
Let me not have the craving for alcohol, as that is the
beverage for the people on death bed,
And for the poor and deprived to forget their poverty
and unhappiness and to feel good!

The solemn words of Agur reverberates in the
streets and hills of this mundane world!
We pay deaf ears and beat around the bush
without understanding the divine WORD!

(proverbs 30- 31.....entire text.. abridged.)



23. Wings, windows, winners....

Wearing wound woven wombs we dream
wings and windows wide open!
When wolves wander with their jaws wild open
we cuddle together in fear wagon!
All words and colours articulate holiness to
our existence almost in anonymous tone,
On the altar of practicality all the actions allow
and allocate lower births and berths of stone!

Wizards of welfare whiz fast visions of equality,
Wards and wardens of the world advertise
best job quality,
On the pedestal of work place,
they keep blunt scissors of traditionality,
To clip the feathers or the budding wings of
freedom of individuality!

The most beautiful and gracious adjectives
flow in waves from pens and brushes,
When eyes and mind gets darkened,
shades and shadows shout and rushes,
In the ruins of civilizations one can see
many footsteps and wombs in ambushes,
Many fibs of Adam's rib and prophetic nibs put
curtains of cult cultivating Bonsai bushes!

The allotted half of the sky, they filled with
ammunition and missiles,
Every year a day is celebrated in righting
the wrongs and the boat sails!

(Women's Day)



24. To a mom that wishes for her return gift!

And her pains were in spasms and
convulsions of a pouncing waterfall,
She screamed and cried to push out the
lively waters and the cherub small,
With a milky thread attached to a lotus that
grasped the inside of her womb,
A final mountainous thrust expelled the
inhouse resident to a bigger house and tomb!

The first effort full cry of the infant,
opens its new vistas of air entry,
The sound and fury of the child's voice
makes the mother revell in joy high,
The first hug, the first kiss, the first smile,
the first dream and the first lullaby,
The first turn, the first word, the first step,
the first walk and run as the milestones go by,

The individual and sexual identity,
the myriad doubts, and countless tantrums and tricks,
The child matures in the ever waiting arms of
the first teacher and the guardian angel with bonds,
At one of the Shakespearen seven ages the
child leaves the nest to known or unknown lands,
Sometimes not to return and makes the mother to live
with a dilapidated house of ruins and bricks.

In that desolated despair air filled tearful house
the mother waits with a hope dwindling in drift,
Waiting for her child to come and give her a hug,
a kiss, a smile and a song of return gift!



25. COCKROACHES and COCKCROWS!

Such a resilient often silent carboniferous
antique pests of Universe,
Causes shudder when they buzz in the
bath or kitchen sinks like a bad verse,
O Silphe! From Arctic to tropical lands your
presence reminds your ancient lineage,
Even when humanity extincts in its own
atomic sacrilege, you inherit the earth as heritage!

Sitting on the high perch you sing cock-a-doodle-doo
and pose like a king!

O Rooster! You are so sacred you replaced
humans in holy sacrifices as an offering!
Your crown comb, your regal waffles, hackle,
tail, saddle feathers, the spirit of fighting,
Your waltz, your cluck, O nature's timekeeper,
your tenth house in Chinese zodiac ring,

You deserve better place than these self destructive
zombies in the concrete jungles,
O Roaches and Roosters! Their encroach of
personal spaces, the selfish cocktail jingles,
The cock and bull stories of money wrangles,
the implicit coquettish carnal angles,
The power plays, the backstabs, the sheer
indifference to people in poverty mangles,

O Nadezhda roach! You were the first
earthly species mother to give birth in space,
O Cockerell! The trusted disciple too denied
thrice before you crowed, this is human race!



26. The Master Gondolier!

Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour! O Gondolier!
Belle nuit, o nuit d'amor!
When all the spirits and serene moonlight
sprinkles love in the air,
When the stardust and moonmist dance
with the firflies of debonair,
Is it I could care less or I couldn't care less
or more o sweet mi amor!

A gondola moves with a solitary broken heart
and a gondolier in his song and spar!
Voga, voga marinar! Can't keep my heart
smithereens together, una vela non appar!
He is seen nowhere, may be he is angry for
not obliging him with my kisses of ocean fire!
Fly, fly quick my agile barchetta, oh, there he is
my beloved gondolier tuning his lovely lyre!

Without you my heart is a broken mirror,
O dear, O sing me the song of desire!
To hear, admire and to glue my heart with the
love fire you infuse, o Grand Sire!
I still bear this baggage, take me into your arms
and in your traghetti, guide me mind deep,
In the lagoons of life and I am tired, O eternal lover,
serenade me and lull me into sleep!

O sojourner! O traveller! See the body is asleep!
The city the world is asleep in His act!
And only the Master Gondolier is awake!
Und nur der schiffer wacht, der Marinar wacht!



27. What billionaires buy when you are Super Rich?

Tell me young lad and lady,
what will you buy if you are stinkingly rich?
You have the Midas touch, Brisings brooch,
you scratch so much with El dorado itch,
Allocate millions to your pet bitch,
tour all over the world without hitch,
And what more you wish to adorn your
halls of fame not to speak of zilch ?

You want Anna's light or Flag or the nude,
green leaves and bust!
You wish to Scream, of Woman three or
the portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer first?
You can acquire Number five- nineteen hundred
and forty eight in Le Reve 'The Dream',
Or enjoy the Three Studies of Lucian Freud and
join The Card Players in the art stream!

Millions and millions they downpour like
clouds in rainy season for a painted cloth,
Or a few ruined papers and parchments or
some rare stones and bones or a moth,
Stamps, vases, base ball cards, necklaces,
Albums, comic books, jeans n panties,
The Gutenberg Bible, Chateau Lafite
wine bottles auctioned at Sothebys and Christies!

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
vex them with Hamlet's dilemma,
To buy or not to buy is not the question
but to possess the rare, fixes the enigma!



28. O God, take away my desires!

Like a scented scissors my fingers spoke to
the serene flower bud in that garden,
Leaves and thorns warned me to leave the
scene and threw me into the lawyers den!
Everywhere there hares are dressing the hairs
of porcupines in counting their spikes hidden,
Nearer to them is the ongoing break dance
competition of the beasts of burden!

My horse sense made me aware of my mare
nearby calling me a mule, donkey and ass,
Yes, said the ass and his cell phone is braying
and she is praying like a mantis in grass,
The mantis is washing its favorite soap opera
laden with midnight spicy liquid in a glass,
I plucked a few nuts and aphrodisiac pills at a
vendor who rings temple bells of a priceless lass,

The priest is a bulky hulk like the bouncer
at the Oslo bar of no dress and address,
After five or six rounds they felt my purse and pulse,
threw me an empty bag more or less,
Me in it with my beer and cheer and kicked me
downhill to roll like a pumpkin with a mouse in,
All the feral cats of downtown sharpened their
knives and forks to house me for dinner spin!

