



# 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 eclipse,  
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 Quin. .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 Pegassus 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 Rustum, 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  
Chouette 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

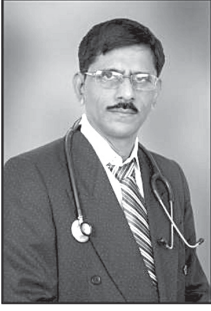


It made the primitive pair lose their innocence  
and Kingdom of warm.

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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### **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 Garcio 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 106<sup>th</sup> book- **the poems of Sappho** was released in Athens, 107<sup>th</sup> book- **Journey to Manas sarovar** was released at the holy premises of Manas Sarovar lake.

His 108<sup>th</sup> 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