On their dinner plate is this nosegay of culled flowers
and a scented scissors of gold,
To replace the old ones the felines transformed me
into me and sent me here, -to her I told



29. What straits of poverty and fear of death they cross?

When the birds of prey cover the sky with
cloudy wings and swords of claws,
The kids of innocence run helter-skelter and
starve in living hell holes sans laws,
Meanwhile the bone brokers of mafia arrange
boats and offer services of 'pay as you go,'
Abuse, abduction, and trafficking, and
contraception injections growl and grow!

Women and children are sitting ducks to the
gun wielding gangs of hate crimes,
When the slow boats begin their journey to the
promised lands, hell bells chimes,
The schemes of 'pay as you go' convolutes into
spasms of pray as they play blow corruptions,
Overboard and under board lambs walk on the plank
with molested volcano mouth eruptions!

Refugee is the word for the children of lesser gods
and begging bowls waits for them.
Meanwhile the boats carrying carrion infected
carriages crawl to the shores of new anthem,
Where barbed wires and fears of the natives
become pricks and thorns of hate streams,
And in the abandoned shores along
with jetsam and float-sam
One sees the bodies of abused sleeping
children in nightmare realm,-

Whole world mourns for a day or two in the
safety of their drawing rooms,
While mothers and children from the disturbed
lands sink deep in grief water looms!



30. Why they die so young?

(A tribute to Michael Garland)

They keep hurricanes of ideas imprisoned in their nerve sheath,
They shut tight the tornadoes asphyxiated in their breath,
They silence the fierce volcanoes from breaking in wrath,
They hold thunderbolts in their hands and clear the path.

They help the humanity by giving light
from their words
They hold the weak and poor by
pouring love into their worlds
They become the footsteps for the
future generations to climb uphill
They become the stars to guide the
outcasts sailing in midnight sea spill

They sing for the song birds to emulate and imitate
They teach the young cubs to play and gyrate
They make the newborn smile and sedate
They guide the mothers to pray and venerate

They burn like candles lighted on both sides
We get more light but they disappear in the life tides



31. Why my cell phone won't ring?

You gave me a ring and drew a ring.
And you have the whip and ivy string
A three knot thread in my neck constricting
Neither I can dance naturally nor I sing!

I never thought about this sort of circus
I only wished to get out of the stingy ruckus
Dailly drudges and dredges drugged me to cactus
All the thorns I developed to save me from that heat invictus!

In a mirage of marriage I looked for the
oases of love and dates of affection
The more I walked, I walked and walked
into the dire straits of hate affliction,
In that wilderness I saw faraway skull hill with
olive garden and some vague footprints,
A bloodstained cross, a crown of thorns and
an empty cave lighted with darkness hints,

When I opened my eyes there were two eyes,
filled with oceans and me submerged weeping,
My reflection surprised me with its smiles and
I got courage and I found my cell phone ringing!



32. Do we need a day to prepare mead and distribute indeed?

So the great Odin started his day of skaldskapar
mjaoar the scholars beverage,
After the Aesir- Vanir war , the gods sealed the
truce and together they spat in a vat!
From that they created a man and named him Kvasir,
who is so wise in any chat,
And he travelled nook and corner of the earth giving
knowledge to mankind in rage and mirage.

But when he visited the jealous dwarves Fjalar
and Galar, they killed him
And poured his blood, into two vats and a pot
called Boon, Son and Oorerir,
They mixed his blood with honey and created a mead,
if anybody drinks it he is a scholar,
Or a poet, skald eoa froeoamaor and then the
dwarves convinced gods in silence,
That the spittle fleshed Kvasir died because he got
suffocated in his own intelligence.

Later the cunning dwarves killed the giant
Gilling couple by drowning them in the sea,
When their son Suttungr threatened to kill the
dwarves they compensated him with the pot of mead,
Suttungr hid the pot in a cave in Hnitbjorg and kept his
daughter Gunnlod as a guard.
Odin the chief of the gods in disguise as Bolverker
tricked the giant's brother Baugi,
And entered the cave in the form of a snake later
transformed into a young man and seduced the guard Gunnlod,

On the third night coming out of the embrace of Gunnold,
with three gulps Odin emptied,
The three vats and became a great eagle with mead
in his throat flew off towards Asgard,
Suttungr pursued him hot, then a few drops
fell backwards into Midgard,
Anybody could drink these drops the skaldifla hlutr-
the rhymester's share,
That generates bad poetry and feeble verses,
of mediocre poets and scholars!

To the true poets and scholars the great Norse god
Odin himself dispenses Asgard mead,
It is the day of berserker rage or poetic inspiration
we poets celebrate indeed!

(So poetry is the fine alchemical divine blessed
mixture of spittle and blood
And it depends upon the reason and thoughts of
mankind to brood and to do good)

* * * * *

Asgard...celestial place of gods
Midgard...the world of humankind
Aesir....multiple gods...
Vanir...multiple goddesses
Kvasir....fermented berry juice
Fjalar.....deceiver
Galar...screamer
Oorerir. ...stirrer of inspiration
Suttungr. ...heavy with drink
Hnitbjorg. ...pulsing rock
Gunnlod....invitation to battle
Odin...the chief of the gods
Bolverker. ...worker of misfortune

◆◆◆◆◆

33. Why do you want to do this and make the whole nation guilty?

So Joabs went out, travelled through the
whole stars and stripes port,
And they returned to the White House with a
black and bearded report,
That lots of immigrants are eating away the
public grants and jumping the wall,
And so they decided to construct a wall with
Mexican dollars and Visa doll.

Meanwhile some people in the streets are
pleased highly with themselves,
Started blowing trumpets of Donalds and
Mikey fences of the great office shelves,
Took their guns out and coughed them on the
looked like aliens in the neighbourhood party,
And celebrated in the coloured bars of a country
with the tallest statue of Liberty !

A land of free expressions and opportunities,
a proclaimed El Dorado losing its sheen,
Hate crimes soaring into the sky every year with
unemployment and insecurity seen,
The great divide between black and white colours
escalating to maladies of spleen,
Nine by eleven poured unthwarted fears into the
hearts of people with racial tensions unclean,

Then Davids and Solomons start building
modern sanctuaries of love and peace,
By that time innocents like Kuchibhotla eat
bullets of hate and lie in coffins of single piece!



34. The spider and the weeping stone..

When on your shoulders kept the universe in verse
Is it from the hands of Atlas or muses nine in rehearse?
Such pristine blue cups up and down you flow in streams,
Allowing us to utter screams of joy in sheer refined dreams!

All these parables or myths woven
on which spinning wheel?
Was it Athena or the challenger Arachne
that rolled the mystery reel?
The skillful Arachne weaved gods escapades and
angry gods turned her into a spider to heel!
Why that Pantheon of gods twelve play
with human emotions?
Is it because our emotions we carved them
into gods notions?

What folly is this? -Cried Niobe in
regal anger and hubris
Before you i stand ! Your queen,
the blessed one and well known,
O people of Thebes! That Leto has
only two faraway children,
I have fourteen far better than
those Apollo and Artemis!

Finally what happened? The arrows from
Leto's children,
Decimated the fourteen and Niobe
transformed into a weeping stone!



35. Who Created whom?

God did forgive man for his claim of creating Him,
Man often forgets who created him and so on!
But, God reminds man that man is always in all ways, man!
Man tries to remind God that it is his mind
that created Him or Elohim!

In this tug of war, who did what is the real problem!
The poets and philosophers filled volumes
and volumes in defining Him.
If God exists he will be baffled by those theories of wisdom!
That's why He avoids coming to this crazy pretentious realm.

And sends angels and prophets or
allow profit seeking Satans at random!
But the problem is, angels only heard
but never visited the Hell-kingdom!
They always imagine and paint Hell
with dark fires and advertising phosphorescence!
But Satan made Earth his second home,
he recreated here Hell's sense and essence!

God and Satan are the light and shadows of the
tree of knowledge in Nature,
Man's mind conceive and paints them in
different shades of coloured culture!



36. Does true love exist?

In the facade of love some of us hide
our insincere ugly self
Our lips sing of dove but hands wield guns
and gun powder shelf
We practice absolute take but not give
and advertise widening gulf
Seeing the innocent lambs in the fold
with all selfishness we cry wolf!

People who wish to have absolute power preach
always love love and love
When love is everywhere and soothing
they have skin rashes and wear glove
In the thick of concrete jungles where
unrest always jingles they reside in a cove
What they have is a powerful tongue that can
define everything into love and move!

What is this enigmatic love, an elusive oasis
in the desert of uncertainty?
Who are these preachers who survive by
constant hammering of divinity?
While they are busy in throwing vitriole
on others but adlib to the profanity,
Why these genetically deranged gizmos harp
on love but perpetrate hate on humanity?

If love is such a beautiful thing and reachable
why somebody has to remind of its existence?
Does it really exists or is it somebody's
figment of imagination that went wild for an instance!



37. 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 colors, rooms and
things spinning around with disturbing eloquence,
With demonic transformation of the outer world
in kaleidoscopic colors 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 every year. ..
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!



38. To go boldly, Where no Man has gone before-

When the ark of the dark knight traverses
the dank ice precipice,
What hoarse oars, what snorting snores
wake up the shores of ice?
The perpetual light-house dozes into sleep
and the wayfarers of vice
Menaces to invade the purity get frozen by the
sight of the grim eyes!

So walk in silence! Oh, man of sin!
See that old bearded man of skin n bones!
Shiver in fear seeing sharp edged scythe and
hour-glass of sand in his hands!
A huge black wave sharpens its ice-cold white teeth
on the gray slippery rock,
Wave after wave the hoods of the sea-serpent hiss
and growl at your bad back!

Hark! Oh traveller! How can you cross the
stormy seas in that clumsy coracle?
What sibyls you have consulted and which
vestal virgin proclaimed the oracle?
Did they not warn you about the Calypso and
the sea-squid giants in throngs?
Do you hear the wing fluttering s of Harpies
and the soul stirring siren songs?

From the depths of the winding caves,
hear, the grating roar of the Kraken,
When Leviathan opens its fierce jaws,
sea-pythons shrink in sheer fear taken!
Try and evade the Scylla and Charybdis
and the Symplegades at the Bosphorus,
Reach the land of lassitude and the rivers Styx
and Acheron, the boat arrives;

When the ark of the dark knight traverses
the dank ice precipice of Aeolus,
The keen gazed Charon the boat-man
with feverish eyes demands an obolus!
What hoarse oaths, what tears move the
hardened heart of that ice visage?
How you lived so far on the earth matters there,
the eligibility earns passage!



39. Carnation incarnation....

And the three tier bus reaches the pier
where ships and lives sail with waters,
The ferry is ready and the boatman looks
at the souls for his fee and offers,
A seat or orders to wait and pushes his boat
to the bank opposite, a dreadful dog barks,
With its three heads and the spirit shivers
into a shrinking sprite and a few sparks

Of hell fire and phosphorescence of one's
past escapades weighs it down
And the scales of eternal justice says verdict
and the damnation town
Or the Elysian fields, under the scourge of whip
or the scents of divine ark,
Until the sands or water of sandclock or the
cool clepsydra exhausts its mark,

The transformed tiny carnation seed
enters a womb of its destiny
To sprout and blossom and its leaves,
flowers, fruits and thorns many
Goes on record by the accountant general
who officially declares the assets,
And after so many runs and reruns,
finally on the judgement day, the Sun sets,

When the nonstop three tier bus comes to
a stop and the Judge sits on His throne,
Where do you think you will be standing,
with your credit cards showing zero or one?



40. A Prayer

Let the depression come by
Let the body cry and go dry
Let the dark clouds gather
Let the thunder sound bother
Let the lightning sparkle in frolic
Let the drizzle come with cool colic
Let the rainbow paint the sky girth
Let rain drops kiss the thirsty earth
Let the aroma of earth emanate
Let there be puddles and reeks in spate
Let the rain be a hail storm and blow
Let the streams rivers overflow
Let seas rise with tsunami waves
Let hurricanes create terror raves
Let forests birds and beasts shiver
Let Mother Nature give us cover
Let we all submit Him our prayer
Let words flow in love forever

Amen!



41. BLACK BEARD the Pirate.

In the waters of Ocracake, in the cove of Teach's creek
In the dark moon, with whistling winds,
a fearful phantasmagorical streak,
With a phosphorescent glow, with a weird noise,
searching for its head,
A body cries aloud, -'Where is my head? Where is my head?
Where is my head?,'-

Every port a wife, O Black beard,
thirteen wives you sport!
Unlucky number thirteen, isn't it,
why did you stop at that fort?
Bahamas and North Carolina your name is
a terror screech!
O Black beard, scores of ships you robbed,
O Edward Teach?

O hirsute pirate, long black beard weaved
into pigtails, a big cruel giant!
Three braces of pistols hanging in holsters,
and a sharp cutlass to slash slant!
A fur cap on your large head with two hemp
cords emitting smoke and spark
A black halo around your face, you looked
like the ugly Satan incarnate in dark!

You drink flaming rum, breathed saltpeter and gum,
your voice a marauding battle drum,
To the surrendered you serve magnanimity
and to the resistant calamity, costly conundrum.

Let damnation seize your soul, no quarters given or taken
Then Robert Maynard with large government forces
arrived soon

After a horrendous detonation and destruction,
and a see-saw fight to finish,
Overpowered by numbers, twenty cuts and
five gunshots and a severe swish,
Decapitation; Victor Maynard hoisted your
pirate head from the bowsprit,
Threw the headless trunk into the enormous
dark blue sea pit straight!

In the waters of Ocracake, in the cove of Teach's creek,
In the dark moon, with whistling winds,
a fearful phantasmagorical streak,
With a phosphorescent glow, with a weird noise,
searching for its head, a body,
cries aloud, -'Where is my head? Where is my head?
Where is my head?,-

Moon in terror hides beneath clouds,
winds whistle weird sounds,
Owls hoot, bats screech, Protecting Black beard's
treasure chest, making rounds,
And emitting dreadful Teach's light and shadow
Cries aloud a headless body,
Swimming by the side of ships- **Where is my head?**
Where is my head? Ahoy!



42. Sing to me of the gifts, O Muses, you give.....

Aren't we the Thamyris like poets made
blind by the nine Muses?
Why do we scurry in making obsolete things
and define abuses?
Aren't we the descendents of poets that
lauded the mortal man as God?
Why do we succumb to the glitters of
satanic nature and revere the lump of clod?

When the divine power of Zeus paired
with memory were born Muses nine!
From the Helicon mount to the Olympus of gods,
they bustle to entertain divine!
When the winged horse Pegasus touched
its hooves to the ground on Helicon spine,
Bursts forth are four springs of arts divine,
the dwellings of Muses to refine!

With writing tablet and stylus **Calliope** carves Epic poetry,
The entire ancient to modern poets pick inspiration
from that archaic foundry and try;
Scrolls, books, carnets, laurel wreaths are the
properties of **Clio**,
History unfolds by her blessings and
truth springs up in upsurge flow;

Aulos, panpipes and flutes sing melodies with **Euterpe**,
Lyric poetry, music, songs flow in waves of strophe and antistrophe;
When Cithara like lyres sizzle in the serene arms of **Erato**,
Love songs permeate the pristine evenings with honey and pimento;

With tragic mask, sword,
club and kothornos appears **Melpomene**,
Tears filled grief tears the curtains of joy
and leaps as Tragedy mega or mini;
An agricultural goddess behind veil
and grapes in hand **Polyhymnia**,
Ring the chimes and religious Hymns
in the precincts of holy temple area;

Lyre and plectrum emanating mellowing
sounds, **Terpsichore**
Scores the tranquil symphonies for Dance
with songs and encore!
Thalia with comic mask,
shepherd's crook and ivy wreath,
Brings back the joy and Comedy on to the
stage with batted breath;

With globe and compass, **Urania** looks
into the horizons and firmament,
Presides over Astronomy, predicts the stars
and planets position and movement;
Such are the powers of the Muses;
they bless us with many arts of entertainment,
With arrogance we challenge them and
lose the gifts and suffer in disenchantment!

Are we the Thamyris like poets made blind
by the nine Muses?
Why do we scurry in making obsolete things
and refine abuses?
Are we the descendents of poets that
lauded the rich man as God?
Why do we succumb to the glitters of
satanic nature and revere the lump of clod?



43. The Cat-Astrophe of Aegean Gatus!

What happened to that black cat that purred,
while you catnapped, at your feet looking at you
with its poignant eyes?

Do you remember how it circled around you with regal
poise yet something amiss in its melancholic bye byes!
You patted it on its head, it mewed, hissed, trilled,
growled and grunted trying to tell you about their
lives that the cat got its tongue bit,
The Feral cats of Thira and Fira did they stop you
and talked about the Greece economic crisis
and now can you say –‘the cat did it?

For ten thousand years a friend to the human race,
a goddess Bastet in Egyptian pantheon of lore,
An outdoor cat of India of Sastht goddess, Indra’s
disguise to seduce Ahalya in Ramayana and folklore,
In Mahabharata the arguments of the cat Lomasa
and the mouse Palita, the cats of Panchatantra tales,
The first Persian cat of Rustom, the Meuzza cat of
Ahammad, the China cat goddess Li Shou in details,

The Beckoning cat of Japan the goddess of Mercy,
the Galinthius hell-cat of Greek lore, the Norse goddess
Freya’s famous feline chariot,
Queen Victoria’s blue cats, the Master’s cat of
Charles Dickens, the talking cat Tobermory by Saki,
the Cheshire cat of Lewis Carroll, Paul Gallico’s
the Guru cat, The Macavity of Elliot,

Arlene, Azrael, Bill, Bucky, Felix, Garfield, Heathcliff,
Hello Kitty, Hobbes, Penelope, Pink Panther,
Puss In Boots, Scratchy, Stimpny, Sylvester,
and Tom the famous cartoon cats,
The three million dollar annual earner
Choupette Lagerfeld, the grumpy Tardar Sauce,
the rags to riches Tommaso , Tara the Hero,
Maru the popular feline the richest brats;

From there what a downfall! What cataclysm
catalyzed the catastrophe of cats, catapulting them
into the catacombs of cat o nine lives?
In India, Egypt, China, Mesopotamia and Greece
and in all the great civilizations why the cat walked
into the dismal streets of neglect and penury drives?



44. The Song of Olive Tree!

O moria! On the amazing slopes and sanctity of Acropolis,
how Athena planted you and presented to the earthen lives,
From Oligocene to Great Crete Minoan civilization,
O Oil tree, with a gnarled and twisted trunk clothed
with silvery green leaves,
Adorned with small white feathery flowers and
oval pearls of drupe- stone fruits crushed whole
in the trapetum- oil crushers of old,
The elaion, oleum or oil dedicated as an
offering to Athena, anointing the kings,
to seasoning the cuisines of all known world,

In the Mediterranean basin, in the Fertile Crescent,
in the Spartan gymnasia, in the Egyptian tombs,
the telltale evidence,
In the sacrificial offerings, medicines,
ointments, soaps and cooking, an essential
commodity for Royals as well as commoners,
In bards poems and mural paintings,
and symbolizing peace in the beak of the biblical dove,
in the seven branched Menorah,
In the garden of Gethsemane, on the Mount of Olives,
in the land of Israel, to hone Xoana- the cult figures,
in the ancient amphora,

O long lived Ancient tree, under your branches Plato
taught his pupils philosophy, Odysseus crawled beneath,
The tree planted by Athenian tyrant Peisistratus,
the Farga d Ario tree of Vouves by Constantine the great

that still survive and breath,
How many fables and legends you hide and
transport from the past to the future travelling
through the present time sheath,
When the Persians burnt Athens and you,
on the very day, O Tree of Athena, you grew to the
height of two cubits with strength,

When the Black stallion offered by the
terrible god Poseidon neighed and pawed and
the god thundered war, glory and power,
The goddess of Wisdom Athena planted and
you grew instantly into olive tree you offered
the people love and peace forever!



45. From the Terrace of Santorini

Did you miss me O Atlantis and my cry of
Minoan majestic mantis?
What gigantic trident strike of God Poseidon
made in wrath or hubris,
On the altar of Aegean Sea swirled to and fro
of a sleepy volcanic caldera,
To cough, groan and uproot an old civilization
into ash and pumice of Thira?

A majestic archipelago, looks like some first bite
remnant of a giant doughnut pristine,
Is it God Zeus or Mother Nature that clothed
gorgeous Gaia with hornblende and olivine?
What tsunami hands of Sea God transformed the Kalliste,
and strongyle the most circular and beautiful marine,
Who gave you the name of the cathedral of Saint Irene of
Perissa, contracted into the lovely Santorini divine?

With agape and love we gape at the grape vines,
white marvellous dwellings and blue domes,
The crescent coruscant archipelago beams brilliant in
Apollo's magnificent radiance reflecting homes,
Myriads of tourists mingle in a mêlée of mesmerising
tongues and mystic magical musical montages,
Black sand beaches and deep blue waters, meadows
clothed in green verdant and golden yellow asters of
ages,

Did Prometheus brought fire in the stalks of sesame
and gave it to his dear humans with love and affection?
Is the archipelago Santorini a gift or bane to the earth
dwellers, from gods or a warning to them in clear reflection?

(To Roula Pollard, the child of Santorini with love)



46. Habeas Corpus **(‘you have the body’)**

Do you know the hundred dollar business hole
that sucks forty million souls?

Those ancient filling stations filled and refilled
by the virile white waste ghouls!

Johns, turning tricks, punters, kerb crawlers,
pleasure seeking prowlers’ howls,
Kitties, hure, carus, hookers, street walkers,
nautch girls with upturned bowls!

The holy temples of Ishtar, Aphrodite, Venus,
Renuka, and many goddesses
Witnessed the willing and unwilling women
wounded in the wombs by the masses,
Eradicating their identity and erasing the sense of self,
by the so called male asses,

In the Houses of Heaven or sorority, the birth holes
suffering, as the time passes
Experiencing the trauma of a war-zone in the
torture chambers of tortuous trespasses!

Every year providing service to about a thousand
over-heated different vehicles,
Negotiating a price with a complete stranger,
renting a hole on hourly basis that kills
The soul, a slow death from inside,
the scratches of dehumanization clearly visible
Under the heavy makeup, the overworked organ
refusing the refuge feeling miserable,

Under coercion, the captive reeling with chronic
tremor or convulsions of commerce,
A victim of every vile thing these vindictive men,
do to the victimized women by force,
Demanding sexual surrogates to replace the fantasy
of fist for a meager mean price,
Hitting, spitting, chipping, cutting, burning,
soiling the orifices and body with violence,

An oldest profession with its workers facing the
most unimaginable dangers,
Workplace violence, rape, sexual abuse,
economic oppression at its peak,
The silent sufferers with every day threat of
physical abuse and murder,
How many showers, scrubs, deodorants,
lotions one needs to wash out,
The dirt, grease, oils of the hardcore combustible
caustic corrosive engines?

When the evenings resonate with the current of
eroticism, the red lights dance,
The streets buzz with pimps, madams, and
pleasure seekers looking for chance.
The fawns dress in shorts and the business smells
vapours of money and semen,
Escorts, gigolos, rent boys, hustlers, masseurs,
bacha bazi, hetero, gay, lesbians,

Saunas, casinos, bath houses, hotels, bars,
peep shows, streets, and crowded stations
Songs and dances, hires and sales, purses and
dicks, up and down and abandonment!
Having a cup of coffee, when it is done,
throw the paper cup into the yawning dustbin!
With some shame faced disgust the party vanishes
into the street, next number enters,
When the show ends, it is so hard to get the street
dust off the body, wash it! Wash it!

Now the porno spider has weaved its web well,
hit it hard! Hit it soft!
Every young boy or girl knows perfectly well
what is triple X and what is what!
Thirteen billion dollars a year you earn, O Devil,
you ruin a future generation!
How many children and teenagers, you Satan,
pushing them towards total ruin!

Dear Sisters! Don't cry! The hands that moved the
cradle can also wield the scepter,
The days have come to end the male chauvinism
and to establish the equality chapter!



47. Cave Cave Deus Videt

'Beware, Beware, God sees' - what Uncle Sam
is doing in his elephant trunks,
And when a mad tusker goes on rampage
trumpeting in public or republic bunks,
The demo the donkeys showed to the people went
viral and spiral till rat-bite fever,
Erupted into hilarious defeat and the obnoxious
vultures circled over the victim with fervour.

Shenanigans and shamrocks sprout spurious
slogans and sophisticated shows,
Double talks and body shows of doppelganger styles
feed public frenzy in sub lethal dose,
Elephant yelling - 'part of the beauty of me is that
I am very rich' - with a lying tongue,
Gluttonous greedy guts grabbing the great throne
gyrating the mouths with harangue.

The seven sins of the apocalypse seems to be
siphoning into the surrealistic world berth,
Can you hear the Anti-Christ blowing his trumpet
as a prequel to war and violence mirth?
When the global pandemic of famine and death
and the cries of the slain quake the earth,
Can you see the collapse of walls and towers
and chaotic silence waiting for rebirth!

If the gematria six six six suits the antichrist
what suit he is wearing now?
Wearing and tearing the humanity can he
triumph over love and if so how?



48. Simple Machines - Complicated Mechanics

In a human world made up of simple basic needs
like food, shelter, sleep, and sex,
Civilizations brought divinity and royalty on the
heads and shoulders of the rest at base dense,
In the name of safety came the myth of law and
order and the fences of offence and defence,
The sublime love and self-actualization made people to
move on to the next level in the apex.

Simple machines were levered, pulled,
axle-wheeled, wedged, and screwed up
By the people with inclined planes and they
made theories and discoveries
Of existing things in nature and Universe and
to play safe put YHWH - Yahweh on top
And made him answerable to the all wrong things
perpetrated by the man mercenaries!

Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent,
all loving omnibenevolent titles were conferred
On such an incorporeal, immaterial, immanent
transcendent, simple divinity
Became Father, supreme being, Elohim, Allah,
Adonai, Brahman, supreme entity,
Baha, Waheguru, Ahura Mazda, Ghutom,
gudan, and finally God!

Who discovered and made such a simple
formless genderless, all pervading one
Into the most inaccessible, complicated,
often confusing warmongering drone?
Why that ninety nine or thousand adjective bearer
is silent and where He has gone?
He Who is -'I AM THAT I AM'- is he there or not
who knows, or do you know anyone?



49. Can you Catch Leviathan with a Fish Hook?

In India deified Modi-fied note versions bleed
pink ink in influenced rich and famous ones,
Where as the slum slim hand to mouth daily wagers
wag tails of loyalty to the new tones!

Look at the black money monster Behemoth,
in political fields it eats public grass and groans..
Can you tie and dye a few notes in bank bushes and
blind his eyes to capture his bones?

What fiber ropes you tried to tongue tie it and a
hook through its jaws to pacify it?
Did it beg you to let it go? Did it plead with you for mercy?
Is it going to be your pet bit by bit?
Where is it lurking? Under the thorn bushes of
tax havens or hiding among the mafia reeds?
Will taxmen threw nets over it and pierce its head
with stringent law harpoons till it bleeds?

Anyone who sees the black Leviathan loses
currency courage and falls to the ground,
No one can tear off its corruption coat or pierce
the armour he wears or bear its terrible breath
Its back is made of rows of adamantite rocks of
politics and smoke comes out all around.
To this creature a club is our new currency note
and it laughs at its length and breadth.

So, O Job! Be careful! Do your job! Behemoth or
Leviathan are not mere moths and chimeras!
Did you see any Modi-fied laws of harpoons
harming the black creature hiding in cameras?

(Job-41)



50. The Lord Trump and His Camel Rump

The Lord Trump ordered his plump rumped camel
clumps with slumps and lumps
To build a big Mexican wall between filthy rich
affluence and poverty stinking flatulence
By extreme vetting to weed and filter out the
radical elements exploring at entry stumps
And to establish alternative facts in number games of
Orwellian media influence.

In a desert of hate and hegemony where do you
find oases of love and joy symphony?
With gold studded Fort Knoxes and missiles
budded war heads tucked underneath
How many warm-cold hand shakes can take away
the internal combustion hatred breath?
Can the loud speakered motor throats gurgle peace
waters to cleanse their bloody mouths?

In this modern jungle of diversified civilization
who is hyena and who is the lion king?
Where red ants and elephants of lore accrue wealth
and weapons to intimidate immigrants
With their visa teeth and vicious smiles to withal
victuals to poor masses of asses
Aren't the ones that supplied and sowed the seeds of
war among the camel caravan string?

From Zion White House the modern Lord will
extend his dollar power to roll over enemies
He will pass judgements on the nations and fill
the world field with cops to stand victorious over mice.

(Psalms...110)



51. Myself am Hell'-

With Heaven drenched smiles and waters I crash land in!
From an inverted vessel of a womb, dropped down as an alien!
An unknown land's air I breath in and cry and cry sensing sin,
Demands and pleads for an explanation from Him,
why I am thrown out of Eden?

When the umbilical cord is cut, I lose the divine
connection and the memories of Elohim,
From the elementary cradle stage and angelic
appearance of a descended cherubim
I evolve in the schools of human civilisation into a
human being with self centered heroism
With weapons and instruments as extension of
my hands, now I defy the Nature's wisdom.

The dominant disgruntled elements sit in
my throat and hiss war and peace,
My horacious appetite devours all and I become
a cannibal smelling tar and grease,
Unveiling mysteries of the Universe I venture
towers of Babel and satellites into space
With every forward step I understand that I am
nowhere nearer to the periphery of His grace.

When I introspect the travelled path so far
everywhere I see blood and tears shell
But no trace of Heaven, I curse the Satan and
found him in me, as myself am Hell!



52. 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 pulp!
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 spectrum!
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 flux!
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, wet?

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 spirit,
Flopping, flipping, tripping into vivid colour circles,
pointing into me like shooting arrows,
Am i revisiting my mother's womb as a tiny spec of
zygote, seeking sanctum with vows?

Or expanding into planets, stars, galaxies,
exploding meteorites and sucking black holes?
From that altered state of vividness when I trip
backwards into the consciousness poles,
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 well in me;

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



53. Blow your own trump yet!

How many trumps or tramps we need to
win a game or fame?

Now the archetypes are coming back to
their original form and name!

When Trump or Putin put in their efforts
to walk on a peace ramp,

That look innocuous and smokeless
with hidden agenda cramp!

How many roof missiles and proof smiles
they smear on their top lips,

To conceal their atomic tiles and hate styles
coated with vanishing cream clips?

When Modi or Shariff modify the present
with future illusions of utopian dreams,

That look tough but nothing changes in the
borders of national screams!

Hilarious and kind people are becoming
extinct like dodo birds,

People with killing instincts are hoisting
their wings like do do bards,

In sports or games we revere and honour killer
players not defenders of peace,

Tit for tat we want, we like our home serene
and watch war movies without remorse

Does it matter whether it is Trump or Putin
that rule the white house or red house star?

Does it matter whether it is bullet or sword
as long as you live like a healed scar !



54. 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 purification, 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- Nifhel 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



55. The Heart's Many Impatient Desires...

Can you move with my slow feet?

Can you love with my fast heart?

Ooooh! Lonliness, don't hit me yet!

I am shielded with his warm chest!

Like a dove i move in love's quest!

High above an eagle does inquest!

Can you move my floatng boat?

Can you cross this dangerous moat?

Ooooh! Royalty, your nest is deadly hot!

My lover's memories cools me fast!

Like a song bird i am in this prison hut,

The Eagle demands my song of thirst!

Can you open this cage door crust?

Can you remove this lock of rust?

Ooooh! Cruelty, keep your talons shut!

My lover is fast on his winged chariot!

Like a prey i shiver in this wind blast!

The Eagle opens its beak blade ballast!

Can you remove the wounds of my locket?

Can you cover me with your kisses blanket?

Ooooh! This gossamer bed is too soft!

My lover's tears tricks me to float!

Like a dreeam i disappear in frost!

The Eagle finished its evening feast!

Can you remember my existence short?

Can you rejuvenate me with love's art?

Ooooh! This journey is so bright in night!

My lover's face i can see in divine light!

Like a memory i fade into the Host!

The Eagle moves like a dark ghost!



56. The Greatest Race after the Finest Battle...

Now the sea became tranquil, after those
deep windy thrusts and wavy breaths,
Two hearts synced their racing beats,
valves half opened and closed in liquid deaths,
A final thunder and body clasp amidst of warm
and cool moany mist and waterfall drift,
Sky and earth become one in heaves and the
imprisoned air sigh relief in the rift.

Half teaspoonful of result in that Mars-
Venus conflict, while the representatives roam,
In their dreamlands the wet earth inside
welcome its visitors swimming in white foam!
Two hundred million competitors in a
swimming pool and the way slowly gets narrow!
It is like hot thick heads propulsing themselves
in the grand canyon like tadpoles in water row!

In her mother's womb the female fetus has four
to seven million immature egg cells,
When a girl child is born she has a store of
four to seven hundred thousand eggs,
At puberty about four hundred thousand,
from them a month an egg comes out in fair weather!
About four hundred eggs in a woman's life time
gives her a chance to become a proud mother!

Seeing under microscope Leeuwenhoek
thought that a sperm contains a little human!
Harvey said - 'ex ova omne vivum- every living
animal comes from an egg'- in his sermon!
In the spermatozoan warriors x group produces
female child and y produces child male!
Two hundred million starts the race only one star
reaches the moon egg in the grand finale!

(The Fables of human - 2)



57. What Happens if Lovemaking is Banned by a Trump Card?

The mother of all bombs is dropped by the
father of all bombs or missile tombs,
To obliterate the caverns and Grottos in the
Achin area in eastern Afghanistan ,
To produce 'shock and awe' of rapid dominance
where militant ants have their tents on!
Ten thousand kilograms of fire and fumes,
a sixteen million dollar bomb on catacombs!

When we dream about borderless world,
A new leader with the flick of his pen,
Shatters the dreams and closes the shutters,
O Brother, don't go, the market is not open!
Now by order they are smoking out the plague rats
from the deep holes of religion,
No border of any given country feels safe now
from molestation by the werewolves of legion!

If poverty is the root cause of the crime
why do you treat it with annihilation?
If hunger ignites revolution fire you wish to
cool it by pouring oil and fat oblation?
If a poet or a town crier sings in horrible voice
do you ask for encore and translation?
If population explosion is the world's problem
do you order ban on copulation?

Anyhow trump card is trump card,
eagle is Eagle, bear is Bear, rat is rat!
Everyday we can hear no temple chimes
except machine gun sounds ratatatat.....



58. Soaring Eagle and Shivering Chicken...

Once you cross the road and red line
-said the Eagle to the shivering chicken,
The chicken looked at the stripes and stars
on the feathers of the great bird in blue heaven,
-' Go, peck at the ground look for ants and
worms but you also appear from my haven,
Like the militants and worms emitting nerve gasses,
why o chicken hearted Kraken? '-

I circle around, i circle around, round and
round the boundaries of the earth,
Look out! O Korean goshawk! Your beak is
sharp and i don't like its girth! Beware!
I am the unofficial guard and god to the
sanctuary of the migrating birds, aware!
From my eagle's nest i can see who is raptor
and who is chicken by birth!

Tomahawks on the hawks and chicken
MOAB on the militant mob of Afghanistan
I have a cure for every war disease or sin
And i am immune for any law or litigation! '-

Thus spake the Great Eagle with the chicken
that crossed the thin invisible red line,
Then he swooped vertically like a spinning bullet
and opened its talons on the shivering chicken.....



59. They called me an Idiot...

And i called them geniuses because with
their wisdom they could prevent the Syrian war,
They did mitigate the hunger and poverty of the
children of the lesser gods and left no scar,
They have buried the war and they sent interplanetary
peace missiles to the distant star,
They atleast found the God sleeping in His flaming
throne unwary of the arrival of man's car!

They are definitely geniuses, see how they
could unload their stored burden of scare,
For example ' mother of all bombs ', in nicely
packed and stamped as - glass ware, beware'-
All their new discoveries they test dose on the
guinea-pigs in the garden of poverty mare,
See how they pick the raw oil or ore from the
innocent lands and sell back in refined ware!

They are surely geniuses they made the
women and weak work for them as slaves,
They interpreted the scriptures and prophets to
suit their purpose in their enclaves!
They invented borders, planted swords and
gun seeds in fields and reaped profits,
They compiled laws and treatises and found
loopholes and viruses as fringe benefits,

They are goddamn super geniuses lol,
invented many gadgets to lull you into sleep,
And catch your dreams of love and peace and
sell them back to you for a price leap!



60. What a stout fellow, This Human...

Thirty trillion cells with cohabitation of
forty trillion good, bad, ugly bacteria
mostly in his digestive cafeteria,
this human body is a neglected utopia!
One lakh kilometers of blood vessels you
could go round earth two and a half times,
With a continuous lubdub of heart a lakh times
a day two and a half billion times in lifetimes,
Pumping one million barrels of blood, what it
needs is one to five watts continuous power supply!

Human is made up of seven octillion atoms,
after seven how many zeroes? Twenty seven!
Remember! Our Andromeda galaxy has mere
three hundred billion stars in heaven!
Human brain contain eighty six billion nerve
cells with hundred trillion nerve connection,
More than the stars in the Milky Way, with the
two hundred miles an hour speed action!

If his DNA were uncoiled, it would stretch to
ten billion miles, can go to Pluto and come back,
One ml of human sperm contains two to three
hundred million sperm cells in munition
And one mister Spermato Romeo is enough to
produce a child and he races in competition
To reach the largest human cell miss Ovum thirty
times wider and wiser than him!

(The fables of human body)



61. Everybody Loves a Poet Before...

He says thousand things like a mirror
without originality and blabs about utopia!
He likes moon and so he borrows light from
the sun and nature's cornucopia,
But O man of doubt! What do you see in his face?
Is it not your face,
That speaks words and images of speech
in meters and kilometers race?

After going through an emotional experience
he sits before the holy fire,
Pours oil and spices in the cauldron of the
subject and ignites his lyre,
From the wireless chords first emerges
screeches and short circuits of an affair!
His internal combustion engine kick-start
with a spark and music move on to a paper fair!

It is like fast and furious, with seatbelt
in place and foot on the brake,
Releases the thought brake and turns
on the pen like an ignition in and start,
To accelerate and when a poet drives a scar it
becomes amphibious or hovercraft,
With unseen wounds exposed like Evolution
that can run on land, in air or in water lake,

A poet is not a faulty mechanical vehicle that
kills people like a mad elephant indoor!
He relies on the road map of time and travels
like a belief that nobody believes any more!



62. Who wrote Graffiti on my wall with his Blood Drenched Nails?

Give me the nails that pierced His hands
with them i nail the coffins of violence!
Give me that crown of thorns that pricked His
forehead to outshine the crowns of the Princes!
Give me His purple robes that mocked Him,
to cover and heal the wounds of the nations!
Give me His cross to me that embraced Him
in pain to relieve the pain of humanity in sins!

Give me the whip that scourged Him into a
wound to whip the world's cruelty and vanity!
Give me the sponge that touched His thirsty lips
to quench the thirst and hunger of humanity!
Give me the spear that drained His chest to drain the
evils of the corruption and profanity!
Give me the pail that collected His blood to
become the Holy Grail, to give us peace infinity!

Give me the shroud that covered His body to
cover the innocents from missile wrath!
Give me the spices that perfumed His body to
cleanse the polluted waters of the war broth!
Give me the cave that kept His body to preserve
all the virtues to rise like doves on the third day!
Give me His wounds on my body so that i can
show them to the doubting Thomases of today!

Give me His parables, sermons, and tears to me
so that i can wipe out the tears of the lambs!
Give me His insight, wisdom, braveness, mercy
and love to kindle the divine kindness lamps!



63. POETREE of EDEN GARDEN

When the Almighty went into nostalgic rapture,
He asked the divine elements to coalesce into a mixture.
Ordered the light of life to enter that coruscant structure,
And so formed the vividly colourful vibrant virtuous Nature.

Then in the garden of Eden, God planted trees many
Created non living and living things to live in harmony
And created man and woman and breathed life in to
them
Adam under God's orders named birds animals their name

Adam and Eve in pure mind and body were
as innocent as flowers
Every moment is a joy and blessings in infinite showers
But the enemy in waiting is burning fumes of
phosphorescence.
He entered the hitherto innocent snake and
stayed on its tongue with vengeance

He brought hellfire and quagmires with his wing
He wrought havoc in pristine minds with his forked
tongue
God has warned his children about a tree of knowledge
But the snake has taken the residents for a ride
on the carriage of grudge.

In that Garden of Eden the poetree has golden fruits of apple
God knew if the fruits are corrupted they are poisonous to people
When Adam and Eve ate the fruit, appeared in its
core was the worm

It made the primitive pair lose their innocence
and Kingdom of warm.

It is the tree of poetree god forbidden to ordinary humans
It is a gift he blesses to someone who has the nature of Nature
He denies the gift to the destroyers of peace, joy and love,
We are the poets blessed by the Almighty
from the divine throne above.

When illiterate to literate pining on the
beauty of wonderful Nature,
A poet is a happy lark and singing is
his or her heavenly nature,
When letters flow into streams of words,
sentences and volumes,
Poetry becomes a sea of blessings
without pretences of resumes.
Good poetry is a long searched oasis
to the sojourner so thirsty.
Sloppy poetry is the one that expects
rewards and hates honesty.





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Author :-

I. Poetry (Telugu)

1. Alchemy
2. Vaana Mabbula Kanthi Khadgam
3. Tea Kappulo Toofan
4. Tangeti Junnu
5. Karakatakam (Cancer)
6. Oka Sarassu – Aneka Hamsalu (Psychioatry)
7. Marana Saasanam
8. Sri Lalitha Sahasranama Stotram
9. Kuyyo – Morro Satakam
10. Bhairava Satakam

II. Poetry (English)

11. Shades
12. The Twilight Zone
13. My Poem is My Birth Certificate
14. The Pendulum Clock, The Gramophone, The Typewriter and The Pen
15. The New Vigilance Whistle!
16. How to Cook a Delicious Poem
17. Windows and Apples
18. The Guerdon of Poesy
19. The Haste Land
20. The Poet that launched a thousand poems
21. Walking with My Moon
22. Bees Need No Invitation When Flowers Bloom...

III. Stories, Novels, Essays... (Telugu)

23. Katti Anchupai (Noir Stories)
24. Chupke – Chupke (Woman diseases)
25. Akshararchana
26. Deepa Nirvana Gandham (Death)
27. Swapna Sastram (Dreams-1)
28. Kalalu-Peeda Kalalu (Dreams-2)
29. Satyanveshanalo (Novel)
30. Sankya Sastram (Numerology)
31. Dr. Jayadev Cartoons (Cartoons)
32. Kathalu – Kakarakayalu
33. Genome (Biotechnology Novel)

IV. Stories, Novels, Essays (English)

34. In Search of Truth (Novel)
35. How to be happy (Philosophy)
36. Bouquet of Telugu Songs and Poems

V. Translations (English to Telugu)

37. Iliad (Homer)
38. Odyssey (Homer)
39. Epic Cycle (Homer)
40. Three Greek Tragedies
41. The Poems of Sappho
42. Aeneid (Virgil)
43. Pilgrim's Progress (John Bunyan)
44. Paradise Lost (John Milton)
45. Paradise Regained (John Milton)
46. Divine Comedy (Dante)
47. Faust (Goethe)
48. World Famous Stories
49. Namdeo Dhasal Poetry
50. William Blake Poetry
51. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part I

52. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part II
53. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part III
54. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part IV
55. Emily Dickinson Poetry – Part V
56. Russian Poetry
57. Jalapatam (Eighteen English Poets)
58. Dabbu Manishi (Money Poetry)
59. Santi Yuddham (War-Peace)
60. Christu Adbhuta Geethalu
61. The Path of Christ
62. Silappdikaram
63. Manimekhala
64. Sangam Poetry
65. Conference of Birds (Attar)
66. Masnavi - Part 1
67. Masnavi - Part 2
68. Masnavi - Part 3
69. Masnavi - Part 4
70. Masnavi - Part 5
71. Masnavi - Part 6
72. Madhusala (Edward Fitzgerald)
73. Sougandhika (Master Poems in English-1)
74. Toorpu Padamara (Master Poems in English-2)
75. Prema Kurisina Velalo... (Master Poems in English-3)
76. Vallu Mugguru (Master Poems in English-4)
77. Alanati Kothagali (Master Poems in English-5)
78. Manchu Toofan (Master Poems in English-6)
79. Endaa – Vaana (Master Poems in English-7)
80. Pillanagrove Pipupu (Master Poems in English-8)
81. Naalugu Dikkulu (Master Poems in English-9)
82. Allanta Doorana Aa Paata Vinavacche (Master Poems in English-10)
83. Divya Vastrala Kosam (Master Poems in English-11)
84. Oka Madhusala (Master Poems in English-12)
85. The Axion Esti (Odysseus Elytis)
86. Love & Death (Frederico Garcia Lorca)

87. Ten Thousand Lines (Edwin Cordevilla)
88. Century of Love (Roula Pollard)
89. Pablo Neruda Poetry
90. Mexican Poetry
91. Inanna (Queen of Heaven and Earth)
92. Sataroopa (A.K. Khanna)
93. Aamani (Master Poems in English-13)
94. Kotha Deepalu (Master Poems in English-14)

VI. Translations (From Telugu, Hindi to English)

95. Bhagavatam (Potana)
96. Soundarya Lahari (Sankaracharya)
97. Modern Bhagavadgita
98. Samparayam (Suprasanna)
99. The Tree of Fire (Anumandla Bhoomaiah)
100. The Poems of Kuppam (Seeta Ram)
101. We Need a Language (T.W. Sudhakar)
102. The Broken Grammer (T.W. Sudhakar)
103. The Voice of Telangana (Madiraju Ranga Rao)
104. Fire and Ice (Rama Chandramouli)
105. The Tears of Bliss
106. This is no Streaking (Stories – K.K. Menon)
107. The Pool of Blood (Novel – Ampasayya Naveen)
108. Madhusala (Harivansh Rai Bachchan)

VII. To be released soon...

109. Conference Confessions
110. Reflections



How to cook A Delicious Poem

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